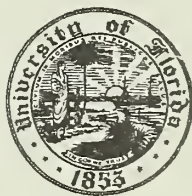


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VOL. XXVII.

JANUARY, 1919

NO. 1

Robert E. Lee

(On seeing the Memorial Window in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va.)

By EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH

When, with rapt eyes and loyal hearts, we stand
Within these sacred precincts, and here see,
Inscribed in splendor by a grateful land,
This deathless tribute to the name of Lee,

Can we, the children of the land he loved,
Enough revere his cherished memory
Who, in the hour of seeming failure, proved
The grandeur of his knightly fealty?

Like unto Moses, in the hour of need
He led his people with a purpose pure,
Nor faltered in his trust; by word and deed
He taught them how to suffer and endure.

And now that Fame upon these glowing panes
Hath writ his story, let us not forget!
These humble verses which our love constrains—
How small a credit 'gainst our people's debt!

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
Robert E. Lee. (Poem.) Emma Frances Lee Smith.....	Frontispiece
All Things Have Become New. (Poem.) D. G. Bickers.....	3
The Tree. (Poem.) Joyce Kilmer.....	4
Memorial Trees.....	4
Maryland Confederate Woman's Monument.....	5
Inventors and Their Inventions. Frank S. Roberts.....	6
A Horse Battery. David Cardwell.....	6
Was the South Right or Wrong? James H. McNeilly, D.D.....	8
Heroism in War. Judge John T. Goolrick.....	10
The Attitude of the Southern Leaders on the Crittenden Compromise.	
Miss Nannie Mayes Crump.....	12
A Political Prisoner. D. C. Payne.....	17
The Mystery of Lieut. Charles Lewis. V. Y. Cook.....	18
How I Lifted the Colonel's Mare. Sergt. Berry Benson.....	20
The Escape of Captain Hines. Mrs. Alice M. Rand.....	23
Henry Timrod—A Critical Study. Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.....	24
In the Years of War. John C. Stiles.....	25
DEPARTMENTS: Last Roll.....	26
U. D. C.....	30
C. S. M. A.....	36

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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VOL. XXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1919.

No. 1. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

"ALL THINGS HAVE BECOME NEW."

BY D. G. BICKERS.

The New Year dawns in promise as the cloud,

The smoke, the dust of conflict sweep away.

Clear in the sky and far and loud

The call to morning and to noon in this glad day.

The Great South was—and is! From ashes gray

It rose heroically, bravely met

Its newer hour, its larger day,

And unto Opportunity it paid its debt.

A New World is to be reared on all

The wreck and ruin which the war has brought;

A reconstruction with the gall

And wormwood taken from the cup the year has brought.

A TIMELY HINT.

A good friend in the North writes of his pleasure in renewing his subscription to the VETERAN and says: "It is a mystery to me how you keep it afloat at a dollar a year, but by some enchantment you appear to be able to keep the standard as high and the price as low as ever."

And this notwithstanding the high price of paper and other increased expenses. The VETERAN is especially proud that it has not had to ask patrons to pay a larger yearly subscription. And now is the time for them to show their appreciation of getting so much for so little in these days of profiteering by seeing that their expiration dates are set well in advance.

The Convention of Arkansas Veterans at Little Rock in November rendered an appreciated service by indorsing and commending the VETERAN and urging all veterans to subscribe. The resolution is as follows:

"Whereas the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., has been for many years and is to-day the fearless advocate of true history and has rendered invaluable service not only to the United Confederate Veterans' Association, but to our Southland and to the cause dear to her people; therefore be it resolved that the annual convention of the Arkansas

Division, U. C. V., indorses the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as indispensable to all true veterans of both the blue and the gray who desire the public to be fully advised by publishing the facts of history in the War between the States, 1861-65; and be it further resolved that it is the duty of all Confederate veterans to subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and those who may be in arrears should pay at once, so the publication may be sustained and continue the fight for truth and history and the principles for which our armies are now contending on foreign soil—the consent of the governed and for constitutional government and liberty."

REUNION COMMITTEE.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., November 1, 1918.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

In compliance with the vote of the Convention at the Tulsa Reunion the General Commanding announces the appointment of the following committee to take into consideration the most suitable place for holding the Reunion for 1919 and the best time of the year:

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Forth Worth, Tex.; Lt. Gen. J. S. Carr, Durham, N. C.; Lt. Gen. C. B. Vance, Batesville, Miss.; Lt. Gen. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.; Maj. Gen. W. A. Clark, Columbia, S. C.; Maj. Gen. James I. Metts, Wilmington, N. C.; Maj. Gen. W. B. Freeman, Richmond, Va.; Maj. Gen. George H. Tichenor, M.D., New Orleans, La.; Maj. Gen. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.; Maj. Gen. H. H. Duncan, Tavares, Fla.; Maj. Gen. Charles W. Hooper, Selma, Ala.; Maj. Gen. W. M. Wroten, Magnolia, Miss.; Maj. Gen. James A. Thomas, Dublin, Ga.; Maj. Gen. W. J. Stone, Frankfort, Ky.; Maj. Gen. E. W. Kirkpatrick, McKinney, Tex.; Maj. Gen. C. W. Bronaugh, Kansas City, Mo.; Maj. Gen. B. W. Green, Little Rock, Ark.

These comrades will at as early a day as possible take such steps as they deem best to bring about the ends had by the Convention in adopting this resolution.

By command of

K. M. VAN ZANDT,
General Commanding.

WILLIAM E. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE TREE.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

MEMORIAL TREES.

Perhaps this little poem by Joyce Kilmer, who gave his life in France, was inspiration for the idea of planting trees as memorials to the boys of America who so freely gave their lives on the bloody battle fields of the great world war. But whatever the inspiration, we feel that the writer would have wished no other memorial than this of God's creation, the silent sentinel which guards the rights of the soil. How much better to honor our soldiers by these living, growing memorials which will be things of beauty and of practical benefit to the generations to come! Every highway should be lined with these trees; every rural schoolhouse and church should have these memorials about them to keep in mind the brave boys of the communities who were willing to follow their country's flag into foreign lands and fight for the cause of world freedom. It will not need the carved stone or the bronze tablet to tell to the world the heroism of the American boys—that is a record of history—but to succeeding generations in every community there will be a tender pride in pointing to these living memorials to their very own, the boys of the community or of the State, and the care and protection of those trees will be a duty never shirked.

And not only to memorialize the dead should these trees be planted, but to all who had a part in the war. Many did not have a chance to show their mettle, but are none the less deserving of recognition of their willingness to risk their lives. And those who came through unscathed or who have survived their wounds—what an inspiration it will be to all who return home to so live that at no future time will they be thought unworthy of the tribute that honors their patriotism! And we should see that the trees selected for this high purpose are distinctive for size or beauty or utility wherever they are placed and understand that they are planted for the future as well as for the present.

Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the American Forestry Association, Washington, says: "What finer tribute can be paid the men who have given their lives in the good cause, what finer tribute can be paid that man or the man who came out of the struggle alive than the planting of a tree in his honor, a living tree that will go on after him and keep fresh the memory of his deeds?"

The Commissioner of Forestry for Pennsylvania says: "Let the memorial trees be planted. Let them be put in prominent places. * * * We feel that there is no more beautiful method of memorializing the deeds of heroism of our soldiers and sailors in the great war than to be rearing to their memory a memorial which will remain green and flourishing for scores of years and be a constant reminder of the one in whose honor it has been planted."

A Church in Tacony, Penn., was the first to start this movement and has set out four memorial trees in front of the church in memory of four young men of that community who lost their lives in France.

The State of Louisiana follows in this movement, as the following report shows: "In memory of her sons who gave their lives in the great war Louisiana is planning to plant four hundred and forty miles of 'victory oaks' and other suitable trees along the Jefferson Highway, the State's principal road, which runs north and south and connects with the highway that extends all the way to Winnipeg, Canada. * * * The trees will stand about forty feet apart. Oaks will be used wherever possible, although in some parts of the State other trees will thrive better."

Many governors of States have given this plan their hearty approval, and patriotic organizations of various sorts have also given it their indorsement. It has been the custom of the Daughters of the Confederacy to plant trees in honor of the great men of the Confederacy and others who did their duty and gave themselves to the cause of the South, and they will not be backward in adopting this plan to honor the sons and grandsons of those whom they have delighted to honor. Arbor Day will have a new significance. With every tree planted there will be thought of the life offered that another might live in security, and there will be thought of the beauty that all may enjoy with the growth of the tree and the purpose it may serve in a practical way, thought so beautifully expressed in these lines:

"What plant we in memorial trees?
Buds which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and build her nest.
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower—
In planting these memorial trees."

A YOUNG SOLDIER.

In the short sketch of General V. Y. Cook appearing in the VETERAN for December an error was made in giving the date of his enlistment as 1862. He entered the army July 27, 1863, at the age of fourteen and a half years, and surrendered May 16, 1865. Having been born in November, 1848, he was thus not seventeen years of age when the war closed.

MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE WOMEN OF MARYLAND.

Appropriately inscribed to "The Brave at Home" is the monument in the city of Baltimore, dedicated on November 26, which commemorates the devotion of the women of Maryland to the cause of the Confederacy. The monument is a work of art. The picture here given shows the group surmounting the pedestal of red granite, which is approached by steps and a platform of gray granite, the whole forming an inspiring and beautiful monument. It is the work of the well-known sculptor J. Maxwell Miller. The site of the monument adds to its beauty, for it is placed in the small park at the intersection of University Parkway and Charles Street. An interesting program was carried out at the dedication, the orator of the day being Hon. James McC. Trippe, whose daughter, Miss Mary Ringgold Trippe, who is also granddaughter of the late Gen. Andrew C. Trippe, unveiled the monument.

On the front of the monument is inscribed: "To the Confederate Women of Maryland, 1861-1865. The Brave at Home." While the reverse inscription is:

"In difficulty and danger,
Regardless of self,
They fed the hungry,
They clothed the needy,
They nursed the wounded,
They comforted the dying."

It was the session of 1914 that the General Assembly of the State of Maryland passed a bill entitled "An act to erect a suitable monument in the city of Baltimore to commemorate the heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice of the women of Maryland in their service to the wounded Confederate sol-

diers who came under their care in the War between the States, 1861-65." Under this bill a commission was constituted to select a suitable design and a proper site for the monument; and the sum of twelve thousand dollars was appropriated for it from the funds of the State, this sum being supplemented by a large number of private subscriptions. The commission was composed of Gen. Andrew C. Trippe, Chairman; R. Curzon Hoffman, James R. Wheeler, Thomas B. Gresham, and Bartlett S. Johnson. The Baltimore Daughters of the Confederacy rendered valuable service in raising contributions to the fund and in presenting this cause to the General Assembly of Maryland.

A NORTHERN TRIBUTE TO THE SOUTHERN CAUSE.

BY A. W. LITTLEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, 1918.

Undoubtedly the overwhelming success of the North over the South in the War between the States laid the basis for this war of 1914-18. For this reason the defeat of the South meant the régime in the United States of artificial economics established by legislation, both national and State. Organization with limitations of personal liability, centralization, privilege the order of things, and the Federal Union became the Imperial Republic. Such has been our development since the War of 1861-65. Germany, observant, learned her lesson from us. She organized, centralized, subsidized, imperialized, and militarized. Then she assaulted the world to subject it to her autocratic will.

Had the South won, or had the War of 1861-65 been a draw, then, of course, there could have been no artificial economics and no creation of the vast, semi-irresponsible combinations of wealth and power such as characterize our present-day America; we could not have taught Germany her false lesson; and the cause of liberty and self-government and equality of economic opportunity (the ideals of our Anglo-Saxon heritage) would have been immeasurably advanced. In consequence we have been compelled literally to give of "the fruit of our bodies for the sins of our souls," in that we have sent our young men into danger on the gory fields of France! Let those who laud the Northern conquest of the South think upon these things.

What the South failed to accomplish in 1865 the Entente Allies have accomplished against Germany. And the "Cause" of the glorious Southland has been reborn in our time—not "Lost," but Herald of the Patriotic Dawn! As was the assault of the imperialistic North against the South and her freedom, so has been the assault of the German Empire against the free peoples of the Entente Allies.

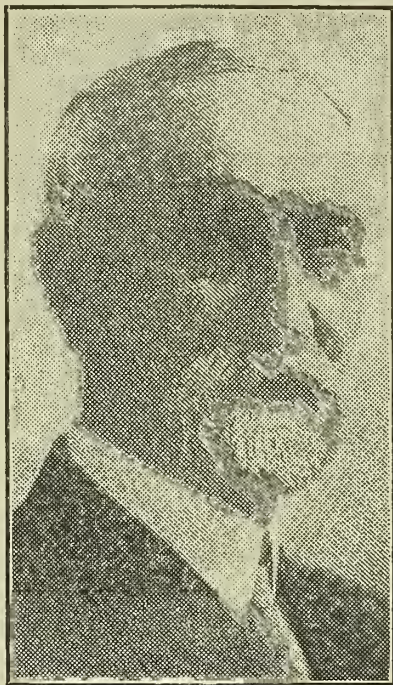
TRIBUTE TO A COMRADE.—S. A. Hughey, of Memphis, Tenn., who was a member of Company E, 34th Mississippi Regiment, writes of a comrade: "I notice recorded in the *VETERAN* for November the death of Thomas A. Hunt, a member of the 34th Mississippi, Walthall's Brigade, as reported by Capt. Thomas Spight, also a member of the command. I knew Comrade Hunt well, and I indorse all that Captain Spight says of him, but he never told it all. Thomas A. Hunt and I were captured together and taken to Rock Island Prison, and he and I suffered the tortures of prison life together. He was like thousands of others who were there—too game to take the Yankee oath and go free. He took chances on starving to death rather than to make a yellow mark against his name. He ranked as a soldier second to none."



GROUP ON MONUMENT.

REUNION OF THE ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

During the Reunion of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., held in Little Rock November 19, 20, the convention went on record as indorsing by appropriate resolutions the following: Our administration; the movement by the U. D. C. to convert Stone Mountain into a Confederate monument; the erection of suitable monuments in the Vicksburg National Park to commemorate the services of Arkansas troops in the siege of Vicksburg, 1863; the erection of a monument on the grounds of the State Capitol to Gen. D. H. Reynolds, of Arkansas; to appoint a committee to draft a better pension law for the State and to urge the legislature to pass the bill; the bill introduced in Congress by Judge Tillman for the return of the illegal cotton tax of the sixties to pension Confederate veterans; the CONFEDERATE VETERAN



GEN. B. W. GREEN.

and asking for its support by all veterans.

Officers elected for the following year are: B. W. Green, Major General Commanding Division; A. L. Smith, Junius Jordan, T. M. Neal, J. J. Tarleton, Commanders 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Brigades.

Committee on Pensions: Gens. V. Y. Cook, Jonathan Kellogg, J. S. Gibbins, J. P. Coffin, C. P. Newon.

"INVENTORS AND THEIR INVENTIONS."

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the Huntsville (Ala.) *Democrat* of August 14, 1918, under the above heading, credit is given to Eli Whitney (born in Massachusetts in 1765) as the inventor of the cotton gin. According to Appleton's "Encyclopedia of American Biography," it is claimed that he invented a gin for separating the seed from the lint of the long staple cotton while on a visit to the home of Mrs. Greene, on her plantation on the Savannah River, in Georgia, in 1792.

On page 10, Volume II., of Pickett's "History of Alabama," published in 1851 by Walker & James, Charleston, S. C., it will be found that cotton was ginned by a machine in all respects similar to the Whitney gin as early as 1772, twenty years before Whitney's invention. Quoting that paragraph, following the list of "Articles Exported from Mobile and Pensacola" in 1772, it continues:

"Cotton was not enumerated among the articles of export, but it is mentioned as having been, at that time, cultivated to some extent, and machines for separating the lint from the seed were in use. One of these is thus described by Captain Roman: 'It is a strong frame of four studs, each about four

feet high, and joined above and below by strong transverse pieces. Across this are placed two round, well-polished iron spindles, having a small groove through their whole length, and, by means of treadles, are put in opposite motions. The workman sits behind the frame with a thin board before him, upon which is placed the cotton, thinly spread, which the rollers receive. The lint goes through the rollers, and the seed falls down in a separate pile. The French population have much improved upon this plan by a large wheel, which turns two of these mills with so much velocity that seventy pounds of clean cotton can be made every day.'

"Mr. Crebs, upon the Pascagoula River, owned one of these improved machines and claimed the invention of it. He suspended canvas bags between pine trees and packed in his cotton by treading, making them almost three hundred-weight."

This cotton was of the "long staple" or "Sea Island" variety and is still packed in practically the same manner in round bags weighing about three hundred pounds. It is never packed in pressure presses on account of the danger of injuring the long staple, which is from three-fourths of an inch to two inches in length.

The foregoing seems to dispose of the claim that Eli Whitney was the inventor of the cotton gin. In an issue of the *VETERAN* several years ago I gave a description of a gin for ginning the "upland" or short staple cotton, invented by Thomas Cooper, of Hancock County, Ga., about the year 1793.

A HORSE BATTERY.

BY DAVID CARDWELL, COLUMBIA, S. C.

"If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry."

History shows that artillery—that is, field artillery—was introduced by the "Lion of the North," Gustavus Adolphus, in 1610-22 and has been growing in importance ever since. Frederick the Great improved the system, enlarged the caliber, and introduced "horse artillery" into his armies in 1740 to 1786.

In a general way most people know what is meant by artillery—big guns and cannon, mostly on wheels—yet there is a great difference in artillery. Eliminating the big guns—that is, siege pieces or such big guns as are in forts or permanent works, not on wheels or movable—we will deal with field artillery, light batteries, or horse artillery. There is the ordinary foot artillery, or, as it was called in the United States army, "mounted artillery." In the War between the States these batteries operated with the infantry in the field, and in rapid changes of position on the field the cannoneers rode on the limber chest. Now, there was another branch called "horse artillery" in our war, and it was attached to the cavalry in the proportion of about a battery to a division of cavalry. There should have been a battery to each brigade; but the Confederate States were too poor for this, and horses were too scarce, so there was one battery to each division, as stated. In the Western Army, under General Forrest, there were three or four batteries under that splendid officer, Capt. John W. Morton, and they did wonders.

In the Army of Northern Virginia there were, from beginning to end, seven or eight such batteries, first organized by the "gallant John Pelham." At first there was only one battery, but as the cavalry brigade grew into a division, and the division into a corps, battery after battery was added, a battalion was formed, and John Pelham was the first major. After his death we had Maj. R. F. Beckham, and then more

batteries were added and several majors made, and all were commanded by a lieutenant colonel. The last commander was Lieut. Col. R. Preston Chew, now of West Virginia.

A horse battery was generally equipped with four twelve-pound guns, sometimes Napoleons, sometimes three-inch rifled ordnance. Each gun was pulled by six horses and had a driver on each left-hand horse. There was a caisson to each gun, also pulled by six horses. The complement of men to each gun, according to the United States regulations, was eleven, and the "horse battery" differed from the foot or mounted field battery in that the cannoneers were all mounted, having two extra men to hold the cannoneers' horses when they were dismounted to go into action. A horse battery maneuvered in action at a gallop and changed position as frequently as practicable to save the men and horses when the enemy got their range too accurately.

Did you ever see a horse battery in action? A friend of mine wrote that at the battle of Fredericksburg, when Burnside crossed the river, he was upon the hill with A. P. Hill's Corps and had a full view of the crossing army; and when Franklin's Division got over he saw Pelham's Battery gallop down and open on that division, firing point-blank into the faces of the advancing host. He said it was the grandest sight he had ever seen. The audacity of the attack, the dash, the coolness of the commander and of the men were superb; and in the midst of the fight, above the roar of their own guns and the armament on Stafford Heights (which promptly opened on them), could be heard the voices of the French detachment singing the "Marseillaise"—

"Allons, enfants de la patrie!

Marchons! marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons."

Of course those guns had soon to be withdrawn, or all the men and horses would have been killed. They did not retire, however, until they had thrown Franklin's Division into much confusion. There was many a poor fellow in Franklin's Division who wished he had never crossed the river, and many a one never saw his New England home again.

Let me give you a description, written by another, of a horse battery in action:

"Down the crowded highway galloped a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hills behind us, six horses to a piece, three riders to each gun, over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling. The sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, the cannoneer leaning forward in his saddle. Six guns, six caissons, six horses each, eighty men race for the brow of the hill, as if he who reached it first was to be knighted. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob; we look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chest open, and along our lines the command, 'Give them one more volley and fall back and support the guns.'

"We have scarcely obeyed when 'Boom, boom!' opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince; bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged the gun. The machinery loses just one beat,

misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before. Every gun is using short-fuse shells. The ground shakes and trembles. The roar shuts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees off short, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human.

"You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it, aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the charge.

"Now the shells are changed to canister, and the guns are served so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac, singing, purring, whistling grapeshot and the serpentlike hiss of canister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through, but torn off; heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on one another."

This has given you an idea of the coolness of these grim gunners under fire; now I shall give an idea of their coolness under water. In early December, 1863, the horse artillery under Colonel Chew was ordered to Charlottesville, Va., to rest men and horses after the strenuous campaign which included Gettysburg. As the command reached the Rappahannock River, the lead team took the water and proceeded to the other side, but when they attempted to pull the gun up the bank of the river the horses' feet slipped on the ice which had formed from the drippings from the lead horses, and they could not budge the gun, which was yet in the river and which river was from three to four feet deep. The horses were whipped and pushed and the men shouted, but all to no purpose; the horses could not get a footing. When this was demonstrated, Capt. Wilmer Brown turned in his saddle and gave the command: "Cannoneers, dismount; by hand to the front!" Now, there you are; get down into the icy water and put your shoulder to the wheel. Cold? Cold was no name for it. But down we got, up to our waists in the ice water. That's what I call a cool set of men. We finally had to attach prolonged ropes to the tongues of the limbers and pull them out separately by main strength of the men.

Very little has been written about the horse artillery. It has only been incidentally mentioned in the history of the cavalry. There was in the horse artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia a splendid battery from this State, commanded by Maj. James F. Hart. Col. R. Preston Chew, of Charleston, W. Va., has in preparation a history of these batteries; it will be worth reading. In the horse artillery some splendid men served and died: Pelham, Breathed, Henry McGregor, Ford, Chew, Wilmer, Brown, Shumaker, Bamberg, Halsey, Johnston, Thompson, Burwell, Hoxton, Shreve, Croyeau—all gone, or nearly so, since the bugles sang truce. No more "Boot and saddle!" No more starvation and glory! God rest their souls! These men, as was said by General Stuart of Pelham, had cast their eyes over at the battle fields of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. Who of the cavalry corps does not remember them at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, when they charged with the cavalry, fought on the skirmish line, and broke the record in the handling of field pieces?

Gen. Theodore Garnett once said there might be a question as to who fired the first shot in the war and who fired the last shot, but there could be no question as to who fired the most shots and the most rapid shots. It was the horse artillery of Stuart's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia!

WAS THE SOUTH RIGHT OR WRONG?

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

[Submitted as a contribution to S. C. V. "Gray Book."]

In the *VETERAN* for October, 1918, page 462, under the caption "Whose Is the Fault?" is the following communication from J. C. Reeve, Jr., which expresses the opinion of many writers and speakers on the cause of the Southern Confederacy's failure:

"I have noted many parallels between the Old South and Germany. I have read but one, by Henry Watterson: 'Germany will lose for the same reason that the South lost, because it was fighting for the wrong.' I should like to read more. Woodrow Wilson, the greatest man the South has produced, says the cause of the Confederacy was entirely wrong. It is Southern schoolbooks which are wholly false on the subject. I was brought up in Ohio by an English father, a Copperhead."

In a note to the editor Mr. Reeve says that for President Wilson's opinion he quotes from memory a passage in "Division and Reunion," one of a series of "Epochs of American History," under the editorial supervision of Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard. This one of the series was written by Mr. Wilson, then Professor in Princeton University.

I.

There are here three distinct charges against the South because of her course in the War of 1861-65 between the sections.

1. That the President, Woodrow Wilson, the greatest man of the South, says that the South was entirely wrong in seceding from the Union and fighting for her independence.

2. That the cause of the South, defeated in 1865, was parallel to the cause of Germany in the great world war, ending in her defeat in 1918.

3. That the Southern schoolbooks by their falsehoods have perpetuated the false idea that the cause of the South was right.

Of course the inference must be that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is engaged in propagating false and immoral ideas as to the nature of the contest for Southern independence, and it is a favorite expression, both North and South, that as the war settled the question at issue between the sections, any further discussion of them is only academic, impractical, and profitless, and our business is to turn our faces only to the future.

It should be borne in mind that history concerned with the past is one of the most profitable studies for men's guidance, and the *VETERAN* is distinctly a historical magazine, whose field is limited to the account of that war which changed the government of the United States from a federated republic with strictly limited powers to a centralized nation with paramount sovereignty over the States. Therefore the *VETERAN* seeks to find and give the facts as to the causes of the war in the differing interpretations of the Constitution and as to the conduct of the war, what were the ideals of each section and how they sought to realize those ideals. It is certainly not the purpose to discuss these questions with a view of setting aside the decision of the war, but to vindicate the sincerity and high ideals of the South against the malignant aspersions of her bitter enemies or of those professed friends who believe that material success settles questions of righteousness and truth and who consider those who explain and defend the noble traditions of their people as narrow and provincial. The people who ignore or are ashamed

of their heroic past are degenerate, sordid slaves of the present, unworthy of respect.

II.

The statement of President Wilson which Mr. Reeve says condemns the cause of the South as "entirely wrong" is found on page 239 of his book and is as follows: "On the part of the South the great struggle was maintained by sheer spirit and devotion in spite of constantly diminishing resources and constantly waning hope. Her whole strength was put forth, her resources spent, exhausted, annihilated, and yet with such concentration of energy that for more than three years she seemed as fully equal to the contest as did the North itself. *And all for a belated principle of government, an outgrown economy, an impossible purpose.* There is in history no devotion not religious, no constancy not meant for success that can furnish a parallel to the devotion and constancy of the South in his extraordinary war."

Now, the South recognizes in Woodrow Wilson a man of wonderful political ability, a man raised up by Divine Providence to meet and direct the greatest crisis in the history of the world and the progress of liberty; and the South is exceedingly proud of him; yet in the questions involved in the tremendous issues of the war between the sections in 1865 the Old South calls no man master, but rests her convictions as to the right or wrong of that great conflict on certain fundamental principles which are not dependent on success or failure in war. And, fortunately, from Mr. Wilson's book we get a clear statement of the opposing principles of the parties to the conflict.

1. As to the belated principle of government advocated by the South and condemned by Mr. Wilson, it held that Constitution was a compact entered into by the States, each in its sovereign capacity, by which a general government was created with strictly limited powers granted by the States, and that any State had the right to withdraw from the compact if its terms were violated by the other States or by the central government, if such State viewed withdrawal as the only remedy available to preserve its rights and protect its interests. This was the doctrine maintained by Senator Hayne in the celebrated Webster-Hayne debate in the United States Senate in 1830, and of which John C. Calhoun was the ablest exponent and defender. Mr. Webster opposed this theory with all his great power and eloquence, denying that the Constitution was a compact between sovereign States and claiming that it established a government over the people directly. Mr. Wilson accepted Mr. Webster's theory and acclaimed him as the great expounder of the Constitution. Yet Mr. Wilson confesses that for nearly half a century after the adoption of the Constitution it was regarded by both North and South as a compact and the right of secession expressly reserved by some of the States and this threat of secession several times uttered in Congress. He also ignores the fact that in the debates on the compromise measures of 1850, and in his speech at Capen Springs, in Virginia, about the same time, Mr. Webster expressly called the Union a compact which being violated by one party released the other.

It was Mr. Webster's compromise speech in the Senate, March 7, 1850, that brought upon him that sad philippic of Whittier's entitled "Ichabod." Mr. Wilson shows that the passage by over a score of Northern States of "personal liberty" bills expressly nullifying the Constitution, and finally the election of a President pledged against the institutions of the South, together with years of bitter denunciation of her

people, caused the Southern States to feel that their only security for their rights lay in secession from the Union. And Mr. Lincoln himself, in a speech in Congress in 1848, had positively asserted the right of any people dissatisfied with their government to rise against it and throw it off and to adopt a government satisfactory to themselves. Surely in 1861 the theory for which the South contended was not a belated principle of government.

2. As to the outgrown economic system, Mr. Wilson shows that the system of African slavery was imposed on the American colonies by the British government, and the slave trade was promoted largely by New England ships, and that the system of domestic slavery was largely confined to the South because of climatic conditions which made it unprofitable in the North; that, in spite of certain manifest and deplorable evils of the system, the relation was one of kindly and affectionate care and service between master and slave.

The movements for emancipation began early in the South and were hindered by the intemperate and fanatical abuse of slaveholders by the abolitionists and also by the difficult problem of how to regulate the relations of the two races so radically different after emancipation. The South fought not merely to retain the institution of slavery, but for the right to settle her own domestic institutions free from the interference of self-constituted advisers. Emancipation brought with it certain social, political, and economic problems that are not yet settled after fifty years of freedom for the negroes.

3. As to the impossible purpose which Mr. Wilson emphasizes, we ask, Why impossible? Was defeat inevitable? Did the tremendous disparity of resources make it foolish for the South to contend for her rights? Yet some of the mightiest victories for the right have been won against overwhelming physical odds. And often defeat of the right is overruled of God for its ultimate triumph. The sacrifices and sufferings of apparent defeat are the inspiration to final victory. The fearful sufferings of the low countries in their conflict with the mighty empire of Philip II. of Spain at last won liberty.

The Confederate States fought four or five times their own number gathered from all the world and also equipped with all the weapons of war, and the cause went down in defeat and is called "The Lost Cause." But is it lost? To-day, according to the statement of President Wilson, the United States is engaged in this great world war to enforce the very principle for which the Confederacy fought and died—that is, the right of every people, however weak, to establish their own form of government. We fought in 1861-65 "that government of the people, for the people, and by the people" might be made sure to us and that our land might be made safe for democracy. To-day we fight against centralized wealth or centralized labor, either of which if permanently triumphant can, under the forms of democracy, introduce an autocracy more tyrannical than any slavery that ever existed in the United States.

III.

As to the parallel between the Old South and Germany, he who can recognize such a parallel is either ignorant of the Old South or is so prejudiced that his eyes are blinded. The characteristics of the Old South, with its reverence for religion, its chivalric regard for womanhood, its intense sense of personal honor, are in utter contrast with the German character as revealed in the conduct of this world war, with its atheism, its vain conceit, its brutal cruelty, its treatment of women as drudges or victims of its lust. But it was the Northern sections that in the War of 1861-65 used the German mercenaries to recruit its armies, and the Federal gov-

ernment enlisted nearly two hundred thousand Germans, paying big bounties, and with the Germans already living in America they formed an army of probably a quarter of a million of the same quality of soldiers as those who have perpetrated such outrages in Belgium and France. And as to the conduct of the war, compare the march of Sherman through Georgia, with fire and looting of homes, with the conduct of Lee and his army in Pennsylvania, with strict respect for noncombatants and personal property; or compare Admiral Semmes driving the United States merchant marine from the sea, with never the killing or insulting of a noncombatant, with Von Tirpitz destroying the *Lusitania*, and say which is most nearly parallel to Germany.

It was the abolitionists of the North who looked on the Constitution of the United States as a "scrap of paper," "a covenant with death and a league with hell," who demanded an antislavery constitution, an antislavery Bible, and an antislavery God.

To a correspondent who compares the demand for the execution of the Kaiser with a similar demand made for the execution of President Jefferson Davis, the *Louisville Evening Post* makes this response:

"Yet we are prompt to resent the comparison between the distinguished leader of the Southern Confederacy and the deposed Kaiser, Admiral von Schroeder, the murderer of Captain Fryatt and the rest of that crew. There is no one so foolish as to believe that there was any wrongful act on the part of the men who sought to establish the Southern Confederacy. The right of an American State to secede was before 1861 one of those great constitutional questions that men of the highest character could and did differ upon. It was finally put to the arbitration of the sword and decided by the sword, but surely there can be no comparison between the men who so nobly fought for the 'Lost Cause' and the exponents of German frightfulness."

IV.

Now, as to the falsehoods of Southern schoolbooks, it is well known that the most of the histories for our public schools have been written by New Englanders, and they have magnified the achievements of New England and minimized the work of other sections in the founding and administering of our government to such an extent that the Puritans got all the credit for winning the land and organizing liberty under law, and the Cavalier and the Covenanter were misrepresented, although George Washington was a Cavalier and Patrick Henry was of Covenanter stock. And the misrepresentation of the South and her institutions by Northern historians has been the most thoroughly organized system of lying in the whole history of literature; and Professor Hart, who supervises this series of "Epochs of American History," is also supervisor of very many of our school histories, and he is most bitterly prejudiced against the South and her course in the War of Secession.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

Go forth and bid the land rejoice,
Yet not too gladly, O my song!

Breathe softly, as if mirth would wrong
The solemn rapture of thy voice.

Be nothing lightly said or done
This happy day! Our joy should flow
Accordant with the lofty woe
That wails above the noble dead.

—Henry Timrod.

HEROISM IN WAR.

BY JUDGE JOHN T. GOOLRICK, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

I have been pained to notice the disposition, if not the desire, upon the part of some people to minimize, if not to belittle, the War between the States. This does not come from our men in the service, but generally emanates from "the stay-at-home warriors" who counted themselves too young to enlist in the service in our Civil War and now are glad they are too "old" to be targets for the bullets of the Hun.

By way of preface to this article allow me to say that there is no citizen within the borders of this republic who is more loyal than myself or who is prouder of the splendid service and magnificent achievements of our army and navy. I have been very zealous in doing my best in and for this war—for the Red Cross, the war workers, and all other patriotic activities—and vastly above and beyond all these is the very pleasant satisfaction I have that my youngest son, a major in the regular army, is fighting under "Old Glory" with and for the Allies on the blood-stained fields of Flanders and of France. At the same time I have no regrets to express, no apologies to make, no excuses to offer, and no repentance to feel for having been a private soldier in the incomparable army of the Confederacy led by Lee and Jackson. Indeed, as the years go by I feel a strong pride and an increasing glory in the part, humble though it was, that I played in that dread tragedy of war.

Let it be understood that I do not write this article either to bring the war of 1861-65 in contrast, comparison, parallel, or in any way to conflict with the one just concluded in a great triumph. To attempt that would be as absurd as it would be fruitless of effect; for in magnitude of operations, billions of money, mightiness of numerical strength, in the stupendous stores of munitions and supplies, in array and effectiveness of death-dealing machinery, in army devices and wonderful appliances, this war has never been equaled in the history of the world.

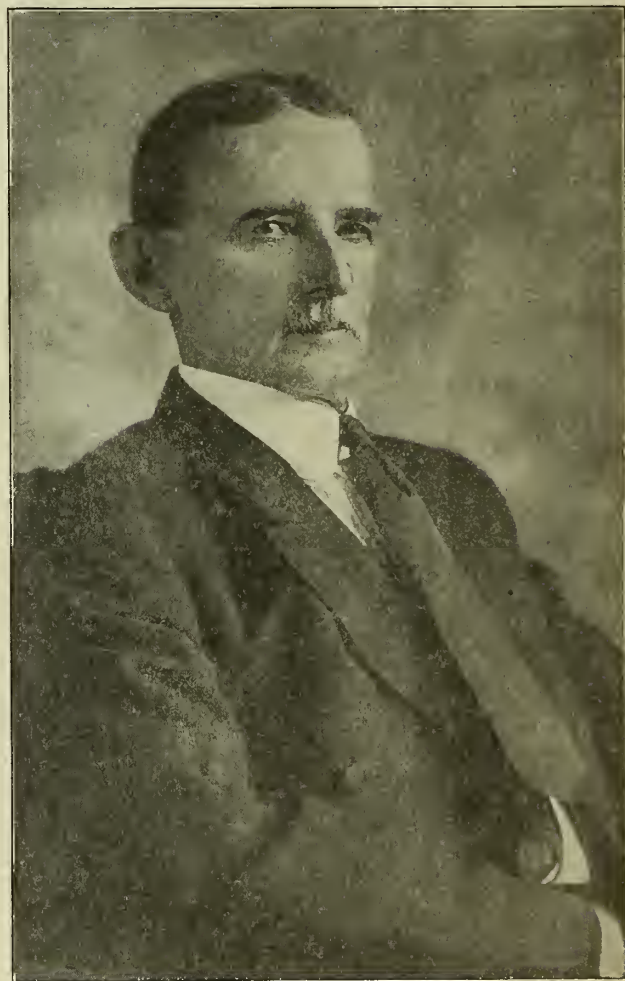
However, for effectiveness of fighting, for exhibitions of individual heroism, for splendor of achievements, for unparalleled bravery, for sublime fortitude in the face of hunger and privation, for results on the firing line, for skill in strategy, for battles fought which were masterful in conception and superb in execution, for exalted and brilliant leadership, the War between the States will ever stand the test of time and meet victoriously the most exhaustive examination, criticism, and judgment.

Lest I be charged with sectionalism and partiality for the South, I will, for the purposes and objects of this writing, group some of the facts of history and some of the achievements of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac, for I was a member of the first, and I saw something of the other. I have no doubt that what I say of these two great commands could be said with equal confidence and verity as to the other armies in our great civil conflict. "Speak, history; unfold thy annals and say" where on thy recorded pages can be found in all the glories of war a more splendid exhibition of heroic endeavor, of glorious valor, of deeds of sublime death-defying courage, as well as evidence of loyalty to duty, to cause, and to country, than was shown by the charge of Meagher's Irish Brigade (U. S.) at Fredericksburg and the charge of Pickett's Division (C. S.) at Gettysburg?

Then for open-air, man-to-man, face-to-face fighting, where in all the drama of war have the battles of Salem Church

(infantry) and Brandy Station (cavalry) been excelled? For there both armies fought and many fell under the blue vault of heaven without even the semblance of protection. No trenches, not even hastily improvised earthworks, were there to shield or shelter those ill-fed, scantily clad soldiers. They moved, marched, battled on the front or the firing line, facing each the other, with no barrage, no camouflage, no protecting tanks.

Look at another phase of this War of 1861-65. Approximately one hundred and seventy-five thousand men, led by Generals Meade (U. S.) and Lee (C. S.), were engaged in the great battle of Gettysburg, which, in my opinion, has been erroneously styled and designated as the high tide of that



JUDGE JOHN T. GOOLRICK.

The father of Judge John T. Goolrick, born in Sligo, Ireland, was an ardent champion of the Confederacy and had four sons in the service. Judge Goolrick himself was a private in the Fredericksburg Artillery, known as Braxton's Battery, and was wounded at the battle of Fort Harrison, in front of Richmond; he surrendered at Appomattox. He is prominent among the Confederate veterans of his State, and for a number of years was Commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp at Fredericksburg. His oration on "The Confederate Soldier" has been delivered before many audiences. He is now Judge of the Corporation Court at Fredericksburg.

Judge Goolrick is among the most patriotic of our citizens, and his youngest son, Maj. R. E. M. Goolrick, with the artillery in the regular army, has been in France since October, 1917, taking part in many engagements.

war. The casualties in killed, wounded, and missing, from all available records, were forty-seven thousand four hundred and ten, a loss of over twenty-seven per cent. Certainly these figures forcibly and eloquently furnish full proof that Generals Lee and Meade led men who by their service and sacrifices testified and exhibited that they were ready to die for the ideals for which they fought. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And then he who reads, let him remember another section of that war. From May 4, 1864, to June 5 of that year—that is, from the battle of the Wilderness to second Cold Harbor—there were approximately two hundred and fifteen thousand men of both the United States and Confederate armies engaged; and there were in round numbers eighty-one thousand four hundred killed, wounded, and missing—a loss of over thirty-seven per cent.

I have selected and segregated these two armies, and some of the battles in which they were engaged, only as illustrative of the fighting of the other armies in that mighty and bloody conflict.

It is neither my object, purpose, nor desire in this brief article to differentiate the Confederate and the United States armies, or the soldiers of either, in the matter of that special and distinctive glory, honor, and credit to which each is entitled and which each should have. The historians and narrators of each have already performed that office.

For skill, strategy, generalship, and leadership I am persuaded that unbiased, unprejudiced history must willingly accord full meed of praise, appreciation, and applause to such military leaders as Lee, Grant, Meade, Jackson, Hancock, Johnston, Forrest, Stuart, and many others whose names and fame will echo down the paths of the ages, sung by poets and proclaimed by sages.

It has been said that in the War between the States each commanding general fought the other not generally with the knowledge or information as to how many men he was fighting or how many more he might have in reserve for that battle. The only method of obtaining this information was through spies and scouts, who were not always reliable. They did not have the "eyes of the army" in the airplane to telephone these facts and figures and to direct the artillery fire. They did not have the highly organized service of supply to forward not only necessities, but luxuries, as has been done in this war; no Y. M. C. A., no great army of girls to knit warm sweaters and socks, no Salvation Army lassie with her hot coffee and doughnuts, no rest stations; and they did not have the benefit of the miracles of modern surgery. Our poor heroes very often fought when they were hungry and cold, thereby displaying sublime courage and devotion.

I am charmed beyond expression to know or to be informed of the excellent morals of our men in the army and navy in this world war. This condition has very favorably impressed all who have had any association or connection with our men in the service, whether at home or across the waters. I have had the pleasure of visiting the marine camp at Quantico, and without flattery or indulgence in any extravagant language I am glad to be able to pay my tribute to this splendid body of Americans in khaki. I do not believe that any army, anywhere, in any war, has produced soldiers who by their military bearing, intelligence, virility, and devotion to duty have surpassed these clear-eyed boys of whom all America is justly proud. Their record, both as soldiers and as gentlemen, is of the very highest, and they measure fully up to the exacting standards and requirements displayed

by their worthy fathers and grandsires—the soldiers of the Union and Confederate armies.

As to the morals of the soldiers in that other war, I can only write of the Confederate soldiers, my connection, therefore my knowledge, being necessarily limited to that side. I am certain that in bivouac, on the march, on the firing line the boys in gray lived up to the high standards taught them in their Christian homes. In the command to which I belonged, around the camp fires, I have heard some very impressive, tender, touching services of prayer and of praise, of sacred songs, and of home, and of love—all bespeaking the clean hearts of our gallant warriors.

This moral attitude of our men was very well exemplified in the Gettysburg campaign. They obeyed willingly and strictly the command of their great leader that they refrain from molesting or plundering the property of the inhabitants of the enemy territory through which they must pass. The course and conduct of our soldier boys on this march proclaimed them as worthy followers of their Christian commander, at the shrine of whose memory the world kneels in reverence and admiration.

The very erroneous and rather unfair and unjust statement which I recently saw published—that there were no women nurses in the War between the States—should be corrected. It is true, as the term is now understood, there was no body of trained nurses, in the South at least, such as the Red Cross furnishes, who served our boys; but there were women in the Southern hospitals, groups of splendid volunteer nurses, who by their ministrations to the sick and wounded followed the teachings of the Christ in the parable of the good Samaritan. These splendid women unselfishly, patriotically, lovingly, and loyally served, suffered, and sacrificed much in their merciful service to the Confederate soldier. With ceaseless energy, tireless devotion, peerless patriotism, and heartfelt sympathy they "did what they could" to relieve pain, alleviate suffering, and to bring sunshine into the lives of the soldiers of the South; and while I have no specific, direct knowledge in the premises, I assume that in the North the Union soldiers received the same treatment at the hands of their own splendid women.

And now, while we celebrate this great and glorious victory of the Allies of Right over the Cabal of Might, we of the South and you of the North—long since one great united country—our hearts rejoice to know that it was to some extent achieved by the sons and the grandsons of the soldiers who followed Lee, in union with the sons and the grandsons of Grant's veterans, moved by a common purpose, inspired by a common patriotism, and exalted by the same holy mission, in the same ranks, for the same cause, the same country, and the same flag.

NOT REPREHENSIBLE CONDUCT.—Referring to the article in the VETERAN for November, page 473, concerning Col. E. F. Best at the battle of Chancellorsville, W. W. Foster writes from Hickory, Okla.: "I think Colonel Best did his duty, for we stayed as long as there was any reason for staying. I was his orderly. We had to run out; and as I was considered one of the fastest on foot, I led the way some quarter of a mile. If the Yankees had not been excited, they could have killed the whole crowd of us. And I don't think that any one who was present at the time could say there was any cowardice shown by Colonel Best."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE SOUTHERN LEADERS ON
THE CRITTENDEN COMPROMISE.

[Prize essay by Miss Nannie Mayes Crump, winner of the U. D. C. prize offered to a student of Vassar College.]

Perhaps the stormiest session of the Congress of the United States was that in the last months of 1860 and the first months of 1861, the period preceding the election and inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President. The North and South were at variance on all questions pertaining to the rights of slaveholding States in the Territories of the United States, and this issue was fought not only in Congress, but in the Presidential election. It came to a crisis with the nullification of South Carolina, December 20, 1860. Even after the secession of South Carolina, compromise was not considered an improbable adjustment, and those border States men who loved both North and South strove more valiantly than before to preserve the Union of the States. The great Union man, Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, zealous for a peaceful settlement of differences, introduced in the Senate, December 12, 1860, a set of resolutions that we know as the *Crittenden Compromise* measures. Inasmuch as these measures seemed best suited to settle the disputed question, since they were fair to both North and South, people from all over the country looked to them with hope. Just why they were defeated by the vote of the Republicans and the far South senators has long interested students of Civil War history. The problem of this paper, then, is to find out what the Southern leaders thought of the Compromise. The plan to be pursued is, first, to discuss the border States men, Messrs. Crittenden and Powell, of Kentucky, and Hunter, of Virginia—men especially interested in the outcome of the sectional differences—then to discuss the opinions of Messrs. Davis, Toombs, Yancey, and Stephens, from the slave States. Mr. Crittenden best illustrates the border States' attitude, and Messrs. Davis and Toombs the slaveholder's attitude; moreover, these three gentlemen were particularly connected with the measures—Mr. Crittenden as their proposer and all three as members of the Committee of Thirteen, by whom the measures were considered. Therefore they will receive special study.

Let us begin with Mr. Crittenden's survey of the differences existent between the North and South and see just what the remedy he proposed entailed. In his speech introducing the measures, December 18, 1860, he said:

"I am gratified, Mr. President, to see in the various propositions which have been made such a universal anxiety to save the country from the dangerous dissensions which now prevail; and I have, under a very serious view and without the least ambitious feeling whatever connected with it, prepared a series of constitutional amendments, which I desire to offer to the Senate, hoping that they may form, in part at least, some basis for measures that may settle the controverted questions which now so much agitate our country. * * * The questions of an alarming character are those which have grown out of the controversy between the Northern and Southern sections of our country in relation to the rights of the slaveholding States in the Territories of the United States and in relation to the rights of the citizens of the latter in their slaves. I have endeavored by these resolutions to meet all these questions and causes of discontent and by amendments to the Constitution of the United States, so that the settlement, if we can happily agree on any, may be permanent and leave no cause for future controversy."

The constitutional amendments proposed in substance the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, extending the line

throughout the Territories of the United States to the eastern border of California; that is, slavery is to be prohibited "in all the territory of the United States now held, or hereafter acquired, situated north of latitude 36° 30'. * * * In all the territory south of said line of latitude * * * slavery is hereby recognized as existing and shall not be interfered with by Congress, but shall be protected as property by all the departments of territorial government during its continuance." There is the proviso that States shall be admitted to the Union north or south of that line as the State Constitutions might provide, with or without slavery. Further resolutions regarding fugitive slave laws and Congressional power over slavery in the District of Columbia were proposed, but it was about the question of the Territories that the success or failure of the measures as a compromise hung; and when the Crittenden Compromise is mentioned it will be understood that the measure quoted is that referred to.

At the time when Crittenden presented these measures to the Senate he was seventy-three years old. He was an old Whig who loved the Union better than his own State, a real patriot who had the confidence of all parties in the Senate. He was from a border State and had been trained to see both sides of the slavery question. The faith he had in the measures he proposed is nowhere expressed better than in his farewell speech to the Senate on "The State of the Union," delivered March 2, 1861, after secession was so nearly accomplished that few thought any adjustment could hold the slave States in the Union with Lincoln as President. He said: "I am only proposing the measure which I believe, and which my judgment suggests to me as most for your benefit, most for the benefit of your State, of my State, and of the States of all of us. That is the spirit in which I propose it." His Union sentiment could not be doubted even when he pleaded the cause of the South. He said: "* * * I do not appear on this occasion as an advocate of slavery; I appear as an advocate of union. I want to preserve that from overthrow." Mr. Crittenden believed that the slave States of the South could not be brought to relinquish their demands for the same privileges in the Territories as the nonslaveholding States retained for themselves, and he thought the North, for the sake of holding those States in the Union, should have done something decisive. But they had not even voted on any resolutions that would form the basis of a compromise that would actually do something definite in the way of settling difficulties. He did not insist that those measures he presented were the only remedy; but those plans submitted by other senators had received no more consideration than his. He rested the blame on the radical Republicans who would not vote favorably on any proposition that would satisfy the South. But we shall have more on this point later. Thus, we may say, Mr. Crittenden really believed his measures would satisfy both North and South.

On the same day that Mr. Crittenden's measures were introduced in the Senate Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, proposed that a special Committee of Thirteen be appointed to investigate the "grievances between the slaveholding and nonslaveholding States" and to try to find a remedy for them. This resolution was adopted, members appointed, and the Crittenden plan submitted to them for consideration. Therefore before this plan came up for a vote it went to this committee; and inasmuch as its life in this committee is most valuable from a Southern viewpoint of the subject, let us look at the personnel of that committee. (I shall follow Mr. Rhodes in the following discussion.)

The members of the Committee of Thirteen were: Powell (Kentucky), Hunter (Virginia), Crittenden (Kentucky), from the border States; Davis (Mississippi), Toombs (Georgia), from the cotton States; Douglas (Illinois), Bigler (Pennsylvania), Rice (Minnesota), Northern Democrats; Collamer (Vermont), Doolittle (Wisconsin), Grimes (Iowa), Seward (New York), Wade (Ohio), Republicans.

Thus we see there were three men from the border States, both "slaveholding" and "nonslaveholding"; two from cotton "slaveholding" States; three Northern Democrats who were closely allied in sympathy with the border States men; and five Republicans who were representative of the extreme antislavery element. The distribution, both according to sections and parties, was just. Every member was a man of ability, character, and influence, and stood high in the Senate. It would seem that if the Union could be saved by an act of Congress these senators would find the way. Mr. Toombs wrote to the people of Georgia, December 23, 1860: "The black Republican members of this Committee of Thirteen are representative men of their party and section, and to the extent of my information truly represent the Committee of Thirty-Three in the House, which on Tuesday adjourned for a week without coming to any vote, after solemnly pledging themselves to vote on all the propositions then before them on that date."

The Legislature of South Carolina had unanimously adopted the Ordinance of Secession on December 20; on December 21 the committee met. The issue was forced on them to play to the six cotton States most interested in the Territorial question as it related to their slave property. These States were South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi. If these could be satisfied, there was nothing to fear from Louisiana and Texas. If the cotton States should be lost, then they had to try to save the border States to the Union. The North had some idea of the situation and the danger involved. In the Senate the members, both Northern and Southern, were on social terms, although they were so opposed politically. The Republicans were beginning to be influential in the Senate. Such, in a general way, was the condition of the country when the Committee of Thirteen met.

The first resolution adopted in the committee meeting was that no report should be adopted to bring to the Senate unless it had a majority of the Republican members and a majority of the other eight members. This was necessary because an amendment to pass through Congress had to have the consent of two-thirds of the members, which would mean, as the Congress was then constituted, a majority of both Democrats and Republicans. Mr. Crittenden introduced his measures, and the vote on the first article, that dealing with the 30° 30' line, was six yeas, seven nays—thus:

Yeas: Bigler, Crittenden, Douglas, Hunter, Powell, Rice.

Nays: Collamer, Doolittle, Grimes, Seward, Wade, Toombs, Davis.

The yeas were expected. Mr. Crittenden would vote yes, Mr. Douglas would state the policy of the Northern Democrats, and Messrs. Bigler and Rice would follow him. Douglas would vote yes in line with his general sentiments. Mr. Powell and Mr. Hunter had about the same problems as Mr. Crittenden, since they came from the section that loved the Union and the South and could understand individual State sovereignty. Every one was surprised at the negative vote of Messrs. Davis and Toombs, men from the far South, whose States were most interested in the outcome. But when we observe that all the Republicans voted against the amendment

and remember that a Republican majority was necessary to pass an amendment through Congress, we can understand how useless those two Southern votes for the measures would have been. If the compromises couldn't get the majority in a committee, how could a majority be expected in Congress? In regard to the other proposed articles for amendments to the Constitution, the Republicans voted solidly. The resolutions fared somewhat better. For the first and second, the Republicans voted negatively; the third and fourth, which were favorable to the North, were voted on affirmatively by all the committee.

Why did Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, and Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, vote negatively? How did a few other Southern leaders feel about the measures proposed by Mr. Crittenden?

Mr. Davis himself left no written statement as to how he would vote on the Crittenden proposition, nor did he state in any speech to the Senate that he would have voted for the measure had a Republican majority declared for it; yet internal evidence in the context of his speeches and the assertions of his friends lead us to believe that he would have voted for the measures. We know he was in favor of the compromise offered, even though he voted against it, *if the Republican members had voted for it*. In his discussion of the Crittenden Compromise in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" he said: "The supposition was that any measure agreed upon by the representatives of the three principal divisions of public opinion would be approved by the Senate and afterwards ratified by the House of Representatives. * * * The Southern members declared their readiness to accept any terms that would secure the honor of the Southern States and guarantee their future safety."

Previously he had said: "Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, the oldest and one of the most honored members of the Senate, introduced into that body a joint resolution proposing certain amendments to the Constitution. * * * But the earnest appeals of the venerable statesman were unheeded by senators of the so-called Republican party. Action upon his proposition was postponed from time to time, on one pretext or another, until the last day of the session—when seven States had already withdrawn from the Union and established a confederation of their own—and it was then defeated by a majority of one vote." Thus we get nothing definite from Mr. Davis himself. What did his friends say about him?

Mr. Cox, in that splendid characterization of the stormy session of the Thirty-Sixth Congress in his "Three Decades of Federal Legislation," said of Mr. Davis: "In that Congress, foremost in influence for peace or war, for union or disunion, is Jefferson Davis. * * * Remembering his personal courtesy, his urbane and dignified manners, his silvery oratory, his undaunted courage as a soldier and honesty as a man, * * * [one] cannot fail to recall much to the credit of this leader of the Southern people."

Further, Mr. Cox said: "There is indubitable evidence that while on that Committee of Thirteen he was willing to accept the compromise of Mr. Crittenden and recede from secession." This 'indubitable' evidence rests on the statements of Messrs. Pugh and Douglas in the Senate.

Mr. Pugh said on March 2, 1861: "Before the senators from the State of Mississippi left this chamber I heard one of them, who now assumes at least to be President of the Southern Confederacy, propose to accept it [the Crittenden Compromise] and to maintain the Union if that proposition could receive the vote it ought to receive from the other side of this chamber" (meaning from the Republicans).

Mr. Douglas in the Senate on the same day said: "I can

confirm the Senator's [Mr. Pugh] declaration that Senator Davis himself, when on the Committee of Thirteen, was ready at all times to compromise on the Crittenden proposition. I will go further and say that Mr. Toombs was also."

Mr. Douglas said in the Senate on January 3, 1861: "In the Committee of Thirteen a few days ago every member from the South, including those from the cotton States [Davis and Toombs], expressed their readiness to accept the proposition of my venerable friend from Kentucky [Crittenden] as a final settlement of the controversy, if tendered and sustained by the Republican members."

Again let us quote Mr. Cox: "Davis, Toombs, and others of the Gulf States would have accepted it [the Crittenden Compromise]. The author talked with Mr. Crittenden frequently on this point. Not only did he confirm the public declaration of Douglas and Pugh and the speech of Toombs himself to this effect, but he said it was so understood in committee at the time while the committee was in session."

Mr. Greeley, in his "American Conflict," makes two statements of interest: "Mr. Davis asked to be excused from serving [on the Committee of Thirteen], but finally consented." On the vote of 36° 30' Greeley said: "Messrs. Hunter, Toombs, and Davis, it is said, would have supported it had it been proposed and sustained by the Republicans."

Mr. Phillips, in his "Life of Toombs," said: "Davis, who by signing the Southern Address of the previous week had already declared his belief that Southern grievances were beyond remedy within the Union, requested to be relieved from service on the Committee of Thirteen, but was persuaded by some of his Southern colleagues to withdraw that request."

Mr. Dodd, in his "Life of Davis" in the American Crisis Biographies Series, said: "When Mr. Davis learned that a majority of the Republicans on the Committee of Thirteen opposed compromise, he filed his vote in accordance with his suggestion against the opening clause of Crittenden's program. Toombs voted with him. * * * Davis realized that when the Committee of Thirteen failed to agree there was no chance for a settlement short of secession. He paid no attention to any of the schemes presented either in the Senate or in the House."

Let us go back to Mr. Davis's own statements. In his final speech in the Senate, January 10, 1861, he discussed the Crittenden Compromise. He said: "When the proposition of the Senator from Kentucky was presented—not so very hopeful of a good result—I was yet willing to wait and see what developments it might produce." His disappointment in the outcome is seen in the statement quoted above, where he lays the blame for its failure on the Republicans.

Now, what shall we conclude from this? I believe Mr. Pugh's and Mr. Douglas's statements are sufficient proof that Mr. Davis would have voted for the Crittenden Compromise if the Republicans on the Committee of Thirteen had voted for it. Mr. Cox's statement is additional proof. All three statements are from men who knew Mr. Davis and who were connected with him during the period concerned. Also eminent historians who have investigated the same material at my disposal, such men as Mr. Phillips, Mr. Dodd, and especially Mr. Rhodes, have come to the same conclusion that I draw—namely, that Mr. Davis was in favor of the compromise and would have voted for it if there had been a Republican majority vote in the Committee of Thirteen. Such proof can scarcely be doubted.

Mr. Davis's final placing of the blame is in keeping with his general opinion. He said: "Upon you of the majority

section it depends to restore peace and perpetuate the Union of equal States; upon us of the minority section rests the duty to maintain our equality and community rights; and the means in one case or the other must be such as each can control." When all had failed, Mr. Davis followed his State as it seceded from the Union. "It is far better," he said, "instead of attempting to preserve a forced and therefore fruitless Union, that we should peacefully part and each pursue his separate course."

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, accepted the appointment on the Committee of Thirteen without reluctance. He had been anxious to find out what the Republican party intended in regard to the South, and this gave him the chance he had looked for. He said: "I was appointed on the committee and accepted the trust." He was in favor of the compromise measures of Mr. Crittenden only because he thought they would be followed by his State. Mr. Cox quotes Mr. Crittenden as having asked in the Committee of Thirteen, "Mr. Toombs, will this compromise, as a remedy for all wrongs and apprehensions, be acceptable to you?" and Mr. Toombs as having said: "Not by a good deal; but my State will accept it, and I will follow my State." We really need no further proof than this of his position; but to make doubly sure he has given us several statements of his opinion, first in the "Letter to the People of Georgia," December 23, 1860, then in his speech in the Senate January 7, 1861.

To the people of Georgia he said: "The vote was then taken in committee on the amendments to the Constitution proposed by Hon. J. J. Crittenden, of Kentucky; and each and all of them were voted against, unanimously, by the black Republican members of the committee."

In the Senate, January 7, 1861, he said: "Although I insist upon this perfect equality in the Territories, yet when it is proposed, as I understand the Senator from Kentucky now proposes, that the line of 36° 30' shall be extended, acknowledging and protecting our property on the south side of that line, for the sake of peace, permanent peace, I said to the Committee of Thirteen, and I say here, that, with other satisfactory provisions, I would accept it."

Further in that same speech he said: "If that [Crittenden Compromise] or some other satisfactory agreement is not made, I am for immediate action. We are as ready to fight now as we ever shall be. I am willing, however, to take the proposition of the Senator as it was understood in committee, putting the North and the South on the same ground prohibiting slavery on one side, acknowledging slavery and protecting it on the other, and applying that to all future acquisitions, so that the whole continent to the North Pole shall be settled upon the one rule and to the South Pole under the other. I will not buy a shameful peace. I will have equality of war. Georgia is on the warpath and demands a full and final settlement this time."

Mr. Pugh, in the Senate March 2, 1861, said that Mr. Davis was in favor of the Crittenden Compromise. Mr. Douglas confirmed Mr. Pugh's statement and added (as quoted above): "I will go further and say that Mr. Toombs was also." Remember, Mr. Douglas had said in the Senate January 3, 1861, that the senators from the cotton States were ready to accept Mr. Crittenden's proposition "if tendered and sustained by the Republican members."

Mr. Phillips thinks that the vote of both Davis and Toombs was but in keeping with the opinion they expressed in the early part of the meeting of the Committee of Thirteen—namely, that "in order to prevent the committee from making a report which would have no prospect of adoption by Con-

gress they would cast their votes against any resolution which the Republican members should oppose."

Then what can we say about Mr. Toombs and the Crittenden Compromise? His friends tell us he said on more than one occasion that he was willing to accept the Crittenden Compromise if a Republican majority voted for it. He himself has told us in the Senate, January 7, 1861, that he had been willing while a member of the Committee of Thirteen to vote for the compromise, and at the time of his speech was still willing to accept the Crittenden measures "for the sake of peace, *permanent peace*," if the Republicans would vote for it. The only piece of evidence we have to the contrary is a letter from Seward to Lincoln, December 26, 1860, in which he said: "South Carolina has already taken the attitude of defiance. Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana are pushed on toward the same attitude. I think they could not be arrested even if we should offer all you suggest and with it the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line. But persons acting for those States *intimate* that they might be so arrested, *because* they think that the *Republicans are not going to concede the restoration of that line.* * * * Nothing could certainly restrain them [border States] but the adoption of Mr. Crittenden's Compromise, and I do not see the slightest indication of its adoption in the Republican side of Congress."

Mr. Rhodes does not think that this suspicion weakens the evidence which shows that Messrs. Davis and Toombs did believe that the Crittenden Compromise, if supported by the Republicans in Congress, would be a working remedy for the troubles between the North and South, because, says Mr. Rhodes, "It is not consistent with the characters of Davis and Toombs. They were men whose position on any important question it was not difficult to know." I think, from what I know of these two gentlemen from the accounts given by Mr. Dodd and Mr. Phillips, that Mr. Rhodes is justified in making this suggestion. There was nothing secretive about either of them; and at a critical time like that, when the measures were being discussed, they could gain nothing by double-dealing, and they stood to lose, inasmuch as nothing that was not absolutely above board would be accepted either by the North or the South.

Another point in Mr. Seward's letter is illuminating. He recognizes that the Crittenden plan would come as near to restraining the border States as anything suggested, and also he thinks that the cotton States are beyond being held even by the Crittenden Compromise. Mr. Pugh said on this point in the Senate March 2, 1861: "Before January 1, a two-thirds vote for the Crittenden resolutions in this chamber would have saved every State in the Union but South Carolina." Mr. Douglas on the same day said: "The Senator has said that if this Crittenden proposition could have been passed early in the session it would have saved all the States except South Carolina. *I firmly believe it would.*"

It is interesting to note that Mr. Toombs did not favor Mr. Crittenden's Compromise from any motives of friendly relationship or sympathetic party affiliation. For long before this crisis he wrote to Alexander Stephens, March 28, 1858: "Everybody I have seen of any party looks [with] shame and indignation upon the course of Crittenden and the Americans." Toombs agreed with this adverse criticism. On May 26, 1860, he wrote to Stephens in regard to Davis's resolutions in the Senate, saying: "Mr Crittenden * * * voting with us." Therefore, although there was no enmity in their relationships, there was no particular friendship.

Although Toombs continued to act on the Committee of

Thirteen even after the Crittenden measures failed, he did not believe any other plans would be acceptable to the South or that the committee could do anything to stop the tide of secession. In the telegram he sent to "the people of Georgia" he said that he believed the Republicans were, not to be depended on to do any good for the South and added: "I tell you upon the faith of a true man that all further looking to the North for security for your constitutional rights in the Union ought to be instantly abandoned." He felt that there was nothing left for Georgia after the failure of the Crittenden Compromise but to secede. In that same telegram he said: "Secession by the fourth day of March next should be thundered from the ballot box by the unanimous voice of Georgia on the second day of January next. Such a voice will be your best guarantee for liberty, security, tranquillity, and glory."

In the resolutions which he submitted in the Senate January 7, 1861, there was nothing new or different in the territorial demand from that offered by Mr. Crittenden—equality of each State of the Union in the Territories and protection of slave property by the United States government. Now let us leave Toombs.

In thinking over the leaders of the South at the time the Crittenden Compromise was being considered in Congress, aside from Davis and Toombs, the names of William Lowndes Yancey, of Alabama, and Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, came to me very forcibly as men of ability and influence. "Did they have anything to say on the Crittenden Compromise?" was the question asked. The results in both cases were negative.

Mr. Yancey, instead of being for compromise of any sort, was very insistent for secession. He had opposed the Compromise of 1850. He hated the "Black Republicans." He had voted for Breckinridge. With the Republicans in power, he saw nothing for his State but secession. This he urged continuously. On the evening of Lincoln's election he said in Estelle Hall, Montgomery: "As for myself, rather than live on subject to a government which breaks the compact at will and places me in a position of inequality, of inferiority to the Northern free negro, though that life be illustrated with gilded chains, by luxury and ease, I would in the cause of my State gather around me some brave spirits who, however few in number, would find a grave which the world would recognize, my countrymen, as a modern Thermopylae." How much compromise could be expected from a leader who talked like this?

Stephens, on the other hand, was opposed to secession. He delivered in Augusta, Ga., November 14, 1860, an address against secession. He wrote to Mr. Crittenden January 21, 1861, and, although he did not express his opinion on the particular proposition made by Mr. Crittenden, he did say: "I very much doubt if we have not passed the period in our republic's life when any amendment of the Constitution is practicable; when any, however apparently proper, could be made; whether, in a word, for the balance of our existence, long or short, we must not make up our minds to get along as well as we can and do the best we can with the Constitution as it is."

In regard to Mr. Douglas's propositions in the Senate, Mr. Stephens wrote December 29, 1860: "I should not approve them myself. Better let things remain as they are, so far as the Constitution is concerned. His proposition looks to constitutional *amendments*. The Constitution as it is, with a discharge of all its present obligations, is what I want."

His love of the Union is expressed often. His doctrine of State rights and a State's right to secede are stated in

his letters to Lincoln. The way his nonsecession ideas were appreciated by the North is seen in the following poem, written by E. N. R. L., Atlanta, Ga., March 18, 1883, at Stephens's death:

THE NORTH AT STEPHENS'S BIER.

"O, voice which strove in that dark hour
The tempest to restrain,
To save us was beyond your power;
Your words were vain!

.
The Union which is dear to us
Was dear to him."

From the scanty material we have from Stephens in regard to compromise, it would seem that he was not in favor of the Crittenden Compromise because it needed constitutional amendments to carry it out, and he was opposed to any amendment to the Constitution. He would probably have voted against the Crittenden Compromise if given the chance.

Most of the Southern senators were for secession and, therefore, opposed to Crittenden's Compromise or any other. Senator Brown, of Mississippi, was an exception. He was not at heart for secession and worked with Douglas in an effort to save the Union. Sebastian, of Arkansas, was not for secession. John Slidell and Judah P. Benjamin, both of Louisiana, were not pronouncedly for secession, nor was Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia. To them perhaps the Crittenden Compromise would have been acceptable, but this cannot be said of the other Southern senators.

To see the favor with which the Crittenden Compromise was received in the North it is just necessary to look at the great number of letters sent to Mr. Crittenden (published in Coleman's "Life," Volume II.) and the numerous petitions sent to the Senate pleading the adoption of these measures (also in Coleman's "Life," II., pages 236-244). Some of the letters from the border States are interesting, for example, this one from Thomas H. Clay, of Mansfield, near Lexington, Ky., January 9, 1861:

"As it is possible, that some terms of compromise, either your own, which, so far as I can learn, met with the approval of a large majority of the Conservatives of the country, or some other may be adopted before the meeting of our Legislature on the 17th inst., etc.

The following from the Convention of Virginia, March 11, 1861, shows the general type of thanks accorded Mr. Crittenden both by North and South:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the people of Virginia be, and they are hereby, most cordially tendered to the Hon. J. J. Crittenden for his recent able, zealous, and patriotic efforts in the Senate of the United States to bring about an honorable adjustment of our national difficulties.

"[Signed] JOHN L. EUBANK, *Secretary.*"

Finally, then, it seems absolutely clear that the Crittenden Compromise was defeated both in the Committee of Thirteen and in the Senate by the vote of the Republicans. Mr. Rhodes said: "No fact is clearer than that the Republicans in December defeated the Crittenden Compromise; few historic probabilities have better evidence to support them than the one which asserts that the adoption of this measure would have prevented the secession of the cotton States other than South Carolina and the beginning of the Civil War in 1861."

We have learned that Mr. Crittenden represented the view

of the border States and that his measures were a statement of that view. We have shown also that the North at large favored the Crittenden Compromise. From the proof presented it seems clear that Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, and Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, were in favor of the measures, believing that if they were supported by the Republicans in Congress a peaceable adjustment of the differences between the North and South on the slavery question could be made, and that they would have voted for the measures when they were being considered by the Committee of Thirteen, if the measures had been voted favorably by the Republicans on the Committee. But, inasmuch as a two-thirds vote of Congress is necessary for an amendment to the Constitution to be passed, which meant in the Thirty-Sixth Congress a majority of both Republicans and Democrats, Messrs. Davis and Toombs felt that their vote in the Committee for the Crittenden Compromise would be valueless, because a measure that could not get a Republican majority in a small committee could not expect a majority in the Congress. Therefore, though they were willing to accept the Crittenden Compromise for themselves, since it was not supported by the Republicans, Messrs. Davis and Toombs voted against it. Their opinion was probably in line with that of many Southerners who would have approved of the Crittenden Compromise if it had been supported by the Republican North. In "Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia" for 1861 there is an interesting hazard at a cross-section public view of the Compromise. That part referred to is:

"It is an indisputable fact at this time that the vote cast for Douglas, numbering 1,365,976, and that cast for Bell, numbering 590,631, and the vote for Breckinridge in the free States, numbering 284,422, making a total of 2,241,028, was unanimously in favor of a peaceful and reasonable settlement of all difficulties with any of the Southern States. The vote for Lincoln was 1,857,610, of which at least one-fourth would have approved of such a peaceful settlement of the difficulties as might have been satisfactory to all the Southern States, whose complaints were founded upon questions connected with slavery. Of the vote given to Breckinridge in the slaveholding States, numbering 563,531, more than one-fourth of it desired a peaceful settlement upon such terms as would have been satisfactory to the friends of conciliation and compromise in the Northern States. Thus the *voice of the people* of the country at this time was overwhelmingly in favor of conciliation, forbearance, and compromise." Of course it is dangerous to make conclusions from numbers, but I think this would not have been a very erroneous judgment of a possible popular vote on the Crittenden Compromise from both the North and South.

Mr. Douglas in the Senate, January 3, 1861, said: "Hence the sole responsibility of our disagreement and the only difficulty in the way of amicable adjustment is with the Republican party."

Mr. Toombs and Mr. Davis in the Senate, as we have seen, placed the blame for the failure of the Compromise on the Republicans. All the modern historians who have studied the subject agree with Messrs. Douglas, Davis, and Toombs.

Therefore, let us repeat, the Southern leaders, in so far as they have expressed an opinion on the Crittenden Compromise, and in so far as they were Conservatives and not radical secessionists, were in favor of the Crittenden Compromise as a remedy for Southern territorial difficulties and would have accepted and voted for the measures of the great Kentuckian had the Republican Senators in Congress supported and voted for them.

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[The writer of this prize essay, Miss Nannie Mayes Crump, was born in Bienville Parish, La., and is Southern on both sides, her father being a Georgian and her mother from Alabama. Her home is now in Gulfport, Miss. She has been an honorary member of the Gulfport Chapter, U. D. C., since 1911, when she won a gold medal given by that Chapter for the best article on "Sam Davis, Hero of the Confederacy." She entered Vassar College in 1914 and graduated in June, 1918.]

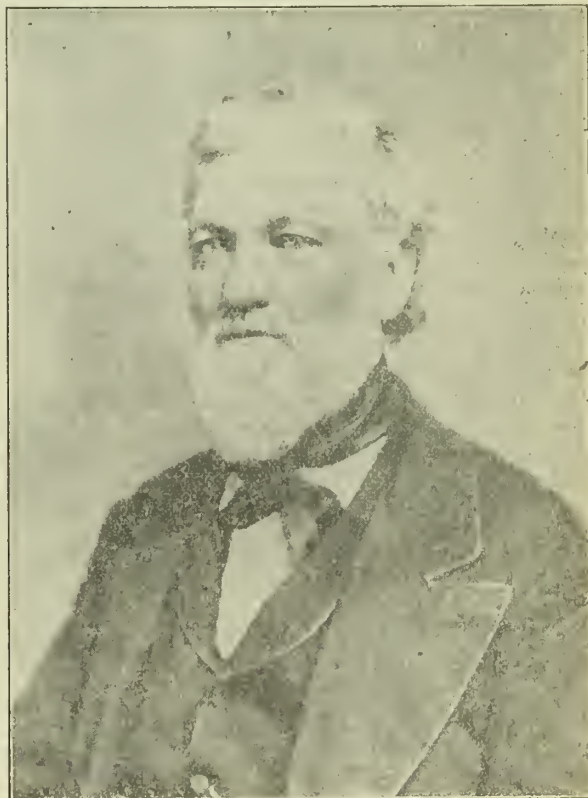
A POLITICAL PRISONER.

BY D. C. PAYNE, LITTLE FALLS, N. J.

When the fortunes of war made Andrew Johnson military governor of Tennessee, among his first acts was an order for the arrest of Dr. Barton Warren Hall, a prominent physician of Nashville, who had been reported as especially disloyal. Presumably he was paroled. At any rate, Dr. Hall decided that while the lines were open he would visit his sister in Illinois. Governor Johnson evidently concluded that he was trying to get out of his jurisdiction and ordered Dr. Hall's arrest at Maysville, Ky., while *en route*, and had him taken to the prison at Jeffersonville, Ind. Other political prisoners were there, and they philosophically made the best of a bad situation, indulging in mock trials and other

diversions. The warden no doubt enjoyed these pastimes, for he was exceedingly kind and courteous, and many a toothsome supper was furnished to those war victims. Intimations of the kindly grace of this keeper eventually reached the authorities, and he was removed.

Dr. Hall had at one time a lucrative practice in Nashville, but unfortunately became interested in some mining ventures



DR. BARTON W. HALL.

that caused him to neglect a profession that he loved and honored and for which he was eminently fitted. He loyally supported the South and gave his services freely to many Confederate soldiers.

Dr. Hall was born in Kentucky in 1808 and died in 1875; he was buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, near Nashville, that beautiful resting place of the dead of which he was himself one of the promoters. His mother was Martha Foster, a kinswoman of Helen Foster Allen, mother of James Lane Allen. He married Mildred Ann Ryan in 1837, in Bath County, Ky. Two of their children are now living, Mrs. Benjamin Lillard, of New York City, and Mrs. John Wright, Paducah, Ky.

SECESSION.—So logically and consistently it [Virginia] took the position that, though it might be unwise for a State to secede, a State which did secede could not and should not be coerced. * * * Yet, after all, his position is based on the fundamental principle of the consent of the governed; and in the days immediately preceding the Civil War something very like it was accepted as an article of correct political faith by men afterwards as strenuous in support of a Union re-established by force as Charles Sumner, Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, and Horace Greeley.—Charles Francis Adams, Massachusetts.

THE MYSTERY OF LIEUT. CHARLES LEWIS.

BY COL. V. Y. COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.

The late Judge C. C. Cummings, of Fort Worth, Tex., and others have written in the *VETERAN* at various times concerning the killing of Lieut. Col. A. J. Woods, C. S. A., at Memphis, Tenn., in February, 1863, when a prisoner of war, by the Federal Lieut. Charles Lewis, who in March following enlisted as a private in the Confederate army at Holly Springs, Miss., being assigned to Company B, 17th Mississippi Infantry, but none have touched on the Federal side of this complex incident.

The following extracts are made from the Federal "Official Records":

"Charles Lewis entered the United States army from New York October 17, 1855; private, corporal, and sergeant Company C, 2d United States Cavalry, to September 23, 1862; thence second lieutenant same company and regiment July 17, 1862; dismissed June 3, 1864. He was sentenced to be hanged October 15, 1864, made his escape, joined the C. S. A., and attained the rank of colonel of cavalry. His proper name was Dennis Daily."

Lieut. James Hoey, of Company A, 17th Arkansas Infantry, C. S. A., writing to the Confederate Secretary of War, dated Richmond, Va., May 7, 1863, said: "While I was a prisoner of war at Memphis, Tenn., Lieutenant Colonel Woods, C. S. A., also a prisoner confined in the Irving Block Prison, was shot dead, while he was asleep, by Lieutenant Lewis, U. S. A. Colonel Woods had paid Lieutenant Lewis money to aid him in making his escape. After Colonel Woods had made his escape Lieutenant Lewis had him [Lieutenant Colonel Woods] rearrested. After Colonel Woods was rearrested he said Lieutenant Lewis did not act the gentleman with him. He had given Lieutenant Lewis his money and then he, Lieutenant Lewis, betrayed him. Lieutenant Colonel Woods was in charge of Lieutenant Lewis and his company. When Lieutenant Lewis went to the prison and asked to see Lieutenant Colonel Woods, he was shown him. Colonel Woods was asleep. Lieutenant Lewis drew his pistol and shot Lieutenant Colonel Woods in the head, which produced instant death. Lieutenant Lewis was tried by a court-martial, but was not confined and went to parts unknown. The decision of the court was not made known."

On May 20, 1863, R. O. Ould, Confederate Agent of Exchange, referred Lieutenant Hoey's letter to Col. William H. Ludlow, United States Agent of Exchange, for information in connection with this most extraordinary case. Colonel Ludlow on May 26 following forwarded the papers to Col. William Hoffman, United States Commissary General of Prisons. Colonel Hoffman on June 11, 1863, referred the papers to Maj. Gen. S. A. Hulbert, Memphis, Tenn., requesting that the facts in the case be given.

General Hulbert replied twelve days later, June 23, as follows:

"By order of Maj. Gen. C. S. Hamilton, then temporarily in command of the 16th Army Corps, a military commission was convened at Memphis, Tenn., of which Col. Marshall S. Howe, 3d United States Cavalry, was president, and Capt. George H. Williams, 1st United States Infantry, was judge advocate, for the trial of 2d Lieut. Charles Lewis, 2d United States Cavalry, charged with the murder of Lieutenant Colonel Woods, of the Rebel army. Special Orders No. 11, Headquarters District of West Tennessee, 7th of February 1863.

"On the 24th of February, 1863, the record was received at

these headquarters, the sentence being duly recorded. The prisoner to be dishonorably dismissed from the service of the United States and then to be hung by the neck until he was dead at such time and place as may be ordered by the President of the United States."

Upon the same day the record was duly forwarded to headquarters of the department with the following indorsement:

"HEADQUARTERS 16TH ARMY CORPS, MEMPHIS, TENN.,

February 24, 1863.

"Finding and sentence approved. Respectfully forwarded.
S. A. HULBERT, *Major General.*"

Upon the same day the following special order was issued:

"HEADQUARTERS 16TH ARMY CORPS, MEMPHIS, TENN.,

February 24, 1863.

"SPECIAL ORDER No. 17.

"Second Lieut. Charles Lewis, United States cavalry, having been tried by a military commission and the proceedings forwarded to the President of the United States, will be committed to strict confinement at the Alton (Ill.) Prison until the decision of the President shall be made known. Col. M. S. Howe, 3d United States Cavalry, will detail a sergeant and three men as guard to convey the prisoner to Alton.

"Upon the 26th of February Col. M. S. Howe, 3d United States Cavalry, officially notified these headquarters that Lieutenant Lewis, who has been held in close confinement and ironed in the military prison during his trial and since, had escaped.

"Whereupon the following notice was immediately and extensively circulated by being published in the journals of the city and being transmitted to neighboring stations as far up as St. Louis, Mo.: 'Escaped from the Irving Block prisons, Lieut. Charles Lewis, second lieutenant 2d United States Cavalry, lately tried for the murder of Lieutenant Colonel Woods, a prisoner of war. Two hundred dollars will be paid for his arrest and delivery to Col. D. S. Anthony, provost marshal. If he resists arrest, all persons, civil or military, are hereby authorized to shoot him upon the spot.'

"All officers, soldiers, and citizens are required and authorized to arrest said Lieutenant Lewis.

"By command of MAJ. GEN. S. A. HULBERT.

"By HENRY BINMORE, *Assistant Adjutant General.*"

"The fact of the escape was upon the same day telegraphed to the adjutant general of the United States army at Washington, D. C.

"The next heard of Lieutenant Lewis showed him to have hastened to Richmond, Va., where he tendered his services to the Rebel authorities and was commissioned as a lieutenant in some Rebel organization of the cavalry arm. It has since been reported that for gallantry in fighting against his country he was promoted to a colonelcy, vice the colonel of the regiment in which he was then serving, to fill a vacancy by reason of the death of the latter from wounds received at Fredericksburg, Va.

"[Signed]

S. A. HULBERT, *Major General.*"

(First indorsement.)

"FORTRESS MONROE, July 4, 1863.

"Respectfully forwarded to Hon. Robert Ould, Confederate Agent for Exchange of Prisoners. The form of report of General Hulbert was evidently not intended for reference to the Confederate authorities; but as it embodies im-

portant statements, it is forwarded as received by Colonel Hoffman.

"[Signed] WILLIAM H. LUDLOW,
Lieutenant Colonel and Agent for Exchange."

(Second indorsement.)

"RICHMOND, VA., July 10, 1863.

"Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War. The circumstances narrated in the two papers are very singular. I have made particular inquiries for any such officer in our service as Charles Lewis and can find none such. If he has joined our service, he has changed his name.

"[Signed] R. O. OULD,
Confederate Agent of Exchange."

There is nothing to be found at Washington or Richmond to show that Lieut. Col. A. J. Woods was ever a commissioned officer in the Confederate army. I have inquired diligently through all available sources and have so far failed to identify him with the Confederate army. Perchance some Confederate comrade reading this article may remember him. I shall appreciate any information concerning his connection with the Confederate army.

Lieut. James Hoey, Company A, 17th Arkansas Infantry, C. S. A., who reported the facts at Richmond, died about 1896 at Fort Smith, Ark., and, strange to say, his wife, who survived him several years, did not remember ever having heard her husband mention the affair.

The 2d United States Cavalry was the regiment of which Albert Sidney Johnston was colonel and Robert E. Lee lieutenant colonel. Lieut. Charles Lewis accompanied the regiment under Col. A. S. Johnston on the Utah expedition in 1857. He was also with the regiment at Wilson's Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861, and was mentioned twice by his commanding officer for gallant and efficient service in that battle.

When Lieutenant Lewis presented himself to the Confederate recruiting officers at Holly Springs, Miss., he frankly informed them of the killing of Lieutenant Colonel Woods and gave a very accurate account thereof. Before he was mustered into the Confederate service he was taken to the Army of Northern Virginia with other recruits and participated in the battle of Chancellorsville, where he displayed exceptional gallantry.

The Confederate authorities were loath to accept his service, the matter being referred through military channels until it reached the Confederate Secretary of War, who referred it back to General Lee with authority to act. So Lieutenant Lewis was not formally mustered into the Confederate service until a few days before the beginning of the Pennsylvania campaign, in which he served with distinguished gallantry, and especially in the charge on the second day at Gettysburg, when Sickles' Corps was beaten and driven in disorder from its position through the famous peach orchard.

Lieutenant Lewis was also with his company and regiment when they charged and defeated on the same day the New York Excelsior Brigade and captured a Federal battery. Lieutenant Lewis was likewise with his command at Chickamauga and participated in the charge when Longstreet broke the position of the Federal right wing. He was always among the very foremost, and it was at the latter place where he received a wound in the thigh which proved to be mortal, he dying on the 5th of October following in a Confederate hospital at Marietta, Ga.

Lieutenant Lewis's Confederate comrades, true to a promise that, should he be wounded, under no circumstances was he to be left upon the field, thereby risking his capture,

carried him to the rear, perhaps the only soldier ever taken to the rear under such conditions.

The 2d United States Cavalry accompanied General Grant on his Oxford (Miss.) campaign in 1862, and Lewis, then a lieutenant, acted as provost marshal of Holly Springs, where he was well and favorably remembered by the people of that place and vicinity for the courteous treatment accorded them during his incumbency as provost marshal.

The people of Holly Springs with one accord met Lieutenant Lewis during his brief sojourn as a Confederate recruit with the highest praise and commendation, which to a great extent influenced the Confederate recruiting officers to accept him. When Lieutenant Lewis presented himself to the recruiting officers he was dressed in a bright, new Confederate uniform without insignia of rank, thoroughly armed, and well mounted. His Confederate comrades say that he was taciturn and often melancholy, but always social and agreeable when aroused from his lethargy.

Several years ago Michael V. Daily, of 523 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., the father of Charles Lewis, alias Dennis Daily, made inquiries at the War Department at Washington, D. C., asking what had become of his son, Dennis Daily.

The official records of the 17th Mississippi Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, show that Charles H. Lewis, a private in Company B, enlisted March 20, 1863, at Holly Springs, Miss.; that he was born in New York, by occupation a United States regular, aged twenty-eight, single; that he was present in all the above-named battles, being mortally wounded September 20, 1863, at Chickamauga, Ga.

The brigade to which Lieutenant Lewis was assigned in the Confederate army was Barksdale's famous Mississippi brigade, composed of the 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Mississippi Infantry, one of General Lee's crack brigades, and thus it was that Lieutenant Lewis's service in the Confederate army was with soldiers amply qualified to judge of his splendid fighting ability.

Those familiar at the time with Lieutenant Lewis's trial thought that the fact of his having accepted a bribe from the Confederate prisoner was what convicted him instead of the killing of the "Rebel" prisoner, as announced in the court-martial proceedings, and that Lieutenant Lewis well knew this, and that was why he sought safety in the Confederate army.

The discrepancy in dates embodied in some of the various orders connected with the court-martial was evidently made through inadvertence in General Hulbert's office at Memphis. I have given them just as they appear upon the "Official Records."

INVENTOR OF THE IRONCLAD.—The North can as well afford to honor American ingenuity and naval construction as to give all honor to the Swede inventor of a craft that never won a battle and would never go into another contest, but lay like a whipped cur under the guns of Fort Monroe, while the Virginia and other vessels captured prizes almost within reach of her guns, and on the 8th of May fled from the Virginia at Sewell's Point like a sea turtle and waited for the Falstaffs of that and succeeding generations to pronounce it a victor.—*Jefferson Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."*

I have denounced that effort of the North to rob our navy of its glory. I have shamed them for trying to rob Americans of their naval skill and ingenuity to crown Ericsson, a Swede, with laurels that his brain or vessel never won. I have said: "America's glory for Americans; we are all one now; give our people what is ours."—*Judge J. H. Calhoun.*

HOW I LIFTED THE COLONEL'S MARE.

BY SERGEANT BERRY BENSON, 1ST REGIMENT, S. C. VOLUNTEERS.

"Kamal is out with twenty men to raid the border side,
And he has lifted the colonel's mare that is the colonel's
pride;
He has lifted her out of the stable door, between the dawn
and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet and ridden her far
away."
—*Ballad of East and West, Kipling.*

It was May 11, 1864, five days after the battle of the Wilderness and the day before the battle of the Bloody Angle, Grant's army and Lee's facing each other at Spotsylvania, McGowan's South Carolin brigade on Lee's right over against the enemy's left.

As first sergeant of the battalion of sharpshooters of this brigade I took privileges, and one of these privileges I took was that of volunteer scouting, and some very good success I had brought me to the notice of my brigade and division commanders, so that I was sometimes sent out by them under definite orders to find out this or that, and sometimes I went of my own will for adventure.

About noon of this May 11 Major General Wilcox, commanding the Light Division, sent me on a special mission. "I want you to find out for me," he said, "whether the enemy has breastworks protecting his left flank, and, if so, how well they are manned."

"How soon do you want this information, General?"

"As soon as you can bring it to me; but be sure you get in touch with the enemy and find out."

"Can you give me any advice or suggestion, General, that might help me out in this?"

"No, Sergeant; I must leave all to your own devising. Use your wits and do the best you can."

I was only twenty-one years old, but I had been a soldier three years, and I knew enough of war by now to reckon into the General's mind that if I should report no breastworks, he would suggest to General Lee to move out in force upon his right and endeavor to turn the enemy's left. This would bring on a battle. That I quite felt the gravity and responsibility of this undertaking may well be believed.

I thought it best to take a companion; if I should be killed, he might get back with the news. I would have taken my younger brother, Blackwood, who was a corporal in the sharpshooters, with me; for although he was but nineteen (the morrow being his nineteenth birthday), he too was a veteran of three years' campaigns. He was three months a soldier in the siege of Fort Sumter, and Sumter was taken before he was sixteen. He was wounded in the battle of Cold Harbor when he was seventeen.

But he was now absent on furlough. So I looked up Ben Powell, the independent sharpshooter. It was he who, two days before with his Whitworth telescope rifle, killed Major General John Sedgwick, commanding the enemy's Sixth Corps. Powell was just twenty-three, two years older than I. Together then, on foot, with our rifles on our shoulders, we passed out of the Confederate lines, crossed the river Ny, a large creek, and were in "No Man's Land." We had not gone far when we caught sight of a horseman in a blue overcoat riding toward us.

"Into the fence corner, Ben; we must let him pass by."

But as the man rode up he saw us, whereupon we leveled our rifles and called out: "Surrender!"

Drawing a quick rein, the man replied: "I'm all right, boys;

it's a blue coat for true, but look at my breeches." And with that he drew away the front of his coat, and the trousers were Confederate gray.

"Ben," I said, "his clothes tell two tales, and it's easy enough for him to lie, but his voice is good Southern; we'll let him pass."

And he rode on toward the Confederate lines.

Over to our left, across the fields, at a house, we saw some of the enemy's cavalry; this was a vidette outpost. Avoiding them, we entered a wood and followed cautiously a small forest road, keeping a sharp lookout for enemies. We saw none, and it had begun to rain when we came upon a small farmhouse, and to this we ran for shelter. As we came up into the little porch the door partly opened, and an old man's gray head appeared.

"We beg pardon, sir," I said; "we ran in to escape the rain."

"You are welcome," he said, but he did not ask us in. Looking at us narrowly, he said: "You are soldiers?"

"Why, yes," I said. "Don't you see our guns and trap-pings?"

"Northern or Southern?"

"Why, Southern," I said. "Don't you see our gray clothes?"

"O, yes, I see 'em," he answered.

"Yes, we are Southern, and we are out on a scout. We would like to know where this road goes."

"O, it goes out there, this-away," pointing.

"Yes, I see it does; but where to?"

"It goes out into the big road."

"And where does the big road go?"

"Well, one way it goes to one place, and the other way it goes to another place."

Clear enough it was that the old man was bent upon not teaching us the geography of No Man's Land. So I put the straight question: "To what place does it go toward the right?"

At that the old man flared up. "Looke here, who are you, anyhow? What regiment do you belong to?"

"I am of the First South Carolina," I said, "and my comrade here is of the Thirteenth."

"Where do you live? Where's your home?"

"My home," I said, "is now Augusta, Ga."

With that there came from inside a female voice, as of one who had been listening: "Augusta, Ga.?"

"Yes, madam."

Then the lady came to the door, a young woman of some twenty-three or twenty-five years.

"Whom do you know in Augusta?"

"I know a number of people. I know Mr. Stephen D. Heard, one of the alderman; I know Mr. John North, teller at the Mechanics' Bank; I know Mr. Pinkerton, preacher at the Christian Church."

"Do you know Dr. Wells?"

"Not personally, but I know of him."

"Do you know Dr. Dearing?"

"I know of him; he is a well-known physician of Augusta."

"Do you know Marion Stovall?"

"I ought to; we went to school together."

"Will you describe him to me?"

I did so, as well as I could.

Then she turned to the old man: "Father, I think you can tell these men all they want to know; this one seems to know Marion."

And with that the old man suddenly knew all about the roads and where they went. The big road, near which we now were,

was the main highway from Fredericksburg to Richmond. It was the road I was trying to reach, five nights later, when I was again sent into the enemy's lines, under orders from General Lee, to find out if General Grant was moving troops on the Telegraph Road—an effort that resulted in my capture and five long months in prison before I made my escape.

It was my turn now to ask questions. How did these people allow off here in the wilderness of Virginia come to know Dr. Wells and Dr. Dearing and Marion Stovall, in Augusta?

Well, it was this way: Just a year before, Marion was wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville (where I was also wounded), and he was brought to this house, and here they nursed him until Dr. Wells and Dr. Dearing came from Augusta to attend him. And when well enough to travel he was taken to the railroad in an oxcart, the only vehicle these good people had. So old Mr. Hart and Miss Erma Hart related to us.

Had any Yankees been there?

Why, yes; a party had left just before we came. And they thought at first that we were Yankees in disguise, for we were right in touch now with the Yankee army.

Then being given a good drink of buttermilk, we went on toward the enemy. Climbing a tree for a better view, I saw a horseman in blue riding down the road toward us, but he turned off to the right, and I saw him no more.

We then crossed the road and went through the woods and came to an orchard. Skirting this, we heard in front the sound of troops marching in the woods; we heard them halt and begin to chop wood and to call to one another. Plainly they were going into camp. It was now about sunset.

Leaving these to our right, we passed through a thicket and came to a field at a corner. Walking through this, the rail fence at our right hand, we suddenly saw, outlined against the twilight sky, the figures of two men with rifles upon their shoulders coming toward us.

"To the fence, Ben!" I exclaimed. "We must hide."

We crouched down in a fence corner.

"If they don't see us, Ben," I said, "we will let them pass; if they see us, we must take them prisoners; but we must not shoot unless they show fight."

We waited, but they did not come. Suddenly then in the field, in the hollow just below us, we heard voices, and fires began to spring up, and we saw groups of men pitching fly tents and preparing to cook. We could hear all they said. They talked of cooking supper and of making coffee, and we quite evidently heard one say: "They told us a d— lie about Butler taking Richmond."

They had evidently gotten wet marching in the rain, and they crowded thickly around the fires to dry.

Powell rested his rifle on a corner of the fence and took aim.

"Sergeant, I could kill four at a shot."

I laid my hand on his gun.

"Ben, don't you shoot! We are not out to kill; we are out to find breastworks."

Nevertheless, I too laid my rifle on the fence and took aim at a group. It was a sore temptation.

Then there came toward us one of the men, coughing. We crouched down, still, and waited. But after coming halfway he turned back, barely escaping falling into our hands. And on our part we were glad not to be burdened with him.

Then we turned back to the corner and went along the other margin of the field, and presently we came to the half of a fly tent, two corners fast and two loose. Under it lay a basket. We left these undisturbed and passed on.

And now the whole of the camp of the enemy lay at our

right; we saw a great many fires and heard many voices. This was their left flank we had been seeking.

"Ben, if they have any breastworks, they are between us and those camp fires, or but a little way inside; I am going into that camp."

"Don't you do it, sergeant."

"But we need not both go. I don't want to risk your life or capture, and I don't want your telescope rifle to fall into the hands of the enemy. You stay here."

"Sergeant, I think you'd better not go."

"Ben, I am going into that camp. If there are any breastworks, I am going over them. You stay here an hour and then go."

Then we agreed upon a signal at my return. I was to snap my fingers three times. Thus he would know me from an enemy.

I went straight down the slope, through the open field, toward the enemy. Presently I came to a small stream a yard wide, maybe, flowing down to the Nye. I stepped over that, hearing voices and the filling of canteens just below.

Then I came into some small pines. There a fly tent was pitched. And as I came up a man rode up on a horse and spoke with the unseen occupant of the tent, addressing him as colonel. The colonel answered, giving the rider orders where to place certain regiments, which he called by their numbers. Then the man rode away. I drew the ready inference that the colonel, through the absence of the brigadier by death or otherwise, was in command of a brigade, and that he was now ordering his adjutant where to post his regiments coming in from a march.

I passed round the tent, through the scattered pines, and went on. A little way on I came to a small farmhouse; I think it was the Beverly house, but I am not sure. I went up to the yard fence and leaned upon it, looking at the cannon and the horses in the yard—I could almost touch some of the horses with my hand—and at the men walking about in the yard.

"What artillery is this?" I asked.

"Thirty-Fourth New York."

"Where is the 1st Pennsylvania Regiment?"

"Don't know."

Then I went on, passing many fires, but not coming close, lest the gray of my clothes be seen. But I would hail men at the fires and ask questions, which would always be answered.

Then I went on, a good way farther, and I had seen no breastworks. My mission was performed; Lee could attack.

Standing now on a low, open hill, I looked around. Everywhere, in all directions, burned camp fires and camp fires and camp fires. I was in the midst of the Yankee army. And now, my quest being done, I realized for the first time the danger I was in—danger of capture and of execution as a spy—and I was afraid, for at any moment might come the hail: "Who are you? Come here to the light!"

But, putting fear under my feet, I turned back. I went back to the farmhouse and stopped a few moments again, coveting one of the fine artillery horses in the yard.

Again I came to the little pines and the colonel's tent. And there, again, was a man on horseback, talking with the colonel, the adjutant again, I had no doubt, and I had to keep circling around a pine bush to keep from being seen by him as he rode away.

I was close to the colonel's tent and in front of it. The front was wide open; and although I could see nobody, I knew the colonel was in the tent awake, for I had just heard him talking. And there, some eighteen feet in front of the tent and between me and the tent, stood a horse tethered to

a pine sapling. Even in the night I could note the fine proportions of the animal, manifestly the colonel's own.

And how could I now, a Confederate soldier, pass by and leave behind this fine creature? I would not be a soldier. I must "lift" the colonel's mare!

Keeping her forelegs between me and the open tent, I approached quietly. I patted her on the neck and felt for the bridle. There was a halter only, and it was tied tightly to the sapling. Not venturing to step from behind her forelegs, lest I be seen by the colonel, I tried to untie the knot with my left hand. But the knot held fast. Taking my knife from my pocket and reaching my left arm to its full length, I cut the halter close to the knot; then turning her gently, I led her quietly away, her hoofs making but little sound on the turf.

Reaching the stream, I jumped over, she following without a halt. Just below I heard the Yankees filling their canteens as when I passed before.

Moving up the slope, I approached the spot where Powell lay hidden and gave the signal. I got no answer. Again I gave the signal. All was silent. I was rather expecting this, for I must have been gone quite more than an hour. Possibly he had given me out and had gone. Possibly he was a prisoner. But I ventured to call in a low voice: "Ben!"

"All right, sergeant," came the answer.

Surprised he was, when I came up, at seeing the mare.

"You overstayed the hour," he said, "and I thought that you were captured. I had just made up my mind to go when you came up. I thought that you were a Yankee, and I was about to shoot you."

"You'd have missed me, Ben."

"Not if my name's Ben Powell."

"I say, Ben, I've got something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"There ain't no breastworks!"

Letting down the fence for the mare to come through, we now made our way back through the woods till we came to the road that led by the house where we had seen the enemy's cavalry pickets on our first coming out. We were now in their rear, and we would have this post to pass to be out of the enemy's lines. Then I said: "Ben, I think that I'm less tired than you, so I am going to make you ride while I go ahead and pilot the way back. You keep thirty yards behind me, but in sight; and if you hear me whistle, I've run up on the Yankees. Then you ride into the woods to save the mare and wait till you hear what happens. And if I don't follow you, then something has happened to me, and you work your way to camp somehow and report to General Wilcox that I am killed or a prisoner and that there are no breastworks, not a spade!"

"But, sergeant, if you get into a scrap I couldn't stay back and not come to your help. I couldn't."

"Private Powell, I am in command, and you will obey me. In war, Ben, we have to do things we don't want to do. My life or safety is as nothing compared with getting this news of no breastworks to General Wilcox."

Then I marched on ahead, Ben following, talking to himself, and I had not the least doubt that if I did get into a scrap he would disobey me utterly.

Our retreat was without event until we came near the picket post—which was the Anderson house, I think—a little way from the road, on the right, a lane leading from the road to the house. We could see camp fires in the yard. On the left of the road were woods. I walked back and met Powell.

"Ben," I said, "I've got a horse; we must get one for you. Let's raid one from that picket post."

"Sergeant, let's be satisfied with what we've done; we don't want to be captured now, after all."

"Ben, you take that mare out in the woods and tie her and come with me."

He obeyed me.

We crossed the fence, into the field, moving cautiously toward the house till near enough to be seen standing, then we got down on our hands and knees. When some thirty yards from the house, I said: "Ben, you stay here; I'm going close up."

I crept on until I came to the yard fence. Standing up, I looked over, and by the light of the fires I saw horses hitched and men standing and walking about, their spurs and sabers clanking. Had the yard been dark, I might have climbed over unseen and taken a horse. And I was thinking of trying it, even in the light, when one of the men came toward me. I thought he had seen me, and I kept very still. But when he was nearly to me he mounted a horse and rode into the lane, where I heard him relieve a sentry, who rode back into the yard. So now, even if I should take a horse, I would have to make a dash past the sentry in the lane, who would shoot and rouse the post, and that would leave Powell and the mare in a trap. Reluctantly I gave up the enterprise.

Without further adventure we reached our lines just at day-break, tired, hungry, and sleepy. We had had nothing to eat since the early morning before, except the drink of buttermilk at the Hart house, and I had been on my feet from the start. Some of the boys were up, preparing to cook breakfast; General Wilcox would not be up yet.

So I rolled myself in my blanket to snatch a few minutes' sleep and covered up my head to shut out the coming light. Down the line of works toward the left rolled musketry, but that would not keep me from sleeping—we had been hearing that almost steadily for seven days, even when we were not having a hand in it.

But I had no more than closed my eyes when there broke upon the air the volleying beat of drums, the insistent roll of the long roll that will not be denied.

"Fall in, men! Fall in! Fall in!" called the sergeants.

Snatching their half-cooked breakfasts from the fires, the men fell into ranks, and with the sharpshooters in the lead the brigade charged double-quick into the battle of the Bloody Angle.

As we ran in, in column of fours, we came alongside another column of fours moving in at a more easy pace, the color bearer leading the column. I did not know what troops they were nor of what State, but this slower movement vexed me, for it was borne in upon me that this was a time for haste. And as I came up with the color bearer I rushed out, extending my arm, and cried out: "Give me that flag!"

The color bearer looked down on me—he was a taller man than I—and quietly replied: "I can carry the flag."

And I thought that he could; but I still thought, as I know now, that it was a time for haste.

The Angle had been taken by the enemy, and it was up to us to retake it. And there, through day and night, for twenty mortal hours, we struggled mightily with the enemy, we on one side of the breastworks and they on the other. And when day broke again I was little better than a rag. But we had held the works, and I was still alive among the many dead.

A week after this, when I was a prisoner, my brother, back from furlough, sold the mare and her fine saddle cloth, with the colonel's silver eagles embroidered in the corners for good measure, to Maj. Harry Hammond, of our brigade, the father of Hon. Henry C. Hammond, the notorious—I mean

illustrious—judge of our county court. I am informed that His Honor, in a recent public speech, commenting upon this episode in my life, spoke of me as a horse thief. I beg to recall to the attention of His Honor a trite old adage he seems to have forgotten: The receiver is as bad as the thief.

I have often wished that I might have been near by, in a safe place, the next morning, when the colonel missed his mare. At first, no doubt, he thought the halter had slipped and she had strayed. But when he came to see that the halter was cut, then he knew she was stolen. And never once, to his dying day, did he ever suspect a Confederate, but always some thieving Yankee son of a gun. The base treachery of the deed! And he with corns on both feet! The quotations the colonel made from the Bible that morning must have been multitudinous and calorific. I am glad I wasn't what he called me.

But I bear no grudge now for the names he called me, and I am sure that if the colonel were living to-day, and I were to tell him the whole story just as it befell, he would take me by the hand and greet me as a comrade.

"Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and gray wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath! What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"

THE ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN HINES.

BY MRS. ALICE M'ARTHUR RAND.

Almost every reader, and certainly every student of the history of the War between the States, is familiar with the daring escape and extraordinary efforts at recapture of Capt. Thomas Henry Hines, of Morgan's command. Almost as familiar is the king's ransom of fifty thousand dollars' reward offered for his recapture, and, in the language of the placards and secret missives sent broadcast over the Ohio Valley, this reward would be paid for Captain Hines dead or alive.

Captain Hines escaped from the penitentiary at Columbus, and after he succeeded in reaching Richmond, Va., was intrusted with the carrying into execution of one of the most daring and audacious plans for the liberation of Confederate prisoners ever conceived or contemplated.

He was to make his way to Canada, organize the refugees in that country, arm and equip them, and make a dash upon Camp Douglas, and, with the reinforcements he would gather there in released prisoners, attack Camp Morton and release the Confederates there. With this army he was to make a plunge to join Bragg in the Southland by rushing his men across the Ohio into Kentucky.

This plan was exposed by a man named Langhorn, and then came quick action by the Federal government. Secret service men were placed upon the trail of Captain Hines, spies in every imaginable disguise were scattered throughout the Ohio Valley, and the reward of fifty thousand dollars was offered.

Aware of the discovery of the plot, Captain Hines was run down by the secret service men, and the house in which he was sheltered in Chicago was searched, with a soldier in blue at every window, door, and other exit, a loaded musket in hand, each and all intent upon receiving the immense reward. A Southern woman was dangerously ill in the house; two rows of springs were removed from the mattress of her bed, and, placing himself in lieu thereof, Captain Hines escaped de-

tection. He hurriedly left Chicago and made his way to Cincinnati, there finding safety for a time under the protection of S. P. Thomas, whose famous flatiron residence was located at Fourth, Lawrence, and Ludlow. It was at the Thomas home that we first became acquainted with Captain Hines, and our friendship, lasting until his death, was sincerity itself.

We remember well, surrounded as he was by brave and daring men, with an enormous price set for his capture, his love for his schoolgirl sweetheart was ever present; his telegraphing for her and their romantic marriage in Covington, Ky. While their honeymoon was still exceedingly brief, the Federals again secured scent of his trail and traced him to the Thomas home; twice the house was searched, but the most careful and painstaking efforts failed to find him secreted in a false nook in a clothes press. On one occasion the detectives came into the house, and Captain Hines barely had time to reach his hiding place so ingeniously constructed. The young wife was sitting close to her endangered husband, and both subsequently told me they could hear the heartbeat of the other. It may have been fear that caused the palpitation of the heart of Nannie, but fear and Hines were strangers.

Realizing the danger and imminence of capture in the Thomas home, plans were made for him to go to the residence of my father, J. M. McArthur, located in Jamestown, now Dayton, Ky., the rendezvous of many a Confederate in making his way between the lines. It was arranged for my brother Charles to meet Captain Hines at the old Barlow Hotel in Newport, but, fortunately, the latter discovered that secret service men were following him, and he made his way alone to Dayton.

Later my brother Pete and Captain Hines, under the name of Dr. Nelson, left for the southern part of Campbell County, where James Caldwell was to meet them. The following conversation took place during their progress through the Kentucky highlands: "Dr. Nelson, we are likely to be challenged, as the Federals have a camp out here," suggested my brother. "Well, how many will challenge us?" said Dr. Nelson, whose true identity, through oversight, had not been made known. "Scarcely more than two will be on guard," was the answer. "You are armed, and so am I; you take the one closer to you, and I will take the other one," said the doctor. "I did not anticipate such drastic action," said Pete, "and the men may be acquaintances of mine; but if that is the plan, here goes." Scarcely had they gone a quarter of a mile when from out the black darkness came the stern, ringing challenge, "Halt!" Both men drew rein and sat like statues. "Who goes there?" said the same voice. "O, a couple of fellows who have been courting," laconically replied my brother. "What's your name?" Giving the name of a well-known abolitionist, Pete and the Captain were permitted to pass.

Arriving at Grant's Lick, my brother proceeded to the home of James Caldwell to get him to continue the trip according to previous plans. He returned to his companion and said: "Doctor, Jim says he cannot go, for they are waiting for Captain Hines." "Well, I am Tom Hines." "The devil you are!" was the surprised reply of Pete.

Captain Hines was back with us several times afterwards; once Pete piloted him on one of his perilous trips, when he had on a curly blond wig. Pete thought it rather conspicuous and felt somewhat shaky until they reached their destination. While he was recruiting in Owen County I took him to the home of Judge Gus Boyd, near Florence, with a load of arms and ammunition. Later I drove James A. Thomas, of Mobile,

Ala. (Hines's right-hand man), out to the same place with more arms.

I think the greatest compliment ever paid me was that by Captain and Nannie Hines in naming their eldest child for me. She is Mrs. Alice Hines Walcut, of Frankfort, Ky. Their son Will was named for my youngest brother, who was a great pet with them. Mrs. Hines spent the greater part of her time with us until she joined her brave husband in Canada after the surrender. Captain Hines was with us when President Lincoln was assassinated, which he deplored very much.

[This sketch was published in the Kentucky Division *Year-book*, October, 1906.]

HENRY TIMROD—A CRITICAL STUDY.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE.

Henry Timrod was born in Charleston, S. C., in December, 1829. He died in Columbia in October, 1867, and rests in a retired spot in the cemetery of Trinity P. E. Church, in this same fair city. The year 1860 marks his first formal appearance as a poet, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, issuing a modest volume bearing his name. In 1873 another edition of his works, containing the noblest of his creations inspired by the war drama, was published by Messrs. E. J. Hale & Son, of New York, with a graceful and discriminating memoir contributed by his friend and comate, Paul H. Hayne. This edition passed out of existence with the firm and became a golden treasure eagerly sought after and rarely obtainable when the most generous prices were offered. This same firm also issued a sumptuous edition of "Katie"; but the greater part of his poetry fell into shadow for a prolonged period and was not rendered accessible to the general reader until 1899, at which time another edition, enlarged and elaborated, was issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, which passed into the hands of a Southern firm. Such in concise form is the literary biography of Henry Timrod. His personal story overflows with sadness, one unrelenting struggle with the complex elements of which sorrow and adversity are made up, grinding poverty, remorseless disease, a life almost uncheered by even a fading gleam of transient hope. Of none of the inheritors of unfulfilled renown is it more eminently and pathetically true:

"Cradled into poesy by wrong,
He learned in suffering what he taught in song."

As the introduction of elaborate specimens or extracts is rendered impracticable by the limited scope of this estimate, we commend to the critical study of the reader the poems that are enumerated as illustrating the highest ranges attained by Timrod in the several phases of his art. These are: "Ode to Spring," "Dreams," "Flower Life," "A Common Thought," "Why Silent?" "An Exotic," "Address at the Opening of the New Theater at Richmond, Va.," "Carolina," "Charleston," "Carmen Triumphale," "Christmas," "Ethnogenesis." The poems which have been cited do not in any sense exhaust or even reveal all Timrod's noblest and purest capabilities. Like Keats, he fell in the dawn of his power, and we have but an intimation of the golden future that never blossomed into light. The "Carmen Triumphale" assumes indisputable rank among the supreme creations of our lyric muse during the titanic struggle for the establishment of our newborn nation, the theme of Timrod's "Ethnogenesis." We are "moved by it more than with a trumpet." In its

metrical or verse aspect the "Carmen Triumphale" is a reproduction of the "In Memoriam" stanza, a combination known to our prosody from the age of Sidney, Ben Jonson, Lord Herbert of Cherbourg, and in our own day revived by Tennyson with marvelous subtlety in his sovereign elegy, as well as by Rossetti and Gerald Massey, to the latter of whom in more than one notable regard our Southern lyricist suggests a marked resemblance. With Timrod the reproduction is in no sense mechanical or empirical; the inner self, the spiritual light of the measure, has become his own external form and grace, blending with invisible and resistless charm. "Flower Life" is among the most exquisite and ethereal of fantasies in English song, the rational life of nature wrought into a conceit that might have become the school of which Waller, Donne, Habington, Carew, and Crashaw were recognized and preëminent oracles and types.

The "Ode to Spring" is charged with the vital breath of the semitropical South; it is the purest idealization of all that characterizes the affluent richness of our vernal season. In the forefront of poetry, having its inspiration in war, are "Carolina," "Charleston," "Christmas." In each lines confront us that were conceived as the poet's lips were touched by living flame from off the Muse's altar. The "Address," delivered upon the opening of the new theater in Richmond, portrays the evolution of the drama through its successive phases, contrasting the peaceful pageantry of the stage with the ghastly realism of "grim-visaged war," the spectacular exhibitions of the play, with the Saturnalia of death in vigorous activity under the walls of the Confederate capital. Its summary of the philosophy and psychology brought to bear upon the mystery of Hamlet is rich in critical divination as well as poetic power. "Dreams," rare and radiant in art and subtle in its allegoric vision, elicited a spontaneous and untempered tribute from Lord Bryce, a masterful interpreter alike in the sphere of literature as in that of historical development. "Ethnogenesis" (birth of a nation) owes its origin to the assembling of the first Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Ala., in February, 1861. The immediate reference was to the newborn Confederacy, its aspirations, hopes, ideals, purposes, had it passed from tentative and precarious existence into assured and accomplished result.

The matchless lyrics of Timrod will abide when all other memories of his native city, having their origin or inspiration in literature, shall have "withered in the vast." Has the opulent and imperial North ever revealed such a constellation—Poe, Lanier, Ticknor, Randall, Timrod? Our foremost poets lived in poverty and died neglected and forlorn. They asked for bread; we may be grateful that in some instances a stone at least has been accorded them. That Timrod, in view of the inauspicious and untoward conditions which marked his life, should have attained such results seems to suggest, if it does not unfold, the realm of the marvelous in poetic achievement. Let New England show us his parallel.

Hath not the morning dawned with added light?

And shall not evening call another star

Out of the infinite regions of the night,

To mark this day in heaven? At last we are

A nation among nations; and the world

Shall soon behold in many a distant port

Another flag unfurled!

Now, come what may, whose favor need we court?

And, under God, whose thunder need we fear?

—Henry Timrod, "Ethnogenesis."

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

Assailed by Friend and Foe.—Colonel Brockenbrough, 40th Virginia, says that in the battle of Chancellorsville "the rapid flight of the enemy, the eagerness of our pursuit, the tangled wilderness through which we had marched, and the darkness of the night created much confusion in our ranks, which was increased by a deadly fire poured into our ranks by friends and foes from our left, right, and front." Capt. Joseph H. Sanders, 33d North Carolina reported: "When about the center of the right wing a heavy fire was opened on us from our own troops in the rear and on the left flank, to avoid which we rushed to the front, where we were met by a heavy fire from the front and right from the enemy, and a great many men were wounded by this concentrated fire from all directions."

Set the River on Fire.—Gen. W. E. Jones, C. S. army, made a raid into West Virginia (or Western Virginia, as the Confederates always called it) in April, 1863, and reported: "We moved on Oil Town, where we arrived on May 9. The wells are owned mainly by Southern men now driven from their homes, and their property is appropriated by the Federal government or Northern men. All of the oil and everything connected with the manufacture were burned. The smoke was very dense and jet-black. The boats filled with oil in bulk burst and spread the burning fluid over the river. Before night huge columns of smoke marked the stream as far as the eye could reach. By dark the whole stream became a sheet of fire, a burning river, carrying destruction to our merciless enemy. It was a scene of magnificence that might well carry joy to every patriotic heart. Men of experience estimate that we destroyed at least 150,000 barrels."

"Rebel" Cavalry.—On March 21 Gen. Fitz Lee issued a congratulatory order reading thus: "Rebel cavalry have seen that Yankee horsemen (would-be), notwithstanding their numbers, can be confronted and hurled back. Rebel cavalry have been taught that a determined rush upon the foe is the part of sound policy, as it is the part of true courage. Rebel cavalry have taught an insolent enemy that, notwithstanding they may possess advantage of chosen positions, superiority in weapons and numbers, they cannot overwhelm soldiers fighting in the noblest cause that ever nerved the arm of a freeman. You have taught certain sneerers in our army that placing a Southern soldier on horseback does not convert him into a coward, and, last and not least, you have confirmed the abolition cavalry in their notions of running."

A Gallant Charge.—Colonel Pierce, 3d Michigan, says that in the battle of Chancellorsville, "in the confusion of an attack of this kind in the night, it was only by great exertion that the line was formed. Once formed, the men dashed on with a yell and received a fire of musketry and grape. Still they dashed on to within a few yards of the battery, when it was discovered that we were charging the 12th Army Corps of our own army." Thus they suffered by this confusion similarly to the Confederates.

Confederates at Chancellorsville.—General Pleasanton, U. S. army, reported: "It was now near the dusk of evening, and in the rear of the 11th Corps the rebels came on rapidly, but in silence, with that skill and adroitness they often display to gain their object." Just couldn't help complimenting the despised "Rebels."

Why Did Hooker Recross the Rappahannock?—On May 8 the Governor of Massachusetts asked Secretary Stanton if storm and the rise of the Rappahannock determined Hooker's recrossing, to which the latter answered: "What influences, if any, were exercised by other causes, I am unable to state. It is certain that he was not driven across by the enemy nor for want of force." This is one of the mysteries of the war not yet solved.

Lee's Audacity.—General Warren, United States army, says of Lee in the Chancellorsville campaign: "This flank move in our very presence, which General Lee had decided on, and the execution of which he had intrusted to General Jackson, was one of great risk under any circumstances." It was risky, but General Lee knew his opponent.

Lee to Be Used Up.—General Van Allen, United States army, on May 2d at 4 P.M. told General Butterfield: "We know that the enemy is fleeing, trying to save his trains," On receipt of this the latter ordered Sedgwick to pursue the enemy, fall upon the rear of the forces commanded by Lee, and between us we will use him up." A little later a telegram was received from General Schenk asking to be told something of Hooker, as "the night was full of rumors." And they were anything but rumors, too.

Too Much Force for One Man to Command.—On May 20 General Lee wrote the President: "I have for the past year felt that the corps of this army were too large for one commander. Each corps contains about thirty thousand men. These are more than one man can properly handle and keep under his eye in battles in the country we have to operate in. They are always beyond the range of his vision and frequently beyond his reach." Never beyond one man's reach now.

Flying Light.—Lieutenant O'Connor, United States army, reported from Fairfax Courthouse on May 9: "Mosby with his command entered the town this morning at two o'clock and captured my patrols, horses, etc. Colonel Johnstone, 5th New York, made his escape from them in a nude condition by accident." Two A.M. on a March morning in Virginia and nude at that was some tough luck. Whether the escape or nudeness was the accident was not clearly stated.

Substitutes.—On May 8 General Lee said: "In consequence of the great number of desertions among the substitutes in the army, and since few men who are exempt from military duty by reason of age or from other cause can be equal to the soldier tried in the field, no substitute will be accepted unless his moral, physical, and soldierly qualifications are clearly equal to those of the man for whom he is offered." Did you ever see a substitute or a man who hired one?

A Hard Road to Travel.—On April 23 General Lee wrote the President: "As regards the reported movement of General Hooker toward Richmond, I know of no direct route he can take shorter than the line we now occupy, and should he attempt such a movement I think he will find it very difficult to reach his destination." This is the only instance of Lee's bragging during the entire war.

Where's Anybody At?—On May 3 President Lincoln wired General Butterfield as follows: "Where is Hooker? Where is Sedgwick? Where is Stoneman?" To which the answer was given: "Hooker is at Chancellorsville, Sedgwick near Fredericksburg, with Lee between, and Stoneman has not been heard from." That seemed to satisfy "Father Abraham," as the correspondence was closed.

THE LAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"Whose was the hand that painted thee, O Death,
In the false aspect of a ruthless foe,
Despair and sorrow waiting on the breath--
O gentle power, who could have wronged thee so?"

DANIEL CALVIN BUIE.

With the death of Daniel C. Buie on November 30, at his home near Moss Neck, N. C., has passed the last of the most famous of Confederate twins. Within less than two months the devoted brothers were reunited in the spirit land. Their mortal bodies rest side by side in the old Philadelphus Churchyard, near the church and school which they and their father and grandfather attended. There are three sisters and one brother left of the family. Their mother died about ten years ago at the age of nearly ninety-eight years.

Duncan Alexander and Daniel Calvin Buie were twin sons of Archibald and Flora McInnis Buie, born at Philadelphus, Robeson County, N. C., November 12, 1833. They were in their junior year at Davidson College when the war began, but they went home, and in August, 1861, they enlisted in Capt. Malcolm McNair's company, the Scotch Grays. Within a week they were put on detached service, Daniel being assigned to the Ordnance Department, where he remained until appointed first sergeant of his company. He was in both battles at Fort Fisher, being captured at the last, and was kept in prison until the general liberation of prisoners, reaching home in July, 1865. Both the brothers married in 1866, and their homes were close together. Their devotion never wavered.

Daniel Buie is survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters.

GEORGE WALKER GILMER.

On August 13, 1918, the tired spirit of George Walker Gilmer passed out of this life. His suffering was long and painful, having covered the period from the battle of Gettysburg to the time of his death, and the fight he made for life and health was surpassed only by his courage to the end of the struggle.

George W. Gilmer was born in Albemarle County, Va., in 1845, the son of George Christopher Gilmer and nephew of Gov. Thomas Walker Gilmer, of Virginia. He enlisted in June, 1863, in Company C, Second Virginia Cavalry, Col. T. T. Munford's regiment, Wickham's Brigade, Stuart's Cavalry, when they were starting on the Gettysburg campaign. His horse was shot under him at Westminster, Md. From there they went by way of Carlisle, Pa., to Gettysburg, where, on the evening of the third day, he was first severely wounded in the shoulder, and, not leaving the field, a few minutes later he was wounded in the head. When our army left there he was taken prisoner and carried to David's Island, N. Y., where he received every attention from Southern ladies living in New York, and the surgeons were very

kind and attentive. After three months in prison he was exchanged, returning home with the sight of one eye gone and his right shoulder partially disabled. Volunteering again, in April, 1864, as courier for General Wickham, he was in the fights at Spotsylvania Courthouse, Yellow Tavern, and many others. The heat affecting his head, he had to leave the army. Early in 1865 he again volunteered under Col. J. S. Mosby and was with him when the war ended.

After the war Comrade Gilmer was a prominent and well-known farmer in his native county, displaying the same indomitable will and courage that marked his career as a soldier. In February, 1897, Dr. Burnet, of Washington, D. C., took from his head the ball which entered there at the battle of Gettysburg. He married Miss Frances Brown, who, with three sons and three daughters, survives him.

A gallant soldier, a true man, his word was never doubted, his courage never questioned. He was a member of the Henry Gantt Camp of Confederate Veterans and was present at all reunions. His body was lowered into the grave by his comrades; they will miss him. The tent is struck, the light is out, and over the river with comrades gone before he rests.

[G. W. Patteson, Manteo, Va.]

MAJ. A. W. PAGE.

Maj. A. W. Page died November 7, 1918, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, at his residence, in Lebanon, Tenn.



MAJ. A. W. PAGE.

Major Page was a Confederate war veteran and Adjutant of S. G. Shepherd Camp, No. 941, U. C. V. He enlisted in the Confederate service on December 18, 1861. He was in the battles of Iuka, Shiloh, Farmington, Denmark, Second Iuka, Bolivar, Murfreesboro, and Lavergre, and was discharged from prison at Fort McHenry at the close of the war.

Major Page was always an active, zealous working member of our Camp of Confederate Veterans and

never missed a reunion. While he never forgot his record in the sixties, in our present war he was unhesitatingly loyal to his country, its flag, and to the cause his country has espoused. Therefore be it

Resolved by S. G. Shepherd Camp, U. C. V.: That in the death of Comrade Page we sustain a loss that is irreparable; that we appreciate his devotion to the cause and the loving help he was always anxious to render; and that he has gone to that glorious home where the "thin gray line" must soon follow.

"Rest, comrade, rest and sleep.

The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep

Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green

We deck with fragrant flowers;

Yours has the suffering been,

The memory shall be ours."

[H. S. Kennedy, J. A. Fite, A. K. Miller, Committee.]

BALDRIDGE TYLER VINSON.

Baldrige T. Vinson, born December 6, 1842, near Franklin, La., died November 26, 1918, at his home, "Vinsonia," La Porte, Tex., in his seventy-sixth year.

At the outbreak of the war he was attending school in Alexandria, Va., but returned home and joined the 11th Louisiana Regiment of Infantry at New Madrid and was with it at the bombardment of Island No. 10; the regiment was then ordered to Fort Pillow, but on reaching Memphis he was called home by the death of his father, Carroll McCall Vinson. Returning later to Corinth, he was taken ill and went back to Louisiana. Regaining his health, he joined the St. Mary Cannoneers and took part in eighty or more engagements, among them being the battles of Bisland, Pleasant Hill, and Mansfield. At the former place he was twice knocked down and reported killed. He was paroled at Franklin, La., at the close of the war and was ever devoted to the Southern cause. The Cross of Honor was bestowed upon him by the Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, U. D. C., of San Jose, Cal., and was very much appreciated by him.

In July, 1876, he married Miss Alice Baldrige, of Mission Valley, Tex., who survives him with a daughter, Coral C. Vinson, and a son, J. C. Vinson, of Anaconda, Mont.

His brothers, Bailie and Van Vinson, also served throughout the war, but were in different commands.

He was a devoted husband and father, a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church, and a loyal citizen. The following lines stand for what he meant to those left behind:

"Dad, just dad—what love breathes around that name wrought by love itself! Throughout the year more lavish of gifts than days of June, he finds happiness in bestowing happiness. Not only does he give comforts and material protection, but by his strength of spirit, by his sympathy and sincerity, by his experience wrested from the years, by his joyous and youthful heart triumphing over grief and strife, his example is itself a teacher of life's greater values."

JOHN C. GAINES.

The gentle spirit of John C. Gaines left its earthly abode and entered the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." November 14, 1918.

Mr. Gaines was a native of Virginia, but had been a citizen of St. Petersburg, Fla., for more than twenty years. He was never married and lived alone, but had a large circle of friends whom he visited socially, and he was a welcome guest in many homes. Bearing in his features and manner the unmistakable signs of gentle birth, one could but be impressed with the fact that he was a gentleman of the old school—a type, alas! which is rapidly disappearing.

Possessing a modest, retiring disposition, he never pushed himself into any position of prominence.

Mr. Gaines was a consistent Christian with decided convictions of right and wrong and, what is better, possessed the courage to live up to them. He was a member of the St. Petersburg Presbyterian Church and served it faithfully as ruling elder for many years.

John C. Gaines was a Confederate soldier, a sergeant in Company I, 56th Virginia Infantry, and followed the Stars and Bars in its varying fortunes through four long years. A member of Pickett's Division, he participated in the illustrious charge up the fatal heights of Gettysburg.

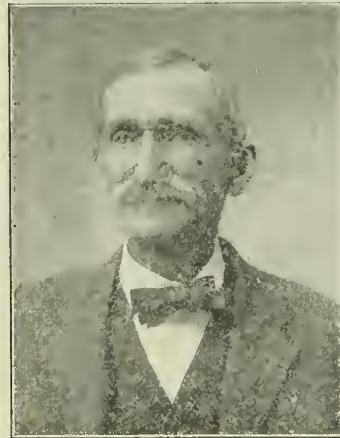
In his declining years he lived largely in the past, and nothing delighted him more than to mingle with his comrades of the sixties in the annual reunions of the men in gray. He was one of the leading spirits in Zollicoffer Camp, St. Peters-

burg. While true to the memories of the past, he was none the less a loyal patriot of the present. In the recent drives for liberty bonds he invested largely of his meager earnings with the government.

A good man is gone, and his memory lingers with those who loved him as a benediction.

DR. JOHN W. COLSON.

Dr. John W. Colson was born in Colleton County, S. C., January 28, 1838, and died in Varnville, Hampton County, S. C., September 25, 1918.



DR. JOHN W. COLSON.

He enlisted for service at the beginning of the War between the States and served as assistant surgeon, being stationed for a long while at the Andersonville Prison, in Georgia. Dr. Colson's mind was especially brilliant for his age, he being eighty years old. He was very much interested in the present world war, read the daily papers, kept up with the news generally, and every one that wore the khaki was a hero in his sight.

He had three nephews in

this war of whom he was especially proud: Capt. Albert Benton Barrs, First Lieut. Carrington E. Barrs, and Private J. C. Barrs. Another nephew, J. M. Barrs, a prominent lawyer in Jacksonville, Fla., and to whom he was deeply attached, died on August 8 of the present year. This death was a great shock to Dr. Colson, from which he seemed never to fully recover.

Dr. Colson was educated mostly in North Carolina; but he graduated in medicine in the city of Charleston, S. C., in 1860. He was married on January 8, 1863, to Miss Sallie Baugh, of Madison, N. C. She passed on before him eight years, almost to the date. Dr. Colson was a true Southern gentleman of the old type—honest, sincere, courteous, and kind to all.

Besides a sister, Mrs. A. Barrs, Jacksonville, Fla., Dr. Colson is survived by his niece and adopted daughter, Mrs. A. W. Ruth, and her daughter, little Annie Lydia. "Uncle John" and Annie Lydia were great friends all her life, and she misses and mourns her loss most of all.

Dr. Colson was a subscriber to and a most enthusiastic reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. His grave was beautifully decorated by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

CHARLES CAMPBELL FERGUSON.

Charles Campbell Ferguson was born in Desha County, Ark., May 17, 1841, and died September 29, 1918, in Redlands, Cal. He was a member of Company A, 1st Arkansas Mounted Riflemen, and afterwards sergeant of the regiment, and he served during the whole period of the war. His brigade commanders were Churchill, McNair, and D. H. Reynolds.

In 1870 Comrade Ferguson went to San Diego, Cal., and had lived there ever since. In the year 1899-1900 he visited his relatives in Little Rock and Arkansas City, returning to California in 1901. Two children survive him, Charles Raymond and Eunice E. Ferguson.

HENRY MOYLE.

Henry Moyle died at his home, in Butler County, Kans., on November 20, 1918, and his body was consigned to mother earth by his brother Masons after the Episcopal Church services.

Comrade Moyle was born in Cornwall, England, January 23, 1845, and was brought to the United States by his parents when a child. He lived with them in North Carolina until the opening of the War between the States, when he joined Company C, of the 1st North Carolina Infantry, in April, 1861. He was in all the battles before Richmond, being wounded at Big Bethel and also on Sullivan Island, near Charleston, S. C. He was mustered out of service in April, 1865.

Henry Moyle came to Kansas and settled in Butler County in 1869 and was fortunate in accumulating a large body of land which proved to be underlaid with oil and gas, thus making him one of the oil kings of Kansas. His wealth but served to better the man and give him the means to do many deeds of charity that suffering and sorrows might be alleviated.

A true friend, a splendid neighbor, a loyal citizen, and a Christian gentleman. Peace to his ashes!

[R. T. Bean, Wichita, Kans.]

J. FINCH RAY.

J. Finch Ray, who died at Walnut, Miss., on October 12, 1918, was born in South Carolina, but went to Mississippi as a boy. When the call of his country came, he shouldered his gun and went to the front, serving as a faithful Confederate soldier to the end. In 1871 he was married to Miss Martha Garrett, and to them were born two daughters and a son, who with their mother survive him.

Comrade Ray was a leader in his Church, the Missionary Baptist, and superintendent of the Sunday school for the last twenty-five years. A handsome four-thousand-dollar church building had just been completed at his death, of which he was the founder. He was also the founder of the Chalybeate High School and was a prominent stockholder of the Bank of Chalybeate. The community has lost one of its most enterprising citizens and a good man. To know him was to love him.

In sending this tribute his lifelong friend, O. A. Porter, writes that they have been clubbing together in sending their subscriptions to the VETERAN, but this year, in sorrow, he sends alone.

COMRADES AT WACO, TEX.

It is the custom of the Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, Tex., to hold a memorial service every year in honor of those comrades who have passed on, during which a suitable program is rendered, and the list of those who have died within the year is given. Adj. Bradford Hancock reports the following list of deaths since October 15, 1917—a long list it seems: S. A. Hogan, 76 years, and J. W. Alston, 78 years, Co. F, 2d Tex. Cav.; S. C. Fauber, 73 years, 3d Va. Inf.; J. J. Parton, 84 years, Co. F, 4th Ala. Inf.; W. H. Haigood, 72 years, Co. E, 1st Con. Ga. Inf.; Isham H. Earle, 82 years, Major 14th Ala. Inf.; J. M. Broiles, 75 years, Co. F, 2d Tenn. Inf.; George Clark, 75 years, Capt. Co. B, 11th Ala. Inf.; Joseph S. Willig, 74 years, Co. I, 31st Tenn. Inf.; Rev. Frank Page, 67 years (honorary), Cadet Va. Military Institute; N. Cawthorne, 75 years, Co. C, 21st Tenn. Inf.; S. T. Crossland, 80 years, Co. A, 35th N. C. Inf.; A. B. Darden, 76 years, Co. H, 11th Tenn. Inf.; S. B. Humphrey, 86 years, Co. D, 5th

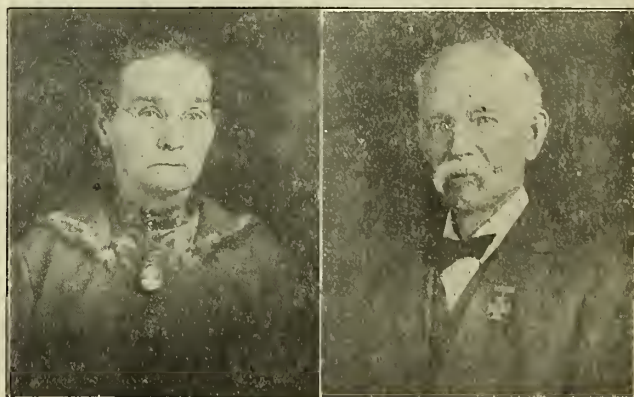
Ala. Cav.; T. J. Yarborough, 78 years, Co. D, 17th Ala. Cav.; J. S. Merritt, 81 years, Co. H, 38th Tenn. Cav.; E. R. Reed, 73 years, Co. B, 12th Tenn. Inf., and Co. E, 1st Tenn. Inf.; J. W. Collier, 78 years, 19th Tex. Inf.; E. W. Krause, 83 years, Band Master Waul's Legion; James B. Baker, 71 years, Co. H, 19th Tex. Inf.

RICHARD ABNER JARVIS.

On October 22, 1918, Richard Abner Jarvis, of Hansford, Tex., answered the last roll call on earth. Born February 7, 1845, near DeKalb, Miss., he enlisted in the Confederate army at that place in September, 1862, as a private in Company I, 5th Mississippi Cavalry, Harris's Brigade, Chalmers's Division, Forrest's Corps. He was in the siege of Vicksburg, serving as sharpshooter most of the time, and with his company was quartered in the courthouse at the time it was blown up by a mortar shell, killing many of the company. He was in the fighting at Harrisburg, Selma, and several smaller battles; was wounded several times. He was captured on July 4 and afterwards paroled, but reenlisted later in the 6th Mississippi Cavalry. At Harrisburg his cartridge box was cut from his belt and his gun knocked from his hand by grapeshot. He was near his colonel, Isham D. Harrison, at the time he was wounded. As a comrade, Henry Edwards, raised the colonel in his arms, a bullet pierced the arm of Edwards, causing him to drop the body of Colonel Harrison.

Comrade Jarvis surrendered with his command at Gainesville, Ala. He then returned to Mississippi, locating near DeKalb, and in December, 1869, he was married to Miss Martha L. Murray, a descendant of the Adamses of historic fame. To this union were born seven children, three sons and four daughters, all of whom survive, with their mother.

In 1872 Mr. Jarvis removed to Texas and settled near the line of Fannin and Grayson Counties, later going to Bolivar, in Denton County, and in 1902 he removed to Hansford County, where he died. He was buried in the Lieb Cemetery, near his home, attended by a large concourse of people, many from other counties. His Confederate comrades were among the pallbearers, while Sons of Confederate Veterans marched in front, with Confederate and United States flags at half-mast, to the soft beat of the drum. Thus in the midst of his sorrowing family—wife, children, grandchildren, and friends—the body of this brave Southern soldier was borne to the grave. Devoted to his family, a loving and tender husband and father, a loyal, patriotic citizen, a faithful friend and neighbor, a consistent and devout Christian, an honorable, upright man, he leaves a rich heritage in character and a strong witness to Christianity in his life and death.



RICHARD A. JARVIS AND WIFE.

COL. JAMES ROBERT BINFORD.

Col. James R. Binford died at his home, in Duck Hill, Miss., on October 6, 1918, near where once stood the home in which he was born.

At the beginning of the War between the States young Binford was a student at the Kentucky Military Institute. He enlisted as a private in the McClung Rifles, the first volunteer company raised at Duck Hill, which became Company E of the 15th Mississippi Infantry, organized in April, 1861. Capt. W. Scott Strathern was elected colonel and at once appointed James R. Binford as adjutant of his regiment, and as such he served the first year of the war with marked efficiency and satisfaction.

The true spirit and courage of a brave soldier within him were first demonstrated at Fishing Creek, Ky., January 19, 1862, where General Zollicoffer was killed; for when the color bearer was shot down Adjutant Binford seized the flag and gallantly bore it forward. The next engagement of his regiment was as a part of Breckinridge's Division at Shiloh, where Adjutant Binford displayed marked bravery. Just before the battle the twelve months' service of his regiment had expired, and it had reorganized to a man, Adjutant Binford being elected major. While still part of Breckinridge's Division his regiment took part in the engagement at Baton Rouge, La., and was afterwards under Johnston and Hood in all the battles of the Tennessee Army. At the battle of Franklin his superior officer, Col. Mike Farrell, lost his life, and he then became colonel of the gallant and celebrated 15th Mississippi Infantry. As an officer he always held the love and respect of his men.

As a citizen Colonel Binford was known and honored throughout his State, and he filled many high positions with honor and efficiency, serving several terms in the State legislature. He was a member of the Baptist Church. His charities knew no bounds. The good of his fellow man was his chief object, and especially did he enjoy relieving the distress of Confederate comrades, for whom his love never abated.

Colonel Binford is survived by a son, the Hon. Lloyd Binford, of Atlanta, Ga.

[From sketch by J. L. Collins, Company H, 15th Mississippi Infantry.]

REV. R. B. MORROW.

Rev. Robert Baxter Morrow, son of Robert and Jean Deensmore Morrow, was born near Somerville, Morgan County, Ala., August 28, 1846, and died in West Point, Ga., October 2, 1918. He entered the Confederate service—in which he had four brothers, one uncle, and twenty-five cousins—in July, 1864, in Company L, 5th Regiment, Alabama Cavalry, under that gallant leader, Gen. Bedford Forrest; and did picket duty in North Alabama and Mississippi. He took part in several raids into Tennessee and was with the rear guard when General Hood retreated South from Nashville. In the spring of 1865 he was in the fighting around Selma, Ala., and at Gainesville, Ala., hearing of General Lee's surrender, his company surrendered, and Veteran Morrow made his way home by rail, on horseback, and on foot, sad at heart, but proud of the fact that he had served his country as a Confederate soldier under the greatest cavalry commander of the nineteenth century.

After the war young Morrow completed his education at the University of Mississippi and the Union Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sidney, Va., and devoted the remain-

der of his life to the preaching of the gospel in his beloved Southland. For forty-two years he was a minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church. During the last fifteen years of his ministry he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at West Point, Ga., where he was greatly beloved by the people of all denominations and classes. His strong personality, kindness, uprightness, charity, and deep sympathy won for him the confidence and affection of the people to whom he ministered and with whom he was associated. He was a valued member of West Point Camp, U. C. V., No. 571, and a loyal admirer and helpful friend of Fort Tyler Chapter, U. D. C.

He was a man of rare mental ability, deep spirituality, strong faith, and noble purpose. His life was one of constant activity in the service of God and his fellow man. His will was lost in the will of God. Nothing was too small and nothing too great to be undertaken at the command of his great Leader.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Rosa Belle Howell, of Oxford, Miss., seven daughters, and two sons. One of his sons is a lieutenant in the regular army, and the other is a member of the Volunteer Medical Corps. These loved ones and a host of friends will sadly miss this devoted husband and father, friend, minister, Confederate veteran, gentleman, and scholar, whom God has called up higher to his reward.

[Mrs. M. Winston Higginbotham, President Fort Tyler Chapter, U. D. C.]

COL. OTHO S. LEE.

Col. Otho S. Lee, one of the gallant soldiers contributed by Maryland to the Confederacy, died suddenly at his home, in Belair, Md., on the morning of August 28, 1918. He was one of the oldest lawyers of Harford County, where he was born in December, 1840, the son of Richard Dallam and Hannah B. Lee. The family has been prominent in that section since colonial days, his grandfather, Parker Hale Lee, having been a gallant officer of the Revolution. Young Lee had begun the study of law when the War between the States began. He went South and joined Stuart's Confederate Cavalry, serving from the first battle of Manassas to the surrender at Appomattox. He was under Fitzhugh Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia and participated in all of its important campaigns. In recognition of his meritorious conduct he was promoted to sergeant major and attached to Johnson's Battalion, Stuart's Horse Artillery.

Returning home at the close of the war, he was admitted to the bar in 1865, and in 1874 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates. From 1867 he had been an examiner in chancery and held other important positions of public character. He was also active in business, being President of the Farmers and Merchants' National Bank of Belair and of other local enterprises. His title of colonel came from his service as a member of Governor Carroll's military staff in 1876. He always took great interest in the militia and was captain of two companies raised in Harford County. He was also a prominent Mason and had been past master of the Mount Ararat Lodge of Belair.

Colonel Lee was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sallie B. Griffith, who died in 1898. In 1904 he was married to Miss Helen A. Bradshaw, who survives him, as do three sons and six daughters. There were eleven children of the two marriages.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.....*Historian General*
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKE, Norfolk, Va...*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: A happy and prosperous New Year to you all! The dawn of peace grows into a brighter day, and 1919 promises all womankind, no matter what our nationality may be, a surcease from much of the anxiety and heartache that 1918 held for so many of us.

It is my duty to announce to you the important business transacted at your Executive Board meeting called to provide for your needs because of the postponed Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention scheduled for November, 1918.

Your Executive Board met in extraordinary session in Charleston, S. C., on November 19-21, inclusive, and there were present Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Merchant, Mrs. Walcott, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Sells, Mrs. Hyde, and Miss Poppenheim. There were no divided votes on any question brought before this meeting, and the quiet discussions and conferences on U. D. C. problems were most helpful to all the officers in attendance. The date for the postponed Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention was set for April 1-5, 1919, in Louisville, Ky., and representation at this Convention will be based upon taxes paid to the Treasurer General before her books closed preparatory to the regular Convention in November, 1918. Committees were given the privilege of presenting their reports at the April Convention as completed for the November meeting or, if it better suited their work, to bring them up to date, April, 1919. State and Chapter reports would naturally be presented as prepared for the November meeting. The full report of the proceedings of the Executive Board, the regular rosters of Divisions and Chapters, together with the routine printing of the Constitution, By-laws, and Rules for Crosses, will be printed as usual, January 1, 1919, and issued by the Recording Secretary General.

A Registrar-General.—Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, Berkeley, Cal., was elected Registrar-General to fill out the term left vacant by the resignation of Mrs. Norment Powell. This election enables all State Registrars to file at once their year's work on State registration with Mrs. Trabert according to the constitutional provisions for the same. I hope this will be done promptly, so that Mrs. Trabert may be able to get her report in shape for our meeting in April.

The Editor of the U. D. C. Department in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Mrs. Monroe McClurg, having resigned the position because of ill health, Mrs. A. B. White, Paris, Tenn., has accepted the position. All Division Editors are requested to send their news items for the VETERAN direct to Mrs. White by the first of each month. Mrs. White is authorized to condense these notes and arrange the matter for this department in the VETERAN. State Editors are requested to give prominence to State coöperative work and let Chapter news be classified into groups, whenever possible, as we must use our space with an eye to conservation.

The Historical Programs will be printed only in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. No Historical Yearbook will be issued.

Education.—The Board recommended to the General Convention in April that the fifty-thousand-dollar Endowment Fund for Loan Scholarships being raised by the U. D. C. be known as "The 1917-1918 Hero Fund"—"To honor the men of the South who served their reunited country wherever needed in 1917-1918." Contributions were urged for this fund as our great monument to the youth of the South to-day.

The Vassar Scholarship was reported vacant, and applications for it were invited for September, 1919.

The Cross of Honor price was increased to twenty-five cents each because of the increase in the cost of production, this price to go into effect at once.

The War Relief Committee reported that up to November 13, 1918, the U. D. C. had endowed sixty-eight beds in the American Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly, France, at an annual cost of forty thousand eight hundred dollars. The U. D. C. had bought as individuals or Chapters \$3,869,000 worth of the Third Liberty Loan; had sold \$25,330,000 worth of the Third Liberty Loan; owned \$1,457,000 worth of War Savings Stamps; had sold \$1,143,000 worth of War Savings Stamps; had made for the Red Cross 2,853,000 hospital garments, 2,600,000 surgical dressings, and 93,000 knitted garments; had contributed in cash \$82,000 to Red Cross Chapters; were supporting 830 French and Belgian orphans; and had completed and filed the military records of 5,600 descendants of Confederate soldiers who are now serving in the army and navy of the United States.

Divisions and Chapters are urged to provide for the re-endowment of their hospital beds at Neuilly, France, for 1919. Your President General has word from Mrs. Robert Bacon, the American Chairman of this hospital, that this is needed, and she writes me under date of December 5 that there are now two thousand wounded being cared for in our hospital, the chapel being filled with cots for this purpose, since the wounded are being brought in from the base hospitals, as they are gradually being evacuated since the armistice was signed. Your President General earnestly requests your faithfulness in the upkeep of your beds at Neuilly. The Executive Board took pleasure as individuals in subscribing the final amount necessary to complete the coöperative bed "To Honor the Private Soldier of the Confederacy," and the endowment for this bed was sent overseas in December.

A Constitution for the Children's Chapters was accepted and will be printed in the minutes of the Board meeting issued with the rosters by the Recording Secretary General in February, 1919. The Board has under consideration the final acceptance of a uniform badge for the children, which we hope to be able to announce in the February VETERAN.

The Trader Fund.—Mrs. Trader is very ill at this writing, and all Chapters interested in giving to this fund may find this information important. The Treasurer General, Mrs. Little, reported that she had received and transmitted to Mrs. Trader since the Chattanooga Convention \$401.

The Treasurer General's report as audited shows: *Per capita* tax, \$5,225.84; totals for other funds, \$41,423.20; miscellaneous balance, \$4,239.11; expenditures, \$42,065.64.

Much routine business in connection with various committee reports was transacted, and practically all committees sent some sort of a report to the Board meeting, showing that each department was anxious to hold its place in line for U. D. C. service.

Your President General has sent out a circular letter to all Division and Chapter presidents and all chairmen of standing and special committees, giving them in concise form the information embodied in this letter, and it is my hope that all Chapters, now having knowledge of the work planned by their Executive Board, may be able to launch out in the new year with renewed efforts for the upbuilding of the influence and prestige of our organization, an influence and prestige which is founded on patriotic service to our reunited country. The results of your labors in 1918 were gratifying beyond words. You maintained the glorious record of your inheritance; let us continue the high endeavors of the past far into the future.

With grateful appreciation of the loyalty and service which have upheld my hands in the past year, and with a supreme faith in your future, I am,

Yours faithfully,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

ENTERTAINING THE EXECUTIVE BOARD, U. D. C.

BY MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

While the Executive Board of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was in session in Charleston, S. C., November 19-21, the entire forenoon of each day was given to work, and the many details to be attended to necessitated long night meetings, but Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, the President General, had wisely arranged that the afternoons should be given to relaxation, and never was the hospitality of a Southern city more kindly shown than in the many courtesies extended by the Charleston people.

On Tuesday evening, November 19, the entire Board was entertained at dinner in the interesting home of the President General on that street with such a pleasant name—Meeting Street—and the gracious hospitality extended by Miss Poppenheim and her charming sister, Miss Louisa, will long be remembered. The many interesting portraits and historical records which adorn the walls of this characteristic home make a complete study in themselves, and the Tuesday evening session was held in the drawing-room with its many memories.

The feature of Tuesday afternoon was an automobile drive around Charleston, including the always attractive view from the Battery and along the boulevard, on the land newly reclaimed from the sea. From colonial days to modern times the promenade on the Charleston Battery has been considered one of the most beautiful and picturesque in America, and the presence of the young soldiers in khaki reminded us how many military colors had been paraded here—the old Colonials, the buff and blue of the Continentals, the well-loved Confederate gray, and the blue of the Union, all now represented in the soldier of to-day.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Tristram T. Hyde, the at-

tractive wife of the Mayor of Charleston, entertained the Board at a luncheon on her yacht and then took them for a ride about Charleston harbor, one of the most beautiful bodies of salt water in the world. The day was perfect and, though late November, as balmy as spring, and as we steamed up the Ashley River, then back again, and around by the frowning walls of Fort Sumter, compassed the view of Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney, sailed over the water where the ill-fated first submarine sank, and out the Cooper River and back, and heard St. Michael's bells chiming in the distance, the heart was quickened by many memories of a noble race and beat high at the thought of the heroic part it had played in our nation's history.

After returning to the city a rapid drive took us to the old powder magazine, where tea was served by Mrs. M. C. McGowan and the Colonial Dames. This interesting building, a relic of colonial days and one of the few specimens left of the old material known as "tappy," of octagon shape and tile-roofed, has been rehabilitated and with its historic furnishings is now the home and meeting place of the Colonial Dames, who dispensed the hospitality of a bygone period with tea and wafers made on the old-fashioned irons.

A very notable event was the reception given Thursday afternoon by the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., in their own hall over the market house, which is not at all like an ordinary market house, but resembles more a Greek temple; and the historic relics in this hall are so varied and interesting—from old portraits, manuscripts, valuable maps, and books to the high candlesticks made from old Confederate bayonets, holding shining red candles—that it was hard to keep one's mind on present-day affairs when everything about tended to transplant one at once back into the heart of the Confederacy. But fair young girls in Red Cross attire, serving dainty refreshments, mingled with the sweet-faced silver-haired women of the '60's and beautifully linked our momentous present with the historic past. An added dignity was given the occasion by the presence of the Confederate veterans, and their conversation was not so much of the days of their own warfare as it was concerning the brave actions of their descendants overseas, who have been "carrying on" the record of Confederate valor; and one of them proudly bore upon his breast a service pin with five stars.

A characteristic and beautiful souvenir was presented to each member of the Board, an arm basket made from a braided palmetto leaf, filled with red and white chrysanthemums.

And those who had long known and loved Charleston, and some who knew her for the first time, were all conscious of the charm which inheres in the old city by the sea and can understand the heart of the poet who wrote of her:

"A place to live in—to love for aye

If we, too, like Tithonus,

Could find some power to stretch the scant gray

Lives the Fates have thrown us."

EVENTS OF 1860.—The Republican party were asked simply to engage for the fulfillment of the law and noninterference with slavery in the South, and they refused both. In a word, they would have no terms. They would rule or ruin the Union. Amendment after amendment, proposal after proposal was made, only to be rejected or staved off till the retirement of the cotton States had left the Republicans masters of the field, when they peremptorily voted down every proposal incompatible with their own unconstitutional and illegal platform.—Percy Greg, in "History of the United States."

EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENT FUND.

Contributions to the Endowment Fund for Loan Scholarships for the months of October and November have been as follows:

Alabama Division.—Alexander City, Sidney Lanier Chapter, \$5; Anniston, Mrs. F. K. Pearson, \$2; Asheville, Asheville Chapter, \$3; Bessemer, Bessemer Chapter, \$2; Birmingham, W. L. Yancey Chapter, \$2; M. Adele Shaw, \$2; Blocton, Leonard Calloway Pratt, \$2; Centerville, Bibb Graves Chapter, \$2; Cedar Bluff, Emma Sanson Forrest, \$2; Cropwell, John W. Jones Chapter, \$2; Decatur, Mrs. Mary Lou Dancy, \$2; Demopolis, Marengo Rifles Chapter, \$3; Dothan, Dothan Chapter, \$2; East Lake, Alexander Stephens Chapter, \$5; Eufaula, Barbour County Chapter, \$2; Ensley, Stonewall Chapter, \$2; Gadsden, Miss Ida Belle Carson, \$2; Goodwater, Forrest-Sampson Chapter, \$5; Greenville, Father Ryan Chapter, \$2; Hartford, Clifford Lanier Chapter, \$2; Huntsville, Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, \$2; Jacksonville, Mrs. C. W. Dangette, \$2; Livingston, Sumter Chapter, \$3; Mobile, Electra Semmes Colston Chapter, \$2; Montgomery, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, \$2; Cradle of the Confederacy, \$5; Sophia Bibb Chapter, \$2; Dixie Chapter, \$1; Opelika, Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$2; Ozark, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$2; Selma, Mrs. G. E. Bryane, \$2; Sylacauga, John Piney Oden Chapter, \$2.50; Talladega, John T. Morgan Chapter, \$10; Mrs. J. M. Hicks, \$2; Tuscaloosa, R. E. Rhodes Chapter, \$2; Troy, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, \$2; Tusculumbia, Mrs. J. N. Thompson, \$2; Uniontown, Canebrake Rifles Guards Chapter, \$2. Mrs. J. A. Roundtree, President, \$2. Alabama's total subscription has been \$235, which is \$33 in excess of her quota.

Arkansas Division.—Hot Springs, Hot Springs Chapter, \$2; Prairie Grove Chapter, \$2.

California Division.—San Francisco, Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, \$2.

Georgia Division.—Athens, Laura Rutherford Chapter, \$2; Butler, Wallace Edwards Chapter, \$2; Canton, Helena Plane Chapter, \$2; Cartersville, Bartow Chapter, \$2; Clarksville, Habersham Chapter, \$2; Covington, Covington-Oxford Chapter, \$2; Crawfordville, Alex. Stephens Chapter, \$2; Douglas, Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$2; Eastman, Fannie Gordon Chapter, \$3; Flemington, Liberty County Chapter, \$2; Hepzibah, Walter Clarke Chapter, \$2; Jackson, Larkin D. Watson Chapter, \$2; Jefferson, Jefferson Chapter, \$2; La Grange, La Grange Chapter, \$2; Louisville, John B. Gordon Chapter, \$2; Marietta, Kennesaw Chapter, \$2; Maysville, Thirza David Chapter, \$2; Newnan, Newnan Chapter, \$2; Pelham, Pelham Chapter, \$2; Jesup, Jesup Chapter, \$2; Roberta, Roberta Chapter, \$2; Quitman, Quitman Chapter, \$2; Sandersville, Mrs. S. G. Lang, \$2; Savannah, Savannah Chapter, \$10; Tennille, J. D. Franklin Chapter, \$2; Valdosta, Valdosta Chapter, \$2; Watkinsville, Roberta Wells Chapter, \$2; Waycross, Francis S. Bartow Chapter, \$2.

Mississippi Division.—Vicksburg, Vicksburg Chapter, \$2.

Missouri Division.—Wentzville, M. L. Dalton Chapter, \$2; Division, \$2.

North Carolina Division.—Burgaw, Pender County Chapter, \$2; Brevard, Transylvania Chapter, \$2; Faison, Faison-Hicks Chapter, \$2; Graham, Graham Chapter, \$10; Greensboro, Guilford Chapter, \$2; Newton, Ransom-Shorrill Chapter, \$3; Raeford, Raeford Chapter, \$1; Rocky Mount, Bethel Heroes Chapter, \$2; Bethel Heroes C. of C., \$5; Rose Hill, Duplin Rifles, \$2; Spray, Chalmers-Glenn Chapter, \$2; Warsaw, James Kenan Chapter, \$5; Waynesville, Haywood Chapter,

\$2; Wilmington, Cape Fear Chapter, \$2; Winston-Salem, James B. Gordon Chapter, \$10.

Ohio Division.—Cleveland, Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, \$2; Cincinnati, Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$2; Mr. C. M. Atkins, \$5; Mrs. Mary E. Stratton, \$5; Mrs. Mary I. Fletcher, \$5; Columbus, R. E. Lee Chapter, \$5; Dixie Chapter, \$5. The total contribution from Ohio is \$34, \$22 over her quota.

South Carolina Division.—Easley, William Easley Chapter, \$2; Rock Hill, S. D. Barron Chapter, \$1; Waterboro, Micah Jenkins Chapter, \$3. South Carolina's total is \$190.85, \$10.85 beyond her quota.

Texas Division.—Paris, Lamar Chapter, \$5; Corsicana, Navarro Chapter, \$2; Longview, R. B. Levy Chapter, \$2.

Virginia Division.—Cheriton, Va., from seven Sons of Veterans through Mrs. Howard Hall, \$3.50.

Washington Division.—Tacoma, Dixie Chapter, \$2; Seattle, Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$2; Spokane, Mildred Lee Chapter, \$2. Total contribution, \$6; quota, \$6.

West Virginia Division.—Alderson, Alderson Chapter, \$2; Bluefields, Bluefields Chapter, \$2; Charleston, Charleston Chapter, \$2; Charles Town, Lawson Botts Chapter, \$2; Hinton, Hinton Chapter, \$5; Leetown, Leetown Chapter, \$2; Lewisburg, Lewisburg Chapter, \$2; Fairmont, Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$2; Huntington, Huntington Chapter, \$2; Keyser, McNeill Chapter, \$2; Martinsburg, Berkeley County Chapter, \$2; Parkersburg, Parkersburg Chapter, \$2.

Total, \$310. Previously acknowledged, \$481.35. Total December 1, 1918, \$791.35.

ARMIDA MOSES,
Vice Chairman Education Committee, U. D. C.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MISS MATTIE B. SHEIBLEY, STATE EDITOR.

For the first time in the history of the Georgia Division—a period of twenty-three years—the annual convention was, because of physical conditions, postponed. The nationwide epidemic of Spanish influenza called off the general convention, and all the dates for the State conclaves following September were also cancelled.

The annual coming together, the close communion of kindred souls, means so much to the *esprit de corps* of patriotic organizations that it is almost an essential inspiration. But this year the good work of the twelve months will be viewed through the official columns.

Our President, Mrs. H. M. Franklin, has had the busiest year of her life, looking well after her Division household and the many new interests and work that this titanic world struggle has developed for the Division, as the home guard, to do in helping to sustain the finest army of fighting men ever known—worthy sons of noble sires.

Mrs. J. E. Hayes, the State Registrar, reports an increase of 461 members, bringing the membership of Georgia U. D. C. up to 12,428. To Hawkinsville Chapter belongs the largest increase, which gives it the right to retain the Raines banner a second year. New members to the number of 75 swell the membership of the Chapter in the little town of 3,500 to 220. This Chapter also won the Selden banner for the greatest number of essays submitted in the Essay Contest, and it has conferred more crosses of honor this year than any other.

Mrs. H. W. Cantrell, Chairman of the Historical Committee, reported 3,572 essays submitted on the subject chosen for 1917-18, "The Confederate Navy and the Men Who Made It Great." Miss Eliza Tillman, of Quitman, was the

inner of the beautiful medal, and the essay was written as a part of her high-school work. The children at Atlanta submitted 2,500 essays, while Hawkinsville furnished 465.

The master work of the State Division is the splendid war work in the furnishing of linen and hospital garments and enowing beds. With intense pride Miss Alice Baxter, War Relief Director for Georgia, reports that as Chapters and individuals the Georgia Daughters have given \$31,000 to war relief work; hospital garments to the number of 11,490; printed articles, 708; total amount invested in various reliefs, \$27,891.35. Liberty bonds of the third issue bought by members, \$405,333; sold by members, \$857,900; bought by chapters, 2,800; war savings stamps bought by members, 193,641; sold by members, \$457,357. Three beds endowed by the American Hospital in Neuilly, France, the John B. Gordon, the Alexander Stephens, and the Shatteen Mitchell—the latter maintained by Mrs. Walker Brookes, the daughter of Mr. Mitchell.

This relief work has been heart service, and every hour of toil; every tense nerve was fully repaid a hundredfold when the news came back that a Southern boy had been placed between the snowy sheets of the John B. Gordon bed, wounded and unconscious, and when, after days of oblivion, he became conscious and beheld the inscription on that name plate above the bed, he sighed, "Thank God, I'm among my own," and lapsed into health-giving sleep with a tender, satisfied smile upon his lips.

THE NEW YORK DIVISION.

The New York Division met in convention Thursday, October 10, in the college room of the Hotel Astor, at 10:30 A.M. Miss Robinson, the accommodating accompanist of the Dixie Club, assisted in the music. After singing the Star-Spangled Banner, the convention was opened with the U. D. C. ritual. There are no meetings of the New York Chapters during the summer months, but splendid war work accomplished by the several Chapters was very wonderful. It would take pages to tell of all that has been done. It is all to be given in reports at the General U. D. C. convention. "The Creed of the Nation" was read by the Historian at the end of her report. It is interesting to know that the Creed was written by a Southern man, a grandson of President Tyler. The national anthem also by a Southerner. New officers were elected at this meeting: President, Mrs. R. W. Jones; First Vice President, Mrs. Louis Bennett; Second Vice President, Mrs. Harvey Dew; Third Vice President, Mrs. Draper; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Owens; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. G. Luligson; Registrar, Mrs. Cantley; Treasurer, Mrs. Besson; Historian, Mrs. Pierpont; Directors, Mrs. Alfred Cochran and Mrs. Ma. Mrs. James Henry Parker and Mrs. Jesse Drew Hale were made Honorary Presidents. After singing our inspiring song, "Dixie," the convention adjourned.

CARRIE P. BEALE,

Retiring Historian New York Division, U. D. C.

"By the light that lies in our Southern skies,

By the spirits that watch above us,
By the gentle hands in our summer lands
And the gentle hearts that love us,
Our fathers' faith let us keep till death,
Their fame in its cloudless splendor,
As men who stand for their motherland
And die—but never surrender."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: This month of January commemorates the birth of our great heroes—Robert E. Lee, on the 19th, and "Stonewall" Jackson, on the 21st of the month. And on the 14th of January was born the great scientist whom kings delighted to honor—Matthew Fontaine Maury. As so many ask for the main facts of his life, I have endeavored to set down in order the chief events, taken from the biography written by his own daughter—Diana Fontaine Maury Corbin. Let us see that Maury receives the honor to which his merit entitled him.

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1919.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY, COMMANDER U. S. NAVY.

"His sole object was to benefit mankind at large."

Matthew Fontaine Maury, born January 14, 1806, near Fredericksburg, Va. Died in Lexington, Va., February 1, 1873. Buried in Hollywood, Richmond, Va.

In 1825 Hon. Sam Houston, of Tennessee, obtained for Matthew Fontaine Maury a midshipman's warrant in the United States navy. In 1831 Maury was appointed master of the sloop-of-war Falmouth. During his voyage in the Falmouth to Rio de Janeiro he conceived the idea of the celebrated Wind and Current Charts which accomplished so much for the commerce of the world. In 1834 he published his first book, a work on navigation, which became the textbook of the United States navy.

In 1840 it was repeatedly urged by the *National Intelligencer* and other papers that Maury should be made Secretary of the Navy, but he steadily declined the honor.

In papers he wrote, under the *nom de plume* of "Harry Bluff," Maury urged the adoption of steam as a motive power; he advised the location of navy yard and forts at Memphis, Tenn., and Pensacola, Fla., and advocated the establishment of a naval school for young midshipmen, and this suggestion led to the establishment of a naval school at Annapolis, Md.

Upon recommendations of brother officers, Maury was placed in charge of the Depot of Charts and Instruments at Washington, which office he developed into the "National Observatory." His Wind and Current Charts and Sailing Directions saved millions of dollars to commerce annually, and his labors were so appreciated by the government of the United States that, in January, 1855, it was proposed in the Senate that a suitable remuneration be made to Lieutenant Maury, and the committee recommended that the sum of \$25,000 be thus appropriated, but the reward was never given.

Maury wrote "The Physical Geography of the Sea," which Humboldt called "one of the most charming and instructive books in the English language." Of this book twenty editions were sold in England alone, and it was translated into the French, Dutch, Swedish, Spanish, and Italian languages. Humboldt declared that Maury had founded a new science. At the Congress of Nations assembled at Brussels, under the auspices of King Leopold, 1853, Maury represented the United States and returned to his home full of honors. Or-

ders of knighthood were conferred upon Maury by the Emperor of Russia, the King of Denmark, the King of Portugal, the King of Belgium, and the Emperor of France. Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Holland, Sardinia, Bremen, and France struck gold medals in his honor. He was presented a decoration by Maximilian of Mexico.

In 1855 Maury lectured throughout the South and West and suggested and proposed that Congress be memorialized to establish a central office where weather and crop reports could be telegraphed daily to all parts of the country. The great "Weather Bureau" of to-day grew out of these suggestions, but the name of Maury, its illustrious founder, is not mentioned in connection with it.

As early as 1848 Maury's investigations led him to believe in the existence of a broad and level plateau at the bottom of the ocean between Newfoundland and Ireland. In 1854 he wrote to the Secretary of the Navy on the subject of laying a submarine telegraphic cable across the Atlantic on this plateau, and his labors are noticed in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy in 1856. At a dinner given in New York in 1858 to celebrate the arrival of the first message across the Atlantic cable, when called upon to give an account of the work, Mr. Fields arose and said: "I am a man of few words. Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work."

Maury urged the building of a ship canal and railroad across the Isthmus to the Pacific and showed the advantages possessed by Panama. In 1855 Maury published a chart with two lanes laid down, each twenty-five miles broad, for the use of steamers in going and coming across the Atlantic, in order to avoid the frequent collisions then taking place. These charts were generally adopted by the larger steamship companies.

On November 30, 1860, Maury made the address at the laying of the corner stone of the University of the South at Sewanee. He made earnest efforts to avert war and maintain peace between the North and South, but when Virginia called for the support of her sons he resigned his commission in the United States navy, April 20, 1861, and went to Richmond. When it became known in Europe that he had resigned his place in the Federal service, the Grand Duke Constantine, Grand Admiral of Russia and brother to the Czar, begged him to become the guest of Russia. France gave him a similar invitation, but he declined both for the simple reason that Virginia needed him.

On the 10th of June, 1861, Maury was appointed Chief of the Seacoast, Harbor, and River Defenses of the South. In this post he assisted in fitting out the Virginia, or Merrimac, and also invented a formidable and destructive torpedo to be used both for harbor and land defense. In the autumn of 1862 the Secretary of the Confederate Navy ordered Maury to England to purchase torpedo material. He ran the Federal blockade from Charleston Harbor on the 24th of October on board the Hero and reached England the latter part of November. On the 2d of May, 1865, under orders from Mr. Mallory, Maury sailed for America, after sending in advance a quantity of torpedo material for the defense of the Southern coasts. At St. Thomas, in the West Indies, he heard of the collapse of the Confederacy, and he then went on to Cuba.

He now offered his services to Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, and reached that country in June, 1865. He was offered a position in the ministry, which he declined, but accepted the appointment of Director of the Imperial Observatory. While in Mexico Maury introduced the cultivation of

the cinchona tree, well known as a febrifuge, and conferred a great benefit upon the country.

Maury returned to England in 1866. In London he opened up a school of instruction in electric torpedoes. Swedish, Dutch, and other officers took instruction from him, and a copy of his paper on submarine warfare of the Confederacy was sent to Sweden, Russia, Holland, and France. He also instructed a board of French officers in his system of defensive sea-mining. In 1868 the University of Cambridge conferred upon Maury the degree of LL.D. in recognition of his literary and scientific merits and of his eminent services to mankind. The poet Alfred Tennyson received his degree upon the same occasion.

In the latter part of 1868 Maury accepted the Chair of Physics at the Virginia Military Institute, and here he found a haven of rest for the last four years of his life.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1919.

A CONFEDERATE SUBMARINE.

During the great war which raged in Europe feats of heroism were performed at which the world marveled, and no sacrifices were more spectacular than those of the men imprisoned within the tanks who perished within their own weapons of warfare. How many know the story of the young Southerners who, crew after crew, volunteered and gave their lives in defense of their country, not on the battlefield where their heroic deeds could have witness, but closed sealed within a craft which became for them a sepulcher in the sea?

A blockading fleet of Federal ships cut off the Confederacy from the outside world and became the ultimate means of her defeat, since the cotton of the Southern States could not be shipped out, and thus they were denied the necessities of life. Many efforts were made to destroy this blockade, and these efforts culminated in the invention of the submarine. Several of the torpedo craft, including the small boat called "The David," operated successfully against the enemy; but the history of one called "The Hundley," a fishboat, is especially interesting.

The boat, named for her designer, Horace L. Hundley, was built in Mobile, Ala., in 1863. She was made of galvanized iron, was twenty feet long, three and one-half feet wide, and five feet deep, and could carry a crew of nine men, one to manage and the others to propel. She was planned to remain below the water thirty minutes and come to the surface at a pleasure. Her torpedo was carried in tow and was supposed to strike after the submarine ran under the vessel. From the beginning the Hundley seemed fated for misfortune. On her trial practice in Mobile Bay she sank, and nine men were lost with her. She was afterwards sent by rail to Charleston, S. C., and Lieutenant Payne put in charge of her. She was taken across to Fort Johnson for a trial trip and was lying in the dock with the manhole not yet closed, when the swell caused by a passing steamer engulfed her, and she sank at once, and all her crew except Lieutenant Payne were lost.

It would seem almost impossible for such an accident to occur again, but the same thing happened a few nights afterwards off Fort Sumter, and six men were drowned. As she seemed so unmanageable, the inventor himself was sent for, and Hundley came from Mobile to take charge of her. One day he took her, with a full crew, up the Stono River on a practice trip, where, making a dive in shallow water, she stuck her nose in a mud bank and could not be dislodged; and

as the manhole could not be opened, she became a tomb for Hundley and her crew of eight men.

After such ill fate it would seem impossible to get any one to man her, but she only lay on the bottom of the river a few weeks when she was raised; and Lieut. George E. Dixon, of the 21st Alabama Volunteers, and eight men came forward to take charge of her. On another trial practice, when Lieutenant Dixon was not with her, she dived under the Confederate steamer Etowah, sank, and thus lost her fifth crew. General Beauregard now forbade her use, saying that she was a death trap. But in the face of all this, nine men, who knew that they were facing certain death, volunteered to try her again. General Beauregard consented, provided the Hundley be used as a torpedo ram and not as a submarine.

The blockade steam sloop Housatonic, carrying eleven guns, was now lying at anchor off Charleston Harbor. On the night of February 17, 1864, the brave little fishboat, in command of Lieutenant Dixon, passed through Breach Inlet and steered straight for the big vessel, her torpedo striking the Housatonic amidships. The big sloop of war sank almost immediately, but, being in comparatively shallow water, most of her crew saved themselves.

But a sadder fate befell the Hundley, for, fastened within this craft of despair, her brave crew, unable to open the manhole, went down to the bottom of the sea with the enemy they attacked, their requiem the sounding waves of the sea. But they "had done business in great waters, had seen the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

In May, 1899, the Memorial Association and the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Charleston erected in honor of the brave men who had been lost in these early submarine attacks a beautiful drinking fountain in Battery Park, and a tablet of bronze records that it is "In memory of the supreme devotion of those heroic men of the Confederate army and navy, first in marine warfare to employ torpedo boats, 1863-1865. Moved by the lofty faith that with them died, crew after crew volunteered for enterprises of extremest peril in the defense of Charleston Harbor."

References: (1) "Torpedo and Submarine Attacks," by Augustine J. Smythe, Jr.; (2) "The Defense of Charleston Harbor," by John Johnson; (3) "Military Operations of General Beauregard," by Colonel Roman.

LIEUT. DAVID COLE—A TRIBUTE.

BY JULIA W. FLETCHER, STATE PRESIDENT U. D. C., TACOMA, WASH.

After reading the tribute to Kiffin Rockwell which appeared in the October VETERAN, it seemed only fitting that in account of the bravery of Lieut. David Cole, of Atlanta, Ga., should be embalmed in the pages of the VETERAN.

An address was given here in Tacoma by Col. John Leader, Commandant of the Department of Military Science in the University of Oregon, on "Recollections of the Trenches," and his Irish wit and eloquence kept his large audience convulsed with laughter or choking with tears. In his talk he said: "I want to tell you of a young Southerner who was the first American to win the Victoria Cross." The Victoria Cross, as we know, is one of the most coveted of military decorations and the most rarely conferred. It was instituted by England during the Crimean War, is made from the

bronze of captured cannon, and is given for valor on the battle field.

David Cole enlisted with the Canadians before the United States entered the war. In describing him Colonel Leader said: "He was a fine specimen of young manhood, with one of those faces that Gibson has made famous in his drawings. My attention was called to him by one of my lieutenants, who remarked: 'Do you know, that young American has the best head on him.' Cole had been in the trenches only a day, and he had rigged up a way to carry off the smoke without attracting the notice of the enemy, which had been a problem for more than a year. And Cole's plan was adopted and worked out in all of the trenches in France.

Colonel Leader went on to relate how at a bombardment by the enemy a portion of their trench embankment was blown down, leaving the men exposed. Lieutenant Cole was directed to take his men and repair the opening. Later in the day, when Colonel Leader was inspecting, he found Cole finishing the work alone and asked why he had no help. He replied: "Well, sir, you see I was an engineer before I enlisted, and I know how to finish this job; and if a shell happens this way it will be just one instead of all the boys." The Colonel said: "I put my arm on his shoulder, and I was always glad that I did, and said: 'Cole, come to my dugout when you are through. I have something to tell you which you will be glad to hear.' Not long afterwards a report was made to me that Cole had been killed, and I remember well that, as the stretcher passed me bearing his body, his face, which was uninjured, still bore that fine, brave look. His body lies on a hillside in France, and on the marker above his grave are these words: 'Lieut. David Cole. Killed in action. An American gentleman.'" The Victoria Cross, which he won by his bravery, was sent to his father, John R. Cole, 500 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

THE VETERANS' FRIEND.

[This tribute to "the good work of the daughter of a Confederate soldier" is taken from the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*.]

For the love of the Confederate veterans at the Mountain Creek Home, who are barred from their families and connections, on Thanksgiving Day the old soldiers were well remembered by one true daughter of the South, Mrs. G. B. Dowe, daughter of a good soldier, J. F. Mills, First Regiment, South Carolina, of Charleston, S. C., afterwards a resident of this city. For several days she solicited contributions and met with such good responses by those who still love the old boys that she was able to send a large box by express to them. It contained several turkeys, which she cooked, ham, bread, cranberries, apples, oranges, cakes, and many other things to make the old fellows happy. She was on hand to serve it and saw that each one was bountifully fed. And then to each were given a pipe and sack of tobacco (a soldier's comfort). After dinner they were invited to the auditorium, where she played the organ and all sang "America," "Dixie," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," then the "Sword of Lee." She returned to her home that evening with a "God bless you" from each of the inmates. It is well to be remembered by such.

CONFEDERATES.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....	<i>President</i>
Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Scale, Ala.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
7309 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MARY A. HALL.....	<i>Historian</i>
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.	
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Poet Laureate</i>
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	



VICE PRESIDENTS

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TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Charles W. J. J. J.
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....	Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

A MESSAGE.

The holy Christmas season has passed, and to-day our faces are turned toward the New Year which dawns upon a world striving for peace, so far-searching and so broad in its basis that no more shall man struggle with brother man as in this world war of frightfulness which has closed the chapter of human struggle unsurpassed in the history of the world.

New aspirations, new duties press upon us and must be met and growth encouraged, for lethargy means dissolution and failure. More and more impressed are we with the fact that if future generations are to perpetuate the sacred cause to which we are pledged, the young must be trained and fitted for leadership. Organize the children into Junior Memorials. Let every Association make this work with the children its special responsibility. That we may more fully comprehend the duties and responsibilities which are ours and plan wisely to meet them, a conference of the officers and State Vice Presidents of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will be called to meet in Atlanta early in May, at a time of conventions, when reduced railroad rates may be secured. It is hoped that every officer and Vice President will attend. Plan early; your attendance is of vital importance.

That peace, prosperity, and happiness may abide in your homes throughout the coming year and much good work be accomplished by the women of our splendid organization is the wish of your President General.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Corresponding Secretary General for the Confederated Southern Memorial Association of Virginia, writes that the organization in that State is continuing its work with the definite aim of keeping fresh the beautiful sentiments and traditions of the men and women who represented the aristocracy of the South and the sacred memories of the past in the minds and hearts of the present generation. She speaks interestingly of the work being done

by the Virginia Association, and especially of the Junior Hollywood Memorial Association, as follows:

"As to the work done recently by the Confederated Memorial Association of Virginia, I will say that it is virtually covered by the words 'War Work.' However, our Association manages to keep together and have its annual celebrations. This is saying a great deal for them, I think, as it represents a past history, concerning which there are no longer the new objects to appeal to the public. And for this reason it is all the more important that we who are already organized should hold fast together.

"The Junior Hollywood Memorial Association, of this city, which has been quiescent for a long time, had an unveiling the past October during the convention of the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy here. This unveiling was of a monument paid for by the Junior Hollywood Memorial Association in the officers' section in Hollywood Cemetery, which section had been the special care of the Junior Hollywood Memorial Association for many years."

* * *

Those who attended the last convention, held at Tulsa, Okla. in September, 1918, will recall that the Clement A. Evans Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was the hostess Chapter at a beautifully appointed

luncheon. The name Clement A. Evans carries with it many sacred memories of a gallant Southerner, Christian, gentleman, and soldier. It is interesting, therefore, to know that Mrs. Robert G. Stephens, the eldest daughter of General Evans, is the Recording Secretary for the Ladies' Memorial Association at Atlanta, Ga., and has served for many years in that office. By marriage she is a niece of Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy and former Governor of Georgia.

The second daughter of General Evans, Mrs. George Lipincott, of Washington, D. C., was, before her marriage, for several years Custodian of the U. D. C. Cross of Honor for Georgia.

During the recent war in Europe two grandsons of General Evans enlisted for service under the "Stars and Stripes."



MRS. A. M'D. WILSON.

The eldest, Lawton Evans, was killed on the aviation field at Houston, Tex., where he was training in the aviation school; and the second, Clement A. Evans, a young lad of eighteen, volunteered for the marine service and is still at Paris Island in the training school, where he was preparing for active service at the time of the armistice.

It is another interesting fact that over sixty thousand sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans were enlisted for service overseas in the United States army and did much toward winning the war with Germany.

* * *

Miss Daisy L. M. Hodgson, of New Orleans, Recording Secretary General C. S. M. A., has a remarkable record for attendance and faithfulness to the Association. She has been a member for eighteen years and in that time has never missed a convention. Her splendid executive ability and knowledge of the work of the organization have been an inspiration to others; and it was fortunate that her residence in the same city with the late President General, Mrs. W. H. Behan, and her intimate knowledge of the work enabled her to carry forward every detail of the program of the convention held at Tulsa with so much success. For her capability in the pursuance of her duties the Association owes her a debt of gratitude. Shouldering the work of the organization and its responsibilities as she has done, she has firmly established a general spirit of appreciation for her value to the continuance of the work of keeping alive the traditional sentiment of the antebellum South.

"ON TO RICHMOND."

Referring to the old poem published in the *VETERAN* for September under the title of "On to Richmond," or "The New Hohenlinden," Albert S. Brown, of Frederick, Md., says: "You state that the author is unknown; possibly I can furnish the information. This is the history of it as I have heard it, and I believe it authentic.

"When the Army of Northern Virginia passed through this city in September of 1862 on its way to South Mountain and Sharpsburg, Col. Edmund Pendleton, of the 15th Louisiana Regiment, was at my father's house. He had been released from Fort Warren, at Boston, just a short time before and brought with him to Maryland an album containing the autographs of all his fellow prisoners at Fort Warren, among whom were Gen. S. B. Buckner, Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, and the late Severn Teakle Wallis, of Baltimore, who had been arrested here as a member of the Maryland Legislature. The album also contained this 'New Hohenlinden' and a poem written by Mr. Wallis, 'The Guerrillas.' When the army moved, the album was left behind, and it was not until some years after the war that opportunity offered to return it to Colonel Pendleton, who survived the war and was then living in New Orleans. Both these poems were copied before the album was returned. Colonel Pendleton said that 'The New Hohenlinden' was composed by General Buckner, General Tilghman, and Mr. Wallis, and was written in his album or copied in it by himself.

"So this is the history of the poem as I understand it. Any one at all familiar with Mr. Wallis's writings and scathing sarcasms, as many of us here in Maryland are, will not fail to recognize the parts of the poem that he composed. His poem 'The Guerrillas' is not contained in any volume of his printed books that I have seen, although I would not say it has never been printed. It is a splendid piece of work."

KNEW THEY WERE RIGHT.

In the following letter John Watson, "son of a Confederate soldier and proud of it," writing from Princeton, N. J., gives expression to sentiment which shows that he appreciates the patriotic service of his father in the South's struggle for independence and that he understands the principles underlying that struggle. He writes:

"May I intrude with my grateful thanks for your publication of an editorial from the *Houston Post* and the article by General Bennett H. Young in reply to one in *Life* which referred in usual terms to the memorial to President Davis?

"The pleasure in reading these rejoinders is all the more keen because they are timely and because they answer many other such expressions as *Life's*. It has been the fashion for Northern papers, almost without exception, to draw a parallel between our war against Germany and the war waged against the seceded States in the sixties, between our just and proper challenge of German ruthlessness and atrocity and the invasion of the lands of our own kindred. It is very grateful to a Southern ear—and should be to any fair one—to hear honest protests against statements like *Life's*.

"At the same time I must respectfully object to an expression of General Young's—not with what he said or intended to say, but with the way he said it. He said that 'these people exercised what they *conscientiously believed* to be their rights.' Now, up here when our neighbors wish to be especially gracious they concede that our fathers 'believed' that they were right and that they were 'conscientious' in that belief, which is the same thing as saying that they were mistaken. I cannot believe that those who can boast of the blood of Confederate soldiers in their veins will admit that there is any doubt about their fathers being exactly right and knowing that they were right, and we who have succeeded them know it quite as well as they knew it. We know that our fathers fought for the right of self-determination, a principle acknowledged by enlightened opinion everywhere, a principle for which we have lately called to arms over ten million men, and a hundred thousand of them lie in graves in France as sacrifices that the right of self-determination might be sustained. We Americans embarked upon that enterprise because we could not otherwise be true to ourselves. With the same high purpose our sires undertook to determine their own destiny. They knew their right to be that of self-determination; they fought for 'government of the [Southern] people, for the [Southern] people, and by the [Southern] people.' Let us, the sons of Confederate soldiers, say that we *KNOW* they were right in doing it. We and our children will be better Americans with that thought than if we hesitate or apologize with 'conscientious beliefs.'"

WHAT WAS RANDOLPH RIDGELY'S COMMAND?

An interesting feature connected with the Confederate Woman's Monument recently dedicated in Baltimore, Md., is that the grouping typifies the bravery of a young woman who sat all night on the battle field with the head of a wounded officer in her lap, with her hand stanching the bleeding wound. This was an incident of the battle of Winchester, Va., and the officer is said to have been Lieut. Randolph Ridgely, of Georgia, whose father, Capt. Randolph Ridgely, of Maryland, was killed during the Mexican War. The object of this inquiry is to ascertain, if possible, some information of young Ridgely, what was his command, rank, etc.

LETTERS AND INQUIRIES.

J. H. McCutcheon, Los Angeles, Cal., 831½ West Fortieth Place, says: "I am always delighted to get the *VETERAN*, so I can hear from some of the old boys of '61 to '65. I served in the 25th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, from 1861 to the twelfth day of May, 1864. I was captured at the Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania C. H., and taken to Elmira Prison, New York, and left there until the 20th of March, 1865, and exchanged at Aiken's Landing, Va., on the 22d. I went up to Camp Lee for a few days, got a furlough home to Rockbridge Baths for twenty days, then I had to report to the Army of Northern Virginia. By the time my furlough expired, General Lee had surrendered. I was in all of the prominent battles of the Army of Northern Virginia and was wounded slightly four times. When the war closed, I came to this State and have been here for fifty-two years."

A LOST LETTER.—Robert L. Drummond, lieutenant in the 111th New York Infantry, writes: "If the member of the 8th Alabama Infantry who wrote a letter to some friend at home in the fall of 1864 from the front line of the Army of Northern Virginia, inclosing a photo of Col. Lewis W. Hunt, of the 111th New York Infantry, is still living and is interested in knowing, I will tell him through the *VETERAN* why his letter and the Colonel's photo never reached the person it was intended for. If living, he will recall the incident and perhaps still be wondering why they did not. Address me at 59 Genesee Street, Auburn, N. Y."

WHO IS THE OWNER?—Commander W. H. Davidson, of the Sam Checote Camp U. C. V., Muskogee, Okla., writes that during the reunion at Tulsa some veteran stopping over at Muskogee between trains left his watch and walking stick in the waiting room at the depot and evidently forgot where he had left them. The railroad company is anxious to locate the owner. He should write to Commander Davidson, describing property, and he will be glad to have it forwarded properly.

PATRIOTIC APPELLATION.—John L. Robards, of Hannibal, Mo., referring to the article on whether our soldiers in France were to be called Americans or Yankees, has this to say: "Allow me to suggest as a patriotic solution the universal adoption of the advice of George Washington in his farewell address as President of the United States: 'The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.'"

LIVED THROUGH FOUR WARS.—Dr. R. W. Douthat, of Morgantown, W. Va., writes: "I am always glad to get the *VETERAN* and keep up with the procession of great souls that are still moving on from glory to glory. It's a great privilege to be alive to-day. I have seen our country through four successful wars and trust that she will always be on God's Color Guard, defending on right and left and rear justice and humanity, truth and righteousness, the gilded glory of his flag."

A GENEROUS BEQUEST.—A splendid contribution was made to the Jefferson Davis Memorial by Mrs. Sarah E. Parker, of Hardinsburg, Ky., in the bequest of one thousand dollars. She was an intense Confederate, ever loyal and faithful. The amount was paid to the Association on December 24. Other good contributions are coming in, and work on the monument will soon be resumed.

Mrs. George W. Sulser, of Maysville, Ky., renews subscription to the "most highly prized magazine" and says: "The one article in the December issue under title of 'Honor to Whom Honor Is Due,' by Gen. Bennett H. Young, is alone worth the price of several years' renewal of the magazine. The insolent enemy! Don't you know that much of the best fighting and endurance in France was done by sons and grandsons of Confederate soldiers?"

Miss Virginia C. Mayo, 3008 Forest Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., seeks information as to the enlistment, company and regiment, date of death, and other data of William Mayo, son of William Helms and Mary E. Fort Mayo, of near Louisville, Ky. He enlisted in Mississippi and was in the cavalry; he fell at the battle of Lexington. He was a half brother of Walter, Mary, Virginia, Fanny, Junius, and William Mayo. Any information of him will be appreciated.

Capt. John H. Lester, St. Francisville, La.: "I herewith inclose my yearly invitation to the *VETERAN*. Through my yearly and cordial invitation the *VETERAN* has been my guest for more than twenty-two years, and when the invitation fails to come you may know that this veteran has responded to the last roll call and passed over to join the majority on the other side. One request to my old comrades and to the loyal sons: Subscribe to the *VETERAN*."

C. M. Johnston, of Austin (Confederate Home), Tex., would like to know the burial place of Capt. Thomas F. Pierce, of Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, McLemore's (Starnes's) Regiment. It is thought that he was killed near Palestine, Tex., or some eastern part of the State after the war. With some of his company Captain Pierce went to Mexico at the close of the war, but returned to Texas. He was a fearless soldier.

H. H. Trundle, writing from Wilmington, Del., where he is an engineer connected with the Emergency Fleet Corporation, renews his subscription for five years and says: "I recognize the great historical value of the *VETERAN*, and, besides, as a Southern man, I love everything relative to the cause of the Confederacy and the men and women who so nobly died and underwent hardship and privation for the Southern cause."

"ECHOES FROM DIXIE."—Special attention is called to the advertisement of the collection of songs, "Echoes from Dixie," which can be commended as one of the best collections of the kind, embracing patriotic, sentimental, and religious songs. This collection should be in every Southern home, and all Confederate organizations would find its selections especially suitable for their programs. Send for a copy and then tell others about it.

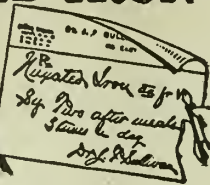
W. E. Fail, Hattiesburg, Miss., Station A, seventy-four years old, writes that he served under General Forrest as a member of the 24th Mississippi Battalion, surrendering in the Bigbee River Swamp, above Gainesville, Ala., and he would like to hear from any of the old boys who were present on that fateful day.

C. S. Peake, of Kansas City, Mo., makes inquiry as to subscription expiration, saying: "My father died five years ago, but I do not want the subscription to lapse."

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Nervous, Run-Down Women.

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people you meet to what they owe
their strength and see how many
reply "Nuxated Iron." Dr. James
Francis Sullivan, formerly phy-
sician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor
Dept.), New York, and the West-
chester County Hospital, says:
"Thousands of people suffer from
iron deficiency, but do not know
what to take. There is nothing
like organic iron—Nuxated Iron to
quickly enrich the blood, make beau-
tiful, healthy women, and strong, vigor-
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sure that my patients get real organic
iron and not some form of the metallic
variety, I always prescribe Nuxated
Iron in its original packages. Nuxated
Iron will increase the strength and en-
durance of weak, nervous, run-down
folks in two weeks' time in many in-
stances."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron recommended
above by Dr. Sullivan can be obtained from any good
druggist with or without a physician's prescription
on an absolute manufacturers' guarantee of success
or money refunded.

TENNESSEE'S STATE CAPITOL.

In each State of the Union there is
one spot and one building where the
people's pride centers, the capitol of the
State. In Tennessee this building is a
many-columned Greek edifice, set on a
hill that all may see. It was planned
and built by the forefathers of the State
as a worthy center of pride and pa-
triotism, a splendid outward and visible
evidence of the heart and history of a
great people. It stood for law and for
legislative wisdom. It was the home of
the lawmakers and the guardian of
records and archives that were beyond
price. It was planned and built under
the influence of the South's old admi-
ration for the loveliness of ancient
Greece; and when the soaring hearts
and fancies of those who planned it
dreamed of something more sky-reach-
ing than any temple Greece had known,
its designer placed on it as a tower a
second structure no less classic than that
below, a replica of one of the most
beautiful monuments of ancient times.

The building was to stand above all
surrounding things, and skyward indeed
it stands, dominating the landscape as
it dominates also the patriotic hearts
and the splendid history of the brave
people it represents.

Such a building is not one to be for-
gotten nor neglected nor allowed to fall
into decay, and it is to arouse its peo-
ple to the fact that such neglect and
forgetfulness have come upon it that the
Tennessee Capitol Association has been
formed.

Unightly buildings and ill-kept
grounds are menacing this classic edifice
from without, and dust and dirt are
dulling its beauties and threatening its
treasures within. The Association calls
on the people of Tennessee to take a
good look at their capitol, to think seri-
ously of the disrespect and loss of pride
that their carelessness entails, and to set
about taking vigorous measures for the
beautiful old building's preservation and
restoration.

The interest and coöperation of the
men and women of the entire State are
to be called on to make our capitol
worthy of its own dignity and beauty
and worthy also of the history and tra-
ditions of the great commonwealth for
which it stands.

It is a sort of financial cowardice to
hesitate to put your money in United
States government securities, and to
deliberate over the wisdom and patriot-
ism of the investment is to hesitate in
supporting our soldiers.

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cape them. Their life of
loneliness has ended and
all is now joy and sun-
shine. The impaired or
lacking portions of their
ear drums have been
reinforced by simple
little devices, scientifi-
cally constructed for
that special purpose.

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deafness or defective hearing from causes such as
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Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds,
Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums,
Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case
or how long standing it is, testimonials received show
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centrate the sound waves on one
point of the natural drums, thus
successfully restoring perfect
hearing where medical skill even
fails to help. They are made of
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fortable and safe to wear. They
are easily adjusted by the wearer
and out of sight when worn.

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thousands of others will help you.
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tioned value.

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tion of his hens. A scientific tonic
has been discovered that revitalizes
the flock and makes hens work all the
time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give
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and you will be amazed and delighted with re-
sults. "More Eggs" will double this year's pro-
duction of eggs, so if you wish to try this great
profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry ex-
pert, 2531 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for a
\$1 package of "More Eggs" Tonic. Or send
\$2.25 today and get three regular \$1 packages
on special discount for a season's supply. A
million dollar bank guarantees if you are not
absolutely satisfied, your money will be re-
turned on request and the "More Eggs" costs
you nothing. You take no risk. Write today.
Pin a dollar bill to your letter or send \$2.25 spe-
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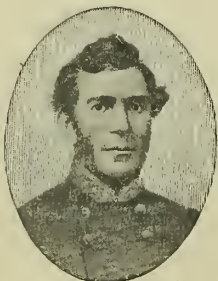
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Confederate Veteran.

C. L. Willoughby
Lakeview
Aug. 1919

VOL. XXVII.

FEBRUARY, 1919

NO. 2



MRS. ELLA KING TRADER
The Florence Nightingale of the South

[Page 46]

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
The National Spirit. James Callaway.....	43
John Brown and His Friends. A. M. Huger.....	45
Argonne and the Wilderness.....	45
The Florence Nightingale of the South.....	46
Prisoners of War.....	47
Stonewall Jackson's Way.....	48
The Morale of the Confederate Soldier. C. R. Spencer, Jr.....	49
A Generous-Hearted Enemy. James H. McNeilly, D.D.....	53
Longstreet at Gettysburg. B. W. Green.....	55
A Story without a Hero. R. V. Morrison.....	57
Spring Hill-Franklin-Nashville, 1864. F. S. Roberts.....	58
Freezing and Fighting. J. W. Minnich.....	60
In the Years of War. John C. Stiles.....	61
DEPARTMENTS: U. C. V.....	62
U. D. C.....	66
C. S. M. A.....	69

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long as I live, a true friend to the VET-
ERAN and all true Confederate comrades,
for I have never seen any reason to
apologize for my action as a soldier of
the Southern cause."

G. E. Robertson, of Chester, Va.,
sends two years' payment on subscrip-
tion and writes: "I wish to thank you
sincerely for your kindness in sending
me the VETERAN for a year when my
subscription was in arrears. Like many
old comrades, I was not only short of
funds, but seriously ill all last winter,
spring, and summer; better now, but not
well. You are doing a grand and noble
work; keep at it. I could wish that the
VETERAN was not only in the home of
every Confederate soldier, but in every
Southern family. You are bringing out
the truth of which most of our people
are ignorant."

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1919.

No. 2. }

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

THE NEWER PLAN.

BY D. G. BICKERS.

Grant us, O God of peace, thine aid
Through days of our rebuilding now,
That when the peace shall have been made
The world to use it may know how.

Help us to build on justice first,
And right that shall be ever fair
To weak and strong, the best, the worst,
All classes, nations, here and there.

Help us to reconstruct our plan
Upon unselfish pattern, so
That nation, government, or man
May live to serve and thus to grow.

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT.

In Dr. Randolph H. McKim's book, "The Soul of Lee," it is shown that the soldiers of the Confederacy did not fight for slavery, as not one soldier in thirty was financially interested in that institution. He shows that such valor, such courage, such endurance could not possibly have been inspired by holding slaves in subjection; that a principle of government was involved, and these Southern soldiers fought for the right of self-government and for State self-government. They believed that the Federal authorities had assaulted that right. Such was their creed; for that they died.

This view of Dr. McKim's is vindicated by the manifestations of the national spirit all over the South, for now the South is the most loyal part of the Union.

It is natural to ask, then, why does the South excel in the national spirit? In the first place, the Southern people were devoted to our system of government. The constitution they established for the Confederacy was the same old constitution with some improvements. In the next place, the Southern people are homogeneous. They do not divide because they are agreed. We have no mongrel population, as in the West and North. Here is found the purest Old English stock in the Union. Here, too, the old ideals of gov-

ernment as established by the fathers are still adhered to. We have not drifted away from the old fundamental principles. We have never accepted the Western innovations. We regard our republic as a union of States and know that a union without States is a country without freemen.

Had the war between the sections been a war for slavery, then when slaves were made free what was the cohesive power that bound us to the principles of government the fathers established? The South's very loyalty to those fundamental principles for such a long period after the emancipation of slaves is proof conclusive that something deeper than mere slavery animated and controlled the convictions of the Southern people.

From the day of Appomattox until now no one ever heard an old slaveholder or his sons express regret over freedom of the slaves. But all of us know they express reverence for the principles upon which the American government was founded; not only that, but they adhere to them with a loyalty that should command the respect and admiration of the nation.

So that the student who analyzes conditions in the South and gets at the subjective motives which control Southern thought will readily conclude that, while slavery was the precipitating cause of the war, its *causa causans* was the deep underlying attachment to the fundamental principles of the government, which were understood by the South to be repudiated by the platform upon which Mr. Lincoln was elected. Lincoln's inaugural address was far different in tone from his platform and the speeches he delivered before and during his campaign.

That constancy which is such a marked characteristic of the Southern people, that tenacity to principle without the shadow of turning, was born of something deeper than attachment to slavery. Emancipation was an accomplished fact more than fifty years ago; but the constancy of our people to the principles of our government is yet a marked characteristic of the Southern people. Hence now, despite the devastations of the war that paralyzed their section and the humiliations of Reconstruction that pressed like a crown of thorns upon the brow of every Southerner, the South is counted on as the most loyal asset of the government. It is a tribute to their reverence for principle.—James Callaway, in *Macon Telegraph*.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

A VICTIM OF MALICE.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Paris, January 20.—Leon Bourgeois, former Premier and French authority on the League of Nations, in a statement to the *Matin*, cites as a precedent for the punishment of Germans of all degrees convicted of violations of the laws of war the case of Henry Wirz, who was tried by court-martial and executed after the Civil War for cruelties suffered by Northern prisoners in the camp he commanded at Andersonville, Ga.—*Exchange*.

There is an old saying to the effect that a lie will travel half around the world while the truth is putting on its boots. This statement of the former French Premier illustrates the adage, and it also furnishes strong proof that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has an important mission for true history. It is just now especially important to impress on the sons of Confederate soldiers, the boys who have fought so gloriously for truth, righteousness, and liberty in the great world war, that their ancestors were not the brutal persecutors of prisoners such as the Germans have shown themselves to be; for it is a favorite charge of some Northern writers that the South in the war of 1861-65 is paralleled by the Germany of 1914-18.

Now, in this special case of Major Wirz, executed by the United States government on a charge of cruelty to Federal prisoners at Andersonville, it is beyond question that Major Wirz was convicted on perjured testimony by a military commission organized to convict and was the victim sacrificed to gratify the malignity of a fanatical mob, and that he could have saved his life if he had agreed to implicate Jefferson Davis as responsible for the suffering of the prisoners at Andersonville.

Major Wirz with warm sympathy did all he could to relieve the condition of the prisoners, whose sufferings were due to three causes: (1) The lack of means of a country harried and devastated by our enemies to supply abundant rations to prisoners, although we gave them the same as our own soldiers had; (2) the persistent refusal of the Federal government to allow medicines to be furnished to these prisoners; (3) the absolute refusal to exchange prisoners on any terms by the Federal War Department.

The record will show which side treated prisoners most harshly. By the official reports to the Federal government, of 270,000 Federal prisoners in Southern prisons, 22,000 (eight and one-fourth per cent) died; of 220,000 Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons, 26,000 (eleven and four-fifths per cent) died. Surely we are not afraid to compare records with those of our enemies as to treatment of prisoners. And we owe it to the coming generations of the South to correct the falsehoods which have been so industriously circulated among other nations as to the motives and conduct of the South in our war for the constitutional rights guaranteed to her as a condition of forming the Union. There is no parallel as to Major Wirz with the brutal war lords of Germany.

BUTLER NOT FRIENDLY TO DAVIS.

Frank B. Bond, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "I have read recently some articles in the VETERAN relative to the attitude of B. F. Butler in the Charleston Convention of 1860 and his futile attempt to nominate Jefferson Davis for President, which might leave the impression that he was friendly to Mr. Davis and the South, but this would be a mistake. He never was friendly to either side and did not agree with Mr. Davis on vital political issues, as many of us know who remember the proceedings of that Convention and participated in the political events of that time. The reason Butler voted for Davis in that Convention was to defeat the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas, who had the support of a majority of the delegates, but lacked a few of having two-thirds, which was required to nominate. Butler, by voting for Davis in the Convention, with some scattering votes, prevented the required number being cast for nomination. It is quite probable that he wanted to split the Democratic party by preventing any nomination and that that was his ulterior object. It was generally believed that he supported Mr. Lincoln at the election, which his subsequent career seemed to confirm. A failure to nominate a candidate at the Charleston Convention resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln and the consequent war in which Mr. Butler played an ignoble part. I remember very distinctly the proceedings of the Charleston Convention and took an active part in the crises that followed, and I know that Butler did not want Davis nominated nor any success to the Democratic party."

THE VETERAN FOR FEBRUARY.

In order to expedite its issue, the VETERAN for February is considerably smaller than usual, but this will be made up by having the March number larger. The Publishing House, which does the VETERAN's work, has gotten so far behind in its work, due to lack of efficient help for some time, that it seems impossible for the VETERAN to get back to its early date of issue. We hope to accomplish that within the next few months, and this curtailment of the February number is a means to that end.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—The inscription under the picture of the Jefferson Davis Memorial in the VETERAN for December was erroneous in stating that it would be higher than the Washington Monument when completed. It should have stated that it would be next to the Washington Monument in height.

COMMANDER C. S. NAVY.—A typographical error in the title of Mrs. Hyde's article on Matthew Fontaine Maury (page 33 of January VETERAN) made him a commander in the U. S. navy instead of the C. S. navy.

INDEX FOR 1918.—The Index to Volume XXVI. (1918) of the VETERAN is now ready and will be mailed upon receipt of two cents postage.

Jesse L. Dowdy writes from San Antonio, Tex.: "I am writing you to-day because I am getting tired of doing without the VETERAN. I was a subscriber for twenty years, but have not had a copy for over two years. If still in existence, send me a copy and put me down as a subscriber. I was a member of Company F, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Biddle's Regiment, Forrest's Command, and then lived at Clifton, Tenn."

JOHN BROWN AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY A. M. HUGER, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Permit me to call your attention to a book I read at the Carnegie Library here—a history of the life and career of John Brown, of Ossawatimie, by Hill Peebles Wilson, edition of 1913.

The author, at one time a member of the Legislature of Kansas, was one of those, a majority, who voted for the erection of a monument or memorial to John Brown as being the one personage connected with the history of that State most deserving of such an honor; and later Mr. Wilson was selected as the person best fitted to chronicle his achievements, a task the author undertook with the conviction that he would thus have the opportunity of depicting a truly heroic character; nor does it seem unlikely that this is the estimation in which John Brown is held by a large majority of Northerners to this day. Our biographer was not only at the outset an ardent admirer of John Brown, but also evidently felt his responsibilities as a conscientious historian, and so studied the case exhaustively, relying not merely on hearsay evidence and the flattering chronicles of Brown's earlier eulogies, but closely scrutinizing the records and basing his statements on well-authenticated facts.

To his great surprise—indeed, shocked by the revelations—Mr. Wilson discovered that this quondam hero of his was proved to have been not merely a sanctimonious hypocrite and philanthropic fraud, but a ruthless robber, a persistent and very successful horse thief, and, more, a heartless fiend, who, to get rid of witnesses to his infamies, had murdered in cold blood five inoffensive and innocent men. No abolition aims at all were gained by this outrage; it was not the deed of a religious fanatic, but the deed of an utterly depraved scoundrel and in entire keeping with the rest of his career. His aim through life was to acquire a fortune, not by work, which he disliked, but by barefaced robbery and bold plundering; and he was unscrupulous enough to believe that the fanatical hatred of all Southern whites by all Northern abolitionists would afford him the opportunity, by posing as a philanthropic rescuer of the blacks from slavery, to fill his own depleted coffers with the wealth that would be within his grasp when the South was invaded by the hordes of savages he hoped to lead. That this involved the certainty, if his plans did not fail, that not thousands but millions of whites would perish, including helpless women and innocent children, of course he was well aware; and that he felt no regrets, no scruples, is fully revealed in his well-merited end on the gallows. He who reads this *real history* will realize clearly what a brute Brown was and will not be surprised that he contemplated these infamies without the faintest scruples of conscience; he had none.

But if Brown had no scruples as to this long-contemplated holocaust of a whole people, regardless of age or sex, what can we think of those eminently respectable (at least so esteemed in their own "Holy Land," New England) and distinguished admirers and accomplices of his (they aided him liberally with funds; getting rich by robbery was really his only inspiration and hope), every one of them urged him on to the risks and rascalities he was prepared to face, while those intellectual gentlemen, quite as unscrupulous as Brown, lacked his nerve and courage. Let us recall a few of these names. Of course no one would be surprised to find such fanatics as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Sumner on the list; but there were others equally infamous, equally willing to see millions of men, whom they hypocritically

called white fellow citizens, butchered by Brown and his blacks. Among these men, at heart mere assassins, there were Colonel Higginson, Thoreau, Whittier, the Reverend Theodore Parker, and even Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In the terrible strife in Europe just ended what maledictions have we invoked on the brutalities of the Germans in Belgium and France! But that was open war, and the Huns were open enemies. But here in New England not so long ago a number of men, rated as their highest and best, were secretly plotting to destroy not only the fortunes but the lives of *neighbors, fellow citizens*, and of their own race and religious faiths. No people can create a truly great nation who can as a whole admire men who were both cowards, frauds, and, above all and worse, *fanatics*.

ARGONNE AND THE WILDERNESS.

Details of the great battles are slow and far between. The legions closed amid the darkness and the gloom; their tremendous struggles, to those of us who waited here at home, are like ghosts struggling in a fog. We do not know and shall never know. Never in this life shall we be told the story of the men who fought through tangled wood and barbed-wire dell. This much, perchance, we know, and we can keep and hold and cherish: Argonne was the greatest battle in which American soldiers ever fought, the battle in which more American troops engaged than any other in our glorious history and in which more sons of the North, more boys of Dixie and the West were slain than in any other combat since the flag broke forth in shining folds.

Argonne in each and every detail was the battle of the Wilderness again. That much is evident from all dispatches and all letters of the fight. It was a titanic surging and heaving of enormous armies in a dark and sunless wood. It was the seething ferment of strong souls in agony, the deadly mingling of myriads of hating, desperate men. The story of the Wilderness, "the fight in the murk midnight and the shot from behind the tree," is the story of Argonne all over. Men plunged into the forest depths seeking ambushed foes; coherence of regiments, battalions, even companies, was lost; little knots of fighters, meeting by pure chance beneath the awful shades, slew and reeled and staggered—staggered forward or back—and when the dark woods were passed and the bright sun shone down again the Americans were in the sunshine. The Americans had won!

In the dreadful darkness of the Wilderness Grant had 140,000 men, and 70,000 gray-clad followers of Robert Lee opposed him. In the black struggle of Argonne 700,000 Americans went forward, and an equal number of Germans gave way or stayed there, dead. No earthly power, not even ten million full-armed soldiers, could have cleared the Argonne woods had the sons of Dixie held those fastnesses. Grant had to meet Dixie's bravest boys, and the battle of the Wilderness ended in a crimson draw, after the best and pluckiest on both sides were down. The new army of the nation, sons of the men who held both lines in the Wilderness, met Germans, and victory was sealed and certified before the first bullets sang across the Argonne woods.

Argonne took almost the same time, in days and hours, as the dire conflict of Wilderness and Spotsylvania. If the losses were proportionately equal, our 700,000 Yankee fighters must have seen 120,000 of their comrades fall. Wilderness was a drawn battle, a glorious monument to the valor of both North and South. Argonne was a matchless victory, for North and

South fought side by side, and the Kaiser's swarming legions could not arrest their onward march to glory.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*, December 10, 1918.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE SOUTH.

With the announcement of the death of Mrs. Ella King Trader at Washington, D. C., there is brought to mind the story of a woman's wonderful devotion to the cause of the South during the sixties, sacrificing self and fortune to relieve the suffering of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. To this work she gave all she had—wealth, youth, health—and the memory of her noble efforts in the cause of suffering humanity will ever remain as a memorial to what can be done by a true woman. Her reward was the consciousness of duty well performed; her patients looked upon her as the angel of the hospital. Ex-Governor Marks, of Tennessee, in 1885 wrote of her as the "Florence Nightingale of the Confederate army," saying: "When the Confederate soldiers needed her she was by their side, and her sacrifices for them is one of the memorable events of the war." Equal to the English Florence Nightingale, her efforts never had that general recognition that was accorded the English sister in humanitarian work, and she lived out her old age comparatively unknown to her own people.

Mrs. Trader was a daughter of the Rev. T. S. N. King, a Baptist minister of prominence in North Carolina, Alabama, and Tennessee. She was a native of Brandon, Miss., but the family removed to Arkansas when she was still a little girl, and in that State she grew up and was married to Dr. Frank Newsom, a Tennessean. Within two years she was left a young widow with an ample fortune, and at the outbreak of the War between the States she was living at Winchester, Tenn., supervising the education of her younger sisters. Sending them back to Arkansas, Mrs. Newsom gathered up suitable hospital supplies and went to Memphis, Tenn., where her career began as a ministering angel to the wounded Confederate soldiers. She labored there in various capacities until December, 1861, when, finding that there was greater need of her services elsewhere, she went to Bowling Green, Ky., with her servants and a carload of supplies. She found there the most horrible suffering and lack of comforts in the hospitals, and she consecrated her efforts to relieve the distressing conditions. When General Floyd reached Bowling Green with his troops, the surgeons asked Mrs. Newsom to take full charge of the hospital. She remained there until the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson in 1862, when she went to Nashville and organized the High School into a hospital for the wounded from those forts. Before Nashville fell into the hands of the Federals Mrs. Newsom assisted in having the wounded removed to Winchester, and there she worked as assiduously as ever for their comfort. As the encroachments of the enemy made another move imperative, she went with the sick and wounded to Atlanta, Ga., and later was summoned to Corinth, Miss., with her servants and supplies, to care for the wounded from the battle of Shiloh. Still later she was matron of a hospital in Chattanooga and there continued her work as heroically as ever. Her experiences were mainly with the Western Army, with which she remained to the end of the war.

It is impossible to chronicle the full measure of her devotion and sacrifice in behalf of the Confederate soldiers. General Hardee and other prominent Confederate officers

wrote of the value of her services. Gen. J. B. Palmer wrote from Murfreesboro, Tenn.: "I was in command of a regiment at Bowling Green, Ky., and witnessed her appearance there as the friend of the Confederate soldiers, and saw her readiness to devote her handsome estate, together with all the energies of her splendid mind and heart and the labor of her own hands, to do all that was possible to aid her struggling land and to provide for the sick, disabled, and suffering of all grades in the Southern army. Later during the war she became Chief Matron of the Hospital Department in that part of the army commanded by Generals Bragg, Johnston, and others, and so remained until the close of our memorable and heroic struggle. To this hospital service she gave order and system, value and efficiency much above and beyond any similar effort in that direction ever before made anywhere or by any one. This may, indeed, be said with emphasis when the limited means at her command and the general embarrassments of the well-remembered situation are all properly considered."

Some years after the war Mrs. Newsom was married to Col. W. H. Trader, a Confederate officer, who died in 1885, leaving her to buffet with life's trials. Through the aid of friends she secured a clerical position in the Pension Office at Washington, which she held until advancing age and illness compelled her retirement. She died at the home of her daughter, in Washington, on January 18, after a long illness. A fund contributed yearly by the United Daughters of the Confederacy helped to provide for her comfort and need. The funeral was largely attended by the Confederate organizations of Washington, and the honorary pallbearers were members of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., in uniform.

MARYLAND CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

In the inquiry made by request in the January *VETERAN* for Randolph Ridgely's command, the statement in that connection that the inspiration for the design of the Maryland Confederate Woman's Monument was the story of a young woman's heroism in sitting all night on the battle field with the head of a wounded officer in her lap seems to have been an error, as the sculptor of the monument states that he had never heard of the incident at the time he submitted his model. In asking this correction Thomas B. Gresham, of Baltimore, writes: "To the glory of the Confederate women of Maryland it may be said that there were a number of incidents like the one depicted in the monument in which they took part, and so might claim to be there represented, but the artist says that his intention was that each figure in the group should represent a great type and should be interpreted largely and not literally."

THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA BILL.—In discussing the Kansas-Nebraska bill Senator Hale warned Senator Toombs that the North would fight. The Georgian answered: "I believe nobody ever doubted that any portion of the United States would fight on a proper occasion. * * * There are courageous and honest men enough in both sections to fight. There is no question of courage involved. The people of both sections of the Union have illustrated their courage on too many battle fields to be questioned. They have shown their fighting qualities shoulder to shoulder whenever their country has called upon them, but that they may never come in contact with each other in fratricidal war should be the ardent wish and earnest desire of every true man and honest patriot."—*Pleasant A. Stovall*.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

The following interesting list of prisoners of war at Fort Warren, Mass., during 1861-62 was compiled by Miss Susie Gentry, of Franklin, Tenn., from an autograph album which had belonged to W. J. Sowell, Lieutenant Colonel of the 48th Tennessee Regiment, Columbia, Tenn. There were ninety-four autographs in this book, and many of them were of the sons of Tennessee, but these States were also represented: Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama, Texas, Kentucky, and Missouri. This list was selected from those showing the most interesting reasons for being held in duration vile:

"Charles MacGill, M.D., Hagerstown, Md. Arrested by a cavalry squad of sixty-five men October 1, 1861; taken to Camp Banks, near Williamsport, Ind., and thence to the several bastiles, Fort McHenry, Md., Fort Lafayette, N. Y., and thence to Fort Warren, where I have been held a prisoner since the 1st of November without a charge being preferred against me."

"William G. Harrison, member of Maryland Legislature from the city of Baltimore. Arrested at midnight of September 12, 1861."

"Henry M. Warfield, member of Maryland Legislature from the city of Baltimore. Kidnaped midnight 12th of September, 1861."

"Thomas W. Hall, Jr., Baltimore, Md. Arrested September 12, 1861, and since imprisoned at Forts McHenry, Monroe, Lafayette, and Warren."

"Frank K. Howard, editor *Daily Exchange*, Baltimore, Md."

"W. H. Winder, Philadelphia. Arrested 10th of September, placed in Lafayette on 14th of September, and transferred to Fort Warren on November 1."

"Capt. M. Berry, late of steamship *Columbia*, of Charleston, S. C."

"J. J. Temstall, of Tensaw, Ala., late United States Consul at Cadiz. Arrested at Tangiers, Morocco, on the 19th of February by the United States Consul, put in irons, and placed on board the United States ship *Ino*; then double irons and transferred to the bark *Harvest Home* and brought to Boston; delivered to the United States Marshal, taken to his office, and my irons stricken off by a blacksmith, having worn them sixty days. Committed to Fort Warren on the 19th of April, 1862."

"William M. Foote, Adjutant Tennessee Artillery. Captured at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862."

"R. W. McGavock, Lieutenant Colonel 10th Tennessee Regiment. Was surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Residence, Nashville, Tenn."

"W. E. Rogers, Major 3d Regiment Mississippi Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Address, Ripley, Miss."

"Your roommate, E. A. Clark, Major 51st Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. Address, Spring Creek, Madison County, Tenn."

"W. M. Voorhies, Colonel Commanding 48th Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, Columbia, Tenn."

"J. H. Stuart, Lieutenant of Beauregard, privateer. Captured November 12, 1862."

"A. S. Hamilton, Lieutenant Colonel 1st Mississippi Regiment and in command at fall of Fort Donelson. Had 352 rank and file in the sortie of the 5th of February; lost 19 killed, 76 wounded, and the remainder were surrendered by

superior officers without my knowledge or consent on the 16th of February, 1862. Address, Mooresville, Itawamba County, Miss."

"Col. T. McGinnis, 2d Regiment Polish Brigade, New Orleans, La."

"Yours truly, H. C. Lockhart, Lieutenant Colonel 50th Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862."

"Your friend and fellow prisoner, Alfred H. Abernathy, Colonel 53d Regiment Volunteers, Pulaski, Tenn."

"Lloyd Tilghman, Brigadier General C. S. A."

"S. B. Buckner, Brigadier General C. S. A."

"Ed C. Cook, Colonel 32d Tennessee Regiment. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Address, Franklin, Williamson County, Tenn."

"M. B. Carter, Lieutenant Colonel 20th Tennessee Regiment. Captured at Logansfield, Ky., January 19, 1862. Residence, Franklin, Tenn."

"Yours truly, W. Lafayette McConico, Adjutant 10th Tennessee Volunteers. Made prisoner at Fort Henry February 6, 1862. Former residence, Franklin, Tenn.; future, unknown."

"H. B. Granbury, Major Texas Volunteers, Waco, Tex."

"I was gathered into the bosom of Abraham on or about the 16th of February, 1862. B. W. Johnson, Adjutant 15th Arkansas Regiment. Address, Magnolia, Ark."

"John S. Gavin, Major 3d Alabama Battery, Tuscaloosa, Ala. Fort Henry, February 6, 1862; Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862; Fort Warren, April 9, 1862."

"A. Lilly, New Orleans, La. Purser privateer *Beauregard*. Captured on November 12, 1861, by the bark *W. G. Anderson*, off the Bahama Bank."

"J. A. Douglas, Edenton, N. C."

"C. B. Alexander, Colonel 2d Regiment Cavalry, 6th Division, M. S. G. Fought at the battles of Booneville, Carthage, Oakhill, Drywood, and Lexington. Was captured by General Pope's command at Milford, Johnson County, Mo., on the 19th of December, 1861, returning to the army of General Price with recruits. Imprisoned first in McDowell's College, St. Louis; thence Alton, Ill.; thence to Camp Chase, Ohio; and finally landed at Fort Warren April 9. Residence, Pilot Grove, Cooper County, Mo."

"William Grace, Major 10th Tennessee Regiment, Nashville, Tenn. Was surrendered at Fort Donelson on morning of February 16, 1862."

"Yours truly, A. Heiman, Colonel 10th Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. Surrendered at Fort Donelson February 16, 1862. Residence, Nashville, Tenn."

"Henry Myers, Paymaster C. S. A., Savannah, Ga."

"N. F. Cheairs, Major 3d Tennessee Regiment Volunteers. Residence, Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn."

"J. B. Palmer, Colonel commanding 18th Tennessee Regiment. Surrendered at Fort Donelson on February 16, 1862. Address, Murfreesboro, Tenn."

"S. Barron, Flag Officer C. S. Navy, Norfolk, Va."

"A. M. deBree, Norfolk, Va., late Lieutenant U. S. Navy." September 13, 1861, at 2 A.M.

"Yours truly, James McGee, Colonel 15th Regiment Arkansas Volunteers. Reside at Camden, Ark."

"George William Brown, Mayor of Baltimore. Arrested September 13, 1861, at 2 A.M."

"Charles Howard, late Commissioner of Police, city of Baltimore, State of Maryland. Arrested July 1, 1861. Imprisoned until 29th of same month in Fort McHenry and

during August, September, and October in Fort Lafayette, and since first day of November last in Fort Warren."

"W. W. Mackall, Brigadier General C. S. A. Captured at Tiptonville April 8, 1862."

"STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY."

An inquiry as to the authorship of the poem, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," led to some investigation with results that may be of genuine interest. It seems that the poem has been published many times without any credit, and in Dr. Wharton's collection of "Songs of the Confederacy" it is given with the explanation that a copy of the poem was found on the body of a dead soldier of the old Stonewall Brigade after one of Jackson's battles in the Shenandoah Valley, and that the author was unknown. But in some other collections it is credited to John Williamson Palmer; and of this writer Miss Mildred Rutherford has this to say in her book on "The South in History and Literature":

"John Williamson Palmer was born at Baltimore, Md., in 1825, the son of Dr. James C. Palmer. He studied medicine at the University of Maryland and received his degree. In 1845 he went to California and became the first city physician of San Francisco. He married, in 1855, Miss Henrietta Lee, a well-known writer, and had one child, Courtland E. Palmer. They traveled in India, Dr. Palmer having been made surgeon of an East India Company's ship during the Burmese War. His literary work began at this time. He sent papers to *Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and published 'The Golden Dragon and California,' 'India in Romantic Aspects,' also a comedy called 'The Queen's Heart.'

"In 1861 he accepted a position on the *New York Times* to be Confederate war correspondent, but his views were too Southern to satisfy the *Times*, and Horace Greeley engaged him as correspondent for the *Tribune*. He was a very graphic narrator, a versatile essayist, and a true lyricist. The South never felt that he was a loyal Southerner, for his place was on the battle field instead of in an office as correspondent for Northern papers, but they forgave much when his 'Stonewall Jackson's Way' appeared.

"He published several collections of his poems, 'The Beauties and the Curiosities of Engravings,' 'A Portfolio of Autograph Etchings,' and a novel. His pen name was 'John Coventry.' He was on the editorial staff of the *Century Dictionary* and a contributor to the *Standard Dictionary*."

This poem was set to music and is included in collections of Southern songs. It is as follows:

"Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails—
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song,
Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

We see him now—the queer slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The 'Blue-Light Elder' knows 'em well;
Says he, 'That's Banks; he's foud of shell.
Lord, save his soul! We'll give him—well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!

Old Massa's going to pray.

Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.

Attention! it's his way.

Appealing from his native sod,

In forma pauperis to God,

'Lay bare thine arm! Stretch forth thy rod.

Amen.' That's Stonewall's Way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!

Steady! the whole brigade.

Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win

His way out, ball and blade.

What matter if our shoes are worn?

What matter if our feet are torn?

Quick step! We're with him before morn—

That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists

Of morning; and—By George!

Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,

Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his Dutchmen!—whipped before.

'Bay'nets and grape!' hear Stonewall roar.

Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score

In Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Ah, Maiden! wait and watch and yearn

For news of Stonewall's band.

Ah, Widow! read, with eyes that burn,

That ring upon thy hand.

Ah, Wife! sew on, pray on, hope on!

Thy life shall not be all forlorn!

The foe had better ne'er been born

That gets in Stonewall's Way."

A WAR-TIME PROCLAMATION.

[From *The Confederate Flag*, published in Calhoun, Ga., March 12, 1862. Sent by H. C. Hunt, of Calhoun.]

ALABAMA.—Governor Shorter has issued a proclamation announcing his intention to order out a military force from the counties of Mobile, Washington, Clark, Baldwin, Marengo, Choctaw, Sumter, Greene, Perry, Wilcox, Monroe, Dallas, Pickens, Tuscaloosa, Bibb, Shelby, Covington, and Autauga for the protection of the Gulf Coast, to repel invasion and to place Mobile in a state of defense. These are to serve for ninety days unless sooner discharged.

The Governor proposes to accept volunteers from these counties to the number of sixty companies, "who must arm, clothe, and equip themselves." They are to hold themselves in readiness as minutemen and be able to march at short notice to Mobile. Each company must provide at least six axes, four hatchets, and four shovels or spades, and at least ten days' rations to commence the march.

Each man is requested to provide himself with at least twenty rounds of ammunition suitable for his gun and to take his bullet molds and powder flask. Each company will furnish its own transportation to the nearest point on the river or railroad, and transportation will be furnished from such points to Mobile. As time is of importance, the captain of each company, as soon as it is organized, * * * will report his muster roll to the adjutant and inspector general of the State and proceed immediately with his company to Mobile.

This would seem to indicate that an attack on the city of Mobile is imminent.—*Confederacy*.

THE MORALE OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY C. R. SPENCER, JR., WHITEVILLE, N. C.

Generals rode their horses pell-mell on the battle fields of the Confederacy; gallant young lieutenants, captains, and colonels, fresh with youth and radiant with health, made dashing charges in the name of gorgeous images pictured in their hearts with the ease and the splendor of life on the old plantation and the glory of fighting for that idyllic existence urging on their hands. And the fame of their gallantry has spread throughout the world.

But one figure was sublime and pathetic and ridiculous and, more than these, fearful in its grandeur of woe. Slouching, gawky, and ill-bred, starving, vermin-infested, ragged, bleeding, and tragically hideous was that gaunt form from the sand hills of South Carolina and Georgia, the bottom lands of Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi, the prairies of Texas, and the mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. In the polite circles of great cities they called him "the sand hill tacky of the South." Nevertheless, the fight which the "tacky" fought is to-day the glorious and sufficient evidence of the justness of the Southern cause. For of the goods of this earth he had none to defend, and for a principle alone did he die; and the righteousness of that principle may surely be judged by the ardor, the steadfastness, and endurance shown in four years' fiery test. It is the purpose of this sketch, in short, to justify the Confederacy by pointing out the morale of those in her ranks who had nothing to hope for in case of victory and nothing to lose in case of defeat.

This will be attempted on the rather unusual plan of reading from the lines of history, not individual cases of heroism, but the grand aggregate of loyalty, zeal, and devotion, ascertainable only by studying the plans of campaigns, the difficulties in the way of carrying them out, and the manner in which such overpowering obstructions were faced. The spirit of a leader's entire army can be discovered nowhere so plainly as in the outlines of his strategy. If his offers of combat be audacious and the engagement be carried out even against galling losses with the greatest determination, we can certainly say that such would be impossible unless the whole soul of the privates in the army were behind him. If, in addition to this, the troops of the enemy which confronts him double his own in numbers, in efficiency of equipment, and he constantly finds himself unable to give his men even the sparsest of rations, then that captain has privates united by a wonderful morale. To make this narrative one based on facts rather than on sentiment, the writer has consulted, for all his references in regard to battles, the "Official Records of the War," Federal and Confederate, an immense amount of material compiled by the government of the United States. In the scores of thousands of pages contained in these volumes there is not one line not confirming the following statements:

The Confederate troops were greatly outnumbered on every battle field of consequence in the entire war; they never compared in their best days with the adversary as regards equipment; physically, as to-day, the Northerners were more robust; there was not even the nucleus of a military system below Mason and Dixon's line, whereas most of the personnel of the United States army fought as the foundation fabric of the Union structure.

Notwithstanding all of these drawbacks, the fact flaunts itself to the world that in over three-fourths of the battles of the War between the States the meager battalions in gray were on the offensive.

Behind this capacity for boldly grasping success against great odds was a morale—the greatest morale in the history of war. In the history of the Virginia campaign and the one in the West and from the archives of the government which they fought will now be shown the spirit which animated the grizzled martyrs for States' rights.

Gen. E. P. Alexander states, concerning the camps of the two armies which he saw on his way to Georgia just before the war broke out: "There was, too, a noticeable contrast in the physical appearance of the men, the Northern and Western men having more flesh and better color. As physical machines to withstand hardships, a casual observer would have pronounced them superior to their antagonists. But I lived to see that appearances may deceive."

The first time that looks became deceptive was on the battle field of Bull Run, where thirty thousand raw Virginians, Carolinians, and Georgians faced thirty-six thousand Union troops having a nucleus of several thousand regulars. The battle was ill fought on both sides; plans miscarried on our part in an absurd manner. Still, when the sun set, not the regulars, but the untrained and half-armed small farmers and tenants of Virginia and her allies mastered the field. Certainly it could not be maintained that the winning of Bull Run was due to superior strategy, for strategy was ruined in its very inception by total want of discipline in every movement during the entire day. The morale of the Confederate soldier is the one explanation to account for thousands of fierce scattered figures, routed as brigades and regiments, but as individuals still firing away at the uniform ranks in blue.

Had the war closed with First Manassas, future generations would without doubt have maintained that the extraordinary result of that first engagement was the decree of chance. However, events that rapidly ensued proved that it was a principle which had emerged supreme. Through the trying draws at Williamsburg and Seven Pines—terribly bloody and fearfully discouraging to wretchedly clothed men in the rainy weather prevailing—the Confederate army passed with hardly a desertion; and with an effrontery unequalled in military annals, one of its detachments snatched victory in Jackson's Valley Campaign, one of remitting hardship, from four armies aggregating thrice that general's command. But the writing in blood is not half done, for troops which had repeatedly marched through the Shenandoah were soon on foot again and took a prominent part in the Seven Days' Campaign. Waged during an entire week, that contest presents its casualty list as an extraordinary feature. The Federals, much better trained at that time, inflicted a loss of 20,141 upon the Confederates, while their own list of killed and wounded totaled only 15,849. Nevertheless, out of this number 6,000 had been taken prisoners alive—a case, above all, of victory grasped from defeat! It was the victory of morale—Confederate morale!

Second Manassas need not be reviewed in detail; no new factor in the animus of the Southern armies appears in the greatest victory so far gained. The contending aggregations numbered: Federal, 97,000; Confederate, 55,000. Pope was driven into Washington itself!

Antietam offers a new angle of view on the courage and zeal of Lee's ragged hosts because it is a case of invading the enemy's territory. The decision at Sharpsburg forever silences those who maintain that the backbone of the "tacky's" fine struggle lay in the fact that his land was trespassed upon. The battle was fought on unfamiliar soil. It is true that the armies of the North fought on unknown land in Virginia, but

when Hooker, Grant, and all those that succeeded and preceded them assumed the offensive, they came with double forces and huge wagon trains. When Lee took the aggressive his troops were one-half rather than double the number of those facing him on their native soil. In Maryland the exhausted Confederate army, living on green apples and parched corn during a great march, chose to face twice its number, well fed and admirably supplied, and not a murmur ran through the ranks when it became known that the decision was to be in an angle of the Potomac, whence escape in case of defeat was impossible; yet retreat before the battle with the thousands of prisoners gained in detached conflicts would have been easy, since McClellan was over a day's march distant and there were numerous good fords. The "Official Records" again tell a grim and glorious tale: Grand aggregate Confederate casualties during Maryland Campaign, 13,600; grand aggregate Federal, 27,767. Colonel Walter H. Taylor, General Lee's adjutant, stated that Lee's infantry force, allowing for the enormous amount of straggling from starvation, really amounted to 27,255 men. The Federal forces were 87,176, splendidly outfitted and well disciplined. Deducting for cavalry, the infantry probably amounted to a round 70,000.

Chancellorsville has a single conclusion to be reached. Hooker had said to his staff the evening before the onset: "The Rebel army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac. They may as well pack up their haversacks and make for Richmond, and I shall be after them."

General Alexander, in commenting on this statement, says: "And, indeed, if a general may ever be justified in enumerating his poultry while the process of incubation is incomplete, this might be an occasion. He was on the left flank and rear of Lee's only strong position with a force equal to Lee's, while another equal force threatened Lee's right. And somewhere in Lee's rear, between him and Richmond, was Stoneman with ten thousand sabers, opposed only by two regiments of cavalry." Hooker evidently believed that the day was to be fought out, if disputed at all, with himself as the aggressor. Facts, however, baldly report that the morale of the Confederate army was such that its sparse columns, divided in the confident commander's sight, attacked from two sides and utterly routed him, not on the open field, but within the strong defenses of his own breastworks. The "Official Records" also are compelled to state that a small force thrown into the town of Fredericksburg kept Sedgwick with the other equal force on Lee's right from coming to "Fighting Joe's" assistance.

Gettysburg gave merely another edition in far heavier type of the first news as to the sublime quality of Confederate morale on foreign soil. In fact, he who has followed the narrative so far has learned all to be gotten about the Confederate morale in victory and in the drawn battle. Tasting the bitter dregs of defeat with the army before Richmond and with the one in the West will alone impart the full and lasting vision of that wonderful flame which disaster could not cool and which want and starvation could not quench. The casual observer might have said, if the fight had ended at Gettysburg or Chancellorsville, that the love for generals who had never met a long series of repulses controlled the Southern privates. So we will pass by the battle of the Wilderness, resplendent page of Southern aggressive daring, and lie in the trenches of Petersburg during many months of hunger and cold—for two months of sure and acknowledged ultimate defeat. We will suffer in the trenches and look around us at the wizened faces, and we shall seek lack-luster eyes and shivering of the weary and

frail before the attack; but we shall never find. For eyes that were sparks from the lightning gleamed out of the sunken cheeks in Petersburg, and fury rose with the lack of each day's meal. Was it the fury of madness? No; it was the anger of him who believes himself to be fighting in a just cause. When that cause was eternally lost, no cheerfuller, saner being on earth strove for his daily living than the Confederate soldier.

From the Mine to Appomattox the fall of 1864 is one of unparalleled slaughter about Petersburg and in the retreat. The final defeat of Lee was, in truth, an annihilation, and that is not a conquest. The Spartans at Thermopylæ were utterly destroyed; the Persians won no victory, because there were left no Greeks to triumph over. What had been Lee's army was wiped out; there was left only a skeleton to surrender at Appomattox. The morale of the Confederate army was such that as long as it existed no force, however great, had ever routed it. Napoleon was unable to say as much.

To sum up, the Army of Northern Virginia in the brief period of one thousand days, numbering at its highest only eighty-five thousand men, had in seven campaigns put *hors de combat* 262,000 Federals. And almost one-half of this total, or the number of 124,000, was accounted for in the campaign against Grant, our last and losing one in the teeth of a rapidly growing disparity in strength, which at its best on our side had been nearly doubled by the adversary, and with the constant arrival of reinforcements and the lack of such aid for us became soon quadrupled.

The unparalleled striking power of Richmond's defenders was, as the review of the entire seven campaigns has shown, neither an offspring of confidence, since there were never any grounds for that, nor the inspiration of victory, since we met severe checks, nor the desperation of defeat. The magnificent animus of the Southern forces remained the same in defeat, in victory, in bloody tie, exhausting march, and grilling siege. It was a moral force, because it surely arose in no material strength.

The objection has been raised that the affrays in the West are seldom taken into account by our writers in dealing with the spirit of the Confederate troops. It is here that facts and figures will, indeed, more than anywhere else, conclusively indicate a wonderful morale in the rank and file of a badly generated army and one far worse equipped even than the one in Virginia. Owing to more uniform transportation facilities and untapped resources, the Federal forces were everywhere supplied with as good arms as could be furnished in that day and time. Could a soldier, in addition to fighting under every military disadvantage on earth, be given also bad generalship as his lot, then would his courage be put to the final test. And that is exactly what happened in the West. The fearful determination with which our privates there fought furnishes the irrefutable vindication of Confederacy by blazoning our whole-souled faith in the cause.

The losses in the Southern army at Shiloh were ten thousand out of a force of forty thousand. Grant, with forty-five thousand men under his captaincy, was attacked in his fortified camp. The onslaught was made over a great stretch of open country under a continuous fire. Evidently the privates of the army in the West could die as bravely as those of the East. They could also inflict mighty blows. Grant's loss was even greater than the Confederate, thirteen thousand it totaled. He was saved that night by the arrival of over two-score thousand reinforcements.

In the battle of Chickamauga, Bragg, with 47,520 infantry, undertook to attack Rosecrans, with 55,799, Rosecrans holding

a fortified position of considerable strength. The wisdom of the attack has been seriously questioned, but that does not concern us here. The affair ended in the withdrawal of Rosecrans, not because he was defeated, since Bragg had already lost one-third of his forces, but because the ardor of the onrush by Bragg's untrained woodsmen was hourly increasing, and he feared that one of his flanks, both of which were strongly fortified and held with forces equal to those attacking them, might be turned. Probably the highest ratio for any large body of warriors in the whole history of war, the Confederate casualty list amounted to 16,299, or about thirty-three per cent. Rosecrans, safe in his breastworks, lost 15,000 men. So appalling, however, was the morale of the Southern soldier in the West that the Federal leader left the field and had 10,000 guns and many prisoners captured in the retirement.

Alexander says, regarding the retreat from Knoxville in the operations after Chickamauga: "It is needless to give further details of the retreat. The campaign had been one of much hardship. Some facts may be given showing how poorly we were provided even with prime necessities, though we were in our own country. We were so deficient in horseshoes that on the advance to Knoxville we stripped the horses and saved the nails from all dead horses, killing for the purpose all wounded and broken-down animals, both our own and those left behind by the enemy. During the siege the river brought down a number of animals thrown in within the town. We watched for these, took them out, and stripped their feet of shoes and nails. Our men were nearly as badly off for foot-gear as our animals. I have seen bloody stains left on frozen ground where our infantry had passed. In the artillery we took the shoes from the feet of the drivers to give to the cannoners who had to march. Our rations were also frequently not even the reduced rations now issued to the whole army. Corn, unground, was often the only ration."

Finally, let us trace occurrences to the destruction of Bragg's army under the culminating mismanagement of Hood. Undiscouraged by the phenomenal suffering in the drawn battle at Chickamauga, the battalions rallied around their leader for another disastrous attack on a stronger enemy, the bloody and fruitless night surprise at Wauhatchie. Then they loyally followed their captain to the outskirts of Chattanooga and with a paltry forty thousand starvelings besieged Grant's sixty-five thousand. That defeat followed this bootless attempt is no reflection on the privates; they, for their part, inflicted graver losses on Grant's columns than the sum of their own casualties; and then they made good their retreat.

While these heroes had little confidence in their leaders, who had never decisively won a battle—while, in fact, they had never tasted the joys of victory—yet they had never been awed and were at last engulfed, unafraid, in the gradual dwindling away of their inferior strength.

Franklin and Nashville under Hood proved the links in a chain of attrition which, in a manner similar to that being used at the same time in the East, finally succeeded in wearing away the Confederate army in the West. That this force was reduced with a smaller loss to the enemy than the one in Virginia is no reflection on the privates. Morale is the fighting spirit of any organized body of men. The morale of the Westerners was, if ill directed, gloriously demonstrated. It disappeared under no extremity of hardship and no continuance of defeat; it was as fierce in the little band of men sent to North Carolina after the final break-up in the fight at Nashville, as it had been at Shiloh. The morale of the Confederate army in the West remains the emblem of the Confederacy, for more

than any zeal of devotion shown in the entire war on either side this dauntless tenacity was the spirit of the private, while the skill of officers failed.

As the only affair in which the South surrendered a great body of men, Vicksburg lacks the dazzling splendor of other Southern fights. However badly generated the withstanding of the siege may have been, it can without doubt be said for the rank and file that, fighting for a principle, they allowed themselves to be starved into the last straits of hunger and put no pressure for surrender. The odium, if odium there could be in yielding to a vastly more numerous array, is upon the captains. Never brighter did the Confederate soldier's morale appear than when living on rats in Vicksburg.

That pathetically sublime being, the so-called "tacky of the South," has been traced through every possible turn of martial fortune, not from sentimental and partisan histories, but from the "Official Records" of the United States government. His enemy has established the glory of his morale. The "Official Records" have proved its grandeur in victory and defeat alike, therefore it was the greatest morale in the history of the world. The Records have drawn their conclusions for the whole fighting force of the South—that is, for the average soldier and not for the unusual case—for the reason that this brief effort has dealt entirely with the issues and moves and spirit of attack, defense, and endurance in each one of the great campaigns, both East and West, of the entire forces engaged. The statement was made at the beginning that the zeal of the private could be judged from his chief's plans. A firebrand for ardor, a fate for tenacity and capacity of suffering, then, was this homely warrior.

What the gray marches did and passed through during four years makes it certain that their sublime struggle sprang from no material strength. In fact, there was no material strength whence it might issue. The resources of the South were infinitesimal compared to those of her foe; her organization was ludicrous, it was a jumble of parts, hastily gathered in a few strenuous weeks.

We will now turn to the fountains of the Confederate soldier's spirit.

"To justify the Confederacy by pointing out the morale of those in her ranks who had nothing to hope for in case of victory and nothing to lose in case of defeat" was made our aim. We have seen the whole-heartedness with which the "tacky" marched and the light-heartedness with which he died.

The South crumbled on the fortunes of those who defended her. The same holds true of Napoleonic France, of Hannibalic Carthage, of Maximilianic Mexico, of Xerxean Persia. But there is this world of difference: all of these fought a fierce and unmitigated struggle to the last ditch, with the dreams of universal empire sharpening their spears and fears of everlasting subjection whetting their rage. The incomparable "tacky of the South" fought his unrelenting fight for a belief. No slaves did he have that he should dread their discharge, no proud mansion to burn.

Indeed, only for a principle could any race endure so much. Where man exerts a pecuniary advantage, and the time at last arrives when he sees that he is to lose all in keeping up the conquest, he quickly attempts a compromise. That is the reason why wars between monarchies are seldom carried to a conclusion, for they are preëminently for the aggrandizement of the royalties concerned on both sides. The Civil War was a lock between two republics. In it blood was let almost to the last drop on our side, because those who had much to save and those who had nothing to lose were equal

in the Southern ranks and voted with equal fervor for no compromise after the losses loomed up greater than the gains, because they shouldered their muskets for a thing which could neither be gained in winning nor lost in dying. Their morale, in short, consisted in a sincere belief—that of States' rights. Bonaparte's battalions scattered to the winds after the battle of Waterloo. General Grant said: "After the fall of Petersburg, and when the Armies of the Potomac and James were in motion to head off Lee, the morale of the national troops had greatly improved." In every great camp it has been a maxim that morale improved with success; that the brave in the advance become cowards in the repulse. But the morale of the Confederacy during the whole war showed no variation; it was a fixed quantity of unflinching fearlessness at Bull Run, Chickamauga, Nashville, and Appomattox. Material facts of greater hostile numbers, retreat, and conquest could not affect it, because its foundations were not material; evidently it was a belief. Evidently also it was a belief held with a greater faith than any opposing belief, since the armies of the South showed themselves more willing to suffer for it than any army which came against them appeared ready to suffer for their side of the argument.

Inasmuch as the Southern soldier fought so impressively for a principle, the hidden springs of his morale were without doubt spiritual—that is, founded in human character.

Perhaps an army, like a nation, can be judged from its leaders. Throughout the South many officers, comprising the cream of the staff, were known as "praying" soldiers—Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, D. H. Hill, J. E. B. Stuart, Kirby Smith, W. N. Pendleton, John B. Gordon, and President Jefferson Davis.

The march to Gettysburg left not a ruin behind it. Neither the past nor the present can rival this forbearance, arising in a tenderness for the helpless which forgot every animosity and personal wrong. In the trenches at Petersburg many of the starving privates gave their insufficient rations to the poor of Richmond every ten days. Along forty miles of the Petersburg lines the soldiers carried logs on their shoulders for many miles and constructed sixty spacious chapels.

While Hooker's ranks looked on in wonder, it is related, hundreds from Georgia brigades were baptized in the Rapidan within easy gunfire of hostile rifles. Rev. Dr. Bennett, in his "Great Revival in the Southern Armies," estimated that 150,000 privates were converted during the war, most of these conversions occurring in the West. Every man was expected to carry a Bible in his knapsack.

It is needless to dwell here on the countless tales of mercy. They are true of both armies. The point the writer is striving now to make is the intense amount of religious feeling in the Confederate forces. The many cases of men wounded in the Petersburg lines while unnecessarily exposing themselves to hear missionaries in the camp is perhaps the strongest evidence of all.

In 1867 the college presidents of the South, together with the leading pastors, determined that nine-tenths of the candidates for the ministry at that time received their call between '61 and '65. No more potent force existed for the betterment of army life than the call to service at bivouac each night in the Confederate army. These prayer meetings were attended by thousands packed in the open.

Religious feeling in the Union lines has not left strong traces in history. While not seeking to make any invidious comparisons, the facts of the case show that the Union troops on the whole did not have as good a reputation for respecting

the comfort of the helpless as did our fathers. There was undoubtedly a greater love and respect for things spiritual in the Southern lines.

In view of these facts, then, the author of this essay certainly drew the correct conclusion when he said that the morale of the Confederate private, better than that of any private in the annals of the world, arose alone from a spiritual superiority. The two existed side by side. Our regiments were Ironsides, lacking only the restraint and fanaticism.

The "sand hill tacky," the only soldier in the history of the world who ever fought solely for a principle, returned home to grind out anew his grim life of poverty. But his jaw was strong; never did it weaken before the carnage of victory and the desolation of defeat. He knows not defeat. Native American birth rates elsewhere are surely decreasing; the birth rate of the South's small farmers remains the same. They are unconquerable; they represent the morale of the Confederacy. They are still willing to stand for a principle, too, if need be to their own hurt. The South opposed the tariff and would have none of its benefits, because her tillers of the soil, ignorant though they were of books, divined with ease the injustice of special protection; they on that account watched other sections wax rich on it and remained proud in their pittance. This fundamental love of the "tacky," as the world calls him, for a principle is the last straw in the argument showing that he fought for a belief.

In conclusion, the grandeur of the morale of the Confederate private has, in order to make its glory all the brighter, been established from the not too generous admissions of the "Official Records" in regard to campaigns, the numbers engaged, and the courage, devotion, and endurance with which they were carried on. Briefly, the morale of the rank and file lay in this: That with all the tenacity of England in their tightened lips, with all the feuds and fire of Ireland boiling in their veins, and all the religion of old Scotland purifying and ennobling their hearts, with nothing to gain by victory and nothing to lose by defeat, a peculiar race of men, who will yet hold the world in the hollows of their calloused hands, never ceased to fight for a cause they thought just. No man has been able to decide its constitutional merits; its deserts are evenly balanced, lawyers think, pro and con. In such case, then, shall it not be said that he who fought the noblest and most spiritual fight has the final verdict on his side? Shall it not be said that he had a right to strive? The issue is buried now; we would not recall it if we were a thousand times stronger to-morrow than to-day. But the South calls upon the country to remember this: That her morale remained the same under all circumstances in that part of her body politic who had no material interest in the result, who could run their one-horse plows as well in the Union as under secession. The fuel that fed this inextinguishable blaze was love of a principle, the only noble thing for which humanity can strive.

THE OLD VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.—Wherein, then, lay his strength, and what was the secret of his influence over all this land? I answer in one word—character. And what is meant by character? Courage? Yes; the courage of his opinions, and physical courage as well, for he had a Briton's faith in pluck. Pride of race? In a limited sense, yes. Honesty? The question is almost an insult. Love of truth? Yes; undying love of it.—*George W. Bagby.*

A GENEROUS-HEARTED ENEMY.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

On our trip up the Mississippi River I experienced much kindness from some of the Federal officers, while others were very bitter against me. But the majority ignored me and my friend as beneath their notice, a feeling fully reciprocated. On the boat, occupying the lower deck, was a company made up of deserters from our army. They were from Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia, and were on their way to Nashville to be mustered out of service. They were as tough a set of scalawags as I ever saw, profane, quarrelsome, loud in their abuse of Rebels, and boastful of their prowess. The sound of their revelry was very disagreeable. They were in charge of a man of entirely different caliber, who had been a real soldier, and he seemed disgusted with the job of managing them. Captain Anderson was an East Tennessean, a large man, fifty to sixty years old, with a benevolent countenance and a fatherly manner.

Among the officers I got up a speaking acquaintance with a few, but I struck up quite a warm friendship with one who showed me much kindness, although our intimacy came near giving me serious trouble on the boat. He was a captain from New York State, a warm-hearted, good-humored fellow, hale fellow well met with everybody. He approached me with a friendly salutation pretty soon after we got under way from New Orleans. I had taken off my suit of citizen's clothes and put on the handsome gray uniform I have described. I did it simply because I had been so little accustomed to the civilian dress that I didn't feel easy in it. I have mentioned that both suits, civilian's and soldier's, were presents, one from the Church and the other from the army. I had put on the plain clothes when I came aboard, for I did not wish to risk being insulted by negro soldiers.

The New York captain, seeing the bars on my collar, called me captain. It was the only time I ever wore any mark of rank. He asked me where I was from and about my home and family and seemed really interested in me. When I told him that I had been away from home three years and a half, he asked if I had heard from my people and how they were getting on. I told him of the way that everything we had was swept away, except the house and lands. He seemed much moved and asked why we brought on the war and why we should risk the loss of everything to destroy the Union. Of course that led to a discussion, and I set before him our side of the question. He listened very attentively and said he never knew that we had any reason on our side, and had been told we were led by a few ambitious men who would rule or ruin. He said that if he had been in the South he would have been with her. He had enlisted, just as everybody else did, to save the Union and did not care a cent for the negroes. He said that almost immediately after his enlistment he was sent off on secret service, part of the time in Canada, and at last he was in Mexico. He knew nothing of the merits of the controversy. He said he was bound to say we had put up a grand fight. He told me that he was going to Nashville to be paid off for nearly four years of service; that he had been supplied with money by the government for his needs in his secret missions, but that he had not drawn his salary as a captain and that there was a large sum for salary and commutations due him. He said he had no family and that when he got his pay he would hunt me up and divide with me.

In the course of our conversation I remarked that I had re-

ceived nothing but kind treatment from real soldiers of the Union ever since the surrender and that I felt I was far more entitled to his respect than that crowd on the lower deck who had deserted us. He then said very emphatically that I certainly had more of his respect and confidence than thousands of such creatures. He expressed the same contempt for them as was shown by the colonel who paroled me at Tuscaloosa.

While we were talking we sat on the front railing of the upper deck, and I noticed standing at a little distance a group of several officers of higher rank than most of the others on the boat. They were dressed in the finest uniforms, glittering with gold braid. One had the star of a brigadier general, one or two were colonels, and the other field officers. They seemed to hold themselves separate from the others. My friend said they were from New England; I think he said rather contemptuously Boston, for the genuine Knickerbocker had about as much antagonism to the New Englander as the old-style Virginian had. He intimated that their uniforms were the finest things about them and that they were probably holiday soldiers in bombproof positions. Of that, of course, I did not know, for oftentimes a fancy uniform covers a brave soldier.

These officers seemed to be listening attentively to our conversation, and it may be that I spoke loud enough to make them hear. I felt I could hold a hand with any of them in defense of our cause. After a little while, and after some talk among themselves, one of them went off, but came back directly, accompanied by Captain Anderson, the officer in charge. He came to me and said that those officers had been listening to my talk and were greatly offended, and that they claimed that my uniform was a studied insult to the loyal people on the boat. They knew that I had changed my clothes after coming aboard, and they knew that my Rebel uniform was deliberately intended to affront them. They had, therefore, sent him to demand that I take it off. The captain seemed to feel that he was in a little business. His manner was so kind that I explained to him that I had put on my uniform simply as a matter of comfort to myself; that it had never entered my head to offend any one, for I had worn it among thousands of their soldiers, and none had objected. I then said that I was going home to Tennessee into the department of General Thomas, who had given us thirty days after getting home to change our clothes, and I showed him General Thomas's order.

He said at once that I was right and that he would explain to those officers. Directly he came back and said that they refused to be satisfied and were determined to make me take off my uniform. I never felt such profound contempt for anybody as for that little knot of cowardly patriots, and I was about to refuse positively to yield to their demand when the old captain spoke to me in almost exact language as follows: "I have no sympathy with those men. You have the right to wear that uniform, and it is my duty to protect you, and I will do it if necessary, but I am going to ask you to take it off. I am an old man, and you are a boy. We are both Tennesseans. I hated to fight against my own people, but was forced to take sides, and I believed in the Union and went with that side. The war is over, and I don't want to see any more bloodshed. You don't have to prove your courage if you have been a true soldier. Now here are a lot of rough men who can be stirred up to do anything. If you refuse, they may be set on to attack you, and to protect you there would probably be several killed, both of theirs and

my own men. You would almost certainly be killed, while these men who stirred up the fuss would not be hurt. Now don't you see that no good can come of your insisting on your rights?" I responded at once: "Captain, you are right. I am neither a fool nor a desperado. I thank you for your kindness and will cheerfully do what you ask."

He walked back with me to my stateroom. As I have said, he was a big man. He was over six feet tall and broad-shouldered. I was quite small, not over half of his avoirdupois. I confess I felt both safe and impudent as I trotted along by his side; so as we got just opposite the group of uniformed dudes I said in rather a loud tone as if continuing our talk: "Of course, Captain, if these men are afraid of me in this uniform, I wouldn't alarm them for anything. Of course, of course I'll take it off." Their jubilant look of triumph was at once turned to a scowl of hate. But I wasn't talking to them.

After this experience Captain Anderson and my New York friend were both particularly kind, and the latter took a peculiar way of showing it. That is, it was peculiar as coming to a preacher.

When we got to Cairo Mr. Neil and I left the boat to take a train for Louisville, and the soldiers with my friend were to take another boat for Nashville. It would be three or four hours before our train would leave. Most of the boat's passengers went on to St. Louis, and we parted with them without regret. The old Captain and his squad had a job to keep the tough company in order, but my New York friend came to me in mellow mood. He was warm in his expressions of love to me. But he made a proposition that startled and humiliated me. He said: "Captain, I have found a place here where they have some fine old whisky; none of the rotgut kind, but really old and good. Now come with me, and for a few hours we'll have a good old time." I was shocked and began to think over my conduct with this man. I said: "My friend, it is true my rank is captain, but I was a chaplain and had no command. I do hope I have not said or done anything to cause you to think I am a drinking man. I have tried to live a true Christian life in the army, and my boys have believed me to be sincere. They would be ashamed of me if I have done anything inconsistent with my profession." He listened to me with a look of pain and seemed overwhelmed with shame and confusion. His apology was ample and earnest. He said: "Captain, I beg your pardon. I assure you that you haven't said or done one thing that a Christian ought not to do, but I like you very much, and I wanted to show my liking, and that is my way of showing it. I love to have a social glass with a friend, and I sometimes take too much. I just felt that we could go to this nice place and have a good time together before we part." I appreciated his kind feeling. As we shook hands he said: "I am going to hunt you up as soon as I get my pay, and I am going to divide with you."

It will be well for me to anticipate somewhat and tell the result of my winning the heart of my Yankee friend. It shows that his promise was no idle word, and it reveals as true and noble heart as ever beat in man's breast. After we separated at Cairo I forgot all about his promise, for I never expected to see him again. When I reached home I was employed by the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville to supply its pulpit till the pastor, Dr. Bunting, could come, and it was during my stay that the sequel came to the promise made by my friend when we parted and to our friendship formed on our journey.

Those were busy days in Nashville. The city was crowded with Union soldiers who were receiving their pay after being discharged. The paymaster's office was the old State Bank building, on the corner of Union and Cherry Streets. The soldiers entered at the front, Union Street, and passed out at the side on Cherry Street, now Fourth Avenue. All day long there was a dense throng on that corner, so it was hard to get through the crowd. One day I was coming from Union into Cherry, slowly elbowing my way along when I heard some one calling very excitedly: "Captain, O Captain, stop there!" It was rather remarkable that neither of us had ever asked the other's name. Indeed, I believe half of my own boys only knew me as "The Parson." Of course I never thought that these calls were addressed to me, but directly I saw a man pointing frantically toward me and still crying: "Stop there, Captain." Everybody's eyes were turned in my direction, and one of the soldiers touched me and said: "He is calling you." I was alarmed, for I did not know what to make of it, and tragedies were frequent in Nashville in those days. It would not do to run, and so I went to meet the man and recognized my quondam friend of the steamboat journey. He was very cordial and literally threw his arms around me and hugged me, and I was indeed very glad to see him.

He went with me away from the crowd, asking many questions as to my people, how they had stood the war, how they were getting on then, whether they had saved anything from the wreck of the war, what was my condition, whether I had anything to yield an income. The man's evidently sincere interest excused his close personal questioning. Then he told me he had just drawn his pay and allowances for commutation and said: "Do you remember what I told you when we parted at Cairo?" I really had forgotten any special thing he had said, but I remembered how kind he had been to me and his warm expressions of friendship. He then said: "But don't you remember I promised to divide my pay with you whenever I should receive it?" The promise made no more impression on my mind than the impulsive words of a jolly, good-hearted, generous fellow. So I responded: "O yes, I do remember, but I won't hold you to that." He told me that he meant it in sober earnest, and that if he had not met me that day he intended to hunt me up. A captain's salary for nearly four years and the commutations must have run up to ten thousand dollars, maybe more. He said he was on his way to his home, and now he wanted to fulfill his promise. He then drew out of a kind of haversack which hung from his shoulder a roll of bills, the biggest I ever saw. I don't know how much was in that roll, nor whether he had other rolls or packages, for it was a package rather than a roll, in his sack. But I saw on the outside of it, as it was pulled out, a hundred-dollar bill. "Now," said he, "here it is. Half of it is yours." I was never so taken aback, and I did not know what to say or to do. The man was perfectly sober and evidently sincere. I could not help being deeply touched by such generosity. At last I said: "My dear friend, I most heartily appreciate this remarkable offer, and I can never thank you enough, but I cannot accept it." He seemed surprised and said: "Why can't you take it? You need it, and I don't." I replied as kindly as I could, for he seemed hurt at my refusal: "My friend, I should lose my self-respect if I took your money. I went into the war with my eyes open, knowing the risk, and I was willing to take the consequences and sacrifice everything, even to life itself, for our cause. Now we are defeated, but I believe in our

cause just as strongly as I ever did. Devotion to the cause demands now that I take my medicine like a man and endure the hardships of our lot with my own people. There are thousands of us in the same boat. Give us time, and we will get on our feet again. I am just as thankful to you as if I had taken your generous offer, but we were on opposite sides in a great conflict for principle. If I were to accept your money without an equivalent in service, it would look like accepting a compensation for defeat and might close my mouth from advocating or defending the principles for which I fought. If I can earn money from your people, I shall be glad to do it; but if I receive it as a gift, it would look like taking 'hush' money. I know you don't intend it that way, and you offer it in the kindness of your heart; but, after all, you give it to me because I have suffered loss by the war, and I feel that such loss as that must be recouped by my own efforts. You and I can be warm personal friends on the ground of mutual esteem, but not on the ground of my being under obligation to you for my start in life."

He listened to me thoughtfully and rather sadly. I don't know whether he understood my point of view or not, but he was a true man. We shook hands and parted, and I have never seen him since. I hope to meet him in heaven. My refusal may seem quixotic and foolish, but I am supported, I believe, by the example of the noblest man of the nineteenth century, Gen. Robert E. Lee, who refused to receive money he had not earned.

LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG.

BY B. W. GREEN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN of January, 1917, published an article of P. J. Rast, of Rosebud, Tex., defending the record of Longstreet's generalship at the battle of Gettysburg. His previous record is recounted, his great service and generalship on many battle fields, and also General Lee's high appreciation of him. All of this is true, and I could add many incidents to illustrate his genius, effectiveness, and patriotism. But this is no excuse for his disobedience of repeated peremptory orders of his chief at Gettysburg. There was nothing to palliate or in any wise relieve him of the charge of disobedience. His conduct on that occasion will forever cloud his otherwise brilliant military record as a Confederate general.

I shall undertake to give only the facts, "hewing to the line and letting the chips fall as they may." I shall quote from the official reports of General Lee and his chief of staff, from the report of Gen. E. M. Law, commanding a division of Longstreet's Corps, also from two statements at different dates by Longstreet himself, all of which are on public records.

Gettysburg, compared with other battles of the War between the States, was not the greatest in point of numbers engaged, number of casualties, prisoners taken, or time the engagement lasted; but, considering the results, it proved to be the Waterloo of the South. When Lee's army recrossed the Potomac the cause of the Confederacy was lost.

Neither Lee nor Meade planned or expected a general engagement at Gettysburg. Lee crossed the Potomac because of greatly needed military supplies and to threaten Harrisburg, Pa., and, incidentally, Washington. President Lincoln ordered Meade to cover and protect Washington, knowing that if Washington were taken by Lee the South would gain her independence and thus end the war. England was waiting impatiently for some event which would warrant recognition of

the Confederacy as an independent government. Meade moved his army northwesterly along the Hagerstown, Chambersburg, and Emmetsburg Roads. Lee advanced in a northeasterly direction toward Harrisburg and had arrived at a point north and east of Gettysburg and about fifty miles south of Harrisburg. His army consisted of 59,457 infantry, 4,702 artillery, and 10,292 cavalry, a total of 74,451; but on the field at Gettysburg there were 68,000 efficient of all arms, as reported by the chief of Lee's staff. A part of the cavalry, under Stuart, was on detached service and arrived at Gettysburg late in the action. For that reason Lee was lacking in information as to the whereabouts of Meade and the size of his effective force.

Meade approached from the southeast, mainly along the Emmetsburg Road, with an effective force of 104,256 of all arms and specially equipped with artillery. The proportional strength of the opposing armies was more nearly equal than on many occasions when the Confederates were victorious.

On July 1, 1863, Lee's advance brigade attempted to enter Gettysburg to secure much-needed shoes and met some resistance, but succeeded in driving the enemy back and got the shoes. Both armies were scattered along their respective lines of approach for twenty miles, neither expecting that Gettysburg was to be the great battle field.

Longstreet's Corps camped within four miles of Gettysburg on the night of July 1. He was advised of the brisk fight which had occurred at Gettysburg that day and that it would be renewed on the next day. General Lee arrived in person during the fighting of July 1, and his practiced eye saw that Big Round Top was occupied by a small and insufficient force and with only a few guns. Big Round Top was an elevation of about three hundred feet above the valley in which the town of Gettysburg was situated, and adjacent to Big Round Top and much lower in height was Little Round Top. At the base of Big Round Top was Devil's Gulch, a very rough place covered by boulders of granite and trees, a natural fortification easily defended. To the west was Culp's Hill, and farther west was the village of Gettysburg. These places were connected by Cemetery Ridge, rising perhaps some fifty feet above the valley.

Artillery located on Big and Little Round Top could easily control the line of Cemetery Ridge to the village of Gettysburg and beyond. On the first of July Meade's main force was approaching Big Round Top along the Emmetsburg Road, and Lee advised Longstreet of the exact situation and of the importance of Big Round Top and ordered him to attack with force along the Emmetsburg Road at daylight of July 2.

This order was delivered to General Longstreet during the early part of the night of the first, so says the chief of Lee's staff. Longstreet could easily have moved from his camp to Big Round Top within two hours or less time. There was nothing to prevent this; the roads were in good condition. Longstreet objected to making a fight at Gettysburg and urged that the original plan of moving on Harrisburg be adhered to. Lee repeated the order to Longstreet during the night to attack at daylight along the Emmetsburg Road. Both orders are on record. Again at daylight the order was repeated and urged, and for the fourth time the order was sent to Longstreet, who still objected to attack along the Emmetsburg Road, preferring to attack elsewhere if the fight must be made.

General Longstreet in his report and in his book written after the war says he reported in person to Lee's headquarters, with his corps close behind him, early on July 2, "while

the stars were still shining," he said. In that latitude, "while the stars were still shining" would be about 4:30 A.M. In a later written statement he said he reported to Lee in person, with his corps close behind him, at about 8 A.M. Why the difference in his report and later statement? If he was right and did so report, why did he fail to attack until 4 P.M., though within a mile of the foot of Big Round Top at 4:30 A.M. or at 8 A.M.?

Gen. E. M. Law, commanding a division of Longstreet's Corps, was advanced and made the attack at 4 P.M. Law supports General Lee's report in every particular and says when Longstreet did finally order him to advance at 4 P.M. Meade had arrived in force and had occupied Big and Little Round Top and was in position on Culp's Hill, Cemetery Ridge, and Gettysburg. General Law says he protested and urged that it was then too late to make the attack. He went in person and advised Longstreet of the condition of things. Longstreet replied: "The orders of General Lee are peremptory." He failed to add "at daylight," for that was Lee's order, and not at 4 P.M.

Law moved up and made the attack in fine shape and drove the enemy from the Emmetsburg Road, across the wheatfield, the orchard, and until he reached Devil's Gulch at the base of Big Round Top and could go no farther, for Big Round Top was a perfect arsenal and impregnable, being covered with artillery and supported by all the infantry which could be massed upon its summits.

At nightfall of the second the Confederates had been successful at all points excepting the capture of Big Round Top. There had been some severe fighting on Lee's left near Culp's Hill and the village of Gettysburg, but no general engagement had occurred. In fact, the battle of Gettysburg at no time developed into a general engagement. It was a detail fight, only a division at a time being engaged.

The situation on the morning of the third was Meade occupying Big and Little Round Top on his left, Culp's Hill and Gettysburg on his right, and Cemetery Ridge connecting, which had been fortified during the night by field breastworks and with a supporting line in the rear of the front line and with two hundred and fifty to three hundred pieces of field artillery advantageously placed. It was impossible on the third of July to force either flank of Meade's position, and to continue his movement toward Harrisburg would have proved disastrous with Meade's army in his immediate rear. Therefore Lee must either attempt to force the center of Meade's line on Cemetery Ridge or retreat.

Up to this time General Lee had used perhaps not more than one-half of his army. There were several divisions which had done no fighting whatever. Could he break Meade's center, then take the enemy in reverse? If so, Meade would be forced to retire and in doing so would uncover Washington, giving Lee the opportunity to select his own ground for defense, as Meade would then be forced to attack.

Who can doubt the final outcome of Gettysburg if Lee had broken Meade's center? Longstreet again opposed his chief and advised against the attack on Meade's center. There was reason, however, for his opposition, for the enemy was strong and with all the advantage of position. The field over which Pickett must pass was for a mile and a half without any obstruction. The massed artillery and the deadly rifle of the infantry could do its most effective work as Pickett's men passed over this undulating field and up the heights of Cemetery Ridge.

Nothing in history is grander than the charge of Pickett's Division:

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

They gained the first line of works and took them, only to be met by the second line of deadly fire, and with his ranks broken and decimated he looked in vain for support, for none came. The fruit of their desperate effort was lost. Unsupported, Pickett could not advance farther and could not hold what he had achieved at so great cost. There were fresh troops awaiting orders from Longstreet to support Pickett. There were divisions near which had not fired a gun, anxious to go to Pickett's relief and support; but none were ordered forward, and Longstreet sat on his horse and saw it all. Will any of his defenders tell us why he did not use troops at his hand to support Pickett? He was opposed to the attack and gave the order under protest, but why were there no supports given? On Pickett's return General Lee said it was his fault, and the ungenerous Longstreet permitted his chief to assume the blame. Does any sane man believe it was Lee's fault? Does any military man believe Longstreet blameless?

The day was lost. Both armies remained silent and inactive in position all day of the Fourth of July. Meade made no attempt to push his advantage or renew the fight. On the night of the fourth Lee gave orders to retire. There was nothing else to do. His army left the field in good order. He saved his entire army, with the wounded, all artillery, wagon train and supplies, and with 7,000 prisoners. He paroled 1,500 and took across the Potomac 5,500 prisoners, though Meade reported only 5,365 missing.

The losses in the battle of Gettysburg were, on the Confederate side, in killed, 2,592; wounded, 12,709; and missing, 5,150; total 20,451. On the Federal side, killed, 3,155; wounded, 14,529; and missing, 5,365, by Meade's report. To this we may add by actual count of prisoners taken 1,635; total, 24,684.

Lee was permitted to leave the field and slowly retire across the Potomac, and for this Meade was censured by Lincoln and by Congress, while they thanked him for saving Washington and driving Lee back across the Potomac.

It was now evident to many that the collapse of the Confederacy was assured. The North was greatly elated and organized and sent greater armies south under General Grant, and we know the final result.

President Wilson said in a recent speech in London: "It takes a real man to subordinate himself, and it takes a real soldier to know that unity of command is the secret of success." Tried in the balances as announced by Mr. Wilson, was not Longstreet found lacking at Gettysburg in elements which constitute a man and a soldier, lacking in the first principles of greatness and soldierly character, which is obedience to orders of his superior?

COERCION OR CONCILIATION.—You say we shall submit to your construction. We shall do it if you can make us, but not otherwise or in any other manner. That is settled. You may call it secession, or you may call it revolution; but there is a big fact standing before you ready to oppose you. That fact is freemen with arms in their hands. The cry of the Union will not disperse them; we have passed that point. They demand equal rights; you had better heed the demand.—*Robert Toombs (last address in U. S. Senate, 1861).*

A STORY WITHOUT A HERO.

BY R. V. MORRISON, M'CLELLANVILLE, S. C.

"Once a man and twice a child." We who are left of a once great army have reached that stage when we are happiest in going over with a comrade deeds done in our first youth, sometimes heroic and sometimes otherwise. I joined the first company which left Charleston, S. C., in time to be at First Manassas, and, serving through the war, my chance for an education was swept away as far as the Kaiser and his hosts have been swept from their cherished hope, the conquering of the world.

I have been intending to write some of my "Seein's on Picket" since being brought so forcibly to mind by reading in a recent issue of the *VETERAN* some of Comrade Doyle's. As we belonged to the same brigade (Gary's), our "seein's" were done in the same locality. Gary's Brigade was composed of the 24th Virginia, the 7th South Carolina, and our regiment, of which he had been colonel, the Hampton Legion, being mounted infantry. We had for our special duty the guarding of all roads leading into Richmond on the north of the James River, while Grant was hammering at Petersburg on the south. And, as Comrade Doyle says, it was not always a picnic to keep some of the assaulters out of Richmond, at least until "Marse Robert" could get some of his webs over the river to put them back, which he always did in short order.

I do not think any of Gary's Brigade will forget the time we had when Sheridan, after some close association with General Early up in the valley, came down and stirred us tip, it seemed to me, just to show that they had some men who could fight, that all were not like General Kurtz, with his Germans, placed on our side of the river to watch us, I suppose. We were always glad when he made an advance to locate us. His brigade was the stable from which we supplied our constantly decreasing stock of horses. We would wait until they had crossed White Oak Swamp (this swamp has long been noted for its boggy qualities, as it is stated in "The Life and Times of Dr. William S. White," who preached at a church in that vicinity, that Capt. John Smith was captured in the swamp while trying to escape in a small boat. When the boat could go no farther he attempted to escape on foot and bogged down, just as the Germans did) and then drive them back so fast that the road was not wide enough to take all through at once, so that they would take to the swamp; then all we had to do was to stop pursuing and pull fine horses out of the mud. The horses were much more acceptable than the Germans, some of whom were mixed up in the mud too.

Now we come to "seein' things on picket." Just preceding that picket, ever to be remembered, we were called up at about midnight. After riding that night and all next day, just as we were being disbanded for some sleep our orderly called the roll for the picket to go to Ladd's Mill, about ten or twelve miles from camp, for a three days' picket. It was my luck to be drawn for that pleasure just after a whole day and the best part of a night in the saddle. We had no provisions in our haversacks and none in the commissary and were told that rations would be sent as soon as they came from Richmond. Fortunately for me, there were six men in my mess, and when they had all shaken out the crumbs of bread made of unsifted corn meal from their sacks I pressed them into a ball about the size of a hen's egg. I don't know what my junior "over there" would say to that.

In his last letter he raved about how well Uncle Sam feeds them—everything of the best quality and in the greatest quantity. Then he goes on to say: "Tell papa I don't know how he stood four years of war."

Well, after a two hours' ride we reached Ladd's Mill, situated on a swamp not far from the river, under control of the gunboats. As the mill was to be our post, we were glad to dismount. I should like to give a description of that night, but it was impossible for me to do so. Only another Sir Walter Scott could come near it. The rain was falling steadily, but not heavily—just drip, drip incessantly from the heavy timber overhead upon the men beneath, supposed to be asleep—resting till their time came to do post duty. And the darkness! I think that reserve post could well be compared to where Moses was when the light went out. Only Scott, whom Byron accused of writing nothing but spook and hobgoblin tales, could do it justice. After about an hour of sleepless shivering I thought I saw, or rather felt, a man crawling about among us. In a little while he made me out, and the tale he told added much to the creepy feeling I had. I told him to find the sergeant and tell him, which he did. But I think the sergeant was made as wise as I by the picket's account of what was happening at the post. He said not a word, just commanded us to mount. We rode down to the mill and halted by the man who had been left on post, not a word being said, not a command being given. After waiting for perhaps thirty minutes, I heard a body of horsemen approaching on a road which led directly to the river. Without one word that whole guard, with the exception of myself, turned as though they were being led by one string and went back up the road entirely too fast for safety in the darkness. I halted the advancing troop as soon as they were in the clearing and learned that it belonged to "Colonel Robins's regiment." As I had not heard before of Colonel Robins, I jumped to the conclusion that they were Yanks and thought it was time for me to be moving. So I told them our boys thought they were the enemy, and I would go and call them. You see, I was careful to say "the enemy" and not "Yanks," as that would have told them I was a Confederate, and I did not care for them to know that until I was out of reach of their balls. Well, then commenced a ride which I have tried hard to forget, but cannot. I wanted to go to camp and report the matter, but the night was as dark as ever, and I was lost. I rode a worn-out horse the rest of the night, a long way in "No Man's Land." When day came I knew I was on the river road, from the number of roads which ran from it down to the river. Just after day I saw in one of these roads a negro cavalryman and his horse. They had been shot, I suppose, by one of our scouting parties and looked like they might have come from the land of giants that Gulliver wrote about. They certainly were huge. At the first house I called to ask the way. The man who came out was dressed in a Confederate uniform, and as soon as he saw me he motioned frantically for me to go back down the hill and told me I was but a few hundred yards from the Yankee gunboats, and they could see me from his house. He directed me to Malvern Hill. From there I was familiar with the road and was soon at camp. General Gary and Colonel Logan were sleeping in a covered wagon. When I had made my report, I think only those who knew General Gary can picture that sarcastic look on his face when he pointed to Colonel Logan and said: "Ha! your brave Legion!" I was the sufferer for that sarcasm, for Colonel Logan immediately ordered me to report to the camp in the rear under arrest.

In a few days I received orders to report at headquarters. Colonel Logan had made an investigation and found from the scouts of the 24th Virginia that I had made a true report. I was punished only by a lecture from the Colonel. He said he did not think I had shown cowardice, but ignorance; then he gave me some instructions and hoped I would show I was no coward. The sergeant who commanded the picket was reduced to ranks, and it was my fortune to get on picket with him at another time. But thereby hangs another tale.

In a few days I had an opportunity to show that I was not altogether a coward—at Ridley's shop when the Legion held a far superior force for several hours, till General Gary could get the 7th South Carolina and 24th Virginia in, when our regiment was withdrawn. This time I suppose Colonel Logan would have pronounced it ignorance instead of bravery, as I was wounded fighting with the 7th South Carolina while my regiment was safely out of it. But I have the satisfaction of knowing I was not the only fool, as two other men of my company were at my side, and there may have been others around who were as ignorant as I of the withdrawal of the Legion.

I have given my experience at "seein' things on picket," and if any one can find a hero in this incident I wish he would drop me a card at McClellanville, S. C. I have had a hard time with "the madam," who insists that I should not send this, as I certainly was not a hero in that instance, and she knows I could write another incident that would do me credit. But the war incidents now are so much bigger I shall not attempt to make a hero of myself. I think anything written, if true and having a good moral, will at least do no harm. By including Comrade Doyle's experience with my own, I offer as a moral: "Never shoot to kill a human being unless you are sure it is your duty, and then be sure to make a hit." If Comrade Doyle had shot, he could have been indicted for killing a valuable insect destroyer; if I had shot, I might have killed a comrade and would have had to live several lifetimes to get over it; and Comrade Townsend, by shooting and not bringing any blood, had his word doubted.

SPRING HILL-FRANKLIN-NASHVILLE, 1864.

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

On the morning of November 29, 1864, our corps (Cheat-ham's) moved eastward from Columbia, Tenn., crossing Duck River, in that famous movement to get in the rear of Schofield's army, which was at Columbia and on the north side of Duck River. All the corps seems to have gotten well around in the neighborhood of Spring Hill by three or four o'clock that afternoon except our brigade, Gen. S. R. Gist's, which did not arrive until nearly dark. After wading a creek near the Cheairs house two or three times, we were ordered to bivouac, but to build no fires, as it was not desired to let the enemy know our position. So we lay down, wet and hungry, and went to sleep. How Schofield passed by us that night has been often told. We could hear the tramp, tramp of the men and the rumble of artillery and wagons until nearly daylight. What a golden opportunity was lost!

We had halted in a cornfield, the corn not having been gathered. It was of the "gourd seed" variety and was very mealy and sweet. Our day's rations, three little biscuits and a small piece of meat, had been devoured early in the day, so we were somewhat (?) hungry after a hard day's forced march. To appease our hunger in the absence of rations, we were, like the prodigal son, "fain to eat the husks the swine

did eat," only it was the sweet corn we ate instead, and that from the cob, like boiled green corn. That composed our supper. By daylight next morning I was preparing my breakfast, a double handful of corn parched in a half of a "Yankee" canteen as a frying pan, and before I had finished it our division was on the move in pursuit of the retreating army. So I poured it in the top of my hat and joined the division, eating it as I marched. And this was all I had to eat during that whole fearful day, until long after dark, when I got from my haversack a little piece of fresh pork one of the boys had given me from a pig "that tried to bite him" the day before and which he had to kill "in self-defense."

My battalion, the 2d Georgia Sharpshooters, being in advance as skirmishers, soon coming up with the enemy's abandoned wagons, I concluded that our brigade was leading the advance on the Spring Hill and Franklin Pike, as we came upon a number of loaded wagons which the Federals had endeavored to destroy by chopping the spokes of the wheels and building fires under them, and the mules had been shot or knocked on the head with axes, their bodies still being warm when we reached them. Pressing on, when about a mile or so from Franklin we were deployed as skirmishers on the west side of the pike, driving the Federal skirmishers from the range of hills they occupied and on across a large field to the "stone quarry," which was near the locust thicket west of the pike and the ginhouse. Our division was formed for the charge behind this quarry, Gist's on the right next the pike and another brigade composing our first line, the other two brigades following immediately in support. The Federals were protected by very formidable breastworks, with heavy headlogs to protect them while firing, and against this position our lines charged with great impetuosity through the locust thicket, which had been cut down, forming a strong abatis, carrying the works in our front, which were saved to the Federals only by the opportune arrival of General Opdyck's brigade on the scene and the failure to carry the works on our left. In front of their main line the Federals had an advanced line from which the sharpshooters, as skirmishers, drove them, halting there until our main line came up. General Gist was riding at the head of his brigade on his magnificent roan horse, which galloped to the rear when his rider fell in the furious hail of bullets that greeted us early in the battle.

The fighting was desperate all along our line, our losses in officers being especially heavy; the ranking officer in our brigade, after the battle, was a captain. (See report of Col. H. D. Capers, 24th South Carolina Regiment in "Confederate Military History.") Our brigade numbered about 1,300 men in this battle, and the next morning only about 475 were reported present, showing about sixty per cent killed, wounded, and missing. The field presented a gruesome picture the next morning with its dead and wounded. In some places one could walk on the dead bodies of our men over large spaces, while outside and inside the works the dead were piled upon each other inside the works, Confederates and Federals together! Major General Brown was desperately wounded, Brigadier Generals Gist and Strahl were killed, Carter was mortally wounded, and Vaughan was wounded and captured.

The most desperate fighting imaginable occurred along our front, as indeed it did along the entire front, and many deeds of personal bravery and distinction were performed that day. Captain Foster, of Rome, Ga., commanding the 65th Georgia (Gist's Brigade), showed great courage and coolness. In the charge his regiment gained the works, he bearing the colors

after their bearer had been shot down in the charge; and while on top of the works the staff was shot in two in his hand, the flag falling to the works, but he caught it up and brought it out of the fight. At the Reunion in Macon, Ga., in 1912, I saw the colors of the 65th Georgia that were in this battle borne by a handful of the veterans of that regiment. How many of that little handful are here now? Another instance was when Lieut. James A. Tillman, 24th South Carolina Regiment, led a charge over the works about nine o'clock that night, in which he captured prisoners and, with his own hands, the colors of an Ohio regiment. (See Colonel Capers's report.) I saw these colors the next morning and was told that a lieutenant of a South Carolina regiment had captured them. I mentioned this incident several years ago to Senator Ben Tillman, of South Carolina, and asked if this officer was kin of his. He replied: "He was my brother."

In the preliminary skirmishing our battalion had to cross the wide field in front of the stone quarry, and the Federal skirmishers, posted behind a rock wall on the slope of the quarry, poured a very hot fire into us as we charged across the field. We suffered some casualties in wounded, of whom I can recall only two in my company (C), Sergt. Martin V. Calvin, who received a serious wound in the thigh, and Private Anderson, who joined us at Dalton, Ga., in the spring of 1864, then a boy only seventeen years of age; and a young fellow named Hodge belonging to one of the other companies. When we drove them from the rock wall one of our boys picked up a repeating rifle (sixteen-shooter) that had been left in the flight of the Federals. Over the quarry we rushed, driving the Federals from their advanced line, and there we halted until our main line came up. In this charge I was struck by a glancing shot, which turned me almost around, but gave me no serious wound. From our position, a little elevated, we could see the entire line to our right, and it was a grand sight to see General Cleburne's division moving up to the charge with a line as steady and evenly dressed as if on parade. The morning after the battle I went over the field, seeing General Cleburne's horse near the works, east of the ginhouse, while stretched across the works was the horse of General Adams. In the charge along our line a lieutenant of the 19th Tennessee (I think it was that regiment), was shot through the instep, the ball rattling in his boot at the heel. I pulled his boot off, and he put the ball in his pocket. I assisted him over the hill (quarry) to the surgeons who were established there. He gave me his name, but after these many years I cannot recall it.

In the after lights I have been impressed with the needlessness of this bloody battle. After the unhappy failure to cut Schofield off and capture his army at Spring Hill, General Hood felt that he must redeem it by a crushing defeat at Franklin. Had he duly considered the formidable works behind which the enemy had taken position there, he might have repeated the flanking tactics he employed at Spring Hill by making a feint attack in force at Franklin, at the same time crossing a corps, with Forrest's Cavalry, over Harpeth River, thus interposing between General Schofield and Nashville, for which place he was making for the safety of his army. We had them "on the run," and such a movement would undoubtedly have been successful, probably leading to the capture of his army and thus avoiding the bloody and unfruitful battle of November 30, 1864, at Franklin.

ON TO NASHVILLE.

Cheatham's Corps remained at Franklin until the morning of December 2, when it moved up and took position on the

right in front of Nashville, near the Murfreesboro Pike. In doing this we presented a novel appearance. Arrived at a point behind a ridge where we were to establish our line, we were halted and stacked arms. The men were ordered to shoulder as many rails as they could carry, and thus loaded we were marched to the crest of the ridge, dropped our rails, and then dropped back behind the ridge again. This startling formation evidently excited the "Yanks," as the guns at Fort Negley, which was in our front about one and a half miles away, began shelling us vigorously. During the night we constructed heavy breastworks, which afforded us ample protection, and by reason of our elevated position we had an extended outlook in every direction. I think our line took in the elegant Acklen home. Between the two lines were several homes that had been hurriedly abandoned, with practically everything belonging to them.

The second night of our sojourn one of our boys, John Armstrong, went "foraging" to one of those houses and a few hours later came back with four or five canteens of sorghum and about a dozen fine fat hens strung over him in some way and rolling a barrel of flour in front of him. Well! Maybe we did not "live high" for several days on flour biscuit, stewed chicken with flour dumplings, and sorghum! Of course we shared with the other boys not in our mess, which was composed of John Armstrong and Billy Boulineau, Billy Thompson, a chunky little square-jawed fellow, and myself. We slept together like pigs, and when one turned over all of us had to turn. A few nights after this Armstrong went out again and found a sack of grain. Knowing something of milling, he lugged the bag to a mill he had located, intending to grind the wheat (?) into flour. Picture his disgust when on opening the bag he found it to contain sorghum seed!

Our picket line was several hundred yards in front of our breastworks, and beyond us were open fields to the Federal lines. It turned bitter cold a day or so after we established our line, and it was no picnic doing picket and vidette duty out there in our threadbare and ragged clothes. One day while on vidette post a "free-lance" sharpshooter with a "Whitworth" (glade-sighted) rifle came along the line. I asked him to let me go with him. We strolled along the edge of the woods and finally espied a "Yankee" foraging party at a straw stack in the field about six to eight hundred yards away. Two men were loading a wagon. My companion said: "You take the one on the right, and I will take the other." I had an Enfield rifle which would carry only about eight hundred yards. We fired at them and saw one man help the other into the wagon and then drive away. My companion had evidently caught his man.

We remained on this line until the morning of December 15, when we were put in rapid motion to our extreme left, which was threatened. While we had been in front of Nashville for two weeks doing nothing but picket duty, heavy reinforcements had been poured in to General Thomas, who was placing them on our left to turn that flank and cut off our retreat by way of Franklin. We reached the extreme left a little before dark, near the Granny White Pike and to the left of Shy's Hill. We threw up breastworks, the 2d Georgia Sharpshooters (my command) being placed as skirmishers in our front. All night long we could hear the enemy's columns moving to our left, and next morning (December 16) we could see a stream of them passing not more than half a mile in our front. About noon the Federals made a most desperate attack on our center (which was held by General Stewart's corps), bringing up several heavy double

lines against him, in which were two lines of negro troops in front (I saw no negroes in our front). General Stewart's line was holding magnificently, his infantry and artillery inflicting fearful losses on the Federals. But about three o'clock a determined attack in heavy force on Shy's Hill, which was held by Maj. Gen. William B. Bate's division, forced that line to give way, thus making our whole line untenable. From our position on the left we could see General Bate's line very distinctly, and when it broke the men seemed to rise like a flock of big birds and fairly fly down the hill. Many of them were cut off and captured. Our division (Gen. John C. Brown's) did not become engaged at all, but we had a narrow escape from capture by getting through a gap in the hills behind us and thence to the Franklin Pike. General Stewart stemmed the tide in the rear and enabled those who had gone through the gap to escape being captured. When I reached the pike it presented a scene of wild confusion. Commands were scattered, and there was no organization except General Stewart's men. We went as far as Brentwood that night, remaining until the next morning, the 17th, when we moved on to Franklin, resuming our retreat on December 18.

FREEZING AND FIGHTING, DECEMBER 10, 1863.

BY J. W. MINNICH, GRETN, LA.

The above date is not likely to be forgotten by any member of Morgan's Division, Martin's Corps, C. S. Cavalry, who was there and who still lives to recall the events of that terrible fall in East Tennessee. It was after Sherman's advance from Chattanooga had forced Longstreet to abandon the siege of Knoxville and retire up the valley to Rogersville in order to protect his flank, which was thus threatened from Cumberland Gap. His flanks were protected by the cavalry, Martin's Corps, extending to the south fork of the Holston on his left above Morristown, which constituted a sort of no-man's land subject to raids by both sides.

Morgan's Division consisted of Crew's Georgia and Russell's (Morgan's) Alabama Brigades, which were in position to the northwest of the then East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, near the village of Russellville, on the above date camped, if the term is permissible, in the open fields near Cheek's Cross Roads, when it was attacked during a snowstorm by a brigade of Federal Cavalry under Colonel La Grange. Much to our discomfort and disgust, he obliged us to satisfy his curiosity regarding our strength and position and learned more than we knew, inasmuch as he reported that he found us "five thousand strong and in a strong position" and that he had lost "three men killed" and several wounded, whom they took back with them.

Of that I can say that I saw only one man dead, directly in front of our regiment, the 6th Georgia. To our right was another of our regiments, but I do not recall which one, while to its right were two skeleton regiments of Russell's Alabamians, possibly twelve hundred men in all, certainly not more. The fact is that, as General Martin reported, the major part of the division was out foraging for horse feed; and any one acquainted with that part of the country at that time and season will realize what the collecting of forage meant for a cavalry division, including transport teams. In our immediate neighborhood there was absolutely nothing of corn, hay, or fodder. Hence the division was scattered over many square miles of the countryside.

Colonel La Grange's attack was of minor importance in itself, as the event proved. He reported it as a simple "reconnaissance" to determine the "enemy's strength and position" and found us "five thousand strong and in a strong position"—four small regiments behind a fence in open fields. At any rate, he did not try to force us from our positions to any degree and soon drew off, much to our satisfaction.

This satisfaction will be more readily understood when weather conditions are considered. The night previous and the following morning we had been soaked to the skin through blankets and clothing by a persistent rain, which in the early forenoon turned into a sleet, freezing solid on the ground; then in the afternoon moderated by developing into a snowstorm driven by a forty-mile, more or less, wind. And it was during that snowstorm that the attack came suddenly. One can realize our condition: wet to the skin, chilled to the marrow, "fingers all thumbs," with our clothing frozen stiff on our bodies and cracking with every movement we made; we were not in a mood to fight when all our attention and ambition was to keep alive the little fires by which we endeavored to keep the least bit warm. An unprovoked attack in such weather just simply made us mad, and we soon thawed out and sent our antagonists about their business without the loss of a man ourselves. I heard that one or two of the Alabamians had been slightly wounded.

Some of our men followed the bluecoats at a respectful distance until assured that they had withdrawn, fully satisfied that we were there. Poor fellows! I guess they no more relished the weather than we, and, besides, had farther to go, with a wide river to ford. They must have suffered severely, while we after having advanced our picket line set about drying our clothing and blankets by rousing fence rail fires. Up to that time we had been as sparing of fires as was possible, owing to the scarcity of wood other than rails. But, as Bethmann von Hollweg has so curly put it, "Necessity knows no law," and it was very cold, and, moreover, frozen clothes and blankets are uncomfortable on cold nights; so the rails suffered a common or, I might say, a usual occurrence.

Shortly before sunset the weather cleared, and we hailed the sun's appearance with shouts of delight, notwithstanding a cutting north wind which made our teeth chatter. But as we had suffered no casualties and had begun to thaw out by standing in front of the blazing rails, turning ourselves around and around as one turns an ox over a fiery trench at a barbecue, our spirits began to revive, and soon the inevitable cut-up and joker of the company set his tongue to wagging, and before the night had advanced an hour we were in our usual good humor. As the joker put it, "Say, boys, I consider that a darned mean trick to rush us in this kind of weather. It was no weather in which to jump a fellow and pick a fight with him. It was a darn shame, so it was, and I'll tell them so the next time I meet them," and a lot more on the same line until we felt dry and warm enough to roll ourselves up in our half-dried blankets, with our feet as near the fire as was prudent. But let no one imagine that we were at all comfortable. The ground was wet and cold, and our blankets were only half dry at best. Taken all in all, those were the most disagreeable twenty-four hours in a full three-years' service in the field, and I am confident that we had our full share of all that was offered. Being cavalry and with never a tent or house to sleep in, it was on rare occasions, and then it seemed always during fair or very moderate weather, would one find a roof and dry floor.

Looking back to that time, one can realize what life in the

trenches and open "over there" has meant to those armies of millions. Only one who has had experiences can appreciate fully the conditions during the long, severe winters. Let us all be thankful that the worst is past and, unless some unforeseen occasion arises, there will be no more of it for centuries to come. It is almost too much to hope for unless human nature changes decidedly, and of that we have no assurance whatever. "But e'en though we die in despair, we will live in hope."

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

Flying Dutchmen in the Battle of Chancellorsville.—The following extracts from reports of various Union commanders show that the Germans of to-day are different from those of the sixties, probably because the latter were certainly not fighting on account of patriotism: "At an early hour on Sunday morning a German light battery was sent to me. When the heavy firing commenced, this battery was withdrawn and in the most cowardly manner fled with the horses upon a run in the direction of the ford." "During a picket skirmish a German battery stationed near my line became panic-stricken, limbered up, and disappeared to the rear." "The line of retreat was through a dense thicket, from which our men emerged much shattered. Some of them joined with a German regiment which was ordered by its colonel to about face and retreat, and all went off together."

A Daring Deed.—Colonel Cabell, 1st Virginia Artillery, says that during the Chancellorsville fight "a shell with fuse still burning fell into Carleton's Battery. Private Richard W. Saye, who was standing near, immediately picked it up and threw it off, thereby doubtless saving the lives of several comrades, as the shell exploded just as it reached the ground." In the British army he would have received the Victoria Cross; in the Yankee, the medal of honor; and in the Confederate, he got a write-up.

Wonderful.—Lieut. Col. Adolph von Harting, 74th Pennsylvania, 11th Corps, Army of the Potomac, which corps if not made famous was certainly made notorious by the battle of Chancellorsville, reported: "The first we ever knew of the enemy was that our men, while sitting on their knapsacks and ready to spring to their arms, were shot from the rear and flank. A surprise in broad daylight, a case not yet heard of in the history of any war, was so complete that the men had not even time to take their arms before they were thrown into the wildest confusion. General Howard cried out: 'Stop; face about; do not retreat any farther.' And the Lieutenant Colonel adds very appropriately: "This was well said, but impossible to be done."

Panic of the 11th Corps, United States Army, at Chancellorsville.—As these extracts are taken from the reports of various Union commanders, there is no chance for the facts to have been exaggerated:

"The fugitives of the 11th Corps swarmed from the woods and swept practically over the fields. The exulting enemy at their heels mingled yells with their volleys, and in the confusion which followed it seemed as if cannons and caissons, dragoons, cannoneers, and infantry could never be disentangled from the mass in which they were thrown."

"Here an indescribable scene of confusion and disorder presented itself. Our way was literally blocked with the

artillery and infantry of the 11th Corps, who were flying to the rear apparently in the utmost terror, begging in many instances by word and gesture that nothing might impede their cowardly and disgraceful flight."

"The scene was one of indescribable confusion. The 11th Corps was panic-stricken, and the pack trains, ambulances, artillery carriages, etc., were rushing to and fro. My guns were served with the utmost difficulty, as carriages, wagons, horses without riders, and panic-stricken infantry were rushing through and through my battery, overturning guns and limbers, smashing my caissons, and trampling the horse holders under them."

"As we passed General Hooker's headquarters a scene burst upon us which God grant may never again be seen in the Federal Army of the United States. The 11th Corps had been routed and were fleeing to the river like scared sheep. The men and artillery filled the roads, its sides, the skirts of the fields, and it appeared that no two of any one company could be found together. Aghast and terror-stricken, heads bare and panting for breath, they pleaded like infants at the mother's breast that we would let them pass to the rear unhindered." It is a remarkable thing to me that any of the Union troops could face this condition of affairs, but they did and that right bravely. The loss of this battle was not on account of the panic, but on account of their leader alone.

Some Battle.—Rufus Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster United States Army, wrote General Butterfield on May 3 at noon: "I think we have had the most terrible battle ever witnessed on earth. I think our victory will be certain. I believe the enemy is in flight now, but am not sure." He was referring to Chancellorsville and missed it on every point.

Rosecrans the Wise.—The above gentleman wrote Secretary Stanton on May 8: "What we want is to deal with the enemy piece for piece, which is good when we have the odds." I wonder how long it took him to figure this out.

"Fighting" Joe Hooker.—History fails to tell us where or when the above gentleman got his sobriquet; but if he had had as much ability as assurance, the title would have been well earned. The following quotations, taken from his correspondence, give a good idea of his opinion of himself, as well as others, during the Chancellorsville campaign:

January 26: "In equipment, intelligence, and valor the enemy is our inferior."

April 21: "The enemy will be disappointed if they expect inaction on my part."

April 30: "I hope those troops are from Richmond, as the greater will be our success."

April 21: "I must play with these devils before I can spring. Remember that my army is at the bottom of a well and the enemy holds the top."

May 1: "I hope the enemy will be emboldened to attack me. I did feel certain of success."

May 3: "We had a desperate fight yesterday and to-day, which has resulted in no success to us. We may have another turn this P.M. I do not despair of success."

May 4: "I am informed that the enemy has reoccupied the heights above Fredericksburg, but attach no importance to it."

May 7: "We failed from a cause which could not be provided against."

There was a popular song in those days entitled "Old Joe Hooker, Won't You Come Out of the Wilderness?" which J. E. B. Stuart probably had a hand in composing, that covers Joe's case exactly.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"Servant of God, well done!

Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

JAMES MIKAJAH M'GLATHERY.

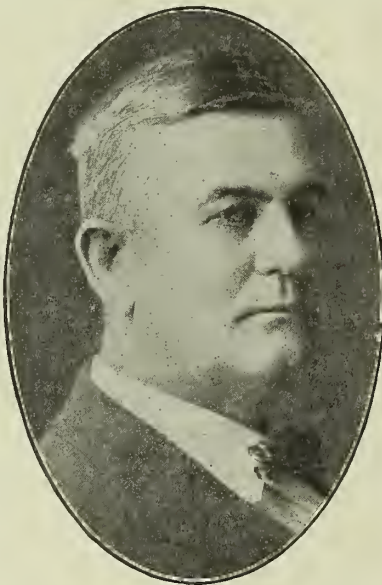
James M. McGlathery entered into rest in his beautiful home, "Miramir," in Pass Christian, Miss., on November 3, 1918, after a brief illness, in his seventy-third year.

Born in Corinth, Miss., November 25, 1845, Comrade McGlathery was but sixteen years of age when the State of Mississippi seceded from the Federal Union. Two years later he joined Forrest's Cavalry and remained in the service of the Confederate States until the close of the war, a gallant soldier of the Southern cause. He enlisted first in Company A, 19th Tenn. Cavalry, Col. John A. Newsom, Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Cavalry. In March, 1865, when the 19th and 25th Regiments were consolidated, Company J was formed of what was left of Company A and parts of other companies under Capt. H. C. Klyce, and young McGlathery was made corporal. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., on May 8, 1865.

Comrade McGlathery was a member of Camp 120, U. C. V., of Mississippi and represented his camp at most of the Confederate reunions. He received the Cross of Honor from Pass Christian Chapter; U. D. C., and regarded it as one of his cherished possessions.

Most of his useful life was spent in railroad service in Tennessee and Louisiana; but in 1899 he removed to Pass Christian, Miss., where he engaged most successfully in the hotel business until the time of his lamented death.

Captain McGlathery, as he was commonly called, was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church and was Senior Warden of Trinity Church at Pass Christian, from which he



JAMES MIKAJAH M'GLATHERY.

was buried in the beautiful Lone Oak Cemetery, with full Masonic honors at the grave.

Faithful in the discharge of every duty which came to him to perform, our comrade was a valuable member of the community, a devoted husband, a loving father, and a loyal friend. His memory will be cherished by all who knew him. He was married November 3, 1873, to Miss Georgia Campbell, of Shuqualak, Miss., and is survived by his wife, a daughter, and three sons, one of whom, Capt. Samuel L. McGlathery, is with the 312th Engineers, U. S. Army, American Expeditionary Force, in France.

RICHARD LAMAR SPRIGG.

Richard Lamar Sprigg died suddenly on November 30, 1918, at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was born at Cumberland, Md., March 22, 1842, the son of William Osborn and Sarah Van Lear Sprigg. At an early age he was sent to a school at York, Pa., and when eighteen years of age he enlisted in the Confederate army, being a member of the Botts Greys, called the "crack regiment" of Virginia. He was commissioned first lieutenant, Company G, Virginia Volunteers, in Jackson's 1st Brigade. During the latter part of the war he was promoted to a captaincy, serving in the Nitre and Mining Bureau until the close of the war.

In 1864 Captain Sprigg married Sophia Francis Brunot, of Baton Rouge, La. The Brunot family were identified with the American Revolution. Miss Brunot's grandfather was a foster brother of the Marquis de Lafayette, and together the two young men came to this country to fight for American liberty.

For the greater part of his business career Captain Sprigg was connected with the linen thread industry, and for over twenty years he was the Cincinnati and Western representative of the Smith & Dove Manufacturing Company, Andover, Mass. He retired from active business two years ago.

The Sprigg family has been closely associated with events in the early history of the nation. Captain Sprigg was a direct descendant of Osborn Sprigg, of England, who came to this country in the early part of the seventeenth century and established himself on an estate known as Northampton, Prince George County, Maryland. His maternal great-grandfather was Col. William Lamar, of Revolutionary fame, and his paternal great-grandfather was Capt. Michael Cresap, the great Indian fighter, who lies buried in Trinity Churchyard, in New York City. His grandfather, Michael Cresap Sprigg, represented his district in Congress. Captain Sprigg was a member of the Cincinnati Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution.

He had lived in Cincinnati for thirty-six years. His wife and five children survive him.

C. SLAGLE.

Another member of Gen. Joe Shelby's Iron Brigade of Missouri Cavalry has passed over the river in the death of C. Slagle, at his home in Siloam Springs, Ark., December 11, 1918, aged seventy-eight years. He was a member of Company C, 3d Regiment of Shelby's old brigade, and was with that command from its organization to the end of the war. He marched when they marched, fought when they fought, participating in sixty-five general engagements and many skirmishes. He witnessed the burial of Shelby's flag in the Rio Grande River on July 4, 1865, the last Confederate flag to float over the proud imperial South.

The story of Shelby's expedition to Mexico has been told so

often that it has become a part of the common history of the country. Comrade Slagle went with Shelby on every raid to the Missouri River, which was at least once a year from the beginning to the end of the war, and endured all of the perils and hardships of these bold adventures without a murmur, yielding only when the last flag went down. His old comrades, scattered among different States, will no doubt read with sorrow of the loss of another from the thin ranks of gray. He was twice married, and both wives, a son, and a daughter have preceded him into the great beyond. He leaves four children, a son and three daughters.

BOOKER FOSTER HUNT.

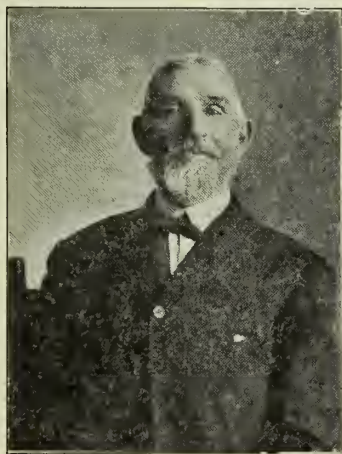
Booker Foster Hunt, youngest son of Samuel F. Hunt and Matilda Cunningham, was born at "Haverhill," Prince Edward County, Va., on December 29, 1841.

He united with old Buffalo Presbyterian Church at the age of sixteen, under the ministry of the Rev. Isaac Cochrane, who was for forty-three years pastor of that historic Church.

When Virginia seceded from the Union he promptly volunteered and, as a youth of eighteen, was mustered into service as a member of the first company formed in the county. He was afterwards transferred to Company D, 18th Virginia Volunteers, a part of the immortal Pickett's Division. He saw active service throughout the war, participating in a large number of the battles of the Peninsula and Northern Virginia. He was wounded slightly at Gettysburg in Pickett's charge and was captured a few days later at Williamsport and confined for the remainder of the war at Fort Delaware.

Returning home at the close of the war, he took up the threads of civil life again and, choosing farming as his life work, removed to Cumberland County, Va., where in 1867 he married Miss Pattie Foster, who lived only three years, leaving an infant daughter. He later returned to Prince Edward County, where he spent practically the remainder of his life. In 1872 he was married to Miss Sarah A. Cochrane, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Isaac Cochrane, and to them were born six children, all of whom, with his widow and the daughter by his first marriage, survive him.

Throughout his entire life Mr. Hunt was an active, consecrated member and generous supporter of the Church of his boyhood. He was elected a deacon a short time after the war and served as treasurer until his election to the eldership about twenty years ago. He was a regular attendant on the sessions of the Church courts and was repeatedly honored by his Presbytery by election as commissioner to the General Assembly. He was interested and active in local political affairs, as in all movements for the community welfare. His devotion to the cause of the Confederacy was profound and lifelong. He attended almost every Reunion, and it was while returning from the Reunion at Tulsa, Okla., that he was stricken with the illness from which he died,



BOOKER FOSTER HUNT.

at the home of his son, Rev. I. Cochrane Hunt, D.D., in Covington, Ky., in the early morning of Sunday, October 6, 1918. Wearing the Confederate gray he so dearly loved, and with the Stars and Bars crossed over his casket, he was laid to rest at sunset on Monday, October 7, 1918; his pastor, assisted by a former pastor, Rev. J. M. W. Elder, conducting a simple and beautiful service in the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives. His body rests with his fathers; his spirit has returned to God who gave it.

Such is the simple record of a well-spent life; but it tells little of the Christlike nature of the man, of his kindly courtesy, of his utter unselfishness, of a generosity so marked that it was frequently unwise, of the splendid courage with which he accepted comparative poverty and many hardships that he might do what to him was an obvious duty, of the husband who was a lover to the end, of a father whose life was a living inspiration to his children, of a neighbor to whom none ever appealed in vain—these and many other things are written in the Lamb's book of life, and only their revelation in eternity can fully tell the story of the resultant of such a character and life.

A brave soldier, a consistent Christian, a loyal neighbor, a tender husband, a loving father, a Christlike man—what nobler heritage can man leave? Earth is poorer, but heaven is enriched by his translation.

THOMAS B. HURST.

Thomas Benjamin Hurst, who departed this life on the 21st of November, 1918, at the age of seventy-three years, was born in Lancaster County, Va., the son of James and Athalia Hurst. In March, 1863, he enlisted in the 9th Virginia Cavalry, Company D, Lee's Division, Army of Northern Virginia, and served with devotion and gallantry until called to lay down arms at the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox.

He participated in all the engagements of his regiment on the noted battle fields of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, around Spotsylvania C. H., Hanover C. H., below Petersburg, Ashland, and on many others. He served on many hard marches with his regiment in the winter of 1864-65, with rations short and clothing scant, but was never heard to complain; on the contrary, he was always cheerful and always ready to help a discouraged comrade.

Returning to his native county at the close of the war, he engaged in farming, to which he devoted the major part of his time for the remainder of his life and at which he was very successful. Soon after his return he married Miss Gertrude Brent, and their home was blessed with a large family of boys and girls, all of whom have become worthy men and women. One son, James Hurst, is now Superintendent of Norfolk County Public Schools, and his youngest daughter, Miss Annie Hurst, is serving as nurse with the Red Cross in France, American Expeditionary Force, having answered her country's call in 1917, as her father did in the "days of long ago."

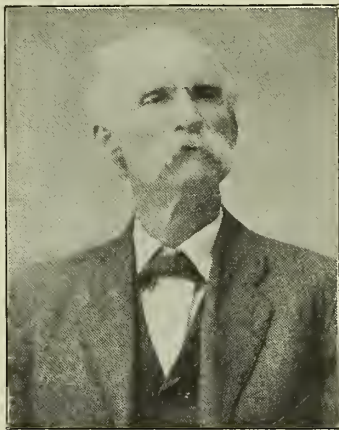
Thomas B. Hurst, affectionately called "Colonel" by his comrades, with whom he was very popular, became a member of the Lawson-Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans at its organization and was afterwards made first lieutenant by his comrades as a mark of their appreciation of his devotion to all things of interest to the Camp, its members, and the widows of the men who wore the gray. He always represented the Camp at reunions of the U. C. V., both State and national.

He was laid to rest by his old comrades at White Marsh Cemetery on November 23, 1918. The grave was covered with flowers, and in their midst was a Confederate flag.

JAMES MICHAEL GOODING.

James Michael Gooding was born in Crockettville, S. C., October 8, 1845, and died at Varnville, S. C., on October 30, 1918.

In the early summer of 1861, just after war had broken out between the States, a company of infantry was formed at Crockettville, which became Company D of the 11th S. C. Regiment. On the 15th of July James M. Gooding enlisted in this company. Being hardly sixteen years old, he was under age and not eligible; but he was determined to be a soldier, so he went as a substitute. The company was at once ordered to Bay Point to protect it and surrounding islands.



JAMES MICHAEL GOODING.

Some months later a large fleet attacked Bay Point and Hilton Head at the same time, and the battle raged fearfully all day. After this battle the 11th Regiment did service on the coast of South Carolina and Florida and became one of the famous regiments of the war. After serving a year with this regiment James Gooding was discharged as being under age and later joined the squadron of Capt. Manning Kirk's Cavalry, whose service was also in guarding the coast. It took part in many skirmishes and fights, of which Honey Hill was one; its last two big battles were at Greensboro, N. C., and Smithfield. The hardships of army life brought on chills and fever with which young Gooding was suffering at the end, but he managed to get home by traveling awhile and then resting by the roadside. He was never well and strong again, though he lived to quite an advanced age. He is survived by his wife and seven children.

NATHANIEL WADDY THOMSON.

Nathaniel W. Thomson was born in Bedford County, Va., December 7, 1829, a son of Jesse L. and Rhoda Wharton Thomson; he died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Belle Foster, in Bedford City, on December 10, 1918, after seven years of invalidism, bearing his sufferings with patience and fortitude.

In the War between the States Comrade Thomson served first in Company C, 28th Virginia Infantry, which was afterwards changed to Bowyer's Battery and was known as the Bedford Light Artillery. He participated with honor in all the engagements of his command until incapacitated by wounds received at Sharpsburg, which were so severe that his recovery seemed miraculous, but these wounds ultimately caused his death.

In physique Mr. Thompson was a Viking, splendid and strong, not unlike the Norsemen of old. His neighbors found in him a friend indeed. He was a very progressive farmer, having a great love for farming and for beautiful horses and stock. He was a lifelong member of St. Thomas Episcopal Church of Bedford City, faithful in attendance as long as he was able to go. His first wife was Anne L. White, who died in 1857; and in December, 1865, he was married to Sarah Virginia Wharton, of Bedford County. To them was born one child, a daughter, who survives him.

CAPT. SAMUEL T. FOSTER.

In the death of Capt. Samuel Thompson Foster at Laredo, Tex., on January 8, 1919, at the age of eighty-nine years, there passed one of the real pioneers of the State, for he went from South Carolina to Texas seventy-two years ago, when it was but a wilderness, and the greater part of his life was spent in South Texas, at Oakville, Corpus Christi, and Laredo. He was living at Oakville at the outbreak of war in the sixties, where he organized a company of volunteers and enlisted in the Confederate service. He served during the four years of war as a captain of his company under Generals Cleburne, Hardee, and Bragg. He was wounded during the battles of Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church, and at Nashville, where he was captured and sent to Camp Chase. His company was so depleted that Captain Foster was offered another command with the rank of major, but he declined the promotion, as it would separate him from his beloved boys.

In 1855 Captain Foster married Miss Mary Ham, and from 1868 to 1880 they made their home at Corpus Christi, during which time he organized the Star Rifles, a military organization that became famous in Texas, helping to frustrate several Mexican raids. He removed to Laredo in 1880, and in 1886 he was appointed by President Cleveland as United States Land Commissioner and filled that position till his death, being the oldest appointee in both service and age in the country. During the time he was also justice of the peace and tried a case the day before his death.

Samuel Thompson Foster was born in Union County, S. C., November 9, 1829, and was one of seven children. He studied law, and after going to Texas, in 1847, he practiced that profession and also was a member of the State Legislature during the administration of Governor Throckmorton. His first wife died some twenty years ago, leaving three daughters and three sons; his second wife survives him.

Captain Foster had been a member of the Baptist Church for more than seventy years and a Mason almost as long. He organized the first Masonic Lodge and Chapter at Laredo, and the funeral was conducted by that body.

WAVERLY T. MADERA.

Waverly T. Madera was born at Cabin Point, Surry County, Va., April 13, 1846, and died January 3, 1919 at his home, Tettington, Charles City County, Va.

He volunteered at sixteen years of age and became a member of Company K, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, and took part in all engagements of his command from 1862 to Appomattox Courthouse. During the Gettysburg campaign he was a courier for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. He was a member of Harrison-Harwood Camp, U. C. V., and John Tyler Camp, S. C. V., of Charles City, Va. His father was Lieut. E. A. Madera, of the same command—a case of father and son soldiering for a cause dear to their hearts. Comrade Madera was a participant in the famous cattle raid made by Gen. Wade Hampton on Coggins Point in 1864.

In 1869 Mr. Madera married Miss Richetta Savedge, 1869, who survives him with three children: Claudie F., of Tettington; George W., of Newport News; and Mrs. Blanche Peterson, of Surry, Va. Another daughter, Mrs. Bertha Morse, of Washington, D. C., died two days after her father. Mr. Madera was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, a good neighbor, and known for his open hospitality to friend and stranger alike.

[W. L. Wilkinson, Commandant of John Tyler Camp, Charles City, Va.]

ALFRED OWENS.

Alfred Owens, of Company D, 3d South Carolina Cavalry, one of Joe Wheeler's scouts, now rests with his comrades in the Confederate section at Arlington. His last resting place is near the base of the great monument wrought out to the Confederate dead by Sir Moses Ezekiel.

Mr. Owens died at his home, in Washington, D. C., on December 7, at the age of seventy-six. He had been a resident of Washington for two years. He had been a successful merchant at Williston, S. C., and Augusta, Ga., a man in whose life was exemplified the highest ideals of honesty and integrity, a devoted husband and father. He was married June 22, 1872, to Frances Augusta Esterling. Mr. Owens was a member of the Baptist Church and served for many years as an officer in the endowment rank of the Knights of Pythias. The greatest pleasure that he experienced in Washington was his participation with the Confederate veterans in the preparedness parade and also the march with his comrades in review before President Wilson at the Confederate Reunion in June, 1917. He wore with pride the Cross of Honor presented to him by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The funeral services were conducted by Dr. Samuel H. Greene, assisted by Dr. A. F. Anderson, at Cavalry Baptist Church, Washington, and in his eulogy Dr. Greene paid a tribute to the life of the deceased as a successful business man, as a brave soldier, and as a Christian gentleman. The cortege was met at the entrance to Arlington by a detachment of soldiers of the United States army, who marched at the head of the procession. A military salute of three volleys was fired over the grave by a detachment of the 11th Cavalry, Fort Myer, Va., and taps was sounded by an army bugler from Troop A, of the 11th Cavalry. The honorary pallbearers were members of Camp No. 171, under the command of Capt. Fred Beall. The active pallbearers were mem-

bers of the Owens Bible Class of the First Baptist Church of Hyattsville, Md., an organization taught by and named for the son of the deceased. There were also in attendance officers and members of the District of Columbia Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and also Washington Camp, No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Mr. Owens is survived by his wife, four children, and twelve grandchildren. The children are Mrs. R. A. Weathersbee, Williston, S. C.; Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Director General of the Southern Commercial Congress and Past Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans; Mr. Albert E. Owens, Past Commander of the Maryland Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans; and Mrs. Hugh E. Phillips, of Washington, D. C.

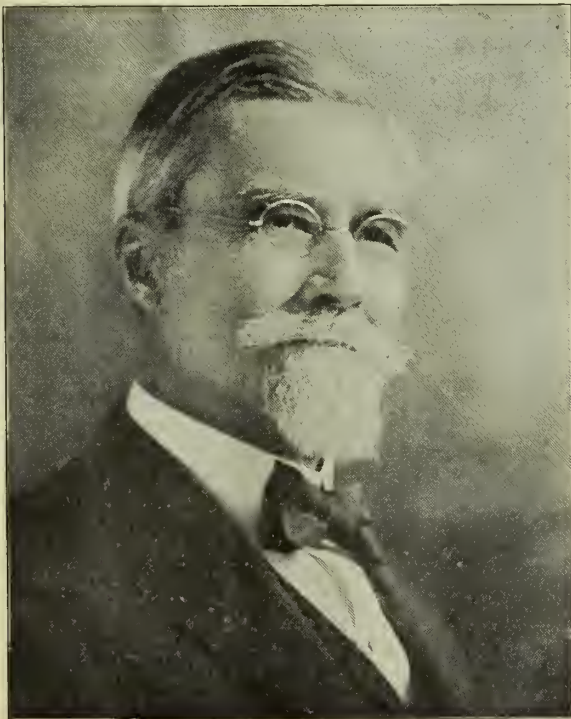
A letter from Lieut. Bruce C. Getsinger, of the United States navy, to his lifelong friend, Clarence J. Owens, sums up a beautiful estimate of the life and character of Alfred Owens. He wrote: "Your father and my father were comrades in the Civil War, and since I became aware of their close relationship under the same command in those stirring times I often picture him in this relation. I picture your father as a leading citizen of Williston when you and I were in our happy boyhood days, and I picture him again in his ripper years when he had gone to Washington to spend his remaining days near the children who were his pride and joy. In each of these relations the association is a pleasant one to me, and I have no doubt that mingled with the feeling of loss in the departure is a feeling of satisfaction in his splendid life, which must have been seen best by those who loved him most. I feel that in his life and in the children who are living to mourn his loss he has made a contribution to America. In this contribution your dear mother has freely shared, and my sincerest sympathy goes to her and also to your sisters and brother and yourself."

BALDRIDGE TYLER VINSON.

After an illness extending over many months, Baldrige Tyler Vinson passed away on November 26 at his home, in La Porte, Tex. He was born in Franklin, La., St. Mary's Parish, December 6, 1842. The commencement of the war found him and his two elder brothers, Bailie P. Vinson and Van B. Vinson, attending college at Hanover Academy, Brimstone Castle, Alexandria, Va. The three brothers immediately enlisted in the service, Baldrige in the 11th Louisiana, Army of Tennessee, and he saw service under Gen. Richard Taylor in his campaign against General Banks in that general's unsuccessful attempt through Louisiana and Arkansas, being first gunner in charge of a battery of light artillery which brought enormous damage to Banks's lurid hopes of conquest. Owing to his natural modesty, little is known from him as to his personal exploits in the battles in which he was engaged, although he had the details of all these battles at his finger tips and could tell of the striking bravery of his comrades. Although he was sick most of that time, he never would go to a hospital and never missed a battle.

He lived and died a staunch supporter of the cause of the Old South and gave no quarter and little comfort to those who ventured an argument against the righteousness of the cause for which he fought. In his passing the Confederate veterans have suffered the loss of a true and loyal comrade who was a man in every fiber of his make-up, strong, honest, and upright.

[Concluded on page 70.]



ALFRED OWENS.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Historian General*
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal. *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKE, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: February brings to the United Daughters of the Confederacy an opportunity for their best efforts.

The Minutes of the Executive Board meeting held in Charleston, S. C., November 19-21, 1918, together with all the routine printing for 1919, are in the hands of the printers at this writing, January 8, and it is the expectation of your Recording Secretary General to mail these minutes to officers and Chapters the first week in February.

The Convention Call and the credential blanks for the postponed Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention to be held April 1-5 are also in the printer's hands and will be mailed (D. V.), according to the Constitutional requirements, the last week in January. So in February all this printed matter should enable the U. D. C. to conduct their work effectively until the April Convention.

State Registrars are again reminded to file their records for 1918 at once with the new Registrar-General, Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, Berkeley, Cal., to enable her to prepare her report for the April meeting.

War Relief now becomes, in the providence of God, peace relief.

Our Seventh Ward at the American Military Hospital at Neuilly, France, was completely endowed on December 20, and the good news was given to the U. D. C. through the Associated Press on the day after Christmas. The following are the beds composing this our seventh ward at Neuilly: (1) Texas Division, U. D. C., a tribute to Texas; (2) John M. Jolly Chapter, U. D. C., Martin, Tex., to 1st Lieut. Irby R. Curry and the A. E. F. of Falls County; (3) Orrville, Ala., Red Cross, to the Alabama A. E. F.; (4) Benton, Ala., Red Cross, to the Alabama A. E. F.; (5) Byrd, Harvie, and Etelyn Wallis, in memory of Lieut. Merrell Minor; (6) Electra Semmes Colston Chapter, U. D. C., Mobile, Ala., to Father Ryan, poet, priest, soldier; (7) Florida Division, U. D. C., to our soldiers of to-day; (8) Arizona, Robert E. Lee and Dixie Chapters, U. D. C., a tribute to Arizona boys; (9) the U. D. C. of Minneapolis, Minn., assisted by the Boston, Evansville, Ind., Portales, N. Mex., and others, to the private soldiers of the Confederacy; (10) the Carry-on Club of Orangeburg, S. C., to our boys of the A. E. F.

Mrs. Rountree and her committee have accomplished a great work through the loyal and faithful coöperation of the U. D. C. in every part of the United States. You have fallen in with the plans of your guiding committee. You have responded to their suggestions and followed their advice, and the result has been a conspicuous service to your country in the hour of a great crisis. Victory having crowned our arms, peace now being under consideration, the needs for our hos-

pital work and new government loans to be asked for in the near future are still with us, and the historical part of our war work remains to be perfected.

Your President General concurs with your War Relief Committee, and through them with your State War Relief Directors, in urging you to reëndow your beds at Neuilly through 1919. We have conferred with Mrs. Bacon and find that arrangements can be made by which semiannual and quarterly endowments will be accepted. So with this in mind, check up your work and see in what month your special bed was endowed and guarantee its reëndowment through 1919 at least.

The General U. D. C. Bed No. 1, "A Tribute of Honor and Devotion to Jefferson Davis," was reëndowed on January 8, 1919, for another year. Your leader has set you the pace for 1919. Will you not follow it as you did last year?

The Fifth Liberty Loan will be called for soon; set your plans to make and keep a careful and correct record of your Chapter and individual "takings" in this loan. If you have not already collected and filed with your State War Relief Director the sum total of your Chapter and individual "takings" in the fourth liberty loan, attend to this duty at once, so that Mrs. Rountree's committee may have the sum total of this subscription from each State to report at our April Convention. This tabulation may seem unimportant, but accept my assurance, as your President General, that it is not so; this record will be of great value to the prestige of our society in making our final report of war work to the government.

The Records of Descendants of Confederate Soldiers serving the United States in the great world war of 1917-19 should now engage your energy. This work was only partially begun in 1918, and yet five thousand names are already on record. That number can be increased tenfold if the Chapters will turn their attention earnestly to this part of our war work, which will pass into the hands of the Historical Department at the Louisville Convention in April.

An Honorary President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy passed to the great beyond in the passing of Miss Mary Custis Lee early in December, 1918, at Hot Springs, Va. Miss Lee, as the eldest daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, was known and honored throughout the South, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy counted it an honor and a privilege to number her among their Honorary Presidents. A woman of brilliant intellect and a keen sense of the dignity and responsibility which were hers through her glorious inheritance, Miss Lee's marked personality was recognized in Europe and America, and in her passing the South loses one of the few remaining historical characters associated with the great days of '61-'65. A suitable memorial to Miss Lee's memory and character will be offered at the Louisville Convention during the memorial hour there.

A Gift to the U. D. C.—Through the generosity of Mrs. N. D. White, of Holdenville, Okla., the U. D. C. has received as a gift a beautiful and elaborate specimen of tatting. Mrs. White writes as follows:

"My Dear Miss Poppenheim: Inclosed you will find a baby cap which I donate to the fund for the hospital beds of the U. D. C. at Neuilly, France. You can dispose of it as you see best. I am seventy-one years old, and the cap is my own work; it has taken several blue ribbons.

"Hoping it will bring a few pennies for the cause, and wishing you a happy and prosperous meeting at Louisville,
Sincerely yours, MRS. N. D. WHITE."

This cap is offered for sale now, and any one wishing to purchase it is invited to open correspondence with the President General on the subject.

A Tribute to the U. D. C.—Mr. Lucius Hosmer, the composer, has recently issued a piano conductor arrangement for his "Southern Rhapsody," which he dedicated to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The composition was written last winter in Asheville, N. C., and is played by bands and orchestras everywhere these days. The great bandmaster Sousa played it at every concert he gave on his last tour. It is arranged for a grand orchestra, but can be played by smaller organizations; it contains many Southern melodies, and some negro rhythms are interwoven in its composition. It is thus gay, grotesque, solemn, majestic, and martial in its make-up. The U. D. C. may accept the compliment of its dedication with appreciation to the composer for placing our Southern music on so many programs in such an effective and artistic manner.

And so my letter to you closes for February. It is a record of work accomplished and of tributes paid to your devotion to the land you love. Twenty-five years of organized work and self-sacrifice have made you an established part of American life; our past has been marked by dignity and faithfulness; our future, because of our increase in strength and training, we can make of great service not only to the South because of our great love for her, but also to the United States of America, our own, our native land.

Faithfully yours, MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

A MESSAGE FROM THE OFFICIAL EDITOR.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: Having assumed, at the request of our President General, the duties of editor of the U. D. C. Department of the VETERAN, I am anxious for the department to be even more helpful and interesting to all of you than it has been, excellent as it was; so I ask the coöperation of every one of you to accomplish this and ask that every one will send me every item of interest regarding our work and what our prominent members are doing. As our space in the VETERAN is limited, I can't promise to get in every item every time, all the time, but I will do my best. Please condense all reports from Divisions as much as possible to conserve space, and to assist in this I shall try editing all reports and combine them in one.

Wishing each and every one of you a happy New Year, I am,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. PAUL L. JOACHIM, CHAIRMAN OF PRESS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the District of Columbia Division was held on December 4 at the Confederate Memorial Home. Preceding the formal opening of the Convention, a memorial service was held in memory of Miss Mary Custis Lee. Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim delivered eulogies on the beloved departed.

The Convention was divided into two sessions. The afternoon session was opened by the Chaplain, Mrs. Owen Dorsey. The year's reports were then given by the Division officers and Chapter Presidents. The Chairman of the Red Cross Committee gave a most interesting account of the work done by the auxiliary. The Chairman of War Relief Work reported a bed endowed by the District of Columbia Division in the American Military Hospital No. 1, in France, with a balance of three hundred and fifty-eight dollars for the Endowment Fund of 1919. Since the call for war relief work came from our President General every Daughter of the District has responded in some patriotic way.

During the year many sorrows have been brought close to our hearts, but none more keenly felt than the death of the beloved husband of our Division President.

The evening session of the Convention began with an enjoyable musical program furnished by the U. D. C. Chairman of Music, Miss Lillian Chenowithe.

The officers elected for 1919 are as follows: President, Mrs. Gibson Fahnstock; First Vice President, Miss Helen Griffith; Second Vice President, Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Ambler; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Stidham; Treasurer, Mrs. Milton Johnson; Registrar, Mrs. Stephen Ford; Historian, Mrs. B. H. Bonham; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Wallace Streater; Auditor, Mrs. Horace Whitaker; Custodian, Miss Gladys Pugh; Chaplain, Mrs. Owen Dorsey; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. Gustavus Werber.

At the close of the Convention Mrs. John W. Hickey presented the retiring President, Mrs. James E. Mulcare, with a beautiful silver tray as a token of love and esteem from the Daughters of the Confederacy in the District of Columbia.

At the Confederate memorial exercises held at Arlington on the afternoon of June 9, 1918, Capt. John M. Hickey, of Tennessee, presided, and Congressman Padgett, of Tennessee, the speaker of the occasion, delivered a most eloquent address. On the platform were many distinguished guests, including President and Mrs. Wilson, Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels, Miss Mary Custis Lee, Admiral and Mrs. Grayson, and others.

Some truths there be are better left unsaid;

Much is there that we may not speak unblamed.
On words, as wings, how many joys have fled!

The jealous fairies love not to be named.

Too much, O! far too much is told in books;

Too broad a daylight wraps us all and each.

Ah! it is well that, deeper than our looks,

Some secrets lie beyond conjecture's reach.

Ah! it is well that in the soul are nooks

That will not open to the keys of speech.

—Henry Timrod.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED.

A few months ago an American regiment was entirely surrounded by the German army in the Argonne Forest, and, though cut off from their command and without food for days, when called upon to surrender absolutely refused and held out till reinforcements came; and all the world rang with praise of the exploits of the "Lost Battalion."

Shall we forget the heroism of six hundred young Southern officers who during the War between the States were for months in great peril, part of the time under shell fire and all the time as prisoners of war with insufficient food?

It was reported to Maj. Gen. J. G. Foster, commanding United States forces, coast of South Carolina, on what proved afterwards incorrect information, that Maj. Gen. Sam Jones, in command of the Confederate forces, Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, had placed six hundred Union officers, prisoners of war, in the city of Charleston, S. C., where they would be exposed to the fire of the Union batteries. Accordingly, in August, 1864, Gen. J. G. Foster requested of Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, Chief of Staff, United States army, that six hundred Confederate officers, prisoners of war, be sent to him as an act of retaliation. At this time there were about fifteen hundred Confederate officers confined in Fort Delaware, a military prison on Pea Patch Island, in the Delaware River. From that number were selected six hundred officers—six colonels, six lieutenant colonels, sixteen majors, one hundred and seventy-six captains, one hundred and seventy-six first lieutenants, and two hundred and twenty second lieutenants—who were shipped to General Foster at Hilton Head, S. C.

Great was the joy of the Southern lads that morning of August 20, 1864, when they were placed upon a small gulf steamer, crowded as it was, for they thought they were to be exchanged and were on their way home. But their joy soon turned to bitter grief when they discovered that the boat, the Crescent City, was a prison ship, upon which for eighteen days they endured incredible suffering and torture from confinement below deck, intense seasickness with corresponding filth, not sufficient food to satisfy natural hunger, and added to the heat of the summer seas under a late summer sun were steam from the engines and the smell of tar and grease. At one time they were without water for forty hours, and strong men broke down under this deprivation and wept, begging like children for a drink of water. After they reached the coast of South Carolina the boat was anchored for some time, and on the afternoon of September 7 they were landed on Morris Island, a marshy island four miles from Charleston. Here they were confined for forty-five days in a prison pen, or inclosure, laid off four hundred yards from Battery Gregg in front, two hundred and fifty yards from Battery Wagner in the rear, and in line from the guns at Fort Sumter. The fire from the Federal batteries drew the return from the Confederate guns on Sumter, Johnson's Island, Fort Moultrie, and other forts guarding Charleston Harbor, and so these hapless prisoners were exposed to the fire of their own guns.

The guard placed over them was a negro regiment, the 54th

Massachusetts Volunteers, Col. E. N. Hallowell commanding, all of whom treated the prisoners with great unkindness and often brutality. Already so weak from confinement on the prison ship that fifty of their number had to be carried ashore, unable to walk, their plight became even worse now from the starvation rations issued, which consisted of a few moldy crackers, a small piece of fat meat, and half a pint of bean or rice soup daily. The prisoners obtained their drinking water by digging holes in the sand and waiting until sufficient water oozed through. At one time the Confederate government sent them, under a flag of truce, some tobacco, peanuts, and sweet potatoes, part of which was appropriated by the negro guards; but poor as the gift was, it was much appreciated by these boys, still loyal to a country they loved. These were days of anguish for them, and it was well they did not know that worse ones were to follow.

In an old pamphlet published by one of the number soon after the war he wrote: "Thus living on three crackers and two ounces of meat and some warm water, fired upon, shelled, cursed, starved, and rendered miserable in every form, we lingered on for forty-five days in this horrible place ere we were permitted to bid a final and, I hope, an everlasting farewell to Morris Island." Late in October they were placed upon an old schooner, which had to be towed by another vessel, and sent to Fort Pulaski, on Cock Spur Island, at the mouth of the Savannah River. Col. P. P. Brown, commandant of Fort Pulaski, colonel of the 127th New York Volunteers, was put in charge of the prisoners, and he and his guard were kind to them, and he made a requisition for blankets, clothing, and full prison diet for them. But all in vain; the orders came from General Foster, and were peremptory, that the prisoners were to be given ten ounces of corn meal and half a pint of onion pickle each twenty-four hours, without salt, meat, grease, or vegetables. The meal was old and full of bugs and worms, having been ground in 1861. At first these poor prisoners loathed it, but, under the pangs of awful hunger, ate it, worms and all. After they had been there a few weeks two hundred of the prisoners were sent to Hilton Head, S. C., and from diaries kept by them it would seem that their sufferings equaled, if they did not exceed, those of their comrades confined within the damp brick walls of the casemates of Fort Pulaski. It was a cold winter, with snow on the ground Christmas Day, and these prisoners of war record that they had neither fire, blankets, nor sufficient clothing to protect them from the bitter weather. Their hunger was so great that they had begun to catch and roast all the rats they could find. Once a day twelve cord sticks of pine were issued to each twenty-eight men, and over these they cooked their corn meal and what animals they could catch. They finally killed every cat and the few dogs which came their way. Mrs. Brown, wife of Colonel Brown, was kind to them and once gave one of them two slices of bread and ham, which he mentions with gratitude, but which he did not eat, giving to a younger comrade who was starving. Mrs. Brown had a big, fine cat, which she begged them to spare, and this they did, though they said it was a great temptation not to roast "Old Tom" on Christmas Day. On one occasion the prisoners wrote Colonel Brown a petition to come into their prison and see for himself their actual conditions. He replied: "I cannot come and see the suffering of my fellow man, which I am completely powerless to modify or prevent. My requests for you have all been ignored by headquarters; I can do nothing to alleviate your conditions."

They were sick and cold and hungry and suffered every-

[Concluded on page 70.]

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
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SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

IMPORTANCE OF THE JUNIOR AUXILIARY.

My Dear Coworkers: From the various lines of work which commends itself, there seems none of greater or more vital importance than that of impressing the young minds with the grand and glorious record of the heroes of the War between the States. To the youth of our country we must look for the perpetuation of the cause to which we stand pledged. They are our one hope, and in the Junior Auxiliary lies the vitally important medium of transmitting to posterity the beautiful and sacred custom inaugurated by our Southern mothers to glorify and honor the patriots whose valor and bravery have rarely been equaled, but never excelled. Let us call our young people together, interest them by planning future work, instruct them with reasons for our existence, impress upon them the responsibility which is theirs in preserving and perpetuating the history and customs of the Old South, entertain them with music and add light refreshments, and their loyal support is assured. Begin with a small number of members; it is easier to handle a few than greater numbers until organized. For the coming year may we not put special emphasis upon this thought and bring to our next convention reports which will prove that the spirit of the Old South is not dead, but that the same loyalty of purpose that animated the mothers of the sixties still lives?

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, is planning to hold a conference of the officers of that Association in Atlanta early in the spring. The meeting will be called about the 14th of May and will be an important one, at which time work for the period of readjustment following the recent war will be outlined. The conference will assemble a group of distinguished women from the Southern States, and it will be a notable occasion, as many of the splendid women of the National Board will bring to the Council a wide experience and knowledge of the work done in the past and advice for the younger women who will take up the work in the years to come, a work that has been successfully carried on for over half a century. Out of the meeting will evolve greater strength and larger plans for preserving the memories of the past and keeping green the graves of unforgotten heroes.

* * *

Now that new interest centers in the readjustment that is to follow the recent war, interests that are gripping the hearts of the world with tremendous force, the bloody sacrifice made

by our own gallant heroes of the Confederacy, who fought as valiantly for the honor of the South as the men in the allied army have fought for the peace of the world, should not be forgotten.

With renewed energy let us go forward, maintaining the beautiful custom of observing one day in each year for decorating the graves of our heroes with fragrant spring flowers and telling the younger generation how nobly those heroes fought and fell. Memorial Day should be an untarnished star day on the calendar of all the years to come, and nothing must intermingle in its sacred hours to tarnish its radiance. It has been well established that the original thought of Memorial Day was born in the brain and heart of Miss Lizzie Rutherford, of Columbus, Ga., later the wife of Capt. Roswell Ellis, and that the widow of Charles J. Williams, a brave Confederate soldier, is the author of the beautiful letter that went far toward establishing the custom of observing Memorial Day. Both these patriotic women sleep in Linwood Cemetery, at Columbus, Ga., with appropriate headstones setting forth the part they took in making Memorial Day the first patriotic day along this line in the South.

* * *

The Ladies' Memorial Association at Athens, Ga., was organized from the Soldiers' Aid Society, which found its work ended at the close of the War between the States. The first President was Mrs. Laura Cobb Rutherford, and Miss Millie Rutherford, former Historian General U. D. C., known throughout the United States as one of the most brilliant and charming women of the South, is President for life of the Association at Athens. This branch of the Association immediately set about to raise sufficient money with which to purchase a permanent monument for the soldiers of Clarke County who were killed in the War of the Sixties. The result was that, in 1872, a handsome shaft of Italian marble was erected, on which was inscribed a splendid tribute by the Rev. A. A. Lipscomb, then Chancellor of the State University. It was this monument that Henry W. Grady referred to in his famous speech at Boston, which did as much to bring about a union between the North and the South as President Woodrow Wilson has done to bring about a righteous peace between the nations of the world.

On the shaft of marble is recorded the name of Maj. W. S. Grady, father of Henry Grady, along with other names of men who stood for the chivalry and heroism of the Old South. I was a very young child at the time the remains of Major Grady were brought to Athens, and was taken by my mother to attend the funeral services. Later I had the pleasure of hearing Henry Grady "try out" his remarkable speech at a banquet in Atlanta; and although it was at that time in a formative state, its magic swept the company literally off their feet, for every man and woman rose to cheer him.

When the Clarke County regiments left Athens I saw them march by with eyes too young to see the battle field beyond. A group of men played on fifes "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and as the soldiers passed a fence on which a number of young girls had perched themselves to bid good-by to their sweethearts one young soldier lifted his hat and cried: "Good-by, ladies! Good-by, world!" My mother afterwards told me that he was one of the first to be killed in battle. Another young gallant, recognizing the girl he loved sitting on the fence, her pretty face hidden in a sunbonnet, called out: "Good-by, Miss Lottie; God bless you!" And when the war was over he sent her a beautiful gold bracelet in which was inscribed, "God bless you."

* * *

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, Va., is one of the distinguished women holding office on the National Board of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association. She is the efficient Corresponding Secretary General of the Association, Past Historian General U. D. C., and has served as Corresponding Secretary of the Historical Society of Virginia. She comes of a distinguished Confederate ancestry and is a woman of broad culture and unusual literary attainments. She has given much time to promoting patriotic work that bears upon the South and its honored traditions. She is a woman whose ideals are high and who has ever lived up to them.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

In observance of the fifty-fourth anniversary of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., a special memorial service was held there in November, 1918, as a joint tribute to Sam Davis, the martyr-hero for truth and the South; to Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, founder of the U. D. C.; to Mr. S. A. Cunningham, gatherer and preserver of the South's Confederate history; to the Confederate veterans of Williamson County; to the United Daughters of the Confederacy; and to those of the country's boys who have made the supreme sacrifice in the world war. An interesting program was carried out, and the speakers of the occasion were veterans of the last three wars in which our country has engaged. Capt. R. H. Jennings, Confederate veteran, spoke on "The Battle of Franklin"; while the Spanish-American War had its tribute from Judge Robert E. Lee Pinkerton, now of Belvidere, S. Dak.; and Dr. B. Toon Nolen told of "My Part in the Great World War as a Medical Officer."

As the roll of the honored dead was called a red or white flower was placed for the name in a white and gold vase. The Confederate veterans of Williamson County who have died in the past year are as follows: Charles Bond, R. F. Cotton, Robert Davis, Thomas Davis, N. B. Dozier, John Greer, Dr. James P. Hanner, George N. Herbert, Thomas Jones, James F. McEwen, George S. Nichols, W. T. Shelton, Archie Thomas.

U. D. C.: Mrs. Tennie Pinkerton Dozier, Mrs. E. M. Hearn. World war dead: James D. Anderson, W. C. Logan, Wyley Morgan, Frank Ring, Floyd Reed, Joseph Warren.

WHAT FLAG WAS THIS?—Who knows of the flag (Federal) that was planted on top of the intrenchment at Fort Beauregard, Vicksburg, May 22, 1863? What flag was it, and what became of it? Any Confederate soldier who knows this is asked to tell what he knows.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED.

[Continued from page 68.]

thing in confinement that brave gentlemen could endure, and still they refused to take the oath of allegiance to a government with which their country was at war, and no word of complaint of the government at Richmond was ever heard. These young officers were from every Southern State, and of the whole six hundred finally seventeen could stand the suffering no longer, but took the oath of allegiance and, thus surrendering their manhood, were freed from the prison miseries of their companions, the rest of whom endured to the end. At Hilton Head, when it was discovered that one of their number had made an application to take the oath of allegiance and be released, Colonel Manning, of Arkansas, and some young captains from North Carolina formed themselves into a committee of six to attend to the comrade who had disgraced them. They cut off his buttons and bars, turned his coat wrongside out, and told him that he was henceforth ostracized by his fellow prisoners, as he had dishonored the uniform of the Confederate army. For this act these six officers were placed in one cell in close confinement for seven days and nights by the provost marshal.

The sufferings of those at Fort Pulaski from scurvy and other causes became so great that some who were not so sorely afflicted formed in the officers' prison barracks on December 13, 1864, "The Relief Association of Fort Pulaski, for Aid and Relief of the Sick and Less Fortunate Prisoners," Col. Abe Fulkerson, President. Out of their scanty funds they collected what they could, and on December 28 the President reported that they had collected eleven dollars and expended eleven dollars.

And thus by trying to help each other, and, whenever possible, gathering in the casemates of the prison just before taps at night and singing the dear old songs of the South they loved so well, they kept their hearts warm and their souls from degradation.

On March 4, 1865, those at Fort Pulaski were taken to Hilton Head and, together with their comrades there, were placed on the Illinois and carried back to Fort Delaware and placed in the same prison pen from which they had been taken eight months before.

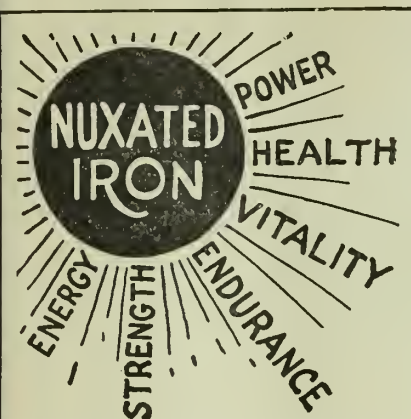
"Noble Six Hundred!" And so they came back, but not six hundred. From death, disease, wounds, and by exchange they numbered now only about one-third of their original number; some of their companions were sleeping in the sands and marshes of the South, and some were buried at sea. A few days after their return General Lee surrendered, and all was over. Those who were left and those in graves in the South and in the sea had eaten the bread of sorrow and drunk the tears of affliction, but through it all had kept their manhood and were loyal to a cause for which they were willing to die. "Immortal Six Hundred!"

Authorities: (1) A pamphlet called "Prison Life," by one of the Six Hundred. Published in Virginia in 1869. (2) "The Immortal Six Hundred," by J. Ogden Murray.

BALDRIDGE TYLER VINSON.

[Continued from page 65.]

The remains were laid to rest in Glenwood Cemetery, at Houston, Tex., with services by his pastor, William States Jacobs. He sleeps with a great number of the Southern soldiers, the flower of the South, who followed the standards of Lee and Jackson.



Nuxated Iron increases strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances. It has been used and indorsed by such men as Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury and Ex-Governor of Iowa; Former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential Nominee, Charles A. Towne; U. S. Commissioner of Immigration Hon. Anthony Caminetti; also United States Judge G. W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington, and others. Ask your doctor or druggist about it.

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The United States government, through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department, will safeguard you and your loved ones with the spirit and purpose of a republic grateful to its gallant defenders. To avail yourself of this protection you must keep up your present insurance. Carry back with you to civil life, as an aid and asset, the continued insurance protection of the United States government.

Hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance!

FOR SALE.—A small pamphlet giving an account of the last meeting of Mosby's Battalion, his refusal to surrender, farewell to his soldiers, etc. This pamphlet is offered for sale for the benefit of an aged daughter of a Confederate officer. Any offer on this can be made to the VETERAN, and it will be made known to the owner. Send stamped envelope for reply.

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Inquiry is made for a copy of "A Woman's Wartime Journal," by Dolly Summers Lun (Mrs. Thomas Burge), with introduction by Julia Street. Any one having a copy for sale or knowing where the book can be procured will confer a favor by writing to the VETERAN.

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Mrs. Howard Hall, Cheriton, Va.: "It gives me pleasure to renew my subscription for another year. The VETERAN gives freely of valuable space each month to the U. D. C. Surely each member can show her appreciation by becoming a subscriber and thus contribute to its support. This should be considered an obligation by every member of our organization. One dollar is very little to pay for twelve copies of valuable and interesting reading matter pertaining to our Confederate history."

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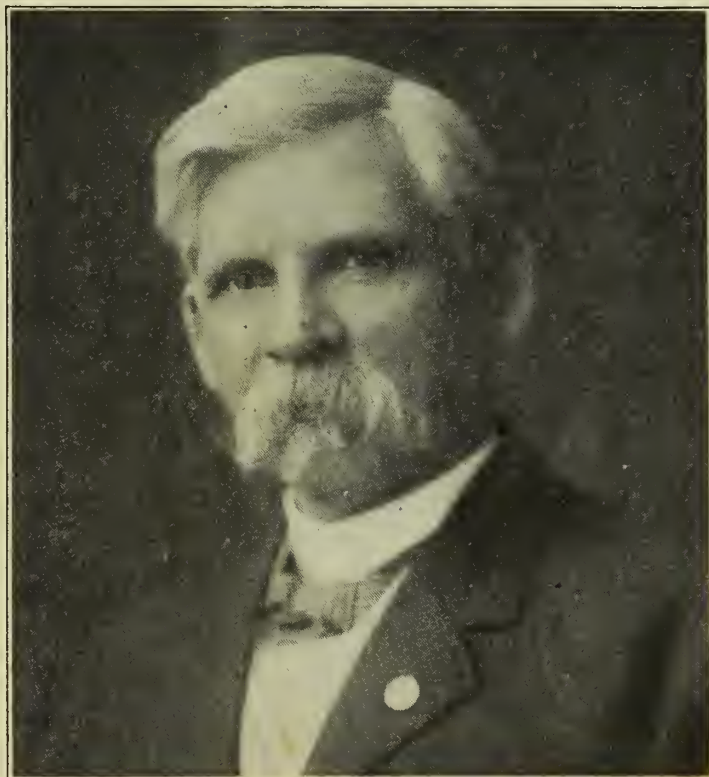
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VOL. XXVII.

MARCH, 1919

NO. 3



GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG
HONORARY COMMANDER IN CHIEF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS
BORN MAY 25, 1843, DIED FEBRUARY 23, 1919

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WELL EARNED.—Miss Eliza Hyde, one of the oldest employees in the government service, recently resigned her position in the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, after fifty-four years of service. She is now eighty-seven years of age. Upon her retirement, John Skelton Williams, Comptroller, presented to Miss Hyde a sunburst of fifty-four pearls, one for each year of her service, on behalf of her fellow workers.—*National Tribune.*

Two old friends had met after many years, and one was recounting the happenings in the old home town, including the births, accidents, and deaths. "And old man Watts died, too, the other day. You know he was ninety-two years old."

"Ninety-two years old? Well, well! What did he die of?"

A bystander chipped in this information: "He didn't die of anything. It was his turn."

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
Two Notable Deliverances on Secession.....	75
Disposition of the Lee Estate.....	75
The Passing of the Gray.....	76
"Division and Reunion." By Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.....	77
Benjamin Butler and Jefferson Davis. By H. T. Owen.....	78
"The Boy on the Burning Deck." By W. P. McMinn.....	78
Through the Pass. (Poem.) By Margaret Preston.....	80
Some Prison Experiences. By E. Polk Johnson.....	81
Early Efforts to Suppress the Slave Trade and Abolish Slavery in the South. By Anne Bachman Hyde.....	83
Rights under the Constitution. By J. A. Richardson.....	89
Virginia—A Tribute. By James H. McNeilly, D.D.....	94
The Brave Young Life of J. E. B. Stuart. By Mrs. W. B. Robertson.....	96
The Confederate Government.....	99
In the Years of War. By John C. Stiles.....	103
Departments: Last Roll.....	104
U. D. C.....	108
C. S. M. A.....	112
In Dixie. (Poem.) By Mrs. A. A. McCausland.....	114
A Striking Coincidence.....	114
The Unseen Army. (Poem.) By Roxana Byrd White.....	115
Political Prisoners. By Joseph B. Seth.....	115

KNITTING FOR THE SOLDIERS

Knitting for the soldiers,
How the needles fly!
Now with sounds of merriment,
Now with many a sigh!

Knitting for the soldiers!
Panoply for feet
Onward bound to victory,
Rushing in retreat.

Knitting for the soldiers!
Wrinkled, aged crone,
Flying flying needles
By the ember stone;

Crooning ancient ballads,
Rocking to and fro,
In your sage divining
Where these things shall go.

Jaunty set of stockings,
Neat from top to toe,
March they with the victor?
Lie with vanquished low?

Knitting for the soldiers!
Matron, merry maid,
Many and many a blessing,
Many a prayer is said,

While the glittering needles
Fly "around, around,"
Like to Macbeth's witches
On enchanted ground.

Knitting for the soldiers
Still another pair;
And the feet that wear them
Speed thee onward—where?

To the silent city,
On their trackless way?
Homeward, bearing garlands?
Who of us shall say?

Knitting for the soldiers,
Heaven bless them all!
Those who win the battle,
Those who fighting fall!

Might our benedictions
Speedily win reply,
Early would they crown you
All with victory.

—*Mary J. Upshur.*

Norfolk, Va., October 8, 1861.

John F. Adams, Secretary of the Emma Sansom Camp U. C. V., of Gadsden, Ala., makes inquiry where he could procure a memorial roll, or scroll, suitable for recording the names of the Camp members as they pass away, with record of service, etc., to be framed and kept in their Veteran's Hall. This inquiry is passed on in the hope that some other Camp may be found to have such a memorial record.

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1919.

No. 3. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

TWO NOTABLE DELIVERANCES ON STATES' RIGHTS.

"Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and to form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable right, a sacred right, which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole of any existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit." (Speech of Abraham Lincoln in United States Congress, January 12, 1848.)

"Statesmanlike wisdom spoke in the contention of Webster that the Constitution had created * * * a single Federal State, complete in itself, enacting legislation which was the supreme law of the land. It may, nevertheless, be doubted whether this was the doctrine upon which the Union was founded. It seems impossible to deny that the argument of Hayne contains much more nearly the sentiment of 1787-89. In seceding in 1860-61 the South resumed most naturally the methods of 1788. * * * As the whole country acted then, so did South Carolina and her companion States act now in the momentous winter of 1860-61. * * * It is impossible to believe that what was done lacked the substantial support of the people. That secession was the project of the leading classes in the South is not to be doubted; but the voting population of the Southern States was in a sense the most political in the world, the least likely to follow blindly because most deeply interested in politics. It could be managed by its leaders only because it was so thoroughly homogeneous, only because it so entirely understood and sympathized with their point of view. If some were moved against their judgment, very few were moved against their principles." (Woodrow Wilson in the volume "Division and Reunion," pages 44, 45, 240, 241, published in 1893 as a volume of "Epochs of American History.")

RECONSTRUCTION IN THE SOUTH.

Naked and desolate she stands,
Her name a byword in all lands,
Her scepter wrested from her hands,
She smiles, a queen despite their bands!

DISPOSITION OF THE LEE ESTATE.

Miss Mary Custis Lee, last surviving child of Gen. R. E. Lee, who died November 11, 1918, left an estate aggregating \$157,000, of which \$53,000 was devised to various institutions, memorial and otherwise; while \$104,000 was distributed among her surviving relatives. The institutions benefited by her bequests are as follows: R. E. Lee Memorial Church, Lexington, Va., \$10,000; Old Christ Church, Alexandria, \$10,000; for preservation of the Lee monument, Richmond, \$5,000; Needy Confederate Woman's Home, Richmond, \$5,000; Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, \$3,000; Virginia Division, U. D. C., \$3,000; Virginia Historical Society, \$2,000; Washington and Lee University, Lexington, \$10,000; hospital in Alexandria, \$5,000. To Washington and Lee University she also left her share of the family pictures from Mount Vernon and Arlington, and her bequest of \$10,000 to that University is to assist in building a fireproof room in which those pictures could be deposited. Her bequest to the Lee Memorial Church is for the improvement and preservation of the edifice.

THE ARLINGTON ESTATE.

The Arlington estate, inherited by George Washington Parke Custis from his father, was willed to his daughter and only child, Mary Ann Randolph Lee, wife of Lieut. Col. Robert E. Lee, and, on her death, to his oldest grandson, George Washington Custis Lee, "to him and his heirs forever." This property was confiscated during the war, and by an executive order of the President of the United States, dated January 6, 1864, the entire tract of eleven hundred acres, more or less, was selected for government use, "for war, military, charitable, and educational purposes." By the same order it was directed that the property be sold to meet the payment of \$92.07, direct taxes due thereon. This was done January 11, 1864, and the property was bid in for the United States for the sum of \$26,800. After his mother's death, in 1878, Gen. G. W. C. Lee, as heir at law, contested the legality of the tax sale, and decision was rendered in his favor. This decision, upon appeal, was affirmed by the United States Supreme Court in 1882, and by an act of March 3, 1883, Congress appropriated the sum of \$150,000 for the purchase of the property; and on March 31, 1883, Gen. G. W. C. Lee conveyed the property to the United States for the sum appropriated.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE PASSING OF THE GRAY.

An active, vigorous, and purposeful life has closed with the death of Gen. Bennett H. Young. Though his health had been frail for years, to the last his days were filled with work and plans, and only when failing strength gave its warning did he seem to realize that age has its limitations. "It is the only time in all my life," he wrote to the *VETERAN* early in February, "that I have ever felt real 'puny'"; and the trip to Florida was made in high hope of restored vigor, but, alas! it was too late. In Jacksonville illness fastened upon him, and at last, feeling that the end was near, he begged to be taken back to Kentucky, that he might die amid the old familiar scenes of his native State. And in Louisville, on Sunday afternoon, February 23, his spirit passed across the river to bivouac with the comrades gone before.

For four years General Young was Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, and he was then made Honorary Commander in Chief for life. He was proud of the honors bestowed upon him by his comrades of the gray, who had taken him through successive offices in the State Association of Confederate Veterans to Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, and then to the head of the entire organization. His service as a Confederate soldier began at the age of eighteen, when he joined Morgan's Cavalry. He was captured in that daring raid into Ohio, but escaped from prison and made his way into Canada, where many others of the Southern Confederacy had sought refuge. With nineteen other Confederate soldiers and volunteers picked up in Canada, this boy lieutenant led the raid from Canada across the boundary to St. Albans, Vt., where a bank's funds were seized for the benefit of the Confederate government. They escaped back into Canada; and had that government given up the young leader, he would doubtless have been executed. The feeling was so bitter against him that President Johnson refused to include his name in his general amnesty proclamation, and for three years he remained in exile. He devoted this time to the study of law and literature at the Queen's University of Ireland, at Dublin, and also took a year's course at the University of Edinburgh, taking his degrees with honor. At last change of sentiment allowed his return to the United States, and he began the practice of law at Louisville, where he became one of the most prominent attorneys of the city and a most public-spirited citizen. By his efforts the public library was saved to the city, and he was made Vice President of the institution, later becoming President of the Library Association. For many years he was Superintendent of the Kentucky Institute for the Education of the Blind. He had a prominent part in the railroad development of the State. By the negroes of Louisville he was considered a benefactor of their race, for as far back as 1879 he had assisted in the establishment of the Negro Orphanage, and for twenty-five years he had been its President. He was always deeply interested in religious work, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a faithful attendant on its services. For forty continuous years he

served as superintendent of the afternoon Sunday school of his Church in Louisville.

The friendship between the late editor of the *VETERAN* and General Young was very close, and he was made one of the *VETERAN*'s Board of Trust to carry on the publication for the benefit of the Confederate organizations. And it was General Young who started the movement to erect a monument to the *VETERAN*'s founder and editor.

General Young had great literary talent, and he was known as a historian and author. His book on the prehistoric men of Kentucky was written after many years of research. Other productions of his pen are: "The History of the Kentucky Constitution," "Evangelistic Work in Kentucky," "Battle of Blue Licks," "History of Jessamine County," "History of the Division of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky," "The Battle of the Thames," and "Kentucky Eloquence." His latest work was "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," in which he pays tribute to the gallant leadership of that branch of the Confederate service. He had in contemplation a book on Northern and Southern prisons during the War between the States, with a view of exonerating the South of the charge of cruelty and neglect in the management of her prisons. That task now falls to another, and let us hope that it be not too long delayed.

But it was in connection with the Confederate organizations that he was most widely known and beloved. He became prominent in the counsels of the United Confederate Veterans at the first meeting in Nashville, Tenn., 1897, when he made a speech nominating Louisville as the place for the next reunion. Largely to his efforts was due the organization of the Kentucky Confederate Home. In 1899, when he was Adjutant General of the Kentucky Division U. C. V., he wrote the report which provided for its organization, and he became chairman of the committee to raise funds to purchase the property, in which work he was extraordinarily successful. He wrote all the legislative acts and secured all the statutes connected with the Confederate Home. He was named as the first trustee by Governor Beckham, was later made President of the organization, and from that time to his death was President of the institution. This Confederate Home, which accommodates over two hundred inmates, is considered the most comfortable, homelike, and best managed of soldiers' homes.

Of late years General Young had been most deeply interested in the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview. When the birthplace of Mr. Davis was purchased for memorial purposes, he advanced the money needed to complete the payments. He was made President of the Jefferson Davis Home Association and took the lead in securing a State appropriation of \$7,500 to be used in improving the property. Later on he began the movement to erect the great obelisk as the tribute of the Southern people to the leader of the Southern Confederacy. It needed a man of his persuasive force to carry through such an undertaking successfully, and more than half of the giant shaft had been completed when work was suspended last fall by government order for the period of the war. The work was to be resumed this spring, and General Young was looking forward to its dedication as the crowning event of his labors. Though he will not be here to finish this great work, it will not fail; it is too much a part of our life, our honor, and it will be carried on to glorious completion not only to honor the great leader of the Confederacy, but as a tribute to him who started the movement and worked so faithfully for it to the end.

"DIVISION AND REUNION."

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

The review by Rev. Dr. McNeilly of Mr. Wilson's "Division and Reunion," which appeared in the *VETERAN* for January, is worthy of cordial, if not unqualified, commendation. The work in question was published in 1893 and forms one of a series relating to the interpretation and explication of American history as contemplated from the standpoint of political development. Mr. Wilson was at the time associated in a professional capacity with Princeton University. The series was presented to the world under the supervision and the sanction of Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of American history in Harvard University, champion and eulogist of Sherman, and within very recent memory arraigned by a congressional committee upon a charge of disloyalty in assuming the rôle of a German propagandist during the war with the empire of the Hohenzollerns. Upon the occasion of a lecture delivered in Richmond, Va., Dr. Hart commended himself to the favorable regard of his audience by proclaiming that "his father had served under Sherman." In one of his comments relating to our national conflict, he assigns a preëminent rank to Sherman as "its most picturesque figure."

During the session of the American Historical Association in Baltimore, December, 1905, in the course of a discussion of which racial conditions in the South formed the essential element, the vital inspiration, Dr. Hart was untempered in his denunciation of all the aims, ideals, aspirations that compose the very heart's blood of our ancient record, as well as the golden dreams wrought into form and incarnated in fadeless verse by the lyric grace of Henry Timrod. Relentless, implacable hatred of the Southern people was, and still is, his supreme aim, dominating motive, inflexible, relentless purpose. Like Dr. Chillingworth in "The Scarlet Letter," our Harvard oracle, who would fain slit the continuity of our "thin-spun historic life," is nurtured by a single force and sustained by a single product. If the South by some mysterious convulsion or cataclysm were annihilated and stricken from the universe, Dr. Hart would by a logical and resistless process pass into a state of effacement and cease to exist, at least, in his present force and character. The specific object of his malignity having "withered in the void," he too must descend into the abysmal deep.

It is with a sense not far removed from keen regret that we read the passage quoted by Dr. McNeilly from Mr. Wilson's "Division and Reunion," page 239. The consciousness of disappointment is in a measure quickened by the remembrance that the father of the President, Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, D.D., was a firm adherent to the cause of the Confederacy, and, more than this, a member of the special committee which, in the historic General Assembly that met at Augusta, Ga., December, 1861, drew up the charter from which the Presbyterian Church in the South still derives its corporate life and its legal existence. The instrument was reduced to form by the chairman of the committee, father of the present writer, one of the foremost jurists of the period preceding our national conflict. This notable episode in the development of ecclesiastical history is portrayed with characteristic graphic faculty by Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer in his "Life of Dr. James H. Thornwell," Chapter XXXIV. It may be regarded as a preëminent act in the drama by which the genius of faith was molded into harmony with the spirit of our newborn nation then rising into light and thrilled with the ideal

tones so recently proclaimed in Timrod's "Ethnogenesis." Woodrow Wilson and Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart were at the time five and seven years of age, respectively, that is, December, 1861.

To the creed of the South Dr. Joseph R. Wilson remained loyal even unto the end. In the epoch-making assembly at Augusta he contended for the autonomy of a people driven to assert the right of self-government or to accept as the inexorable alternative political annihilation and effacement. His son is the protagonist of the world movement, striving in solemn convocation at Paris for the attainment of the same ideal, the realization of the same cherished purpose which, in 1893, he pronounces "a belated principle of government, an outgrown economy, an impossible purpose," when its essential principle, its vital element is concretely applied to the case of his native section struggling merely for the right to avert her own extinction and turn back the oncoming wave destined to take away her place in the calendar of newly risen national aspirants. Yet "the belated principle of government," which in its relation to France and Belgium involves a carnival of blood unprecedented in all records, fails utterly in its application to our stricken and desolate South, traversed by that Northern hero who is, as apprehended by Dr. Hart's "shaping spirit of imagination," the most winsome and picturesque figure developed in the story of American soldiery. I offer no solution or explanation of the hopeless variance of attitude revealed by a comparison of the quotation introduced from "Division and Reunion" and the part sustained by Mr. Wilson in regard to the war with the Hohenzollern empire. The question involves a logical, if not a psychological, impossibility, and silence, rather than discussion, is golden. Let us not endeavor to pluck out the heart of the mystery.

To the apprehension of the writer an incapability or insusceptibility to change is essential to the very conception of a constitutional principle and is implicit in its nature. If the right of self-government was a recognized and vital element of our political development in 1787, such it continued to be in 1830, 1850, 1861, 1919. The physical universe is subject to mutation and vicissitude, but one unchanging purpose runs through the increasing ages that mark the evolution of moral law as revealed in the sphere of political philosophy. Interpretations may vary, or exegeses be modified, but the imperishable truth "is broad based upon the eternal hills, and compassed by the inviolate sea." Above all, the sanctity and the perpetuity of a constitutional principle are in no wise impaired or invalidated by reverses of fortune, military disaster, or the triumphs of material power over logic and reason. It is the baldest of sophistical hallucinations to assume that Appomattox determined the abstract right of secession or in the smallest degree affected the justice of the principle involved in the doctrine of loyal self-government or the autonomy of States. It was not the inalienable right, but its exercise and application that were trampled under foot by a victorious and vindictive enemy, by Grant, Sheridan, Hunter, and, above all, Dr. Hart's star of American chivalry, Sherman, in his clearly defined crusade against age and infancy, the grave and the sepulcher, women in most critical condition of health driven from their flaming homes illumining the enshrouding darkness to seek refuge in the streets of Columbia. Yet despite this carnival of infamy in which Dr. Hart's supreme hero assumes the foremost rôle, Southern scholars have been revealed who did not hesitate to share in his shame and

minge their apostasy with his record of changeless, relentless hate. For these recreants, seduced by "the jingling of the guinea," the "one more wrong done to man, one more insult to God" suggested no feeling of compunction and inspired no sentiment of remorse. They became editors or revisers of the libelous series issued under the benignant sponsorship of Dr. Hart. What boots to these fallen spirits the blot on the scutcheon? Like "The Lost Leader" of our psychological poet,

"Just for a handful of silver they left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in their coat,
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote."

We cannot conclude without a renewed expression of grateful appreciation to Dr. McNeilly. May he survive in unabated vigor to the dawn of that golden day when, upon every sacred ceremonial or commemorative occasion, we shall not contemplate the abomination of political desolation standing in our holy places, accompanied by the clearly revealed suggestion that we have met to exult in our own overthrow and solemnize the burial of the ideals, visions, aspirations incarnate in our "Ethnogenesis!"

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY H. T. OWEN, RICHMOND, VA.

In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for June, 1918, was published a clipping sent by Leslie Armstrong, taken from the San Antonio *Express* of May 6, 1918. This was a copy of a letter from Gen. Benjamin F. Butler to the Minneapolis *Tribune* on January 5, 1879, in which he stated that in the Democratic Convention at Charleston, S. C., in 1860, he "voted fifty-seven times for Jefferson Davis for President of the United States." As this contribution to Confederate history was accepted and published by the VETERAN with the remark, "hardly credible," and as I remembered the stormy time of the Charleston Convention and had most of the proceedings of that convention, published each day during its session, I hurriedly wrote a letter to the VETERAN, which appeared in the July, 1918, number, vouching for the fact that Ben Butler voted for Jeff Davis on fifty-seven ballots.

In 1860 there were thirty-three States in the Union; and Butler says thirty-two were represented on the platform committee at Charleston. Seventeen of these agreed upon a majority platform; all the others, except Butler, reported a minority platform, while Butler alone presented and advocated the adoption of the Cincinnati platform of 1856 on which Buchanan had been elected, and upon which, he says in his book, he then knew that Douglas couldn't stand nor be elected. This Cincinnati platform was accepted, and the action of the convention was so surprising and unprecedented that I added to the notice I sent a remark I heard made by a prominent politician, who served on the platform committee with Butler at Chicago in 1884, that "Butler had written every platform for his party from Andrew Jackson to Cleveland."

This was a superfluous and unnecessary addition, as it had nothing whatever to do with the question at issue, which was as to whether Butler voted for Davis. I ought to have known better than to use such stuff, and did know as soon as I received the first criticism and comment on the article, which was a few days after the July copy of the VETERAN

appeared. Much of the comment I received here was so nice and courteous in tone that I replied to it and felt as old Joe Lunt did when he let the fire get away and burn up a part of Major Wood's fence. He went up to explain, and commenced: "All an accident, Major; all an accident." Major Wood answered: "I hope, Joseph, you didn't suppose for a moment that I thought you set fire to my fence intentionally?" "No, sir, I didn't; but whenever I do anything wrong that I am sorry for and come up here to apologize, you treat me so nice you make me glad of it." Then the August VETERAN and others came with some harsh strictures, but none more so possibly than the article deserved, and they made me feel like old Riggs when he found his hired man lighting a lamp about sunset and asked him: "What are you going to do with that lamp?" "I am going courting!" "Well, sir, when I went courting I didn't carry any lamp." "It's a pity you didn't and see what you got by it. Since I came into the family and learned of your misfortune from the cook, I have decided to carry a lamp, and never go courting without one!"

In the *New York World Almanac* for 1912, on page 213, under the heading, "Ballots for Candidates for Presidents," can be found this information: 1860, Democratic National Convention at Charleston, S. C., first ballot, Douglas, Illinois, 145; Hunter, Virginia, 42; Guthrie, Kentucky, 35; Johnson, Georgia, 12; Dickinson, New York, 7; Lane, Oregon, 6; Jefferson Davis, Mississippi, 1; Toucey, Connecticut, 1; Pierce, New Hampshire, 1. Fifty-seventh ballot: Douglas, 151; Guthrie, 65; Hunter, 16; Lane, 14; Dickinson, 4; Davis, 1; no choice."

The convention adjourned to meet at Baltimore, where Douglas was nominated on the second ballot, the vote being Douglas, 181; Breckinridge, 7; Guthrie, 5; Seymour, 1; Bock, 1. The anti-Douglas Democrats nominated Breckinridge, who had 105 votes, without opposition.

The *Philadelphia Weekly Times* of June 7, 1884, under the heading of "Political Contests for the Last Ninety-Six Years," beginning with Washington and coming down to Garfield, says of the Charleston Convention in 1860: "Jeff Davis received one vote on fifty-seven ballots which was 151; Guthrie, 65; Hunter, 16; Lane, 14; Dickinson, 4; Davis, 1; no choice."

"THE BOY ON THE BURNING DECK."

BY W. P. M'INN, HEREFORD, TEX.

I was born in Panola County, in the northern part of Mississippi, and I had been out of the county very few times when I joined the Confederate army at the age of fifteen years. A cavalry company had been made up in our county in September, 1861, and was called the Panola Cavalry. Green Middleton was the captain and Tobe Taylor first lieutenant. They tried to get the boys to join by telling their parents that they would take good care of them. The farmers gave the horses to the company, and it was well mounted, for the horses were good ones. The company marched to Grenada, Miss., and was mustered into service. By this time it numbered about one hundred men.

I did not join the company until November, as I had to stay at home and help to gather our crops. But all the time I was having visions of "the boy on the burning deck." Finally I decided to try my luck as a soldier. I wanted to have one of those horses for my own, whereupon I rolled up my wardrobe, which was no great job, and boarded the train

for Grenada, about thirty miles away. This being my first ride on a train, I thought if the State of Mississippi was as large the other way as it was that way, it was certainly a "whopper." When I reached Grenada I joined the company and was sworn into service.

My horse was a big sorrel about sixteen hands high. I think I weighed about ninety-six pounds. When I got my new saddle and bridle I saddled "Old Balley" and struck out for the drilling ground and began army life in earnest. I looked more like a jay bird on a haystack than "the boy on the burning deck," but I felt larger than the major. We drilled until March, 1862, thinking all the time that the war would be over before we had a chance to try our skill and to show our pluck. We longed for the day when we could get a pop at the bluecoats with our double-barreled shot guns and a whack at them with our shining sabers.

At last the order came for us to move toward the front. This was after the fall of Fort Donelson. We rolled up our tents and blankets and loaded them on the train, also our horses. This took us all day. Later on in the war we would have mounted our horses and gotten well on the way while we were loading the horses and things on the train.

After we got started it was discovered that some of the boys had some "pinetop." They were having a lively time when, just before we reached our old home town, Water Valley, there came a gust of wind and took off the hat of one of the boys. When we reached Water Valley all of our old friends were there to tell us good-by. As the train pulled out the boy who had lost his hat reached out and grabbed the hat of an old man, who began to object and followed us a long way trying to get his hat. We had not begun to capture Yankee hats then, and we thought that was quite an adventure.

We reached Jackson, Tenn., the next morning about sunrise, where we went into camp and stayed for three weeks. At this time General Polk's army was passing Jackson on its way to join Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's army at Corinth, then preparing to meet General Grant. We had to scout the country between Jackson and the Tennessee River. While at Jackson we had the measles, and after the measles came the erysipelas. We lost several of our boys before the disease was checked. Among these were John Vankirk, a Northern man, Lonny Russell, and several others. While I had the measles the battle of Shiloh was fought. We did not lose very many men, but one man, Lewis Griffith, had his horse shot from under him. I thought I would gladly give Old Balley to have been in Griffith's place, so eager was I for adventure. But I took pneumonia after I had the measles and did not get back to service until the battle of Corinth, in October.

We were not in the main battle, but had to do picket and guard duty between Grant's and VanDorn's armies. We could hear the roar of the guns, and an occasional stray bullet served to remind us that the battle was still raging. I wondered what the queer sound was, when a bullet came whizzing over my head, until finally I said: "Well, boys, I thought it was too late for June bugs." Of course that caused a big laugh. We got the worst of the battle, and VanDorn was forced to retreat. We had to cover the retreat, and the Yanks crowded us pretty hard, being encouraged by their victory.

When night came we went into bivouacs. About ten or eleven o'clock Sergeant Perry with sixteen men was sent

back to the crossroads at old Ruckersville to stand guard the rest of the night. At this time there were six McMinns in the command, five brothers and one cousin. Most of them were in the same detail. Our time came at daylight the next morning. There were two roads on which to stand picket. Bob and Jim went on the main road, down which the Yanks had been advancing occasionally the evening before. The Yanks charged our boys, which was very trying on a boy of sixteen, who had never been in a battle. George Patton and I had to go down a dim road in nearly the same direction and but a short distance from the road. The bushes were very thick, and our way led between a truck patch and the road on which Bob and Jim were stationed. It seemed really dangerous to me, who had never done any scout duty and very little service in the army. We went down the road about a quarter or half a mile and relieved the picket. But about this time I began to get scared. I imagined all kinds of things. I thought: "What if the Yankees were to come down on Bob and Jim and run them back to the crossroads. That would cut George and me off between the road and the truck patch." By this time I was pretty nervous and upon seeing George on the ground, I told him he had better get upon his horse; but he only laughed, and said: "Why, Bill!" I was trembling so that my iron stirrups began to rattle.

I had traded my hat for a cap, which had some cloth sewed on for a tail to protect my neck and back from the sun. The tail was about two feet long, I guess. I told George that if the Yanks were to come down and drive Bob and Jim back to the crossroads, then we would be cut off and be taken prisoners, and I told him that I was going to leave that place. About that time I heard the boys yell, "Halt!" and pop went a gun. Without waiting for any order, I lit out as fast as I could go. I was going to get to those crossroads before it was too late. During all of my three years of service this run beat all of it, for I fairly got down to it. When I reached the truck patch, which was in sight of the reserve picket, my cap tail (it was said) was floating to the morning breeze. I never did hear the last of that. Instead of the Yanks charging the boys, as I had thought, they turned their horses and took to their heels; and while I was running one way, they were making tracks in another direction. But be that as it may, I could breathe a whole lot easier with the boys than away from them.

It was sometime before the Yanks came up, and then they were on foot, and it was a skirmish line about two hundred yards long. The boys were driven back to the reserve at the end of the lane, where there was quite a skirmish. We fell back, as they advanced, fighting as we went. The Yanks were firing from behind trees and stumps, while we were in the open. The bullets fairly plowed up the ground and knocked the dust in our eyes, but, strange to say, no one was hurt.

When the bullets began whizzing around my head I thought more of the little negro boy running down the lane than "the boy on the burning deck." I thought the order to retreat would never come, and when it did we lost no time in obeying. I tell you, old comrades, we went at once and were glad of the chance. And when I got through that lane and in line with the command I breathed my first good, long breath, very thankful that I was alive and unhurt. I had had enough of fighting for one day. We fell back without any more fighting and went into bivouac for the night.

When we had fed our horses and eaten our suppers we sat down to talk over our wonderful day's experience with the blue coats. One of the boys spoke up and said: "Well, Bill made a bad stand, but a good run." And, of course, they all laughed. I told them if they had seen a Northern prison as plainly as I did, they would have run too. About that time one of the boys discovered a hole in the tail of my cap, and said: "That boy had a close shave of it then. See where that bullet went through his cap tail." But I told them that it was not any close shave, for the cap tail was a long way from me when it was hit.

When I was in old Mississippi a few years ago I stayed all night with Marvin Magee. We were talking of our ups and downs in the army life, when he asked me if I remembered old Ruckersville. I told him I certainly did, for that was a time never to be forgotten. He laughed, and said: "I could have played marbles on your cap tail when you came around that truck patch." The next day VanDorn and Price fell back to Holly Springs and waited for Grant, who was advancing down the Illinois Central Railroad. At this time we were Company C, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, with Tobe Taylor as captain.

A HEROINE UNDER FIRE.

BY A. J. CONE, COMPANY I, 18TH GEORGIA REGIMENT, LONG-STREET'S CORPS, A. N. V.

The following incident is not hearsay, but came under my personal observation. I saw it with my own eyes, and there may be others living who remember the circumstances. I have witnessed many cool acts of heroism, many manifestations of remarkable courage and undaunted bravery in times of the greatest stress and danger to all life, when the missiles of destruction seemed to so fill all space that even a sparrow flitting through the zone of death could not possibly escape with its life.

This incident occurred at Chancellorsville, Va., when Hooker with his great army crossed the Rappahannock River to flank Lee. It was Sunday morning, the second day of May, 1863. By forced marching our army was brought up from Fredericksburg and immediately began the investment of the little place by forming line of battle at right angle to the plank road leading into Fredericksburg, while the enemy had hastily intrenched and posted artillery on the hills surrounding the place, giving them a clear view down the plank road leading toward Fredericksburg, also every approach in their front from which Lee's army was advancing to the attack. Battle line was formed in the woods, and soon we had orders to advance into the open fields. The enemy's guns opened on us with cannon and small arms, the missiles of death seeming to fill the air. Just behind the enemy's line we saw the Chancellor house on fire, and soon we saw the heroine of this incident coming toward us as fast as she could, her six months' old baby nestled in her bosom, leading another by the hand, the third child holding to its mother's dress. I met her on the plank road, and several of the boys stopped a moment and begged her to hurry on to safety. I never saw as cool and undaunted a spirit as she seemed, no fear exhibited by her or the little ones. She said to us: "Go on, my brave boys. They have burned my home and all I had, but my little darlings you see."

The shells of the enemy were tearing up the planks and hurling them in great confusion all about us, and men were falling by the score, but she stood like a statue, unmoved by our earnest pleadings. Several men grasped her by her arms

and forced her to move on to a place of safety. No fear or excitement was manifested, but when she was coerced by force she waved us onward with her hand, laughing the while, and with measured step she resumed her evening stroll down the road with her helpless treasures, while the shell and shot increased in vehemence and quantity. I trust she reached a place of safety with her precious burdens. If she is still on this side of the realm of spirits, I should like to know and hear from her.

THROUGH THE PASS.

The last wish of Matthew Fontaine Maury.

"Home, bear me home at last," he said,
"And lay me where my dead are lying;
But not while skies are overspread,
And mournful wintry winds are sighing.

Wait till the royal march of spring
Carpets the mountain fastness over;
Till chattering birds are on the wing,
And buzzing bees are in the clover.

Wait till the laurel bursts its buds,
And creeping ivy flings its graces
About the lichened rocks, and floods
Of sunshine fill the shady places.

Then, when the sky, the air, the grass,
Sweet nature all is glad and tender,
Then bear me through 'The Goshen Pass'
Amid its flush of May-day splendor."

So will we bear him! Human heart
To the warm earth's drew never nearer,
And never stooped she to impart
Lessons to one who held them dearer.

Stars lit new pages for him; seas
Revealed the depths their waves were screening;
The ebbs gave up their masteries,
The tidal flows confessed their meaning.

Of ocean paths the tangled clew
He taught the nations to unravel,
And mapped the track where safely through
The lightning-footed thought might travel.

And yet, unflattered by the store
Of these supremest revelations,
Who bowed more reverently before
The lowliest of earth's fair creations?

What sage of all the sages past,
Ambered in Plutarch's limpid story,
Upon the age he served has cast
A radiance touched with truer glory?

His noble living for the ends
God set him—duty underlying
Each thought, word, action—naught transcends
In luster, save his nobler dying.

Do homage, sky, and air, and grass,
All things he cherished, sweet and tender,
As through our gorgeous mountain pass
We bear him—in the May-day splendor!

—Margaret Preston.

SOME PRISON EXPERIENCES.

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

No man who rode through the war with Gen. Joseph Wheeler ever thought, until it was too late, of the possibility that he might fall into the hands of the enemy. The General had made so many successful forays behind the enemy's lines, coming back unscathed and with a proud record of battles won, prisoners taken, and enemy property destroyed, that his men grew to believe he and his command were invulnerable to attack, and that when they went out after a wagon train its drivers might as well turn the heads of their mules southward and drive into the outstretched hands of Wheeler's Cavalry, which was sure to get them anyway. But every good rule must have its exception to prove its correctness, and this finally happened to General Wheeler and his young hard-riding, unruly, undisciplined fighting men.

While General Bragg was making his customary retreat from Missionary Ridge, as was the rule with him after every battle, whether won or lost, a portion of General Wheeler's cavalry, as was also customary, covered that retreat upon Tunnel Hill and Dalton, my regiment being among those present and, as was also customary, in the extreme rear nearest to the pursuing enemy. Late in the evening of the first day's march my horse was wounded, and at the same time the man nearest me received his death wound. My mount kept his feet, and under cover of the gathering darkness the regiment was extricated from a very warm current of Hades.

On the next day, at Ringgold Gap, the enemy was checked by a combination of infantry and cavalry, and his pursuit extended no further. During Christmas week, a month later, General Wheeler organized a pleasure excursion, which was quite popular with the men who were selected to accompany him. My wounded horse had not fully recovered, but by using a little military strategy I escaped being selected to remain behind on account of my charger's condition. It required five minutes for me to get ready to accompany General Wheeler, but it was all of fifteen months before some of us returned. When we did get back one of the men who had not gone on the raid remarked to me: "If you had had real good sense, you would have stayed in camp that day when you volunteered to attend the Charleston races, and you would then have got killed by Sherman's army, like all of us were, while you were loafing up North in a military prison." It will be observed that soldiers sometimes use weird phraseology in expressing themselves.

General Wheeler had six hundred picked men when he attacked the forces guarding a wagon train at Charleston, East Tennessee. It developed that we had stirred up a hornet's nest of 4,500 full-grown Western Yankee fighting men, and the proceedings were full of interest for a short time, the entertainment suddenly concluding for me when the enemy's infantry flanked us on the right, marched straight on our front, and charged our left with cavalry. We went away from there—that is, some of us did. I remained, as my horse was again shot and went down, catching one of my legs and pinning me fast to the ground. I was, of course, captured by the enemy, and it is a strange anomaly that, though I have been enabled to describe my sensations as a soldier under many trying circumstances, I have never yet been equal to giving a perfect description of my feelings at finding myself a defenseless prisoner in the hands of the enemy. All that I distinctly remember is that I was mad,

mad clear through, and was impudent to the Ohio chap who had me in charge; and when he intimated his intention to shoot me, I grew madder and more impudent and called him a d— coward. While he was considering this latter remark the infantry came up, and a big red-faced Hun came at me with his bayoneted rifle at a charge and, after the manner of his kind, remarked to me: "You tamm Secesh, I kills you." I don't know why I did it, but I laughed in that Dutchman's face, and as he passed on with his comrades I turned to my Ohio man to take the medicine which he had prescribed for me. Other prisoners were coming to the rear, and the conversation with the gentleman from Ohio was never resumed. There were about one hundred of our men captured, and among them fourteen of my comrades of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry. Some of us were wounded, myself of the number, and all of us were either mad or dejected or both. We were in the habit of *taking* prisoners, not of *being* prisoners, and it hurt our feelings when the tables were turned.

January 1, 1864, was the coldest day ever known in the South, and we, the sad and stricken band of victims of the Charleston affair, spent that day and several succeeding days and nights on a dilapidated edition of an ante-bellum steamboat, which stood open and foursquare to every wind that blew. Clad in the light-weight, pick-up, and hand-me-down dress of the Confederate soldier of that era, without overcoats and some without blankets, there was great suffering. One poor fellow froze to death; many were frostbitten, I among this number, from which suffering is yet my portion.

Reaching Chattanooga, we were marched to a military prison which had been used for a like purpose by the Confederates when in possession of the town. Soon after our arrival the Kentuckians were called into a room to themselves, and the tempter came in with promises of unlimited freedom, food, and free transportation to our homes if we would merely desert our colors and take the oath of allegiance to the United States government. Those who were inclined to accept these terms of dishonor were invited to step three paces to the front. To the everlasting credit of those Kentuckians, not one of them moved from the line.

Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, a gallant Confederate officer, writing of this incident, says: "These Kentuckians were yet but boys, most of them less than twenty years old, too young to have given much thought to forming character on classic models. With the story of Curius rejecting the gold of the Samnites who would have bought his allegiance, of Fabricius scorning the purchase money of the crafty king and looking unblanched upon an unusual danger, of Regulus keeping his word of honor and going back to Carthage, though he knew it meant torture and death—with the blood-stirring story of these men, whose fame will last through time, perhaps no one of them had yet familiarized himself; but their conduct was of like heroic nature and reflects honor upon their names, their regiment, and their native State. They were then suffering misery enough to break the spirit of weak men, and the temptation to get away from it, to fly to home and kindred and comfort, was powerful. Character is not a thing of books, how much soever these may modify it, but the influence of family and community atmosphere acting upon strong inherited tendencies." Of the fourteen Kentuckians thus referred to by Captain Thompson, but one other than myself is living to-day, so far as my knowledge extends.

From Chattanooga the next move was to Nashville and

the east wing of the Tennessee Penitentiary, then used as a military prison and filled, not with convicts, but, what was worse, with the very lowest scum of the Federal army; and those who have been soldiers will know what that means. Happily, the stay here was a short one, the next stop being at Louisville, within a few miles of my home, but, for practical purposes, it might as well have been a thousand miles. A short stay here, long enough for me to become very ill, and then a start to the prison at Rock Island. My comrades advised me to remain behind and go to a hospital, but I refused to be parted from them and went along with them. The officer in command of our guards was a soldier and a fine Kentucky gentleman. Once on the train, he went through each car, hunted out the sick men, finding them seats near the stoves and issuing orders that they were to have those seats until the end of our journey. He frequently came to look after us, showing as much solicitude for our well-being as if we wore the Union uniform instead of the gray jackets of his enemies. Reaching Rock Island at night, he came to me, saying: "Come with me. I am leaving you now, and I have something for you." Of course I went, and he handed me a flask, saying: "You are the sickest of all the boys, and you may have to stand in the cold for a long time. Take a drink." I was a modest boy in those days and took only a small portion of the liquor. The captain looked at me and said: "I asked you to take a drink, but you haven't done it. Here, try it again." I did so, and as I handed the flask back to him his eyes twinkled, and he smilingly said: "Done like a Kentucky gentleman. Good-by, my boy. May you get home safely when this awful war is ended!" I never saw him again; but, living or dead, he has never been other than my friend, and it is impossible to think of him as an enemy.

At Rock Island, Ill., there were, first and last, twelve thousand or more Confederates held as prisoners. Sometime in the autumn of 1864 these men were informed at inspection that any of them who did not wish to be exchanged could indicate that fact by stepping three paces to the front. As an inducement to desert the colors, they were told that they would be permitted to return to their homes at an early date and at the expense of the government. Quite a number took advantage of this offer, most of them being men with families living within the enemy lines; others of weak natures, unfitted for real patriotic service at the front and weary of long imprisonment, also took advantage of the offer.

Now, here arrives the time when those who wished to be exchanged and to return to their commands had the joke on their comrades of the weak backbones, who were grievously disappointed at the failure of the authorities to promptly release them, as promised. About the first of March, 1865, the Kentuckians and Tennesseans who had remained true to the colors were notified to prepare to leave the prison for exchange. There was great joy among the lucky ones and a deep depression among many of those who had elected to desert rather than return to duty. The gallant Kentucky and Tennessee boys left the prison barracks on March 6, arriving at Richmond March 12, where they received a year's pay, furloughs for thirty days, and free transportation on railway lines. All the world knows that the war ended soon after these men reached the South. They were in at the surrender of the armies, and by June most of them were again at their homes. Inquiries for the boys they left behind them in the prison developed the fact that none had returned; that they were still in prison, where many of them remained until July and August had passed. They had missed the honor

of being present at the front when the end came, and not one of them can honestly draw a pension from his State's Pension Bureau by reason of that fact.

When the Kentucky and Tennessee boys quitted the prison inclosure *en route* to the train that was to take them away from that hell on earth, they rendered an excellent production of the famous Rebel yell, awakening the echoes for miles around. The captain commanding our guards was possessed of the idea that a Confederate soldier, especially an unarmed one, had no rights which a Yankee should respect; therefore he ordered the boys to stop cheering under penalty of being fired on by the guards. The lieutenant, who was also to accompany us, happened to be a human being and a gentleman, and he said to the captain: "Let them cheer, Captain. It does not hurt any one, and they are going home. Why not let them cheer?" A big boy from Kentucky raised his tremendous voice, saying: "Once more, boys, for the lieutenant, who is a soldier and a gentleman." And the cheer that followed was as far beyond the first one as the lieutenant was beyond the captain in all that went to make a manly man. The guard did not fire on them, and, furthermore, they cheered from Rock Island to Richmond, with none to disturb or make them afraid.

At a military prison there are two kinds of guards, the kind and the unkind, the latter being in the majority. When the boys started South they were accompanied by men from each of these classes. There was among them one fellow of whom it was said by a fortune teller among the boys that he was going on a long journey from which he would never return. He was a man who made a merit of being mean and who found entertainment in devising ways and means for rendering the lives of the prisoners miserable. The route southward took the train through a mountain range in Pennsylvania on which there were many high bridges or trestles. The guards stood on the platforms at the end of the cars, and while passing through the wildest part of these mountains the guard in question was on duty. While the train was passing over one of the highest trestles, for some reason this guard fell off the car, and as the fall was more than a hundred feet to the rocks below, he must have suffered serious inconvenience. At any rate, he was not seen again by any one on the train. Arriving at Baltimore, one of the favorite guards, a one-eyed Irishman named Walker, who was proud of having served in the Mexican War, in the 1st Mississippi Infantry, commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis, was discussing the absence of the aforesaid guard and casually remarked: "Some one of you d— Rebels knocked that fellow off the car." And the boys were content to let it go at that.

The wild-eyed March has come again,

With frightened face and flying feet,

And hands just loosed from winter's chain,

Outstretched reluctant spring to greet.

From her bleak hills across the lea

She sweeps, with tresses backward blown,

And far out on the homeless sea

The maddened billows hear her moan.

The leaves are whirled in eddying drifts,

Or hunted down the barren wold,

Where timidly the crocus lifts

Her shaken cup of green and gold.

—John Dickson Bruns, M.D.

EARLY EFFORTS TO SUPPRESS THE SLAVE TRADE AND ABOLISH SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

That the colonies, particularly the Southern ones, made early efforts to free themselves from the burden of negro slavery forced upon them by England, the history of that institution gives abundant proof, and almost the first legislation was directed against the evil.

Negro slavery existed in and was recognized in all the colonies before being planted in South Carolina in 1671, but the slave trade of this colony soon became more widely developed than any of the others. As early as 1698 there began to be a fear for the safety of the colony on account of the great numbers of negroes, and an act was passed to encourage importation of white servants. By 1703 South Carolina had begun a series of duty acts, at first levying ten shillings on each African imported, which levy increased continuously up to 1740, when one hundred pounds was imposed upon each African and one hundred and fifty pounds on each colonial negro. By this act they were taxed also according to height—the taller the man, the more the tax.

Although there was opposition to slavery, the historian Hewatt, who was no friend to the system, wrote: "It must be acknowledged that the planters of South Carolina treat their slaves with as much and more tenderness than those of any British colony where slavery exists."

So many and varied were the protests of South Carolina that when Governor Littleton came out in 1756 he brought with him instructions to put a stop to this colonial interference with the legitimate business of English merchants and shippers. In 1760 South Carolina, in a formal protest, totally prohibited the slave trade, but the act was disallowed by the Privy Council of England, and the Governor reprimanded. The governors of all the colonies were warned not to indulge in similar legislation.

Although rebuffed, the colony again passed a prohibitive duty of one hundred pounds in 1764, which duty continued until the Revolution. Finally, in 1787, South Carolina passed an act and ordinance prohibiting importation.

Next to South Carolina, the largest slave trade was in Virginia, but the system there was patriarchal in character. Though slavery was introduced in 1619, it was not recognized by any Virginia statutory law till 1661. (Munford's "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery.") Twenty years prior to this, in 1641, the "Fundamentals" adopted by Massachusetts recognized the lawfulness of negro slavery and approved of the African slave trade. (Cobb on "Slavery.")

Again and again Virginia uttered protests against the system and passed laws restraining the importation of negroes from Africa, but these laws were disallowed. The merchants of London took alarm at the conduct of the Southern colonies, and in 1745 a pamphlet was published in England entitled "The African Slave Trade, the Great Pillar and Support of the British Plantations in America." (McCrary on "Slavery in the Province of South Carolina.")

In 1723 Virginia began a series of acts lasting till the Revolution, all designed to check the slave trade. The efforts of the Old Dominion to free herself from the evil were debated by the king himself in council, and on December 10, 1770, he issued an instruction under his own hand to the Governor commanding him to assent to no law passed by Virginia to prohibit the traffic. (Bancroft.)

In 1772 the House of Burgesses addressed the throne in a

pathetic appeal for "paternal assistance" in their distress over the "horrid traffick" forced upon them by some "who reap emoluments from this sort of traffic," Edmund Pendleton, Richard Henry Lee, and Benjamin Harrison signing the petition. But a paternal veto instead of blessing was the answer to this appeal.

A most important paragraph, written by Jefferson, that was stricken out of the Declaration of Independence, contained the fiercest arraignment of George III. for his veto of Virginia's laws endeavoring to suppress the slave trade, which he had forced upon his defenseless subjects. (Munford, "Virginia's Attitude.")

As early as 1774 mass meetings were held in the various counties, adopting resolutions of protest against the evil, and Fairfax County recorded in plain tones that she "wishes to see an entire stop forever put to such a wicked, cruel, and unnatural trade."

Although her colonial protests were all unheeded, Virginia gave abundant proof of her consistent action regarding the slave trade by her celebrated statute preventing it, one of the earliest laws passed by her General Assembly, when, in October, 1778, she declared: "That from and after the passing of this act no slave or slaves shall hereafter be imported into this commonwealth by sea or land." And thus the legal slave trade into Virginia was definitely stopped before it was an indictable offense in any New England State and thirty years before like action was taken by Great Britain.

Mr. Ballogh, in his "History of Slavery," says: "Virginia thus had the honor of being the first political community in the civilized modern world to prohibit the pernicious traffic."

Maryland did not have to face the same problems as Virginia or South Carolina, and consequently viewed the situation with more equanimity, as her trade never reached alarming proportions. By 1717 she imposed a duty of forty shillings upon each negro slave imported, and by 1771 a duty of nine pounds was laid. In 1783 Maryland passed "an act to prohibit the bringing of slaves into this State."

North Carolina was not burdened with many slaves in the early days and did not feel the necessity of positive action. However, she gave evidence of her displeasure concerning the matter, for Governor Dobbs had his instructions from England, as early as 1700, "Not to give assent to or pass any law imposing duties upon negroes imported into our province of North Carolina." In August, 1774, North Carolina resolved in convention, "That we will not import any slave or slaves or purchase any slave or slaves after the first day of November next," which resolution Du Bois says was modeled upon the resolve of Virginia on May 11, 1769.

There were no special restrictions before 1786, when she declared that the importation of slaves within her borders was "productive of evil consequences and highly impolitic," and proceeded to lay a prohibitive duty on them. By 1797 some Quakers in North Carolina manumitted slaves without regard for legal restraints. (Phillips, "American Negro Slavery.")

Georgia laid her foundation stone upon a prohibition of slavery, and her historian, Stevens, says that at one time the law was so rigidly enforced that any negro slave found within her limits, unless speedily claimed, was sold back into Carolina. An increasing number of colonists began to clamor for repeal of the restriction, and by 1749 the trade was thrown open, but a duty was laid and restrictions enforced which required a registry and quarantine of all negroes brought in. In December, 1793, Georgia forbade the importation of slaves from

the West Indies, the Bahamas, and Florida, but the African trade was not closed until 1798.

Thus it will be seen that a faithful effort was made by these colonies to prevent the traffic forced upon them by the supreme power of the mother country. Why each one changed her mind and later upheld a system she formerly tried to suppress is another story.

EARLY ABOLITION IN THE SOUTH.

The world conscience did not begin to be much disturbed about the right or wrong of slavery until after the close of the American Revolution. After that event many of the States exercised the powers denied them as colonies. England abolished the slave trade in 1807, and the United States followed in 1808. Slavery still existed, however, and by this time was so firmly entrenched as to present the problem which so long vexed the South.

From the very beginning a high moral sense was evinced toward slavery in Virginia. There were free negroes in that colony as early as 1668, and in 1691 emancipation was legal, provided the emancipated slave was sent out of Virginia within six months, but the slaveholder had to seek the permission of the Council for this privilege. In 1782 the General Assembly of Virginia made a law whereby slaves could be set free by deed or will, and so common were manumissions after the Revolutionary War that by 1790 there were more than thirty-five thousand free persons of color in the South.

In 1790 an Abolition Society was formed in Virginia by the Quakers, and by 1791 it had eighty members, many of them other than Quakers, who in this year sent a petition to the General Assembly against slavery, and at the same time petitioned Congress on the subject. In 1794 both Virginia and Maryland sent representatives to the Convention of Abolition Societies held in Philadelphia, the first to meet in the United States.

North Carolina began to discuss slavery as early as 1758, the Quakers, or Friends, evincing a very tender conscience on the subject, and by 1768 they interpreted a section of their discipline as opposed to the buying and selling of slaves; and in 1776 some Friends, in the yearly meeting, stated their resolution to set their negroes free, and also "earnestly and affectionately advised all who held slaves to cleanse their hands of them as soon as they possibly could."

The marked tendency in Virginia toward emancipation encouraged like action among the Quakers in North Carolina, and in 1779 they appointed a Committee of Visitation, whose duty it was to "visit and labor with those members who declined to emancipate." The law of North Carolina in 1782 gave all slave owners power to emancipate slaves by will after death, or by acknowledging will while still alive, in open court, provided they agreed to support all the aged, infirm, and young persons set free. (See Weeks's "Southern Quakers and Slavery.") In 1801 the yearly meeting decided to call the negroes "black people," and they are referred to in this manner in their reports.

But these Friends were never forcible abolitionists. They depended more upon moral suasion, and always believed that the power over slavery lay in the States and not in the government. However, with their avowed belief in States' rights, these North Carolina Quakers made a marked breach of etiquette when in 1786 they sent a committee to the Assembly of Georgia with a petition "respecting some enlargements to the enslaved negroes." The fact that the petition was ignored gave proof of the extreme sensitiveness of Southern

States regarding their own right of action even at this early date.

The law of South Carolina in 1722 compelled the manumitted slave to leave the province in twelve months or lose his freedom. In 1800, before a slave could be emancipated in this State, proof had to be given of his good character and of his ability to earn his own living, which certainly was a wise provision, and after emancipation the deed of gift must be registered. So the State knew exactly to whom she had given freedom.

In 1799 Thomas Wadsworth, of Charleston, S. C., liberated his slaves, gave them fifty acres of land each, and put them under care of the Bush River Meeting. This old Quaker may have been the originator of the "forty-acres-and-a-mule" theory, which he certainly carried into practice.

The Georgia law of 1801 provided that a slave could be emancipated in case a special application was made to the Legislature for that purpose. The antislavery feeling in this State was fostered in early times by the Methodists, who were considering a Church law requiring members to free their slaves. In April, 1817, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, made his will, and in it emancipated his servant, William Hill, and adds: "It would afford me the greatest pleasure to liberate all my slaves, but such is the present existing state of society that by doing so I might act improperly, and I presume that their present condition under the care and protection of generous and humane masters will be much better for them than a state of freedom."

Before Tennessee had been a State one year an appeal for the abolition of slavery was published in the *Knoxville Gazette*, and a meeting called in Washington County to form a Manumission Society. Many of the pioneers of Tennessee were of Covenanter descent, and the early county records show they were endeavoring to emancipate their slaves before the eighteenth century closed.

One of the early acts of the State was touching emancipation. In October, 1797, the records show that she "confirmed the emancipation of a black man named Jack," and not only gave him his freedom, but bestowed upon him the good American name of John Saunders.

About this time Tennessee was so embarrassed by the number of her citizens of Scotch descent seeking to emancipate their slaves that in 1801 the General Assembly passed an act giving the county courts authority to emancipate slaves upon petitions of their owners, and directing the county court clerks to record such proceedings and to give to each emancipated slave a certificate of his freedom. (Allison, "Dropped Stitches.")

Emancipation societies were now becoming frequent in the South, and one-half of the delegates to the American Abolition Conventions came from this section between 1794 and 1809; after that date none came from beyond Tennessee or North Carolina, but local conventions were held in those States. The earliest American journals advocating emancipation and abolition were published, one by a Southern man and one on Tennessee soil.

The Quaker, Charles Osborn, born in North Carolina, spent his young manhood in Tennessee, and in December, 1814, organized the Manumission Society in that State, which was in close touch and communication with one organized in North Carolina in 1816. In 1816 Charles Osborn removed to Ohio, where in August, 1817, he published the first number of *The Philanthropist*, a journal devoted to the interests of temperance and also to immediate and uncondition-

al emancipation. The publication of this paper began August 29, 1817, and continued till October 8, 1818.

Judge John Allison, of Tennessee, states (in which opinion the biographer of Garrison concurs) that the honor of publishing the first periodical in America of which the one avowed object was opposition to slavery must be accorded to Elihu Embree, who in 1820 was publishing in Jonesboro, Tenn., *The Emancipator*, a small octavo monthly. Before one year's issue was completed, the young editor died. Benjamin Lundy had assisted Charles Osborn with *The Philanthropist* in Ohio and later had begun the publication of his own paper, *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*. When he learned of the death of Elihu Embree, early in 1822, Lundy brought his paper to Tennessee, and for more than two years issued it from Greeneville on the press which had printed Embree's *Emancipator*.

Thus nearly a decade before Elizabeth Heyrick, the Quaker, in England, issued the pamphlet on immediate emancipation the Quakers of North Carolina and East Tennessee were preaching, practicing, and publishing that doctrine, and Garrison was yet but a little lad in New England.

By 1824 the Tennessee Manumission Society had twenty branches, with seven hundred members, and had held nine conventions; and in January of that year, through Mr. Blair, presented a memorial to the House of Representatives praying Congress to adopt measures for the prevention of slavery in future in any State where it was not then allowed by law, and to forbid it in the future in any State yet to be formed.

In 1825 William Swaim was publishing in Greensboro, N. C., *The Patriot*, which contained much antislavery matter.

All of these movements and publications were undertaken in a frank, law-abiding manner, and in 1820 the Rev. John Rankin, a native Tennessean, of Covenanter descent, said it was safer to make abolition speeches in Kentucky or Tennessee than at the North. Mr. Munford, in his book, "Virginia's Attitude toward Slavery," quotes Lunt as saying: "After the years 1820-21, during which time that great struggle which resulted in what is called the Missouri Compromise was most active and came to its conclusion, the States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were earnestly engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of their slaves. This movement continued until it was arrested by the aggressions of the abolitionists upon their voluntary action."

According to the statistics given by Lundy, in 1827 there were 130 abolition societies in the United States, of which 106 were in the slave States. Virginia had eight of these societies, Tennessee had twenty-five with a membership of one thousand, and North Carolina had fifty with a membership of three thousand; and this membership was not confined to nonslaveholders, as many have asserted, but among them were many earnest Christian masters seeking to solve as they could an inherited problem and burden.

The Hon. Samuel Rhea, grandson of the first Presbyterian minister to preach in Tennessee (an old Scotch chaplain), liberated his people and sent them to Liberia, but at a later date again became a slaveholder. That eminent divine, Rev. Frederic A. Ross, owner of "Rotherwood," a most beautiful estate, made a similar provision and lived to write the book, "Slavery Ordained of God."

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, speaking in 1911 on "The Scot in America," said: "The antislavery movement which led to our Civil War began among the Scottish and Ulster Scotch immigrants, but not in New England. That is a prevalent

delusion which the brilliant writers of that region have not always discouraged. But the real antislavery movement began in the South and West, largely among the Scottish Covenanters of South Carolina and East Tennessee, twenty to thirty years before there was any organized opposition to slavery elsewhere, even in Massachusetts. The Covenanters, the Methodists, and the Quakers of East Tennessee had eighteen emancipation societies by 1815. A few years later there were five or six in Kentucky. When there were 103 in the South, as yet, so far as known, there was not one in Massachusetts."

Prior to 1831 emancipation was freely discussed in the South, and there was much sentiment in favor of it, but it was not yet strong enough to force laws, and those earnestly endeavoring to free their slaves were hampered by State laws, which, in all but three or four, required that emancipated slaves should leave the State. But even with all the difficulties which beset them, the Southern people were becoming more hostile to the institution and making many efforts to free themselves from a burden which grew heavier each year, and nearly ten per cent of the Southern negroes were free in 1830, which even Mr. Hart concedes was a "tribute to the humanity of Southern people."

That Virginia made great effort to free herself from the burden is shown by the many and sincere discussions in her General Assembly on the subject of gradual emancipation, the problems of which were too great to be lightly undertaken. Any one not even a statesman could see that there was more practical philanthropy involved when Virginia excluded the slave trade by her great statute of 1778 than when like measure was taken by Vermont, the census of 1790 showing 293,427 slaves in Virginia and but seventeen in Vermont (Cobb on "Slavery"), scarcely more than the domestic force of a plantation household. And now the problems were greater and the burden heavier; and in these discussions, while "many denied advisability of action, none defended the principles of slavery."

In August, 1831, there occurred the awful uprising at Southampton among the negroes known as the "Nat Turner Rebellion."

At this period also arose the abolitionists of the Garrisonian type, who differed from the emancipationists or antislavery men who existed North and South in that they demanded immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery and attacked not only the system, but the character of every slaveholder, and questioned the morality and denounced the civilization of every section where it existed.

From this period, and on account of this reactionary agitation, dates the rise of proslavery sentiment in the South, which was in a sense self-defense, the human mind being so constituted that it naturally resents interference with its voluntary action in endeavoring to solve a problem upon which it is expending its best ability.

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THE HOME GUARD.

BY FINLEY PAUL CURTIS, JR., BUTLER, TENN.

(An unwritten chapter in Confederate history.)

It was a lone shapely tree of cherries which, flourishing in all the beauty of sun-kissed maturity along Jubal A. Early's road from Washington in hot, dusty mid-July, 1864, seduced my famished Rebel appetite and, after the manner of the Tempter, rewarded me with a dangerous paroxysmal colic of the stabbing jackknife species. Dread dysentery attacked me, half bent, plowing with Early's tatterdemalions the sun-scorched dust back to Virginia soil. Finally, about the middle of September, after the long, strenuous Washington campaign and several successful encounters with Sheridan in the valley, throughout which my affliction continually harassed me, I was sent to the hospital at Staunton, then to Charlottesville, and at last to Lynchburg; but in none of these sanatoriums did I improve. I was eager to see home. I was obsessed by the conviction that three days of pure North Carolina air and food and water were worth a barrel of ill-tasting medicines. And at length my furlough did come, and I turned my face toward home on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1864.

I was not far amiss in my conviction. A few days of pure home air, fresh sunshine, flavored with a few meals of wholesome food and copious draughts of sparkling mountain water, did work swift wonders upon me, and my furlough was enjoyed in fine health. If there is any "cure-all" remedy for the multitudinous ills of humanity, it is Mother Nature's own magic panacea, not the secret decoctions of mercenary med-casters. So that when my father came to harvest his cane and make his many, many gallons of nectarial molasses or to kill and dress a fatling, I was prepared to help him.

Thus engaged, I could scarcely realize, incongruous as things appeared to me, that far away in the fertile valley and around the beleaguered Confederate capital hundreds of great guns thundered their incessant angry challenges and mighty forces contended for supremacy. But, in truth, even this presumably uninterrupted domestic activity and tranquillity, which wrought within me such a peculiar psychophysical state of inconsistency, was, as we shall soon discover, itself a most frail and ominous structure. A single force sustained it above the underseething chaos. Then indeed it was true that *Mars gravior sub pace latet!*

The single force referred to was none other than the home guard organization which existed in various sections of the Southland, whose primal objects and duties and whose achievements, involving principally the extirpation of a most sinister domestic evil, shall form the body of this article. To give it as "an unwritten chapter" is not only eloquently expressive of the general lack of illumination upon a very important and obscure phase of the war for Southern independence, but, as a matter of historical fact, it speaks a demonstrated truth. It is an unwritten chapter.

To the earnest investigator it is disappointing, as well as unaccountable, that he finds in the hundreds of general, regimental, and personal histories of the war no account and

scarcely a mention of the home guard military unit, its *raison d'être*, and its sinister foe, the latter in especial. Search as he may, his efforts are vain. For this page of history is blank. And why? Perhaps the subject has never been considered as important and deserving a chapter in history. But this is only another of the ten thousand illusions of a disordered fancy; for this organization played, as a diligent study of its varied activities must prove, an important rôle—inconspicuous and nobly self-sacrificial as that rôle was—in the mighty drama of the sixties, and mysteriously brought about the perpetuation of Southern domestic equilibrium. Or, dealing as it does with the nefarious operations of the home enemy, have historians considered the subject too delicate, too dangerously implicative for impartial handling? But might they not have used gloves, so that if their shots went home they would have experienced no compunction? * * * At any rate, the subject deserves the title of an unwritten chapter; and while I profess no special fitness or honor for the task, I feel it is a duty incumbent on some one and by all means worthy a legitimate place in the history of the War between the States. I lay no claim to exhaustiveness, for general works of reference do not treat the subject, nor shall I weary the reader with useless apologies. I write the following, therefore, believing that "truth crushed to earth shall rise again," and that, though the truth hurt, yet will it free us.

My furlough home in the fall of '64 afforded me an opportunity to acquaint myself with the home guard and to learn something, by personal contact, of its numerous and never half-appreciated activities. A word of history is appropriate here.

In the beginning of hostilities—and more especially in the bloody years of 1863, '64, '65, after such enormous drainage upon Southern man power—when the loyal young men of our land girt on their crude arms and marched instinctively to the smoky battle fronts, a pitiful dry-eyed remnant of white-haired old men, their sons too young for rough military service, and a few faithful slaves remained at home to protect the hearth and assuage the gurgling bellies of avid Rebels. In 1863 Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. The negro, acting spontaneously upon this appealing Northern military measure and ecstatically praising "de good Lawd" for his deliverance, forgot the past kindnesses of his master and resigned his lifetime home to the preying talons of vandalism. But to the slave—and I utter the sentiment of all Dixie—who remained true to his good "massa" and to the kingly "land of cotton," and who fought valiantly for the subsistency of domestic safety and peace and honor, unto him the South is forever grateful. * * * So that, as is the case in practically every civil war, the slackers, the deserters, the criminals, the thieves, the robbers, Northern and Southern, and the base-born of all classes armed themselves, lurked in the mountains, and organized to pillage and burn and kill. Early in the war these bands of flagitious parasites became the deadly and most feared enemy of every habitation. Terror and wild outlawry reigned supreme in the mountainous districts. Life was miserable; property was valueless; cabin doors were barred day and night; women risked their lives to fetch a bucket of water from the spring, and were oftentimes subjected to the grossest insults; houses were boldly entered and ransacked from top to bottom at the point of the pistol. What child of this generation has not listened wide-eyed to thrilling grandmother stories of that lawless time? * * * Under such conditions of affairs that movement for home protection, later identified as the

home guard, was inaugurated throughout the defenseless sections of the South. Aided perhaps by disabled soldiers—or, more likely, unaided by any one—the remnant of old men, the young boys, and the few faithful slaves formed into separate bodies, shouldered their long, old-fashioned squirrel rifles, and began to hunt bushwhackers in systematic earnestness. These anti-bushranger organizations waxed magically powerful and efficient. Their members had known the long rifle from infancy, and crucial experience rapidly toughened them, so that extreme youth and old age allied became a most formidable antagonist of murderous brigands. Necessity is often the mother of great movements. The home guard was a petrifed instinct of self-preservation, an unquenchable will to live.

What did the home guard accomplish? Why does it deserve, along with other heroic, outstanding Southern war agencies, our consideration and a high place in history? Did it avenge the countless shameful crimes against personal liberty, home honor, and innocent property, and bring the nefarious perpetrators thereof to justice? I answer unhesitatingly, Yes, in so far as possible. Determined at all hazards to defend those things and principles which they held most sacred, these grim old men and beardless boys, of whom strenuous experience had made feared "minutemen," combed the mountain fastness far and wide, often decimated by cowardly ambush, often fighting fierce battles, yet ever returning victorious, undaunted, trophied with the spoils of depredators and captured bushwhackers. Not content to fight the enemy from their own doors and windows, they went forth aggressively to find him. Many, many the night they forsook warm beds in the teeth of vicious winter squalls to

answer nocturnal cries for help. When did they accept the sweet gift of Morpheus unclothed? When did they forget to bar the door or prime their easily snatched squirrel guns? They policed the sparse settlements, acting the Samaritan to all; they came unperturbed to church, long pistols on their thighs; they attended religious conventions and associations armed and foresworn to kill in defense of peace. Grim and fearless they were, these mountaineers and their strapping sons, not unlike their dear kinsmen at the front, and they loved law and order with a dangerous intensity. That safety and peace which our noble Confederate women enjoyed, frail as of necessity it was, they won and maintained throughout the war. The food supplies which sustained the fighting Rebel were grown and nourished and harvested over the sights, as it were, of their long squirrel guns. The horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, fowls, and granaries which survived the proximity of hungry hostile legions and which finally reached the trenches on Confederate trains—these were only a few of the typical miracles performed by the inconspicuous home guard. But history does not even mention the name of this wonderful body of old men and young boys. Another of the innumerable historic ironies! Another of the tragic travesties on the impartiality of history! Must the humble spring of Confederate sustenance remain always an unilluminated mystery? Must it never be justly located? Would men know in part the magic supporter of heroic Southern stamina? Would they know who filled the sunken bellies of invincible Rebels? Would they know why the star of the Confederacy glittered so long and hopefully on the bosom of liberty? Then let them ponder the wonderful activity of the home guard. The world has ascribed the brilliant victories of Gen. Robert E. Lee entirely to skillful arms, but the world has also constantly forgotten the maxim that "an army fights on its belly." The great world war has demonstrated that a full stomach is worth a dozen rifles.

But the activity of this brave organization was even yet more comprehensive. Aside from accomplishing the drastic extirpation of local guerrilla bands from hundreds of Southern rural districts, the home guard more than once distinguished itself for enduring heroism in battles of national importance. It protected the trains and commissaries of General Breckinridge while that gallant Confederate leader with a mere handful of sturdy veterans and a single battalion of university cadets won a brilliant victory over Sigel in the valley. Had Breckinridge failed, Sigel would shortly have wasted the fertile valley of Virginia. Still more gallantly distinguishing itself, it voluntarily joined Beauregard's scant two thousand men and helped in that gloomy day of threatened destruction to hold against one full Federal army corps until reinforcements arrived, a rampart engirdling Petersburg. Now was the steel of this valiant body untested by one of history's most celebrated defenses. Its hardened components took their places in the trenches beside their kinsmen, and through cold, deprivation, and ever-harrowing cannonade fought with them bitterly to the end. The South can never adequately appreciate the inestimable good wrought by the home guard organization nor the heroic service it rendered, but the South can at least, even in this late day, welcome it unfadingly in memory and assign it its rightful place in the mighty drama of the sixties.

And what, on the other hand, shall we say of the lawless foe of Southern domestic peace and honor and progress? Shall we also count those base thieves and murderers and predacious bushwhackers among the loyal population of the



FINLEY PAUL CURTIS, JR.

The author of this article is a very young man, the son of a veteran, and he is making some very interesting and valuable contributions to Confederate history through writing up his father's experiences as a soldier of the sixties. In this article on "The Home Guard" he has touched on a phase of patriotic service which seems to have been altogether neglected. A sequel to this will give some incidents of guerrilla operations after the war.

South? Those traitors to highest human principles, those Union sympathizers who, rather than wage legitimate war for the cause of the North, turned bestially upon their own neighbors and countrymen, and who sought openly and clandestinely to waste defenseless homes by pillage and arson? Shall we class them as one? Shall there be no distinction between baseness and nobility, between lofty principle and savage instinct, between lawful war and first-degree murder? Truthful and honorable generations will condemn and disown them! We disown them! Too cowardly to fight like men, devoid of all principle and a pulsebeat of love for the land of their birth, they evaded military service by ensconcing in the mountains, and often, for paltry bits of the stronger enemy's gold, instigated widespread, wanton destruction of life and property. The South can scarcely estimate just how largely these countless bands of vandals assisted in the defeat of the Confederacy and just how perilously near unprotected Southern homes came to annihilation. Yet this agent is always omitted from the spectacled compiler's long list of "The Causes of the Defeat of the Confederacy." So far as he is concerned, bushwhackers and thieves and deserters never lived. If one can imagine the nonexistence of this strong arm of protection, it is easy to picture the concomitant deplorable wreckage.

The following is an incident from my real life, which may help the reader to appreciate the character of the home guard enemy.

It happened at home on a day, I believe, in October. Peace had been restored, and I was scarcely three months freed from Point Lookout Prison. My father and I were grinding cane in an open plot of ground near the house. Suddenly a lone horseman appeared dashing, noisy and hatless, down the red clay road from the town of Wilkesboro. We recognized him at first glance as a desperate and notorious local bushwhacker. He dashed wildly into the open lot and, jerking his frothing horse almost to its haunches, sprang from the saddle and swaggered up to my father, hand on his hip. We had no arms.

"What do you want?" demanded my father calmly. He was then an old man, but of fear he knew nothing.

"Powder, by God!" exploded the guerrilla profanely. "And the faster you move, old man, the safer! I shot at a d—old Rebel back thar," jerking a gnarled hand in the direction of the little town, "now I want some more—!"

My father stepped very close to him and looked him unflinchingly in the eyes. "Sir," he said in a voice of unmistakable significance, "if I give you any powder, it will be burnt first."

Instantly the swaggering guerrilla realized his mistake. Plainly he was not seeking burnt powder, for he turned scarcely ere the ultimatum had escaped my father's lips and, mounting his horse—not so melodramatic now—dashed away, cursing furiously and swearing that he would "make the d— stingy Rebels pay."

But there was a deeper and darker meaning to this barbarous outlawry, an insidious purpose cached beneath open deeds of arson and robbery. And how cunningly veiled! Why seek solely after the ephemeral rewards of the common crimes when the rich plantations of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, tenanted only by time-worn, white-haired old men, their wives and children, and a pitiful black remnant invited early possession? Guerrilla leaders, born with the malevolent ingenuity and brazenness of a Cataline, conspired against these unguarded habitations and plotted among themselves—

if the North should win the war—to expel by brute force the helpless owners and seize the land for their own. Cicero could have shamed them. Thus were the black-loamed bottoms of the beautiful Yadkin Valley, the fair spot of my youth, signalized with quasi-Catalinian audacity for seizure and distribution among covetous Western North Carolina brigands. This is a demonstrable fact of personal knowledge, and, withal, only one illustration of the pan-Southern scope of such insidious conspiracies. Behold the apparently less criminal aspect of "bushwhackery"! But the home guard organization, and that alone, by its heroic, self-sacrificial courage, its wonderfully acquired efficiency, its stanch determination, and its careless activity, thwarted this colossal and nefarious design, and thus conserved the legal tenure of properties.

It is the avowed business of history to record the truth, but history, for some of the reasons hereinbefore set forth, has neglected to record the truth concerning the Southern home guard organization and the facinorous work of its predatory enemy. Let us erect a monument, if not of stone or bronze, then of everlasting, deserved praise, to that fearless body of old men and smooth-faced boys who, while their kinsmen struggled with the prodigious tide of invasion, crushed a most cankerous species of domestic warfare and saved to their country the precious freedom and honor of Southern homes.

THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.

BY WILLIAM M. M'ALLISTER, WARM SPRINGS, VA.

In the January VETERAN, page 38, I notice that Comrade J. H. McCutcheon has, perhaps very naturally, fallen into a common error when he says: "I served in the 25th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, from 1861 to the twelfth day of May, 1864." This error doubtless grows out of the fact that most of the surviving Confederate soldiers who served under Stonewall Jackson take it for granted that they were members of the Stonewall Brigade. This is not unnatural, but is, nevertheless, an error.

I was among the original members of the Stonewall Brigade and served in that brigade from its organization in 1861 to the close of the war in 1865. The original brigade consisted of five Virginia regiments of infantry—viz., the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33d—and two batteries of artillery—viz., the Rockbridge Artillery and Carpenter's Battery. The Rockbridge Artillery was attached to the brigade from the time of its organization; Carpenter's Battery was organized as an infantry company and was mustered into service on April 22, 1861, and was Company A of the 27th Virginia Regiment until early in November, 1861, at which time it was converted into an artillery company by a special order issued by Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, and was continued with the brigade throughout the war, the writer being one of its gunners.

The 25th Virginia Regiment of Infantry was well known to the writer as one of the many valiant and efficient Virginia regiments which served along with the old Stonewall Brigade under our great hero-commander, Stonewall Jackson, and deserves as much credit as if it had been one of the regiments of the Stonewall Brigade, but it was never attached officially to the old brigade nor as a unit in it.

The sole object of this writer is to call attention through the VETERAN to the very common error of many of Stonewall Jackson's men in not discriminating between *service under Stonewall Jackson* and *service in the Stonewall Brigade*.

RIGHTS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

BY J. A. RICHARDSON, GAINESVILLE, GA.

While no one has as yet accepted my challenge to discuss the issues which brought on the War between the States and the motives which compelled men on both sides to go to war, I have received a number of letters about it, most of them in kindly vein. But there is one from a Northern veteran, in rather petulant mood, which is the basis for this response. He complains that "no man would wish to discuss at this late day a question that has been fought out on the battle field," thus showing a very wrong conception of my motive. He then quotes from some paper a malicious attack on the South made "at this late day." Is he just? And he charges, "at this late day," that "the spirit of the South is almost identical with that of Germany," specifying that "the South fought to enslave a race, and Germany to enslave the world."

If he were better informed, he would know that the race referred to was already enslaved, and enslaved far more by the North than the South; that all the colonies except Georgia were proslavery from their origin to the Declaration of Independence; and Georgia was antislavery less than two decades. And did not proslavery States frame a proslavery Constitution? Did not Great Britain and the North bring the slaves from Africa to America? Was not the first American slaver built at Marblehead, Mass., in 1637? Was it not named "The Desire"? Is that name significant or suggestive?

The Constitution provided for the termination of the slave trade in 1808. From 1637 to 1808 is an interval of one hundred and seventy one years. Who can approximately number "The Desires" afloat during all those years? From 1808 to 1860 is another interval of fifty-two years. Did the North abandon the traffic during those years? A consultation of impartial histories will show that Northern slavers were active all the way to 1860, making no less than two hundred and twenty-three years of slave traffic. What section encouraged this traffic for two hundred and twenty-three years? Was it not the North? And what section earnestly protested all that time against the cruel traffic? Was it not the South?

Here is a sample of one of Virginia's many petitions to the king, made in 1772: "We implore your majesty's paternal assistance in arresting a calamity of a most alarming nature. The importation of slaves from Africa hath long been considered a trade of great inhumanity, and, under present encouragements, we have too much fear will endanger the existence of your majesty's American dominions."

In 1827 there were 106 antislave societies in the South to 24 in the North, or more than four to one. The Southern societies had 5,150 members to 920 in the Northern, or more than five to one. (Lundy.) In 1860, according to the United States census, Maryland had only 3,247 less free blacks than slaves. Virginia and North Carolina each also had a very large per cent of free blacks. Were not these three the oldest of all the slave States? Do not these facts teach that the South was gradually freeing her slaves in the best way possible? But, alas! impatient, selfish ambition interposed its bloody hand and thwarted her benign purpose.

Learn next a lesson from the rank and file of the Confederate army. Commence with the peerless Lee, commander in chief. Did he not *free all his slaves* before the war began? Is it not known that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston *never owned a slave*? Yet he sacrificed his life in the battle of Shiloh for the cause of the South and the Constitution. (Yes, I mean the cause of the one was that of the other.)

General Brown, a member of the staff of Jefferson Davis, never owned a slave. Stonewall Jackson also opposed slavery, yet fighting in behalf of the constitutional South he received his death wound at Chancellorsville. Other leaders could be named, but what is the use? May I not also inform you that eighty per cent of the Confederate army owned no slaves?

Do these facts teach that the South fought to enslave a race? Permit me just here to inform you that *the secession of the South was due to the inauguration of a sectional and unconstitutional policy hostile to the South and destructive of her peace and safety.*

Did the South by seceding violate the Constitution? Had not seventy-three years of history affirmed the right of sovereign States to *secede* from a compact to which they had *acceded*? Did not the Philadelphia Convention, in framing the Constitution, declare the right of secession when it explicitly provided for "nine States" to secede from the former Union, which was declared to be perpetual?

Did not Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island on entering the Union reserve, in express terms, the right to withdraw from the same whenever they deemed it to their interest? Were they not admitted without question? Was not the declared right of these three States the absolute right of all?

In 1844 the admission of Texas was a question. Did not the Legislature of Massachusetts pass the following resolution, "*That the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may drive these States into a dissolution of the Union*"? Who then said to the New England States, "You have no such right"?

In 1848 Abraham Lincoln said in the House of Representatives: "*Any people anywhere have the right to rise up and throw off the existing government and establish one that suits them better.*" He did not stop here, but said: "*This is a most valuable right, a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world.*" Nor did he stop here, but added: "*Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of the existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize and make their own so much of the territory as they inhabit.*" Nor did he even stop here, but added: "*More than this, a majority of any portion of any people may revolutionize, putting down a minority intermingled with or about them who may oppose their movements.*" (Congressional Globe.)

Candidly, was not Lincoln the secessionist of the nineteenth century? Was not the Constitution of 1848 the same as that of 1861? If you had uttered these identical words instead of Lincoln, could you, or would you, have deliberately inaugurated that terrible war, costing approximately a million lives and billions upon billions of treasure, to forbid States of the Union to do what you had declared *in such unlimited* terms to be their absolute right, to say nothing of the privations and hardships resulting from the widespread destruction of property and ruined and burnt homes?

But of all the many other witnesses, we shall name now but two others. They are most important and most authoritative. I put now on the stand *the United States Senate*. On the twenty-fourth day of May, 1860, the United States Senate passed a set of resolutions introduced by Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, strongly indorsing the right of secession by a vote of thirty-six to nineteen. Twenty States

voted for the resolutions, one State divided its vote, four voted against it, and eight refused to vote. *The States refusing to vote belonged to the number that had nullified the fugitive slave law.*

We give next a witness which is of supreme and commanding authority. It is no less than the United States government itself. From 1824 to 1842 the Federal government in its own school at West Point taught as a textbook "*Rawle's View of the Constitution*," the author of which was William Rawle, a distinguished jurist of Pennsylvania. In this book are these words: "*It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principles on which all our political systems are founded, which is that the people have, in all cases, a right to determine how they will be governed, a right ingredient in the original composition of the government.*"

Stand in front of these witnesses, look them all in the face, and tell them, if you can, that they were traitors and rebels against the Constitution. Remember when you dare do it that you charge the Federal government itself with rebelling against itself. Know too that it is a universally admitted fact, which all well-informed men know, that an independent sovereign State has both a right to accede to a compact and an equal right to secede from it.

You will search in vain the records of this great republic, from the framing of the Constitution to Lincoln, for a single instance in which one of the States or one of its sections or the government itself ever denied the right of secession. What President but Lincoln ever denied this right? And does he not stand self-contradicted?

Now let me bring to your notice a few witnesses of importance who have testified since the war, only a few of the many. Forty-six years after the war Charles Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," addressing a negro university in Nashville, Tenn., said: "*It is certain there was a rebellion, but the Northerners were the rebels, not the Southerners.*"

Forty years after the war "*The American Crisis*" was published. In its preface are these words: "*The Civil War will not be treated as a rebellion, but as the great event in the history of the nation, which after forty years it is now recognized to have been.*"

In the fourth edition of the "*Republic of Republics*" (Little, Brown & Co.) are these words: "*Another event of great historical interest, in which Judge Clifford participated, was 'a solemn consultation' of a small number of the ablest lawyers of the North in Washington, a few months after the war, upon the momentous question as to whether the Federal government should commence a criminal prosecution against Jefferson Davis for participating in the leadership in the war of secession. In this council, which was surrounded with the utmost secrecy, were Attorney-General Speed, Judge Clifford, William Evarts, and perhaps a half dozen others who had been selected from the whole Northern profession for their legal ability and acumen; and the result of their deliberations was the sudden abandonment of the idea of prosecution in view of the insurmountable difficulties in the way of getting a final conviction.*"

Do you not know that Jefferson Davis was then and there acquitted as the result of that "solemn consultation"? You must know that he was never tried. Why not? May it not

have been because the Republican party itself would have been put on trial instead?

Davis was arrested at Irwinville, Ga., on the 10th of May, 1865, incarcerated in Fortress Monroe on the 19th of May, and released on the 15th of February, 1869. He was therefore a prisoner for three years, nine months, and twenty-six days. During that period his case was repeatedly set for trial and as many times postponed. Why all this mockery? Is it not evidence that Chief Justice Chase finally suggested to the counsel of Mr. Davis what motion to make? *That motion was made, and Mr. Davis was released.*

Jefferson Davis was never tried. That mountain fact lifts its tall testimony to tell the ages that the North waged an unconstitutional war against the constitutional South.

A few other important facts. In 1857 the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, handed down a decision which rendered the Republican party platform unconstitutional. The party rebelled against the decision; and we have the very high authority of "The Civil War from a Northern Standpoint," Volume XV., page 83, that "Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech was an effort to put the Republican party on constitutional ground." How most absurd!

That speech was most widely advertised in advance, most loudly applauded in its delivery, and was lauded far and near by the Republican press as "equal to the best effort of the great Webster." Does not this look like a conspiracy?

The very facts declare it nothing less than a bold public rebellion against a decision of the Supreme Court, the office of which is to settle questions of dispute. Its decision is so authoritative that it will annul an act of either of the other two departments of government. Talk of rebels! Where can you find truer specimens than these? What meant this great exhibition? Was it not to prepare the masses for an unconstitutional platform to follow?

That party had a score of men far more erudite than Lincoln. Why, then, was Lincoln designated to make that high-court-subverting speech? In his debates with Douglas had he not shown marked irreverence for the Constitution by utterances like this: "*Douglas thinks a decision of the Supreme Court a 'thus saith the Lord'*"—meaning, but I don't?

Hear him in that Cooper Institute speech deriding the Supreme Court's decision as "*a sort of decision*"; "*its friends differ among themselves as to its meaning*"; "*made by a bare majority*" (concealing that the majority was seven to two); "*an obvious mistake*"; adding, "*When the obvious mistake of the judges is brought to their notice is it not reasonable they will withdraw the mistaken statement and reconsider their conclusion?*" Is it any wonder that Lincoln undertook the task assigned him? In all history no specimen of egotism is comparable to it, unless it be this other expression of his found in that same speech: "*But we, on the other hand, deny that any such right has existence in the Constitution even by implication.*" If Lincoln did not know that when the Constitution is silent it means "*powers reserved by the States for the States*," it is certain the Supreme Court did.

That absolutely unconstitutional platform was framed, and on it Lincoln was the nominee for President. He was elected by a minority vote, strictly sectional, of less than thirty-eight and one-half per cent of the entire vote cast.

His election was legal because in accordance with law. But who can say it annulled the decision of the Supreme Court against which Lincoln's party rebelled? Who, therefore, can say it absolved the President elect and Congress from enforcing the Constitution unchanged?

No one can deny that a legal act can be repealed only by a legal act; or, in the words of Ney's legal maxim: "Everything is dissolved by the same means it is constituted." A decision of the Supreme Court is supreme law, or a legal act holding the highest place in law. It, therefore, cannot be repealed except by amendment to the Constitution according to Article 5—that is, proposals must first be made either by two-thirds of both houses of Congress or by two-thirds of the States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the States, become part of the Constitution. How immeasurably different is the constitutional plan from that of the Cooper Institute conspirators! If, therefore, the Constitution was changed, it was not according to the compact, and therefore by revolution. And if done by revolution, "the Northerners are the true rebels, not the Southerners." (Charles Stowe.)

AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL ADMINISTRATION.

We have just seen the Supreme Court on the one hand and the "but we" on the other hand. We are now to see the United States on the one hand and the "but we" on the other hand.

Lincoln's first inaugural address unblushingly reversed the teachings of the government during its entire history. He could not have done this had he not been in possession of the government. He did it either ignorantly or knowingly. Charles Francis Adams, historian and publicist, of Boston, Mass., attributed it to ignorance, perhaps in compassion, saying: "I must, therefore, affirm without hesitation that in the history of the government down to this hour no experiment so rash has ever been made as that of elevating to the head of affairs a man with so little preparation for the task as Lincoln."

Having the machinery of the United States government at his command, he reversed its teachings without quoting a single sustaining clause of the Constitution he had sworn to execute. All defenders of his administration, including himself, appeal to the substitutes of the Constitution, invented either immediately before or during the war or after it. Sixteen of these substitutes are known to the writer, but, in order to abridge, he will content himself now with giving only seven of these.

No. 1. *The minority decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case.* Secure a copy of a United States history by Adams & Trent, turn to page 327, and read as follows: "The North naturally accepted the views of the minority opinion." You surely know a minority opinion is no law at all.

No. 2. *"An unwritten Constitution."* Get a copy of "The Civil War from a Northern Standpoint," Volume XV., turn to page 161, and read the definition of this strange substitute for the real instrument, the American Constitution, in these immortal words: "The state of mind in America that determines the color or conduct of public affairs." This mystic document was unknown, not even heard of, till after the war. Yet it is one of the substitutes for the written Constitution of unchanged authority for seventy-three years. To the real Constitution Lincoln and all Federal and State officers swore fidelity, and not one was insane enough to swear to abide by a substitute not in existence.

No. 3. *"The Union is much older than the Constitution."* This substitute sprang from the fertile brain of Lincoln and was used in his first inaugural address. All know that the Constitution was the basis of the Union. That

great document was framed in Philadelphia in 1787. It was ratified by eleven States in 1788, leaving North Carolina and Rhode Island out, as they had not yet ratified it. Later the Union of eleven States became the Union of thirteen States. How much older, therefore, is the Union than the Constitution, the basis of the Union?

No. 4. *"A governmental organic growth supplanted the Constitution"* are words from "The Civil War from a Northern Standpoint," Volume XV., page 163. Here is a fundamental law that grew like a child, the wonder of time. It is thus explained: "The Confederation of 1777 was a league created by the States, and the power that creates is always greater than the power created. Yet all the while that this rather indefinite notion was abroad in the land the United States, as the organic power, was steadily developing. That it was feeble, that its purposes were obscure and its wants were denied, are matters of history; but the fact that a nation, an organism, embodying the will of the people, was in being there can be no doubt."

On the contrary, who believes it? The great American Constitution, rich in the blessings of Washington and all the fathers, is in the way of these rebels.

No. 5. *The silence of the Constitution.* This is the trump card of Lincoln in both his Cooper Institute speech and his inaugural address. In the latter he asks and answers his own questions thus: "May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say." Yet the tenth amendment is in these plain words of unmistakable meaning—viz.: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

The States drew a line about the Federal government, saying to it: "Inside of this line we have written all the powers you have, and outside of it you dare not go, for there are the unwritten powers which the States have reserved to themselves."

No. 6. *A higher law.* If this law is what it claims to be, it is certain it will not sanction an oath pledging fidelity to the plain terms of the real Constitution, only to violate them. What shall we think of the man who, while swearing to abide by the genuine Constitution, reserves the right to violate it at will by obeying an imaginary substitute?

No. 7. *Nationalism.* This very popular substitute is also the child of necessity, born in the North after the war. If all these substitutes had received legal sanction at the time of their invention, they would still be debarred from the arena of justice because too late for all questions that had preceded them. Charles Francis Adams, in his "Lee's Centennial," page 12, thus explains this fiction: "By this is meant the act of transforming a Federal government, defined by Webster as a covenant government between nations, into a consolidated government; a nation of granted powers, and, therefore, of limited powers, into a nation of powers not granted, and, therefore, of powers not limited by States." Another substitute born outside of a legislative hall and since the war. When necessity and fiction marry we have a strange, unscrupulous couple. They lay their hands with impunity on all things sacred and profane. And their progeny is of the same character. They usurp the throne of justice and righteousness with a mien that proclaims their undisputed right.

These children of necessity and fiction, and all others of

their progeny, prove that the American Constitution contained *not a justifying clause* for the war the North waged against the South and the Constitution.

The South loved the Constitution and the Union of States, expressing the American idea that "*government rests upon the consent of the governed,*" not upon force; that it is "*the right of the people to alter or abolish governments whenever they become destructive of the ends for which they were established.*"

The declared purpose of the compact of the States united, from which the eleven Southern States withdrew, was "*to establish justice and domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty.*" When, therefore, in the judgment of these eleven Southern States, the Federal government had fallen into hands hostile to the Constitution, they appealed to the ballot box and asserted a right declared to be "*inalienable*" by the Declaration of Independence—a right never before disputed during the entire history of the Union.

You say: "The old Confederate soldiers have nothing to boast over." Yet they fought for the pure rule of the unimpaired Constitution of their fathers, while you fought for its many substitutes. Who have the greatest cause to boast, you or they?

If it be true, as you assert, that "the whole civilized world has settled down to the idea that the South was wrong," *the fact is due to the false teachings of the North. That war began in falsehood, continued its tactics of falsehood to the end, and now finds its only defense in falsehood.* In 1860, when the war was being contemplated, J. L. Motley, writing for the London Times, made these five deliberate misstatements: (1) "The Constitution was not drawn by the States, (2) it was not promulgated in the name of the States, (3) it was not ratified by the States, (4) the States never acceded to it, (5) and have no power to secede from it."

This man was later appointed minister to King James's court by Mr. Lincoln. No comment necessary.

If "*the constitutional right was settled at Appomattox,*" as you say, what have you to say as to the right of its multiplied substitutes? Were you reared in enlightened Iowa and yet do not know that the South is the most patriotic section of the Union? "Teach your young people the love of the bars and stripes and the upholding of the Union." The heroes who won the first and last battles of that great war, who never bent cringing knee to foe, stood erect amid the ruins of their homes, with their wrongs beneath their feet and their faces turned toward the future, the sublimest spectacle of heroic valor. They resolved to put their great wrongs behind them, make the best of conditions, and save what they could of the wreck of the Constitution and of their cherished hopes. Proud of their defense of constitutional liberty and proud of their heroic sacrifices in its behalf, *they have no confessions to make.* Heroes not only in war, but also in civil life, they have rebuilt a South that is the admiration and wonder of the world. They went down with their patriot arms pressing the Constitution of their fathers close to their warm, pulsing hearts, and now, by right, claim the vindication of the civilized world.

Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, was deposed by the military power because he was an obstacle to the program of carpetbaggers and pseudo negrophiles, 1868.—*Dirie Book of Days.*

SCOUTING IN THE VALLEY.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

After Early's defeat at Winchester, September 19, 1862 at Fisher's Hill three days later, and at Cedar Creek October 19, Sheridan adopted the German policy of destroying the country and everything in it that drew the breath of life except a few old men and women and children too young to interfere with his operations. Perhaps I should say that the Germans adopted his methods in their war on France and mankind, only that Sheridan and Custer were a little more cruel in one respect, in killing all Confederate scouts and those suspected of being scouts when they fell into their hands. Sometimes, however, their captors showed a little mercy in allowing them to run for their lives before shooting them down in cold blood. I have read much of German atrocities in this war, but they differed in some respects from those of Sheridan. Bismarck and the German military authorities were quick to catch on to his advice to make war on their enemies in such a way that they should have nothing left to them but their eyes to weep over their misfortunes. The whole world now stands appalled at this merciless and unnecessary mode of waging war. The writer of this article does not pretend to say that General Sheridan was the author of this policy, but he certainly put it into execution. He hopes whoever was to blame for it repented if that were possible, before he was called to stand before the Great Judge.

After these defeats, which were brought on the Confederates partly by the overwhelming forces of the enemy and partly by the mismanagement of our commanding general, the remnant of the army, scattered along the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, could do nothing but look on at the smoke of their burning homes rising to heaven and pray that in some way and sometime justice might be meted out to the perpetrators of this crime. After resting here for some time General Early decided to follow the enemy down the valley and see if there was yet an opportunity to strike the enemy a sudden blow, to encourage his soldiers, and to show them that he was still in the field. When he reached the lower valley he found the enemy in large force, well protected by earthworks, unsuspecting as when we routed them at Cedar Creek; but our force was too weak to attack with any hope of success. General Early now slowly withdrew up the valley, keeping the Shenandoah River between him and the open country, the enemy's cavalry having little or no opposition beyond it.

Stopping to rest one day, the colonel of my regiment came from the rear and, passing our company, called to Sergt. W. P. Warn and told him to detail two men from the company for scout duty across the river with Sergeant McLemore and a squad of men who would be along in a few minutes. Warn, always ready for any enterprise, however hazardous, if only it promised an opportunity for plunder or getting a good meal, decided to go himself and detailed me as the other man. McLemore now came up and asked him for the men, and we fell in. The banks of the river at this place were very steep on both sides, but the river was fordable. As soon as we got across McLemore suggested to Warn that he should strike out due west to a forest some distance from the river with his men, while he would go up the river some distance and move out into the country in the same general direction, intending, as I suppose, to meet again somewhere and make up a report of our observations. This was the last I saw of him and his men for months, but more about him later.

We saw no sign of the Yanks anywhere and went to an elevated place in the woods where we could make observations of the open country. To our surprise we saw a farmhouse at no great distance and the smoke from the chimney ascending peacefully. This was an unusual sight in this devastated country, and no doubt the idea of a good breakfast came into "Bill's" mind. He told me to stand behind the body of a large oak and watch while he went up to the house and found out from the folks within about the Yankees. He instructed me to keep a sharp lookout and, if I saw the enemy approaching, to whistle and he would run back to me, and we would defend ourselves as best we could. We went to the yard fence and stepped over. When he appeared at the big, open front door the family, consisting of the old man, his wife, and three grown daughters, took him for a Yankee scout dressed in gray clothes, as they had no idea that there were any Confederates in that part of the country; but he could elicit no information from them. He stood there in the yard gesticulating and seemed to be in earnest conversation with some one in the house whom I could not see, as the house faced to the east and I was to the south. I became restless and was about to abandon my position when he beckoned me to come. When I reached the house the girls came running to me, saying: "O, he's a Rebel! He's a Rebel!" They were now willing to give us any information they had about the enemy. They told us about the cavalry fight there the day before, and how our men drove them away, and that they had picked up two of the breech-loaders, Spencer rifles, that had been left in their flight. These they had hidden in a patch of briars, and they showed them to us. My comrade, already well armed, wanted to take both of them, but this they objected to and let him have only one. We went back to the house with them, where they gave us something to eat and detained us quite a while, until I told "Bill" that we had not come over the river to eat and have good time with the girls, but to find the enemy and report. As we started off the girls urged us to come back to dinner. His made little impression on me, but Bill remembered it, and at noon he was willing to turn back from our tramp, in which we saw nothing to report. When we reached the house the whole family was at the door to invite us in to a big dinner on the table awaiting us. Without hesitating a minute Bill walked in, stood his two guns up in the corner of the dining room, and proceeded to divest himself of his accouterments. Taking one more glance in every direction for the enemy before following him, I saw on the hills at a distance on the other side of the river the tattered battle flags of our brigade moving off. I knew these were observed by the enemy's cavalry and that they would advance immediately. Standing outside, I told Bill, who was now seated at the table and helping himself, that we had better go, while the whole family was almost ready to drag me inside to eat with them. I asked him what he meant by his conduct. He said: "I'm going to eat my part of the dinner these folks have prepared for us. You come in here, you fool, and do likewise." Finally, when I saw I could not get him out, I said: "Good-by, old fellow. I never expect to see you any more."

I started in a brisk walk for the wood through which we had come in the morning, but had gone only a short distance when, hearing the rustle of a woman's skirts and footfalls behind me, I looked back and saw one of the girls with a plateful of dinner, who ran up to me and said: "You shall have some of it." I opened my haversack, saying, "Put

it in here quick," and off I started. Before I reached the edge of the wood Bill overtook me in a run, saying: "You were in a mighty hurry." A minute later one of our cavalry scouts, pressed by the enemy, came riding up at full gallop and said: "Hurry up, boys, they are just behind. If you can keep up with me until we get to the river, I will help you across." We thus overtook our command before night.

Months after this McLemore and his men came to us, and I had a desire to know something of his experience. He told me that they took a public road some distance up the river leading out in the valley, but saw nothing of the enemy until late in the afternoon, when he decided to return by the same route. Looking ahead in the dusk, he saw a large body of cavalry going in the same direction. As they did not notice him, he followed on; but, seeing others coming up behind, he and his men broke for the cover of a forest and escaped capture. They remained in hiding long after the army had left the valley and lived upon whatever the good people gave them, hiding in the day and foraging at night.

Sometime after the war, in conversation with my old schoolmate and war comrade, I asked him if he remembered this little incident in our war experience and the beautiful young lady who led us to where the rifles were hidden. He answered in the affirmative and promised to write to her—Miss Sue Miller, then living at Cross Keys, Va., on the site of one of Jackson's battles. A few days after this he showed me a letter in beautiful handwriting from the lady. She told him, among other things, that it was well his comrade on that occasion did not come in, as we were hardly out of sight in the woods when the house was surrounded by Yankee cavalry, who dismounted and ate the fine things prepared for us. Poor Bill! He has long since answered the last call in consequence of a wound received at the first day's battle of the Wilderness. Peace to his ashes! I hope the beautiful and accomplished Miss Sue Miller still survives and that her eyes may fall on these lines.

THEIR LAST CHANCE.

BY MARGARET FRAMPTON HARPER, LYNDHURST, S. C.

It was with great sadness that on August 21, 1916, I heard of the death of Capt. Richard H. Milledge, as he and my father, Henry C. Harper, had known and loved each other in their boyhood days. All through their college and army life the same true friendship held them together, and even during the dark days after the cause for which they had fought so gallantly had been lost and the battles of life led them in paths that no longer crossed, that friendship seemed to grow stronger and to brighten the lives of both of them, until the angel of death called them to where they know no parting.

The following incident took place on a bright April day in 1865, after Lee's army had been disbanded, and Captain Milledge and my father were wearily making their way to the Sand Hills, Augusta, Ga.

Father suddenly turned to Captain Milledge and said: "Dick, see those Yanks on that rise beyond that tall pine tree? Let's give them a parting shot."

"All right, Harry," replied Captain Milledge, and then rang out the last shot fired by our boys in gray.

The Yanks evidently took in this little act as byplay, for they cheered with vim: "Hurrah for Johnnie Reb!"

As members of the Rock Brigade these two fast friends had served their country faithfully for four long years under the gallant Henry L. Benning, of Georgia.

VIRGINIA—A TRIBUTE.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

[An address before the Virginia Society of Nashville, Tenn., December 6, 1912.]

It is sometimes told at the expense of my ancestors, the Scotch people, that a favorite and frequent prayer among them is: "Lord, gie us a gude opeenion o' oursels." The Virginians hardly need that prayer. Then I heard of a man who had such an exalted opinion of himself that at mention of his own name, by himself or another, he always lifted his hat or made a profound bow. The Virginian, even the most modest, feels like doing obeisance to the name of the Old Dominion. The word "Virginia" lingers on his tongue or issues from his lips with an accent of peculiar tenderness; its cadence is sweet to his ear. But, after all, the Virginian has the right to boast of the grand old commonwealth. It is a remark of Josh Billings that he "loves a rooster because he can crow and has spurs to back his crow." So we all love Virginia because she not only can crow, but can back the crow with deeds of splendid achievement.

Virginia has a right to a good opinion from all the world for three reasons, which I shall mention as of special note, although she has many other grounds for boasting. These are: (1) Her place as the first of those pioneers of Anglo-Saxon civilization who planted British institutions with liberty and law on the North American continent; (2) her sacrifices, her wisdom, and courage in maintaining and developing that civilization and upholding the principles of constitutional liberty against all foes; (3) the great leaders whom she has produced, men of light and leading to know what ought to be done in the great crises of our country's history.

1. Virginia was settled by the English-speaking race in 1607, thirteen years and more before the landing of the Pilgrims, or Puritans, at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620. Yet, because New Englanders have written our history, if one were to ask the average boy in our schools who first settled the United States, the answer, at least until a few years ago, would have been, "The Pilgrim Fathers," and the date would have been thirteen years too late. These original colonists of Virginia, landing on Jamestown Island, in James River, on the thirteenth day of May, 1607, were the first permanent settlement of English people in North America and were the vanguard of Protestant civilization on this continent.

It was for a long time the habit of the writers of American history to represent these first settlers as a band of rough, dissolute adventurers who had left England for England's good. Yet among their first works was the building of a church. They were confronted with grave difficulties. In a short while more than half of them died; they were at times in danger of starvation; they were in constant danger of attack by the Indians; there were also internal bickerings; yet the fact remains that they maintained their hold on the country and gradually grew in numbers and strength as additions came to them from the mother country. And they insisted on their rights as Englishmen and were jealous of their liberties, until they obtained the right to elect an assembly and rule themselves. And on the ninth day of August, 1619, at Jamestown, convened the first elective assembly that ever sat on the American continent. This was more than sixteen months before the landing of the Mayflower. And these colonists began at once to assert their rights as freemen who were loyal to the king, but would not submit to taxes imposed without their consent.

2. Through all of history Virginia has been firm in her stand for the great principles which she asserted in the beginning of her life as a colony, and she has made great sacrifices for their maintenance. In 1676 Nathaniel Bacon, a man of culture and ability, led in resistance to the tyranny of the royal governor and stormed and burned the capital and forced him to flight; and it was all for the right of the people to govern themselves—the same principle involved in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

The old commonwealth has always sought for peace if it could be had without sacrificing principle, but when war became a necessity she never hesitated to take her place in the front rank of those who were contending for principles she deemed right. This was notably illustrated in the beginnings of the Revolution and the Civil War. In the Revolution the New England States felt the oppression of the British government, as it interfered with their commerce and diminished their profits. But Virginia did not feel the burdens imposed on the sister colonies, as she was not a commercial community; but she realized the principle involved in the claims of the crown, even though these claims affected her very little, and she determined to resist them as a matter of principle. But before resorting to war she strove most earnestly for several years to secure the repeal of the obnoxious demands of Parliament. By humble petition, by earnest argument, by solemn warning she tried to make the home government see its injustice; but when all failed, then she cast in her lot with her oppressed sisters and fought for liberty. Again, in 1861, when the Southern States withdrew from the Union on account of the election of a sectional President, Virginia tried in every honorable way to avert war. She had come into the Union distinctly and in terms reserving the right to withdraw if she should see fit; but her history in the Union had bound her in heart to it, and she hoped to get concessions from the triumphant fanatical party which would prevent war and ultimately bring the seceded States back. Her convention pleaded with the leaders of abolition, called a peace congress; but it availed not. Mr. Lincoln called on her for her quota of troops to fight the South. When his call went forth a member of Congress of the dominant party said to one of Virginia's commissioners: "What will you Union men of Virginia do now?" The answer was: "There are no Union men in Virginia now." At once she withdrew and cast in her lot with the South.

Two scenes in the Virginia conventions, at times nearly a hundred years apart, will illustrate her spirit. One was in 1765. The whole country had been agitated by the evident purpose of the British Parliament to tax the colonies against their will. The Stamp Act had been passed, and when the convention met there was a solemn feeling that something ought to be done in protest, yet that nothing radical or revolutionary should be done. No one seemed willing to take the lead, the older members restrained by their loyal devotion to the mother country and her traditions, the younger members held back by modesty and diffidence. At length a young member, not yet thirty years old, a man of plain appearance and manner, tearing a blank leaf from a law book, wrote a series of resolutions practically committing Virginia to resistance; and presenting them, he supported them with such fiery eloquence, such cogency of argument, such splendor of language, such warmth of patriotic devotion to liberty that he swept the majority along with him. The older conservative leaders were not ready for such

action; and when the orator cried out, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. had his Cromwell, and George III."—there was a cry, "Treason, treason!" through the hall—and the speaker finished the sentence, "George III. may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it." The speaker was the forest-born Demosthenes, Patrick Henry, who did more than any one man to stir the colonies to resistance. His resolutions were adopted by a small majority, and Edward Pendleton, afterwards a leading spirit in the Revolution, was heard to say: "I would have given a thousand guineas for one vote in opposition." It was the same grand orator who, in St. John's Church in Richmond, afterwards made the speech advocating independence, closing with these memorable words: "Give me liberty, or give me death." Under this leader Virginia did her full share in winning our independence.

The other scene was described to me by one who was present and was himself opposed to the State's withdrawal from the Union. It was in 1861, in the convention in Richmond which was to determine Virginia's attitude in the impending crisis. The majority of the convention opposed secession until every effort had been made to avert war. They were for calling a convention of the States to devise some compromise. They would send commissioners to Mr. Lincoln to ask delay of action and the withdrawal of troops from the South. South Carolina had sent a commissioner to the convention to urge Virginia to join in a Southern Confederacy. The commissioner was Hon. John S. Preston, a splendid orator, almost the equal of his more famous brother, the great senator and statesman, William Campbell Preston. The convention appointed a day to hear Colonel Preston. My informant said the hall was packed, and he got standing room just inside the door. The orator was a man of fine physique, but as he spoke he seemed to grow in the eyes of my friend until, as he expressed it, "Colonel Preston seemed fifteen feet high, his nose a yard long, his ears like saddle skirts, his eyes like globes of fire, his arms like the branches of a tree. His peroration was an imaginary pageant of the States marching forth in order, each under its most noted leader of the past, and in a few words he summed up the record of the State and characterized her leaders. Tennessee was led by General Jackson; Kentucky, by Mr. Clay; Mississippi, by General Quitman; Virginia, by Washington; and so on. The last State in the procession was his own, led by Calhoun. There was behind the speaker's platform in a niche a life-size bust of Mr. Calhoun in pure white marble. The orator kept his person in front of this bust so as to conceal it from the audience, and at the last, invoking South Carolina's great son to lead her forth, he stepped aside, and it seemed as if the great statesman had come from the dead to answer the call. The effect was overwhelming, and one of the most ardent Union men moved that Virginia secede at once in response to Colonel Preston's appeal. But one of the oldest and steadiest members moved that the convention adjourn for a day to recover from the power of the speech.

We all know that all Virginia's efforts for peace were defeated by the fanaticism of the abolitionists; and though she knew that she would be chief sufferer by war, yet she took her place at the head of the Confederacy, gave it such sons as Lee and Jackson and Johnston, and was torn by the plowshares of war until she became a desolate waste. Along with the other States of the Confederacy, Virginia was forced to drink to the dregs the bitter cup of Recon-

struction and to see her places of honor and trust occupied by the ignoble herd of carpetbaggers and scalawags who followed in the wake of war; but from this deep humiliation she has recovered by the inherent vitality of her people, and she stands to-day worthy of the love and respect of all her sister States.

3. The third ground of pride for Virginia is the noble array of great men she has furnished to the service of the country in every crisis of our history. In times of quietness and peace her sons have not appeared as particularly able, but when the occasion arose and the call came for a leader Virginia had the man that was needed.

The peculiarity of her social life was that the leaders were made up from the widely different strains of blood which are usually considered antagonistic, the Cavalier and the Covenanter, or Scotch-Irish. The original settlers were of pure English stock, who occupied the tidewater region, extending from the sea to the mountains. Then, over a hundred years after the landing at Jamestown, the valley of Virginia—the beautiful and fertile valley of the Shenandoah—was occupied by the Scotch-Irish, or Covenanters, a race which has been strangely ignored by historians, and who yet are entitled to as much credit as Cavalier or Puritan for the wonderful progress of our country. They were the descendants of those Scotchmen who suffered persecution for their religion under the Stuart despotism. First escaping to the north of Ireland, they were there so worried that they sought refuge in America, landing first in New York and Philadelphia. They settled largely in Pennsylvania, and from there, moving south, they possessed the valley of Virginia and went on into North and South Carolina. It was a virile race, industrious, hardy, brave, devoted to liberty, strong in intellect. These settlers formed a defense for the tidewater settlements against the Indians. They began coming into the valley in 1730, and there were also among them some of the Huguenots, who were the Covenanters of France. These men were the strongest advocates of resistance to British rule, and the patriots of the tidewater found in them the strongest element in the Revolution.

The motives which influenced these two strains in throwing off the British yoke and fighting for independence were different. With the tidewater men there was love for the mother country. They had not suffered at her hands; they were devoted to liberty and jealous of their rights; and they felt that England was trampling on those rights. On the other hand, the Covenanter had bitter experience of suffering and persecution by the government, and so his love of liberty was mingled with a hatred of England that gave intensity to his resistance.

Now, the great leader who did more than any other to lead the colonies to declare for independence was Patrick Henry, and he belonged to that Covenanter stock. When we note the great men who are prominent in the history of Virginia in the earlier days, we must give credit to both strains, Cavalier and Covenanter. The Cavalier gave George Washington, the Lees, George Mason, Pendleton, Nelson, Page-Harrison; the Covenanters gave Henry, Campbells, Prestons, Breckinridges, George Rogers Clark; while there were many distinguished men combining the blood of both strains, as Madison, Jefferson, Randolph, Monroe. It is no wonder that the Old Dominion boasts of her sons; and since those days, think of her contribution to the South in the Civil War—Stonewall Jackson, the great Covenanter, and Joseph E. Johnston, the Cavalier, and, above all, that man, the Cavalier,

who I believe was the grandest merely human character that ever lived, Robert Edward Lee, the noblest gentleman and greatest English-speaking soldier of all time.

I might speak of the abounding hospitality of Virginia, which made it impossible for a hotel to flourish anywhere in the country. My personal experience gave me a taste of it forty years ago. Invited to address the students of the Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sydney, in Prince Edward County, I received letters from half a dozen professors asking me to stay in their homes; and when I reached the little village on the stage, there were at least that number who stopped us as we drove along and insisted on my getting out and accepting their hospitality. And for the week I was there it was a constant round of dinings, until I felt that I had met everybody in the "Hill," as they called the place.

I might speak of the beautiful home life, quiet, dignified, reverent, loving; of that keen sense of honor "that felt a stain as a wound"; of that unostentatious culture which delighted in the old English classics and was proud of William and Mary College and the University of Virginia and Hampden-Sydney; of that pride of ancestry, so assured, so gracious, that it never felt it necessary to assert itself, but took itself for granted; of that respect for family and family traditions which the servants felt and boasted of. All these were elements in the Virginia character which won respect and love and that justified the Virginians in having "a gude opeinion o' themsel's."

Let me close these rambling remarks with the poem of Francis O. Ticknor, "The Virginians of the Valley":

"The knightliest of the knightly race,
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindest of the kindly band,
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas.

Who climbed the blue Virginia hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept, the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires;
But, aye, the 'Golden Horseshoe' Knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep!"

EMANCIPATION.—The strange and curious race madness of the American republic will be a study for centuries to come. That madness took a child race out of a warm cradle, threw it into the ocean of politics—the stormiest and most treacherous we have known—and bade it swim for its own life and the life of the nation.—*Myrta Lockert Avery.*

THE BRAVE YOUNG LIFE OF J. E. B. STUART.

BY MRS. W. E. ROBERTSON, PLASTERCO, VA.

It is to be deplored that so little is ever known of the boyhood of great men. It is only when they become conspicuous in noble, or perchance ignoble, deeds that the world stops to ask, Were they born in hovel or hall, of virtuous or wicked parents?

From all conditions, from every phase of life, the inborn soul of the poet, the painter, the soldier, the statesman will sometime claim its own and give out to humanity the latent spark of divine fire burning within. Many claim that heredity and environment have nothing to do with the building of a great character. "Act well your part; there all the honor lies." Be that as it may, the boy of whom we write was exceptionally fortunate in birth and home training. His very name suggests feudal castles, baronial halls, and princely palaces; but his progenitor in America cared far less for the emblazoned arms of lordly houses than for liberty of religious thought, and, like Governor Dinwiddie, preferred to exchange his proud crest for the American eagle and adopt as his motto, "Where liberty is, there is my country." And so we find, in the year 1716, one Archibald Stuart, who first had taken refuge in Ireland from persecution, sailing the seas and finding his home in the wilds of Western Pennsylvania. Later he moved with his family to Virginia, and as the years rolled on brave men and virtuous women descended from him.

Afar back in the annals of history there lived a Sir Archibald Stuart, of Blackhall, Scotland. It is recorded that "he was a man of consummate ability, a member of the Privy Council both of Charles I. and Charles II." Several centuries later, during the stirring period of nullification, another Archibald Stuart, a Virginian and descendant of the emigrant, served his country with "consummate ability" in the halls of Congress of the great United States of America.

To this Hon. Archibald Stuart and Elizabeth Letcher Pannill, his wife, was born on February 6, 1833, a son—this tiny scion of a noble Scottish tree, who found in the old county of Patrick, Va., a most congenial clime and soil. The boy grew and waxed strong amid surroundings scarcely less romantic than those of his plaided ancestors.

The bonnie braes of Doon or Dee could never surpass in loveliness the flowery banks of Dan when carpeted with the blue-eyed myosotis; the dark crags of Glencoe were no more picturesque than the jagged pinnacles of that river when silhouetted against a gloomy or a golden sky. The broad sweep of the Clyde, bearing on its bosom the innumerable sails of merchant ships, brought to the hearts of Scotland's lads no prouder thrills than to those of Virginia boys who, as Daniel said, heard the horn of the old packet boat reëchoing along the banks of the James, or saw that river catch in her arms the sparkling waves of the Elizabeth and together broaden out into the majestic and historical bay of Hampton Roads.

To all men, we are told, the memories of childhood are dear; but to this one, through his brief and glorious manhood, they were peculiarly cherished—the old-fashioned farmhouse to which his eyes first opened to the light of day, the mountains and meadows, streams and forests surrounding it, his horses and dogs, the quarters with their dusky inmates, and, above all, the flower garden in which he had walked hand in hand with his mother and learned of her the names and fragrance of rose, pink, and lily with which she dec-

orated the pier tables and tall mantels of the old mansion. In after years, no matter where he was, to catch the odor of these flowers upon the breeze was to transport him, a boy again, to the old garden with his mother and sisters. Many of his finer qualities were transmitted to him from his mother. She was à matron of the highest type, "looking well to the ways of her household and eating not the bread of idleness." She inculcated in her sons, as did their father, the fundamental principles of true knighthood, a reverence for womanhood and a strict and chivalrous sense of duty. These characteristics were exemplified in this son to such a marked degree that he has been called the Sir Galahad of the Confederacy, "whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure." The sons of this home were also taught the dangers of the wine cup, and we have it from indisputable authority (from Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart herself) that this one, standing a little fellow by his sister's side as she read to him of some good and great man who never touched spirituous liquors, declared that he would be like him, and never from that hour did a drop of spirits pass his lips (save the wine of holy communion) until at the earnest request of his physician, and in his longing to live to look once again on the faces of his wife and children hurrying to his bed, he took a little brandy. And yet there was never a merrier, happier lad than he. He inherited his father's rare gift of song and went singing on his way through the weary march and through the distant roar of cannon the same songs he had sung at the country churches, or with the banjo pickers on the moonlit sward, or when running with bridle in hand to capture and mount the wild and untamed colts on the laurel hills of his native heath.

Here is a letter written as a little boy and signed with his name, now immortalized, which, in its analysis, shows many of the characteristics which dominated his loving, dauntless spirit:

"To Mrs. Elizabeth L. Stuart, Mount Ivory, Va. Politeness of Uncle Jack.

COBBLERS SPRING, VA., December 6, 1846.

"My Dear Mother: I took it upon myself to borrow a horse and come up here to-day (being Sunday), and here I find Uncle Jack, who expects to start for home to-morrow, and I thought I would take advantage of this opportunity to write to you, though I must confess that my conscience is in opposition with my pen, for I can't see why you don't write to me, for you have no idea how acceptable a letter from home is to any son, but especially to one away off at a boarding school where I never hear from home or anywhere else. I have no doubt that you all have experienced this, and for that reason it appears still more astounding why you do not have mercy upon a poor, little, insignificant whelp away from his mammy. I hope you will not defer writing any longer, but write, write, write.

"I saw Brother Alec in town to-day; he was well.

"I know by this time you are impatient to hear something about Mr. Painter. All I have to say is simply this: It is a first-rate place, but I had rather go to Mr. Buckingham's.

"Tell Vic that I have got an arithmetic for her, and it is a pretty one, and if I had had any idea of Uncle Jack being here, I would have brought it up. Kiss her for me, also Dave. I would also tell you to kiss Black and Dallas, but I know you wouldn't do that. Give my love to papa,

sisters, M. and C., and Vic. Give my best respects to Mr. Ayers when you see him. I wrote a long letter yesterday.

"I ever remain your affectionate son, J. E. B. STUART.

"P. S.—I deemed it unnecessary to say in this I am well, as you know I am never anything else. J. E. B. S."

A few short years, and the little homesick schoolboy is a youth at Emory and Henry. Here his record is fair, and here he hearkened to the still small voice, "Son, give me thine heart," and stayed his faith on the joys of a better world, a faith which never faltered and which, through roar of cannon and hail of musketry, inspired him with the spirit of the noble Roman known to every schoolboy through Macaulay's poem:

"Then out spake brave Horatius,

The captain of the gate:

"To every one upon this earth

Death cometh soon or late;

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds

For the ashes of his fathers

And the temples of his gods?"

After a year at Emory he was appointed to West Point, which he entered in June, 1850, and soon became noted as "the most skillful and daring horseman among his fellows." Having finished his cadetship, he was commissioned a lieutenant in the United States army. He served faithfully and fearlessly in Indian warfare in Southern Texas and was then sent to the Far West to quell mutterings of trouble between Southern and Northern factions. It was there that he met the one woman of his choice, Miss Flora Cooke, daughter of Gen. P. St. George Cooke, of the United States army.

When in Kansas he saw for the first time the fanatical insurrectionist, John Brown, and smilingly recognized him as "Old Ossawatimie Brown" in demanding his surrender at the barricaded door of the house in which he and his sons had taken refuge at Harper's Ferry, Va., October, 1859.

This tragedy widened the breach already broadening between the North and the South, and in less than a year was ushered in the saddest era in American history—an era in which the words of the beloved apostle seem to be verified, ushered in the saddest era in American history, an era in which the sons of the Revolution who had stood shoulder to shoulder, and whose unity was their strength, exchanged their blue coats for gray and rushed madly toward a yawning chasm waiting to engulf them in the land of their forefathers.

Timrod, the sweetest singer of the South at that time, caught in his sensitive ear the jarring sounds of discord. With almost prophetic pen he pictured the opening of spring on Virginia plains:

"O, standing on this desecrated mold,

Methinks that I behold,

Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,

Spring kneeling on the sod."

Alas, how true! The white petals of the daisies had just begun to sprinkle the green fields of Manassas when whiter tents were stretched upon them, and a marshaled host in gray awaited an invading foe. Then it was that a body of troopers came riding from the mountains, the valleys, and the sun-kissed plantations of the South, a brilliant pageant in those early sixties and as brave as any of the knights of

old who e'er broke lance for the love of land or lady. Their silken banners, proudly flaunting defiance in the face of the foe, were yet unsullied by the grime of battle, brilliant in the red and white and blue of the stars and bars; their gray coats, heavily trimmed with gold braid and brass buttons, their lances gleaming and flashing, their good swords in burnished scabbards buckled to their sturdy sides, their war chargers scarcely less richly caparisoned than that of their leader, whom they followed eager to be nearest his confidence and his peril that, if need be, their own bodies might be his shield and buckler. And this knightly leader, this flower of all their chivalry, with his sweeping plume and erect form, his lips ever ready to break into smiles, reining in his plunging charger more with the power of his indomitable will than with the strength of his strong arm—who by virtue of his intrepidity of soul and his military training could so inspire men to do and die as J. E. B. Stuart? Alas, those heroic hearts that followed him! Poets, historians, and orators have written and spoken in burning words of their great, heroic deeds. Of Hampton at the head of his legions, of Mosby's dare-devil guerrillas, of the thunder of Pelham's guns, of their charges and onslaughts, their unflagging marches, their cruel sufferings, uncomplainingly borne in field and in prison, inspired by one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of Southern stars. Those who rode closest to him and lived to see that star set on the plains of Yellow Tavern (John Esten Cooke, McClelland, his chief of staff, and Judge Theodore Garnett, who delivered a most eloquent address at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Stuart, May 30, 1907) were far better fitted than I to tell of his military achievements, nor is it my purpose to attempt it. I could not add one leaf to the laurel wreath of his fame. But, as a daughter of the Southern Confederacy for which he gave his life, I would fain call the attention of the conquered and the conqueror to the spirit of the boy and the soldier that led him on in the path of duty and inspired within his breast that high sense of honor attainable to all who reach out, as he did, to high ideals.

The turn came in the tide of his affairs, the crucial moment when he must halt between two opinions, and, having chosen, he did his part faithfully and honorably to the end.

Little he knew the glorious destiny awaiting him when he penned the boyish letter, given now for the first time to public notice; but in it we see something of the brave, self-reliant, merry, and fun-loving heart of the dashing cavalryman of the Confederacy. Analyze the first sentence in it, "I took it upon myself to borrow a horse." History tells us he often took it upon himself to make reconnoitering expeditions, keeping their extent and purpose entirely to himself. He rode under the black mantle of night, his men following blindly, even to the sound of the enemy's encampment. His song and laughter cheered his weary men, but doubtless it was often stifled and the smiling lips grew stern as he thought he might, perchance, be leading his men to their doom. Sometimes he recklessly rode alone, and once, coming unexpectedly upon forty-six Union soldiers resting in a field on the border line, his quick wit and daring instantly prompted the order: "Throw down your arms." The men, seeing Stuart and thinking his troopers were just behind him, obeyed with alacrity, and he marched the whole squadron into camp.

He professes in his letter that his conscience was in opposition to his writing home when his people were so chary in their letters to him, but history tells us he could write in kindly terms and with Christian moderation and restraint

to one who had made aspersions against him. Quick as a boy to resent any insinuations of shortcomings or unkind thought of him by others, yet he learned as a man and soldier the art of self-control. There is a tenderness in the sentence that brings a tear to the eye when he asks how they can be so neglectful of "an insignificant little whelp so far away from his mammy," and a smile such as must have spread over his own face when he said that he would have his stately mother kiss his little brute playmates, Black and Dallas. His sense of duty kept him from complaining of the school to which his parents thought fit to send him, though he greatly preferred another; and we know of only one instance in which the great heart beating within his breast prompted him to shirk responsibility or duty, and that was to send a boy deserter to his superior officer, saying to the guard: "Take him to General Lee and tell him the circumstances." He loathed disloyalty, but he loved truth, and he saw the stamp of it perhaps on the brow of the pale stripling as he told, in defense of his own act, the story which had doomed him to be hanged on a near-by tree.

His letter shows devotion to home, parents, and a special fondness for a certain sister. He loved the society of pure women. His charm of conversation, his love of music, his dash and daring, and, above all, his cavalier manner, made him the idol of the hour with the fair sex, most of whom adore the military and are hero worshipers.

But enshrined in the inmost core of his being was the vision of one woman, afar from the roar of guns, in her cottage home, bending over his children with a mother's love and, with uplifted heart, praying to the God of battles for the safe return of her hero. But God decreed otherwise; he spared him to turn the tide of many conflicts, and he was spared the Gethsemane of Appomattox; but there came a day in the spring of 1864 when all his prowess was called upon to stay the enemy from his beloved capital city of Richmond. The rushing by of a few blue-coated cavalymen, the pointing of a pistol, a fatal shot, and Spring, kneeling on the plains of Yellow Tavern, fell prostrate among her bloody daisies, gathering the knightliest flower in all Virginia's fields to her bosom. Ah! then she cried with the voice of all her hills, her mountains, and desolated land for resignation to God's will. The voice of mourning was heard near and far; only the stricken warrior murmured not. As his comrades tenderly lifted him he called out to some of his panic-stricken followers dashing past: "Go back, my men, go back and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will yet be free." And once again, a few hours later, with dying lips: "If God and my countrymen think I have done my duty, I am ready to go." These parting words to the world he was fast leaving were a keynote to the greatness of the man and the passport of the warrior's soul to immortality.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, Abide, abide,
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, Stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.—*Sidney Lanier.*

THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

This list of the executive officers and Congressmen of the Confederacy will be of interest. The South sent some of her strongest men to make laws and to meet and solve the momentous questions that confronted her in the effort to establish independence, and the statesmanship displayed proved to the world that the new government had brains as well as bravery. This list was taken from the Reunion edition of the Little Rock Gazette.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS—1861-1865.

President.

Jefferson Davis, inaugurated February 18, 1861, and inaugurated as permanent President February 22, 1862.

Vice President.

Alexander H. Stephens, February 11, 1861, and February 22, 1862.

Secretary of State.

Robert Toombs, February 21, 1861.

Robert M. T. Hunter, July 25, 1861, to February 17, 1862.

William M. Browne (*ad interim*).

Judah P. Benjamin, March 18, 1862.

Attorney-General.

Judah P. Benjamin, February 25, 1861.

Thomas Bragg, November 22, 1861.

Thomas H. Watts, March 18, 1862.

(The date when Watts ceased to perform duty as Attorney-General is not definitely fixed by the records. He was inaugurated as Governor of Alabama December 2, 1863.)

Wade Keyes (*ad interim*).

George Davis, January 2, 1864.

Secretary of the Treasury.

Charles G. Memminger, February 21, 1861.

George A. Trenholm, July 18, 1864.

Secretary of the Navy.

Stephen R. Mallory, March 4, 1861.

Postmaster-General.

Henry T. Ellet, February 25, 1861 (declined appointment).

John H. Reagan, March 6, 1861.

Secretary of War.

Leroy P. Walker, February 21, 1861, to September 16, 1861.

Judah P. Benjamin, November 21, 1861 (was also acting from September 17, 1861, to November 21, 1861, and from March 18, 1862, to March 23, 1862).

Brig. Gen. George W. Randolph, March 18, 1862.

Maj. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith (assigned temporarily), November 17, 1862.

James A. Seddon, November 21, 1862.

Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, February 6, 1865.

THE CONGRESSES—1861-1865.

Provisional Congress.

First Session.—Organized at Montgomery, Ala., February 4, 1861; adjourned March 16, 1861, to meet second Monday in May.

Second Session (Called).—Met at Montgomery, Ala., April 29, 1861; adjourned May 21, 1861.

Third Session.—Met at Richmond, Va., July 20, 1861; adjourned August 31, 1861.

Fourth Session (Called).—Met at Richmond, Va., September 3, 1861; adjourned same day.

Fifth Session.—Met at Richmond, Va., November 18, 1861; adjourned February 17, 1862.

First Congress.

First Session.—Met at Richmond, Va., February 18, 1862; adjourned April 21, 1862.

Second Session.—Met at Richmond, Va., August 18, 1862; adjourned October 13, 1862.

Third Session.—Met at Richmond, Va., January 12, 1863; adjourned May 1, 1863.

Fourth Session.—Met at Richmond, Va., December 7, 1863; adjourned February 17, 1864.

Second Congress.

First Session.—Met at Richmond, Va., May 2, 1864; adjourned June 14, 1864.

Second Session.—Met at Richmond, Va., November 7, 1864; adjourned March 18, 1865.

ALABAMA.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Richard Walker, Robert H. Smith, Jabez L. M. Curry, William P. Chilton, Stephen F. Hale, Colin J. McRae, John Gill Shorter.

Thomas Fearn, admitted February 8, 1861; resigned April 29, 1861.

David P. Lewis, admitted February 8, 1861; resigned April 29, 1861.

Nicholas Davis, Jr., admitted April 29, 1861.

H. C. Jones, admitted April 29, 1861.

Cornelius Robinson, admitted November 30, 1861; resigned January 24, 1862.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Clement C. Clay, Jr., admitted February 19, 1862.

William L. Yancey, admitted March 27, 1862; died July 28, 1863.

Robert Jemison, Jr., admitted December 28, 1863.

House of Representatives.—E. S. Dargan, William P. Chilton, James L. Pugh, Jabez L. M. Curry, John P. Ralls, David Clopton, Francis S. Lyon.

Thomas J. Foster, admitted February 19, 1862.

William R. Smith, admitted February 21, 1862.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Robert Jemison, Jr., Richard W. Walker.

House of Representatives.—M. H. Cruikshank, William P. Chilton, David Clopton, James L. Pugh, James S. Dickinson.

Francis S. Lyon, admitted May 4, 1864.

Thomas J. Foster, admitted May 6, 1864.

William R. Smith, admitted May 21, 1864.

FLORIDA.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

J. Patton Anderson, resigned May 2, 1861.

James B. Owens.

Jackson Morton, admitted February 6, 1861.

George T. Ward, admitted May 2, 1861; resigned February 5, 1862.

John P. Sanderson, admitted February 5, 1862.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Augustus E. Maxwell, James M. Baker.

House of Representatives.—James B. Dawkins, resigned December 8, 1862.

Robert B. Hilton.

John M. Martin, admitted March 25, 1863.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Augustus E. Maxwell, James M. Baker.

House of Representatives.—Robert B. Hilton.

S. St. George Rogers, admitted May 3, 1864.

GEORGIA.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb.

Francis S. Bartow, admitted February 7, 1861; killed at Manassas, Va., July 21, 1861.

Martin J. Crawford, Eugenius A. Nisbet, Benjamin H. Hill, Augustus R. Wright, Thomas R. R. Cobb, Augustus H. Kenan, Alexander H. Stephens.

Thomas M. Foreman, admitted August 7, 1861.

Nathan Bass, admitted January 14, 1862.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Benjamin H. Hill.

John W. Lewis, admitted April 7, 1862. Appointed by the Governor.

Herschel V. Johnson, admitted January 19, 1863.

House of Representatives.—Augustus H. Kenan.

Hines Holt, resigned previous to January 12, 1864.

Augustus R. Wright, Lucius J. Gartrell, William W. Clark,

Robert P. Trippe, David W. Lewis, Hardy Strickland.

Charles J. Munnerlyn, admitted February 22, 1862.

Julian Hartridge, admitted March 14, 1862.

Porter Ingram, admitted January 12, 1864; succeeded Hines Holt.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Benjamin H. Hill.

Herschel V. Johnson, admitted May 24, 1864.

House of Representatives.—Julian Hartridge, William E. Smith, Mark H. Blandford, Clifford Anderson, John T. Shewmake, Joseph H. Echols, James M. Smith, George N. Lester, Hiram P. Bell, Warren Alkin.

LOUISIANA.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

John Perkins, Jr., Alexander De Clouet, Duncan F. Kenner, Edward Sparrow, Henry Marshall.

Charles M. Conrad, admitted February 7, 1861.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Edward Sparrow.

Thomas J. Semmes, admitted February 19, 1862.

House of Representatives.—Duncan F. Kenner, Charles J.

Villere, John Perkins, Jr., Charles M. Conrad, Lucius J. Dupre, Henry Marshall.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Thomas J. Semmes, Edward Sparrow.

House of Representatives.—Charles J. Villere, Charles M. Conrad, Lucius J. Dupre, John Perkins, Jr.

Benjamin L. Hodge, admitted May 25, 1864.

Duncan F. Kenner, admitted May 25, 1864.

Henry Gray, admitted December 28, 1864; vice Hodge, deceased.

MISSISSIPPI.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Wiley P. Harris, Walter Brooke.

William B. Wilson, resigned April 29, 1861.

William S. Barry, James T. Harrison.

Alexander M. Clayton, admitted February 8, 1861; resigned May 11, 1861.

J. A. P. Campbell.

Jehu A. Orr, admitted April 29, 1861.

Alexander B. Bradford, admitted December 5, 1861.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Albert G. Brown.

James Phelan, admitted February 19, 1862.

House of Representatives.—Ethelbert Barksdale, John J. McRae, J. W. Clapp, Israel Welsh, Otho R. Singleton, Reuben Davis.

Henry C. Chambers, admitted February 19, 1862.

William D. Holder, admitted January 21, 1864, vice Reuben Davis, resigned.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Albert G. Brown, John W. C. Watson.

House of Representatives.—Jehu A. Orr, Israel Welsh, Henry C. Chambers, Ethelbert Barksdale, John T. Lampkin.

William D. Holder, admitted May 4, 1864.

Otho R. Singleton, admitted May 9, 1864.

TENNESSEE.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Robert L. Caruthers, admitted August 12, 1861.

Thomas M. Jones, admitted August 12, 1861.

J. H. Thomas, admitted August 12, 1861.

John F. House, admitted August 12, 1861.

John D. C. Atkins, admitted August 13, 1861.

David M. Currin, admitted August 16, 1861.

W. H. DeWitt, admitted August 16, 1861.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Landon C. Haynes, Gustavus A. Henry.

House of Representatives.—David M. Currin, Henry S. Foote, Thomas Menees, George W. Jones, William G. Swan, William H. Tibbs, E. L. Gardenhier, John V. Wright, Joseph B. Heiskell.

John D. C. Atkins, admitted March 8, 1862.

Meredith P. Gentry, admitted March 17, 1862.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Landon C. Haynes, Gustavus A. Henry.

House of Representatives.—Joseph B. Heiskell, William G. Swan, Arthur S. Colyar, John P. Murray, Henry S. Foote, Edwin A. Keeble, Thomas Menees, John D. C. Akins.

John V. Wright, admitted May 25, 1864.

James McCallum, admitted May 3, 1864.

Michael W. Cluskey, admitted November 7, 1864.

David M. Currin, died May 21, 1864.

TEXAS.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

John Gregg, admitted February 15, 1861.

Thomas N. Waul, admitted February 19, 1861.

William B. Ochiltree, admitted February 19, 1861.

John H. Reagan, admitted March 2, 1861.

Williamson S. Oldham, admitted March 2, 1861.

John Hemphill, admitted March 2, 1861; died January 4, 1862.

Louis T. Wigfall, admitted April 29, 1861.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Williamson S. Oldham, Louis T. Wigfall.

House of Representatives.—John A. Wilcox, died February 7, 1864.

Peter W. Gray, Caleb C. Herbert, William B. Wright, M. D. Graham, Frank B. Sexton.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Williamson S. Oldham, Louis T. Wigfall.

House of Representatives.—A. M. Branch, Frank B. Sexton. Simpson H. Morgan, admitted May 21, 1864; died January 16, 1865.

John R. Baylor, admitted May 25, 1864.

Stephen H. Darden, admitted November 21, 1864.

Caleb C. Herbert, admitted November 21, 1861.

ARKANSAS.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Robert W. Johnson, admitted May 18, 1861.

Albert Rust, admitted May 18, 1861.

Hugh F. Thompson, admitted May 18, 1861.

W. W. Watkins, admitted May 18, 1861.

Augustus H. Garland, admitted May 18, 1861.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Robert W. Johnson, Charles P. Mitchell.

House of Representatives.—Felix I. Batson, Grandison D. Royston, Augustus H. Garland, Thomas B. Hanly.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Charles P. Mitchell, died previous to November 8, 1864.

Robert W. Johnston.

Augustus H. Garland, admitted November 8, 1864; succeeded Senator Mitchell.

House of Representatives.—Augustus H. Garland, elected to Senate November 8, 1864.

Thomas B. Hanly.

Rufus K. Garland, admitted May 21, 1864.

Felix I. Batson, admitted November 8, 1864.

David W. Carroll, admitted January 11, 1865.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

George Davis, admitted July 20, 1861.

W. W. Avery, admitted July 20, 1861.

W. N. H. Smith, admitted July 20, 1861.

Thomas D. McDowell, admitted July 22, 1861.

A. W. Venable, admitted July 20, 1861.

John M. Morehead, admitted July 20, 1861.

R. C. Puryear, admitted July 20, 1861.

A. T. Davidson, admitted July 20, 1861.

Burton Craige, admitted July 23, 1861.

Thomas Ruffin, admitted July 25, 1861.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—George Davis, resigned January 22, 1864.

William T. Dortch.

Edwin G. Reade, admitted January 22, 1864; appointed by the Governor.

House of Representatives.—Robert R. Bridges, Owen R. Kenan, Thomas D. McDowell, Thomas S. Ashel, J. R. McLean, William Lander, Burgess S. Gaither, A. T. Davidson.

W. N. H. Smith, admitted February 19, 1862.

Archibald H. Arrington, admitted February 20, 1862.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—William T. Dortch, William A. Graham.

House of Representatives.—W. N. H. Smith, James T. Leach, Josiah Turner, Jr., John A. Gilmer, James M. Leach, Burgess G. Gaither, George W. Logan, James G. Ramsay, Thomas C. Fuller.

Robert R. Bridges, admitted May 24, 1864.

MISSOURI.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

George G. Vest, admitted December 2, 1861.

Casper W. Bell, admitted December 2, 1861.

Aaron H. Conrow, admitted December 2, 1861.

Thomas A. Harris, admitted December 6, 1861.

John B. Clark, admitted December 6, 1861.

Robert L. Y. Peyton, admitted January 22, 1862.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—John B. Clark.

Robert L. Y. Peyton, died December, 1863.

Waldo P. Johnson, admitted December 24, 1863; appointed by the Governor.

House of Representatives.—Casper W. Bell, George G. Vest, Aaron H. Conrow, William M. Cook, Thomas W. Freeman, Thomas A. Harris.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Waldo P. Johnson.

Confederate Veteran.

George G. Vest, admitted January 12, 1865; appointed by the Governor.

House of Representatives.—John B. Clark, admitted June 10, 1864.

Thomas L. Snead, admitted November 7, 1864.

Aaron H. Conrow, admitted November 7, 1864.

George G. Vest, admitted November 7, 1864; appointed senator January 12, 1865.

Robert A. Hatcher, admitted May 4, 1864.

Peter S. Wilkes, admitted November 8, 1864.

N. L. Norton, admitted November 21, 1864.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

R. Barnwell Rhett, Sr., Robert W. Barnwell, Lawrence M. Keitt, James Chestnutt, Jr., Christopher G. Memminger, W. Porcher Miles, Thomas J. Withers, William W. Boyce.

James L. Orr, admitted February 17, 1862.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Robert W. Barnwell, James L. Orr.

House of Representatives.—William W. Boyce, William Porcher Miles.

Milledge L. Bonham, resigned January 17, 1863.

John McQueen, James Farrow.

Lewis M. Ayer, admitted March 6, 1862.

William D. Simpson, admitted February 5, 1863.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—James L. Orr, Robert W. Barnwell.

House of Representatives.—William Porcher Miles, William D. Simpson, James Farrow, William W. Boyce, Lewis M. Ayer.

VIRGINIA.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

John W. Brockenbrough, admitted May 7, 1861.

Walter R. Staples, admitted May 7, 1861.

Robert M. T. Hunter, admitted May 10, 1861.

William C. Rives, admitted May 13, 1861.

James A. Seddon, admitted July 20, 1861.

William B. Preston, admitted July 20, 1861.

W. H. Macfarland, admitted July 20, 1861.

Charles W. Russell, admitted July 20, 1861.

Robert Johnston, admitted July 20, 1861.

Robert E. Scott, admitted July 22, 1861.

Walter Preston, admitted July 22, 1861.

James H. Witherspoon, admitted May 5, 1864.

Thomas S. Bocock, admitted July 23, 1861.

James M. Mason, admitted July 24, 1861.

Roger A. Pryor, admitted July 24, 1861.

Alexander R. Boteler, admitted November 27, 1861.

John Tyler, admitted August 1, 1861; died January 18, 1862.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—Robert M. T. Hunter.

William B. Preston, died January 15, 1863.

Allen T. Caperton, admitted January 26, 1863.

House of Representatives.—John R. Chambliss, James Lyons.

Roger A. Pryor, resigned April 5, 1862.

Thomas S. Bocock, John Goode, Jr., Daniel C. De Jarnette.

William Smith, resigned April 6, 1863.

Alexander R. Boteler, Waller R. Staples, Walter Preston.

Albert G. Jenkins, resigned August 5, 1862.

Robert Johnston, Charles W. Russell.

James P. Holcombe, admitted February 20, 1862.

John B. Baldwin, admitted February 27, 1862.

Charles F. Collier, admitted August 18, 1862.

Samuel A. Miller, admitted February 24, 1863.

David Funsten, admitted December 7, 1863.

Muscoe R. H. Garnett, admitted February 21, 1862.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Robert M. T. Hunter, Allen T. Caperton.

House of Representatives.—Robert L. Montague, Robert H. Whitfield, Thomas S. Gholson, Thomas S. Bocock, John Goode, Jr.

William C. Rives, resigned March 1, 1865.

Daniel C. De Jarnette, John B. Baldwin, Waller R. Staples, Fayette McMuller, Robert Johnston, Charles W. Russell.

David Funsten, admitted May 3, 1864.

Samuel A. Miller, admitted May 3, 1864.

Frederick W. M. Holliday, admitted May 4, 1864.

William C. Wickham, admitted November 7, 1864.

KENTUCKY.

Provisional Congress.

February 4, 1861—February 17, 1862.

Thomas B. Monroe, admitted December 16, 1861.

Henry C. Burnett, admitted December 16, 1861.

Thomas Johnson, admitted December 18, 1861.

John J. Thomas, admitted December 30, 1861.

Theodore L. Burnett, admitted December 30, 1861.

Daniel P. White, admitted January 2, 1862.

S. H. Ford, admitted January 4, 1862.

George B. Hodge, admitted January 11, 1862.

John M. Elliot, admitted January 15, 1862.

George W. Ewing, admitted February 14, 1862.

First Congress.

February 18, 1862—February 17, 1864.

Senate.—William E. Simms.

Henry C. Burnett, admitted February 26, 1862.

House of Representatives.—Willis B. Machen, John W. Crockett, Henry E. Read, George M. Ewing, Horatio W. Bruce, James W. Moore, Robert J. Breckinridge, Jr., John M. Elliott.

Theodore L. Burnett, admitted February 19, 1862.

James S. Chrisman, admitted March 3, 1862.

Ely M. Bruce, admitted March 20, 1862.

George B. Hodge, admitted August 18, 1862.

Second Congress.

May 2, 1864—March 18, 1865.

Senate.—Henry C. Burnett, William E. Simms.

House of Representatives.—Willis B. Machen, Henry E. Read, James S. Chrisman, Theodore L. Burnett, Horatio W. Bruce, Humphrey Marshall, Ely M. Bruce, James W. Moore, Benjamin F. Bradley, George W. Triplett.

George W. Ewing, admitted May 24, 1864.

John M. Elliott, admitted May 24, 1864.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

Battalion of Honor, C. S. A.—On January 31 General Lee wrote General Kershaw: "Your letter in regard to a Battalion of Honor received. While I think everything should be done to reward the gallantry of our officers and men, there are many difficulties in the plan proposed. The proper selection of officers and men for such a battalion would be exceedingly difficult. The fact is, General, we now have an army of brave men, and while this scheme would reward a few, it would leave many equally brave and faithful unnoticed and with a feeling that an improper distinction had been made between themselves and their comrades." But rather than hurt any one's feelings, he offered to refer the matter to the War Department, and that was Lee all the way through.

Grapevine.—On February 25 a Confederate deserter told the Yankees that Longstreet's Corps had gone to Tennessee, and on May 1 that the latter corps was in front of Hooker, when in both instances it was at Suffolk.

On May 8 a Confederate prisoner told Mr. Lincoln that there was not a sound pair of legs left in Richmond, and that the Yankees could have gone in, burned everything, and brought Jeff Davis back with them. This was based on the supposition if Hooker had won.

On May 29 General Milroy heard that Lee had "a pontoon train seven miles long with which to rapidly cross the river and fall on Hooker." Seven miles of pontoons is some pontoons to fall on a man who had been so heavily fallen on a short time previously.

April 16 General Lee said: "If the statements which I see in the papers are true, General Grant is withdrawing from Vicksburg and will hardly return to his former position there this summer." It is surprising that General Lee would listen to any such information.

Bricks as Weapons.—Gen. Thomas Greene, C. S. army, says that in the battle of Donelsonville, La., on June 28, "at the ditch a most desperate conflict ensued with the enemy. Our men here used brickbats upon the heads of the enemy, who returned the same. Captain Killough, Lieutenant Land, and others were wounded on the head by bricks thrown by the enemy, which had first been thrown by our men." Which bears out the adage that "people in glass houses should not throw stones."

Hard to Convince.—During the siege of Port Hudson, La., the 18th Arkansas, C. S. A., refused (very naturally) to leave the position they had worked hard to fortify to labor on others, which brought forth the following remarks: "Some Arkansas soldiers will have to be shot before they are convinced that they have to obey orders irrespective of feelings." This was signed by a Colonel Steedman, and I wonder if he was of Irish extraction.

Port Hudson.—General Gardner, C. S. A., after losing 176 killed and 447 wounded on July 8, surrendered 5,500 officers and men, 20 pieces of heavy and 31 pieces of light artillery, a good supply of projectiles, 44,000 pounds of cannon powder, 5,000 muskets, 150,000 rounds of ammunition for same, and a small quantity of various other stores. General Gardner gives no reasons for surrendering, but his inspector general said: "Our provisions were exhausted, and it was impossible for us to cut our way out on account of the proximity of the enemy's works." Which seems to me a very good cause.

Small and Early Congregations.—General Emory, U. S. army, on July 3 willed that "no more than three persons will be allowed to congregate upon the streets of New Orleans, and every citizen must be under cover by 9 P.M." Well, the night air in July was bad for them, anyhow.

Villa the First.—General Banks, U. S. army, told Halleck on November 7: "Another revolution occurred to-day in Matamoros, Mexico, which was soon wiped out, as Cobos, the leader, was captured and shot. Villa, one of his followers, was permitted to run the gauntlet and was killed while in flight." And may Villa the Second meet the same fate!

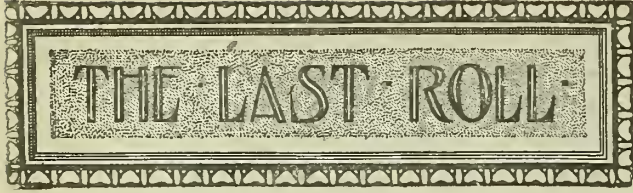
A Gallant Deed.—Colonel De Gournay, C. S. army, reported leave to make honorable mention of Lieut. L. A. Scermier for an act of heroic bravery. The flag of the Miles Legion was shot down, and the Lieutenant seized it, fixed it to a light pole, and, jumping on the parapet, planted the flagstaff amid a storm of bullets. Again and again the flag was shot down, and each time the gallant Lieutenant raised it, waved it defiantly, and planted it firmly regardless of the volleys of the enemy's sharpshooters. He escaped unhurt after repeating thrice this gallant feat." Well worthy of honorable mention.

Mexico.—General Dana, U. S. army, reported that the Governor of Tamaulipas, Mexico, said: "If Americans do not like the laws of Mexico, they are at liberty to remain from its soil." And he wound up by saying: "Protesting to you the sincerity of my friendship, liberty and reform, Noble Matamoros." Which was pert and to the point. General Banks said: "It was reported from San Luis, Mexico, that the towns which had declared for the French intervention acknowledged their adherence only so long as the French occupied them, and the moment they left the people resumed their allegiance to the Mexican authorities." And they are the same to-day.

Negro Characteristics.—General Dwight, U. S. army, wrote General Banks in regard to a mutiny that occurred among some negro troops at Fort Jackson, La.: "The troops at this place are quiet and attentive to duty, but the soldiers show an unwillingness to testify to the occurrence of the mutiny—they refuse to remember when questioned." The same thing happened during the Brownsville inquiry, when Roosevelt was President, and would happen to-day, as "a leopard cannot change its spots."

Confederate Ordnance at Port Hudson.—The Confederate chief of ordnance says that during the siege "some of our guns were dismounted and remounted not less than twenty-one times. I soon found the ammunition would be short, and men were detailed to search for bullets and cannon and mortar shells. The bullets were remolded to fit our rifles, the small shells refixed and used by the artillery or for hand grenades, and the larger ones which we could not use in our guns were fixed to light and roll over into the enemy's ranks." The Yanks must have poured it in profusely, as our people had quite a supply on hand when the end came.

Rebs Is Comin'!—Colonel Irwin, U. S. army, says: "While I was at the landing this afternoon the contrabands, seeing Lieutenant Sayle and about twenty men coming from the same direction as yesterday's raiders, raising a wild cry of 'Rebels!' rushed in a frantic, terror-stricken mass of men, women, and children, with loud cries, toward the river. At the bluff they were stopped by the bayonets of the 16th New Hampshire, but two negroes rushed into the river and were drowned." "The wicked flee where no man pursueth."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

ROBERT ROSS ZELL.

At his home, in Birmingham, Ala., on November 11, 1918, Robert Ross Zell, gallant Confederate soldier, Christian gentleman, and loyal citizen, answered the last roll call and passed into the beyond. His body was sent to Baltimore, Md., his boyhood home, and there interred in Loudon Park Cemetery.

At the time of his death Comrade Zell was commanding officer of the 4th Alabama Brigade, U. C. V., and one of the most active workers for the survivors of the Confederate cause in the State. He was a valued member of Camp Wilcox, U. C. V., of Birmingham, and his loss is keenly felt by the comrades of the Camp as well as by other veterans of the city. As Brigadier General of the 4th Alabama Brigade, U. C. V., he attended the Reunion at Tulsa, Okla., and in returning he went to Claymore Springs, Ark., hoping that the hot baths would benefit him, as his health had not been good. Later on, while visiting at Manhattan, Kans., he learned of the death of his granddaughter, Beatrice Zell, who had accompanied him to the Reunion and who fell a victim to influenza on her return home. The death of this beloved grandchild was a shock from which he never recovered, and on his return to Birmingham his health steadily declined until the final summons came. In his death the city lost a tried and true citizen, his family a fond and devoted parent, and the Presbyterian Church, to which he belonged, a useful and consistent member. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and four daughters.

Robert Ross Zell was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1849, and lived in that city until about fifteen years ago, when he went to Birmingham, and there followed his profession as a mechanical engineer with marked success until his retirement some years ago.

J. W. RAST.

A faithful and zealous friend of the Confederate cause was lost in the death of J. W. Rast, of Lowndesboro, Ala. He was a native of Alabama, but was educated in Pennsylvania. He enlisted for the South at Lowndesboro, Ala., with the Lowndesboro Beauregards, was wounded at Gettysburg, and was captured in the retreat. He was furloughed home and stayed six months, then rejoined his regiment and served until the surrender at Appomattox. He was ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought. He was commander of Camp T. G. Bullock, U. C. V., from 1900 until his death, in June, 1918. He had been flag bearer for the Camp so long and was so attached to the old flag that it was buried with him.

The U. D. C. Chapter at Lowndesboro, through Mrs. R. B. Haygood and Mrs. A. W. Meadows, committee, passed reso-

lutions that in the death of Mr. Rast "each member of our Chapter feels a personal loss. He was ever ready to assist with his time and means any organization of the Confederacy, and he was untiring in his efforts to assist his old comrades and make their declining years happier; that we shall ever remember him for his hospitality, his loyalty to his friends, and his devotion to the cause for which he made so many sacrifices."

REV. T. L. HAMAN, D.D.

Rev. T. L. Haman was born December 7, 1846, in Hinds County, Miss., near where Learned has since been located, son of Stratford Haman (native of North Carolina) and Mary E. Haman (native Mississippian). He died at Vaiden, Miss., November 3, 1918, aged nearly seventy-two years.

He received his primary education in elementary schools near his native home, his college education at Oxford, Miss., 1866-70, and his seminary course at Columbia, S. C., 1870-73.

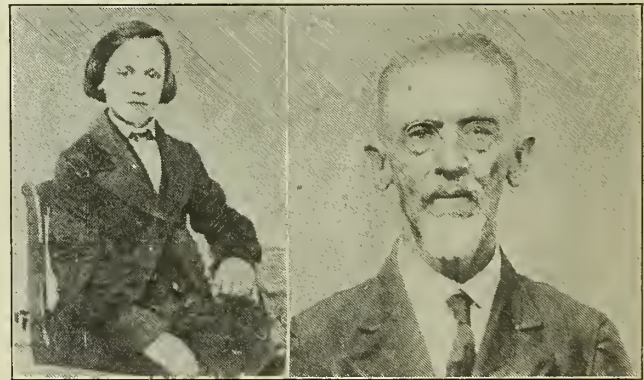
He was led to trust the sinner's Saviour and united with the Presbyterians because he "felt he could live better in that connection."

About the close of his seminary course, September 2, 1873, he was united in marriage to an accomplished young woman, Mary Adelaide Blanding, daughter of Col. J. D. Blanding, of Sumter, S. C., who, with three sons, four daughters, and eleven grandchildren, survives him.

He entered the pastorate in October, 1873, at Greenwood, Miss. (home mission work), spent about two years as pastor at Yazoo City, and on account of ill health changed to Vaiden, Miss., in 1877. This and near-by Churches he served for nearly forty-one years.

He was afflicted with ill health nearly or quite all of his life, but, being a man of great determination, energy, and will power, and having a people who were faithful to him, he accomplished much work and became very popular among the masses. His people fairly worshiped him.

He gave about two years of his youthful life to the Confederate cause as one of Harvey's Scouts under that fearless cavalry leader, Captain Harvey. He believed firmly in the cause as long as he lived, but harbored no malice for his enemies of that period.



REV. T. L. HAMAN AT AGES OF ABOUT 14 AND 72 YEARS.

His children are educated and occupy prominent and responsible positions in Church and social circles, to his credit.

A self-sacrificing Christian patriot and philanthropist has fallen. The Lord bless the bereaved!

[A brother in the flesh, P. A. H.]

J. ADDISON HAYES.

Joel Addison Hayes, son-in-law of President Davis, died in Los Angeles, Cal., on January 26, after a long illness. He was the son of a prominent attorney of Nashville, Tenn., and was born in Holly Springs, Miss., March 4, 1848. His mother was the daughter of William Banner Taylor, a physician of international fame.

Though only thirteen years old when the war broke out in 1861, young Hayes acted as messenger for the army of the Confederacy and carried packages, drugs, and letters through the Federal lines during the first years of the war, facing certain death if captured. In the last year of the war he shouldered a gun and served on the firing line.

Mr. Hayes had long been identified with banking interests. He entered the employ of a bank at Memphis, Tenn., in 1867, and later became cashier of the State National Bank in that city, which position he held for fifteen years. During the cholera epidemic in Memphis in 1877-78 he was the only banker to stick to his post, and worked untiringly to relieve the sufferers. This sacrifice so undermined his health that he went to Colorado Springs in 1884 and became President of the First National Bank there. He was one of the first to invest in the Cripple Creek gold mines and was also interested in other investments. He was a director of the First National Bank of Denver, the International Trust Company, and was the organizer and State President of the State Bankers' Association. His home had been, in Colorado Springs for many years.

In 1876 Mr. Hayes was married to Miss Margaret Howell Davis, who died in 1909. He is survived by four children, two sons and two daughters, also by three sisters and a brother.

BENJAMIN B. ATWILL.

After an illness of several months Benjamin B. Atwill, aged seventy-four, died at his home, Elba, near Kinsale, Va., on December 18, 1918, and in his passing the community loses a good man and a useful citizen. Imbued with the spirit animating the Southern youth, he enlisted in the Confederate army in the early days of the war, joining Company C, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and gallantly followed through the trying days of that mighty conflict the leadership of Stuart and Hampton and the Lees till the last gun was fired at Appomattox. Returning to his home when the war ended, he began the battle of industrial life and fought its difficulties with the same bravery and energy and determination displayed in the years of war, and won for himself an honest and comfortable living with the respect and confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. He was twice married and leaves three sons and two daughters as the issue of his first marriage, his second wife also surviving him.

Ben Atwill, as he was familiarly known to his comrades and associates, was of bright and happy disposition, kind, genial, generous, and warm-hearted, considerate of everybody, and universally beloved. He made his home a happy one, and his life was that of an exemplary Christian gentleman. He was intensely Southern and loyal to the cause for which he fought, loved his comrades and everything connected with his war experiences and life, and attended every Confederate Reunion when possible, and no veteran enjoyed these reunions more. The Westmoreland Camp had no more zealous or ardent member, and he served the Camp for several years as its commander. Life's fitful fever is over, he is at rest, and, wrapped in his uniform of Confederate gray, is sleeping in the hallowed ground of Old Yeocomico.

JOHN R. BIRD.

John R. Bird was a member of Company H, 3d Georgia Regiment, known as the "Young Guard," which was the first company from Newton County to be mustered into the Confederate army.

John R. Bird was with this command in active service at Gettysburg, Gold Harbor, Chancellorsville, battle of the Wilderness, Bloody Angle, and Petersburg, surrendering with his command at Appomattox.

After the war he took up the duties of a civilian and made a true citizen from that time until his death, at his home near Oxford, Ga., January 16, 1919.

The writer of this sketch was a member of his company and regiment and can truthfully speak of his merits as a comrade, soldier, and civilian. He was a good, law-abiding citizen, a true friend, and a brave and patriotic soldier of the beloved Southland.

He is survived by four sons and three daughters: Sumnerfield Bird, Davis, Okla.; J. T. Bird, Oxford, Ga.; Homer Bird, Camak, Ga.; Robert Bird, Oxford, Ga.; Mrs. R. A. Teagle and Mrs. R. S. Hall, Buckhead, Ga.; and Mrs. M. W. Parks, Logansville, Ga. Two brothers and one sister also survive him: W. M. Bird, of Oxford, Ga.; Scott Bird, of Logansville, Ga.; and Mrs. W. A. Ellington, of Oxford, Ga.

[A. C. McCalla, Company H, 3d Georgia Regiment.]

WILLIAM FLETCHER BUCHANAN.

After a year of failing health William Fletcher Buchanan died at Shelbyville, Tenn., at the age of seventy years. He was one of the most prominent and widely known farmers of Bedford County, owning a fine farm near Pleasant Grove. In years past the home was noted for its hospitality. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Kercheval, of Lewisburg. To them were born thirteen children, nine of whom survive him. He is also survived by his second wife. His father was a prominent merchant of Shelbyville before and after the war.

As a mere youth Fletcher Buchanan served in the Confederate army as a member of Forrest's escort. He was a cousin of the late editor of the VETERAN. He was a man of pleasant address, genial and affable to all with whom he came in contact, a generous neighbor, and a kind and obliging friend. Of his immediate family, a brother, Robert Buchanan, of Franklin, and Mrs. J. H. Woods, of Shelbyville, are left.

Prior to the union of the Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian Churches he was a faithful and leading member of the latter Church.

SAMUEL R. LEONARD.

Samuel Robert Leonard, a member of J. J. A. Barker Camp, No. 1555, U. C. V., died suddenly at his country home near Jacksonville, Tex., on January 12. He was a Missourian and followed the fortunes of his State with the Confederacy. He served in Company A, 3d Missouri Cavalry, and was with Gen. Sterling Price in his raid into Missouri in 1864, which proved so disastrous to Southern arms. The comrades of his camp gave him burial and are erecting a neat tombstone at his grave, which is near a public highway. His grave being isolated, his comrades thought proper to mark and care for it, thus testifying to the younger generation that there are ties still existing between old Confederate soldiers that cannot be severed.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555, U. C. V.]

WILLIAM LAWRENCE DEWOODY.

William L. DeWoody, born December 30, 1847, at Athens, Ala., died June 30, 1918, at Pine Bluff, Ark., of which city he was a prominent business man and honored citizen for nearly fifty years. At the time of his death he was Dean of Arkansas Pharmacists, Honorary President of the American Pharmaceutical Association, and, besides, had many commercial interests. He was a member of the J. Ed Murray Camp, U. C. V. He enlisted at the age of sixteen years in John J. Akers's Company, Simonton's Regiment, Mississippi State Militia. After this command disbanded he served as a guide and courier for Henderson's Scouts under General Forrest.

In May, 1870, Mr. DeWoody embarked in the drug business in Pine Bluff, Ark., in which he continued until his death. He was the son of Samuel DeWoody and Louisa Ann Comon and a grandson of William DeWoody and Hannah Alexander, of Pennsylvania. On the maternal line he was descended from Col. Thomas Wade, a Revolutionary soldier from Anson County, N. C.

Mr. DeWoody was married in May, 1875, to Miss Mary M. Sorrells, of Warren, Ark., daughter of the late Judge T. F. Sorrells.

There was no man more loyal in his citizenship, more worthy the regard of his personal friends, or more deserving the high esteem of his fellow citizens at large than William Lawrence DeWoody.

MAJ. HUGH DUNLAP.

The committee composed of W. D. Payne, Commander, S. A. Miller, Adjutant, P. P. Pullen, and W. P. Erwin, of Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., Paris, Tenn., prepared resolutions in honor of Maj. Hugh Dunlap, from which the following is taken:

"Major Dunlap was born in Paris, Tenn., in the year 1843. He enlisted in the 5th Tennessee Regiment as sergeant, and was then transferred to the 154th Regiment, then to the 10th Kentucky Cavalry as lieutenant, commanding Company H in Morgan's raid in Ohio. He was captured at Cheshire, Ohio, in 1863 and confined in prison at Johnson's Island, from which he was taken with six hundred other officers and placed on an island in Charleston Harbor and exposed to the fire of the Federal fleet and the Confederate batteries. He was later taken back to Chicago and kept several months after the close of the war before being released. Comrade Dunlap was true in all that it takes to make a valiant soldier. He died at Dover, Tenn., but was taken to Paris for burial. Joe Kendall Camp thus loses one of its best members."

DR. JOHN D. MASENGILL.

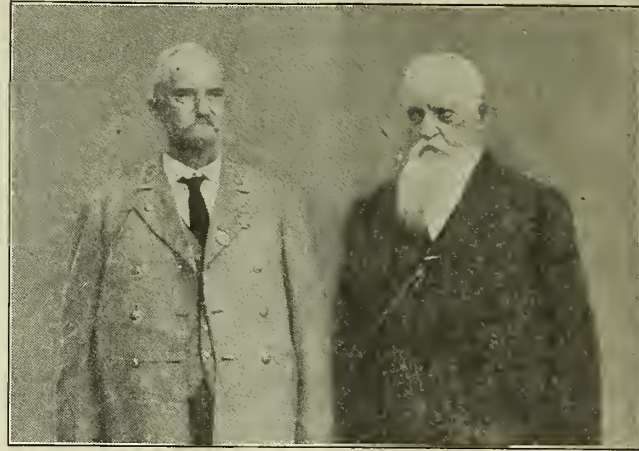
Dr. John D. Masengill, who died on January 8 at Blountville, Tenn., was born in Sullivan County, Tenn., May 11, 1844. He served the entire four years as a Confederate soldier, having volunteered at the age of sixteen, and enrolled as a private in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Company B. The first two years of the war he was under General Forrest, and in the last two under General Wheeler. During this time he participated in nearly all of the important battles in which the Western Army engaged, including Perryville, Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, and Chickamauga.

After the war he reentered school and later took up the study of medicine, graduating at the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1874. Since that time he had been engaged in practicing medicine and farming near Blountville. In October, 1868, he married Miss Josephine Evans, daughter of Maj. Samuel Evans. He joined the Methodist

Church, South, in 1866, and remained a consistent member. Dr. Masengill is survived by his wife and two sons the latter of Bristol, Tenn.

CORNELIUS WINN BARKER.

Cornelius Winn Barker was born April 5, 1845, in Carroll County, Tenn., the son of James Barker, of Caswell County, N. C., and Mariah G. Simpson, of Fairfax County, Va. He fought through the war in the Confederate



CORNELIUS W. BARKER AND DAVID E. BARKER.

army under Capt. Jonas Webb, in the cavalry. He was captured and kept in prison at Rock Island about twelve months. After his release from prison he was detailed to do special work as a miller in Drew County, Ark., where he met the young lady, Miss Albinia Georgette Jones, who later became his wife. They were married in February, 1866, and settled in Drew County. Seven children were born to them, four of whom survive him. In 1907 he removed to Homeland, Fla., but after five years he returned to Arkansas and made his home in Pine Bluff.

Comrade Barker was always an active and enthusiastic working member of the Pine Bluff Camp of Confederate veterans and never missed a reunion. He became ill while attending the reunion of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., at Little Rock in November, and lived only a few weeks. His children laid him to rest beside their mother on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1918, at the old family burying place in Drew County. His funeral was directed by the Masons of his old home and community.

Comrade Barker was a thorough Christian, living up to his convictions of right and wrong. He was a member of the Baptist Church and served it faithfully as deacon.

His brother, David Edward Barker, born July 8, 1836, also fought through the war as a Confederate soldier. He was severely wounded in the second day's fight at Gettysburg and was taken from the field hospital to Staunton, Va. He was frequently honored by the people of his county by being chosen to represent them both in the House and Senate of the General Assembly of his State, Arkansas. He was never married, and died in December, 1914.

"The spring will dress his narrow bed
With all the wild flowers that he loved,
And round his rest a fragrance shed
Pure as that virtue he approved."

JOHN W. MADDOX.

John W. Maddox, Company A, 4th Kentucky Infantry, died January 7, 1919, aged seventy-seven years.

He was born and reared in Ohio County, Ky., and enlisted December 8, 1861, at Bowling Green, under Captain Nuckols, serving the Confederacy until the end of the war. His command was in many of the great battles in Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina.

He was wounded in the right arm in the battle of Shiloh, lost a finger of the left hand in the battle of Chickamauga, and was severely shocked and knocked down by a shell in the battle of Murfreesboro. In the battle of Missionary Ridge the tip of a thumb was cut off by a bullet. Among other battles he took part in those of Vicksburg, Atlanta, Nashville, and Franklin.

When Johnston's army surrendered near Greensboro, N. C., the brigade of which Comrade Maddox's company was a part, known as the Orphan Brigade, of Kentucky, was near Georgetown, S. C., serving as mounted infantry. It was moved west through South Carolina via Augusta to Washington, Ga., and there paroled.

Being doubtful about going back to his own State, and hearing of Maddoxes in Putnam County, Ga., he came here hoping to find relatives. Here he met and married Miss Sarah Pearman, daughter of James Pearman, a highly esteemed citizen. Here he had lived ever since, except three years in Carroll County, Ga. He was an active member of R. T. Davis Camp, No. 759, U. C. V., for thirty years.

He leaves sons and daughters and grandchildren who share the honor of being descendants of a member of the famous Orphan Brigade. The history of that brigade is in print, and it bears the name of every member. His burial at Wesley Chapel, near his Putnam County, Ga., home, was attended by Confederate soldiers, and from among them Lieut. Com. J. H. Webster stepped forward at the close of the services and placed a Confederate flag at the head of the grave.

[Robert Young, Adjutant.]

PERRY HAMILTON TISON.

Perry Hamilton Tison was born in old Beaufort District, S. C., May 2, 1839, and died in Allendale, Barnwell County, S. C., November 18, 1918. He entered the Confederate army thoroughly equipped, having been educated at the State Military Academy at Charleston, but on account of physical disability he was forced to take an honorable discharge soon after going into the service. He served as major in the 12th Regiment, South Carolina State Troops, under his brother, Col. John A. Tison, who commanded the regiment.

In his death is recognized the loss of a devoted and affectionate husband and father, an exemplary citizen of the old type, and a loyal friend. No truer heart ever beat for the cause of the Southern Confederacy, and through the long years of his life he adhered to his allegiance. He was always true to a principle, and his name and honesty were synonymous.

It is comforting to his friends and loved ones to know that he is free from the physical suffering he endured so many years and is now in communion with those that have gone before in an eternal reunion.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Sallie E. Allen, of Allendale, S. C., and by three daughters and one son—namely: Mrs. Lucy A. Tison, Mrs. J. Gaillard Stoney, Miss M. Agnes Tison, and Dr. Hugh R. Tison, all of Allendale, S. C., the county seat of the new county of Allendale.

[W. R. Darlington, Sr.]

DANIEL SARTOR JOHNSON.

On the 16th of January, 1919, the gentle spirit of Comrade Daniel S. Johnson passed from earth. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-seven years. He was a Confederate soldier, having served from April, 1864, to May, 1865, as a member of Company E, 8th Mississippi Cavalry, Stark's Brigade, Ricker's (later Chalmer's) Division, Forrest's Corps. He was captured by Wilson's troops at the fall of Selma, Ala. A month or so later he was paroled and returned to his home, in Chickasaw County, Miss., and resumed his occupation as a farmer. As an ante-bellum slave owner he was such a kind and indulgent master that most of his slaves continued on the plantation of "Mars Dan" many years after being freed.

Comrade Johnson was so highly esteemed by his community that he was elected Supervisor for two or more terms. Then for 1890 he was chosen as a delegate to Mississippi's great Constitutional Convention. It was at this convention that statutory laws were changed and new ones enacted to conform to the then existing conditions brought about by misrule of carpetbaggers, scalawags, and negroes from 1870 to 1876. He was a member of Houston Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and was for many years a member of the Chickasaw County Board of Education. He was a steward of the Methodist Church, South, for more than fifty years and was superintendent of his Sunday school for thirty-five years before his death. His wife, who was Miss Cornelia Tucker, died many years ago, and of their six children five survive him. One son, Dr. Daniel S. Johnson, is now in the Medical Reserve, A. E. F., in Germany.

Our comrade truly lived a life of sacrifice for his country and his family. A good man has gone to his reward.

[William H. Griffin, Commander Chickasaw Camp, No. 1700, U. C. V., Houlika, Miss.]

EDWARD OWEN.

Mr. Edward Owen, Confederate veteran, retired cotton broker, one-time Commissioner of Accounts of New York City, died at his home, in that city, January 18, 1919.

He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1838, the son of Allison and Caroline Miller Owen. He was educated in the public and private schools of Ohio, and at the outbreak of the War between the States enlisted in the first company, Washington Artillery, of the Confederate army at New Orleans. He served through nearly forty battles, exclusive of the siege of Petersburg, was twice wounded severely, and was a prisoner for several months in the old Capitol Prison in Washington. He was commended for bravery and efficiency in action, by Generals Longstreet and Beauregard.

At the close of the war Mr. Owen engaged in the cotton business in New Orleans, and later went to New York and was elected a member of the Cotton Exchange. He was appointed to a position in the office of the Commissioner of Accounts by Mayor Grace in 1885, and later became chief clerk. He was appointed Commissioner in 1893 and in 1898, and was continued as such by Mayor Low in 1901.

Mr. Owen was active many years in Democratic politics and was instrumental in the founding of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, of which he was commander for some years. He was married to Miss Hattie Bryan in New Orleans in 1866. His second wife was Mrs. Adelaide B. Dick, whom he married in New York in 1874. Miss Mary Miller Owen, a daughter, survives him.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.....*Historian General*
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKE, Norfolk, Va., *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Preparations for the Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy must engage the attention of all officers, Divisions, and Chapters during the month of March. This message will be the last one to you before we meet (D. V.) in Louisville, April 1-5. The minutes of the Executive Board meeting held in place of the regular Convention last November were mailed to our membership by February 10. The credentials for the Louisville Convention in April, together with the proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws, were mailed by February 1 to all Division Presidents. These papers should be read, and the information and instructions therein contained should be applied at once to Chapter affairs so as to make this April meeting of value to all U. D. C. interests. The Registrar General, Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, Berkeley, Cal., should receive all 1918 records from State Registrars at once, so that no time may be lost in this department. All State Registrars are urged to communicate with Mrs. Trabert on the subject of registration.

Mrs. Ella N. Trader, whose welfare has been on the minds of so many U. D. C.'s and who has been constantly helped by Chapters and Divisions in the past, was called to her eternal rest on January 20 at her home, in Washington, D. C. The press of the country made announcement of the sad event, and Miss Mary Trader, her faithful daughter, has the sympathy of their U. D. C. friends. Mrs. Trader's life history has been published under the title "The Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army." This neat little book of one hundred pages can be purchased from Miss Trader, and the proceeds may help to lift her financial burden. Besides, any Confederate library would be the richer for owning this little characteristically Southern and feminine volume. We should secure and preserve such unusual publications for the student of American history in the future.

The *Historian General*, Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, has issued her annual circular in regard to the historical prizes offered in her department. There are seven prizes this year open for competition. The newest one, the soldier's prize, I commend especially to the attention of all individual U. D. C.'s. Ask your State Historian about it. In connection with this work let your President General urge upon you the importance of looking after the records of descendants of Confederate veterans enlisted in the A. E. F. We are collecting these records as a part of our War Relief Work, and we must watch the daily press to keep ourselves informed. For history, and Confederate history in this respect, is in the making every day. How many of you know the names of the regiments in the 30th Division, A. E. F., who were the first

Americans to break through the famous Hindenburg line? How many of you noted that in the announcement of the award by Congress of forty-one medals of honor to our boys in khaki on February 4 (only three having been previously given in this war), ten names were from the Southern States—namely, two from Kentucky, one from Tennessee, one from Texas, and six from the little State of South Carolina—California coming next with five awards. Would it not be worth while for the U. D. C. of these States to look up these boys' records and see if they have Confederate ancestry? These records which we are keeping are to prove that one does not gather "figs from thistles."

Again Mrs. Hyde's circular announces that our monthly historical programs will be printed in the *VETERAN*. This is another incentive to subscribe to the *VETERAN*. Will not all Division Presidents and Historians make a great drive among their membership for subscriptions to the *VETERAN* during March? The May *VETERAN* will have an account of the Louisville Convention, which will tell all the latest news of our great war work as U. D. C.'s. Besides, it is our U. D. C. duty to stand behind those who are publishing the *VETERAN*. "Subscriptions for the *VETERAN* in March" should be the motto of every U. D. C. Chapter.

War Relief Work still looms large and important in any U. D. C. report. Under advice from Mrs. Bacon, in February I notified you to reëndow your hospital beds at Neuilly for 1919. Since then many changes have taken place, and the following letter from Mrs. Bacon explains the changes I am announcing:

"My Dear Miss Poppenheim: After seeing the surgeon-general for the express purpose of learning what I could of the future plans of the American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, and having been told by him that the hospital would be needed for at least another year, I had a cable saying that they had been ordered to evacuate the patients as soon as they were able to be moved, and that the hospital might be closed as early as April or certainly by June. On the strength of this information I called a special meeting, and it was decided that we should accept no further contributions, and that I should make a statement for the newspapers to that effect, that being the quickest way to reach our many generous supporters all over the country. This I have done, and I herewith inclose a copy of this statement. We believe that we have not only sufficient funds to carry on the work until the very end, but also to give to the American Hospital, which was our sponsor in the early days, a testimonial in the name of the American ambulance which will perpetuate its memory forever. This small hospital for Americans in Paris holds itself responsible not only for the success of the American Ambulance Hospital, but also for the American Ambulance Field

Service, which started with us; and if we can show our gratitude by establishing a ward or a fund, we believe it would be a fitting ending to a glorious career. The United Daughters of the Confederacy have, more than any other organization, made it possible for the hospital to carry on its magnificent work, and I feel any thanks or show of appreciation that I, as Chairman of the American Committee, could send you would be a very inadequate expression of the gratitude that has been felt abroad for your remarkable service. The famous names that have marked your beds and the wonderful sympathy that the Southern States have shown the many heroic men whom they have cared for will always remain indelibly impressed on the memories of every one who has watched over the hospital with such tender care through these four and a half long and painful years.

"Your indefatigable efforts in behalf of the American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, have called forth the greatest admiration from every one, but I hope you feel with us a just pride in having the Daughters of the Confederacy connected with an organization that has made such a marvelous name for itself during this war and that has shown throughout these years of suffering such a noble spirit of sacrifice and of deep devotion.

"Very sincerely and gratefully yours, MARTHA BACON."

The tribute Mrs. Bacon pays our work is a great one and, coming from so wise and distinguished an American woman, one whose judgment must bear weight, we should feel that our efforts to place our war work beside that of other great American patriotic societies have been rewarded.

In connection with this idea let me impress upon Chapters the importance of not rushing into print to answer any foolish criticisms of the U. D. C. by uninformed persons which might appear in the public press. When you see such criticisms cut them out and forward them to your Historian General or your President General, who will gladly look into the matter, and, with the wider view of the U. D. C. efforts which the opportunity of their office gives them, they will be better able to inform our would-be critics of the true efforts and aims of our Association and the results of our endeavors for the highest ideals of patriotism.

To return to our Hospital Bed Fund. Divisions now have various sums invested which were raised for these beds and thus for the benefit of our boys in the A. E. F. Hold this money as separate funds, ready to hear the advice of your War Relief Committee on their disposal. Many appeals from outsiders will come to you, but let me remind you that to make our work as U. D. C. work count, it must be a united and combined effort. We must not fritter our strength away on many attractive efforts. Your Executive Committee has recommended, and many prominent U. D. C.'s have already expressed their approval of the recommendation, that our fifty-thousand-dollar Endowment Fund shall be named "Our 1917-18 Hero Fund," to honor the men of the South who served their reunited country wherever needed in 1917-18.

This fund will be a great memorial and at the same time a great piece of reconstruction work after the war. Bear its needs in mind when you receive the Educational Committee's circular in March; it is now in preparation. Give generously to this fund and see if we may not mark the April, 1919, Convention of the U. D. C. by the completion of this fund. We can do it if we try. We can raise our monument to our men first, and it will be one which will recall their sacrifice, their courage, and their accomplishments yearly to generations yet unborn. *In sæcula sæculorum.*

The fifth liberty loan will be asked for in April. It will be a victory loan. Let the U. D. C. unite their strength, raise their 1917-18 Hero Fund at Louisville, and invest it in this victory loan. Could we close our efforts for patriotism in a more appropriate way? Our five-pointed star leads us on "to think, dare, love, live, and pray."

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENT FUND.

Contributions to the General Division Endowment Fund for Loan Scholarships come in slowly. The Executive Board has recommended that this fifty-thousand-dollar fund be a memorial to "the men of the South who served their reunited country wherever needed in 1917-18." Some of these very men are seeking means of continuing their education and need the loans from this fund to help them. Let us have a large enough sum ready before the Louisville Convention to invest in the victory liberty loan, that its interest might educate many of the South's young heroes.

Previously acknowledged in this fund.....\$791 35

Contributed in January:

Mrs. F. C. Rolfe (personal) Hampton, Va.....	2 16
Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, Denver, Colo....	10 00
Lafayette Strait Chapter, Richburg, S. C.....	2 00

Total, February 1, 1919.....\$805 51

ARMIDA MOSES,

Vice Chairman Educational Committee, U. D. C.

DIVISION NOTES.

The celebrations honoring the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and in many instances a tribute was paid to Miss Mary Custis Lee, his last surviving child who died in November, were State-wide in Georgia, and the practical features of the observances made them in some Chapters notable. Sharon of Upson Chapter, of Thomson, planted pecan trees on the campus of the R. E. Lee Institute in memory of the Upson men who gave their lives in the great world war.

In Tennille, in the little park where several years ago the patriotic women erected a memorial fountain to the soldiers of the Confederacy, the Chapter planted trees to perpetuate in living green the memory of the four young men of Tennille who gave their lives for America, each one the son or grandson of a Confederate soldier.

The Kennesaw Chapter, of Marietta, by unanimous vote sent twenty-five dollars—the first money paid into the committee—for the proposed memorial hospital to be erected by the town in grateful appreciation of the Cobb County men who died on French soil during the great war.

The Savannah Chapter has gone on record as leading the South in the movement seeking the protection of women throughout the world by international laws adopted at the Peace Conference at Versailles.

For the conference to discuss the League of Nations, to be held in Atlanta February 28-March 1, under the auspices of the Society to Enforce Peace, of which Ex-President W. H. Taft is President, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, President General U. D. C., appointed as delegates to represent the Daughters of the Confederacy Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Alabama, and Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee.

The Washington Division held its tenth Annual Convention

at the Washington Hotel, in Seattle, on January 21. Mrs. Mary Avery Wilkins, President of Robert E. Lee Chapter, Seattle, presided at the opening exercises, when a memorial service to Gen. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson was held, the address being delivered by Dr. W. R. Inge Dalton, of the Confederate navy. Mrs. C. P. Gammon read "Birthdays of Lee and Jackson," and Miss Florence Fletcher, of Tacoma, read an account of the funeral of Miss Mary Custis Lee.

The afternoon session of the Convention was devoted entirely to the business of the Division. The Chapter reports showed that all have been most enthusiastic in war relief work, their greatest effort being the raising of six hundred dollars for the American Hospital at Neuilly, France. Through the efforts of Miss Julia Fletcher, Division President, a register has been secured, as far as possible, of every man in the State of Washington who has offered his services to his country, who is the lineal descendant of a Confederate soldier. This record will be presented to the State Historical Society to honor these men.

The Washington Division indorsed two movements: First, the Americanization of foreign-born women living in the United States; second, the Hoke Smith bill pending in Congress for an appropriation to educate the illiterates of the country.

The invitation of the Dixie Chapter to hold the convention in Tacoma next October was accepted.

* * *

The members of the Dixie Chapter, of Kansas City, Mo., are all interested in war relief work and have sent liberal supplies of oranges to the influenza patients of the Army Motor School.

Maj. William J. Bland, of the 356th Infantry, was killed in action September 12 in the battle of St. Mihiel. Major Bland was the son of the Historian of the Dixie Chapter, Mrs. Meigs Bland. His grandfather, Judge John J. Allen, was captain of the 57th Regulars, Virginia Volunteers, C. S. A., and was severely wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill, necessitating the amputation of his right arm. On recovery he was assigned to duty as quartermaster with the rank of major.

Major Bland's grandfather, John J. Allen, Sr., in 1860 introduced a preamble and resolutions on the state of the country, which produced a profound impression on the public mind, as a condensed and powerful statement of the doctrine of secession and a justification of its exercise by his native State, both because of its calm and judicial utterance and the deep conviction of its eminent author. (He was presiding judge of the Virginia Court of Appeals.) He was honored later in the period of the Confederate struggle with a place in the Advisory Council of Governor Letcher.

Major Bland's grandfather, Dr. William J. Bland, went to Richmond, Va., in 1861 and became surgeon of the 31st Virginia Infantry. He was afterwards transferred to General Lomax's Division and made chief surgeon of Gen. William L. Jackson's Cavalry Brigade, which position he filled until the close of the war.

* * *

On January 11, at the Hotel Astor, Mrs. James Henry Parker gave her annual reception. This, the most brilliant of the many given by her, was complimentary to the New York Chapter. In the receiving line next to Mrs. Parker was her mother, Mrs. Augustus Jones; then Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran, Honorary President of the Chapter; Mrs. R. W. Jones, President of the New York Division; and Mrs. J. D. Beale, Honorary President of the Division.

The rose room was wonderfully decorated with flags of the Allies. Back of the receiving party was the large, beautiful Confederate flag presented to the Chapter fifteen years ago by Mrs. Parker, and a United States flag of the same size.

By special arrangements made by Mrs. Parker, fifty or more invalided soldiers from one of the hospitals attended, and they received marked attention from the distinguished men and women present. The dear wounded boys in khaki were so young and so happy! Many were from Mrs. Parker's home State, South Carolina. Most of them were from the South. An orchestra furnished sweet music, and the national airs and many loved songs were sung by all present, led by Mr. English Cody, a leader of the War Camp Community singing.

The New York Chapter has two hundred men associate members who attend the social gatherings. At the October Convention Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Beale were elected Honorary Presidents of the New York Division.

* * *

Although quite ill with influenza, Mrs. Quin, President of the Mississippi Division, has succeeded in having the Division keep up its war work. *Our Heritage*, published at Meridian, keeps the Chapters well informed with its monthly visit.

The Mississippi Division will elect a new President at the Convention in May, and a prominent candidate for this important office is Mrs. Nettie Story Miller, of Forest, former editor of *Our Heritage*, who has been urged to stand for election by many of the most prominent women of the Division.

* * *

On January 30 Mrs. Amos Norris, of Tampa, President of the Florida Division, left on a round of visits to the Florida Chapters, beginning with the Chapter at Key West and going northward to Jacksonville—a good plan for every State President. Mrs. Norris's visits covered more than a month. The State Board meeting was called for February 21, 22, in Gainesville.

Under the direction of Mrs. J. W. Tench, the J. J. Finley Chapter, of Gainesville, Fla., held very interesting memorial exercises in the Lyric Theatre on the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

* * *

On account of the general epidemic of influenza this fall the Annual Convention of the Arkansas Division, to have been held at Clarksville, Ark., was indefinitely postponed. However, as soon as the quarantine was lifted (November 21) a one day's session was held in Little Rock at the Marion Hotel. The President, Mrs. J. T. Beale, called for a meeting of the officers, chairmen of committees, and representatives of Chapters to transact the needed business and elect officers. Some fifty ladies responded, and a most pleasant day was spent. Mrs. Beale entertained the Executive Board, and the three Little Rock Chapters entertained the visiting ladies with luncheon in the dining room of the hotel, so nothing was lost by a lengthy intermission at noon. Every officer gave her report, and all Chapter reports will be published in full in the minutes which have been prepared by the Recording Secretary and are now in the hands of the printer.

While the unusual conditions which have prevailed, due to war work, and the later epidemic, the work of the Division was somewhat hampered, but through the never-failing

energy of the President, Mrs. J. T. Beale, an increase in all lines is shown by the yearly reports, despite the difficulty under which we have labored. The war work has received perhaps the greatest stress, and the Chairman, Mrs. Frank Tillar, of Little Rock, has done splendidly. Arkansas stands near the head of her sisters in completing the amount required for the French Hospital and enjoys an individual gift from her President of one hundred dollars for this purpose.

The work in Arkansas has been carried on by districts, and the four District Presidents form an Extension Committee. Several new chairmen have been added to the official staff of Arkansas officers.

Mrs. Beale was unanimously elected President of the Arkansas Division for the third term; Mrs. M. L. Hildebrand, Prairie Grove, Second Vice President; Mrs. H. King Wade, Fayetteville, Treasurer; Mrs. J. F. Weinman, Little Rock, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle, Custodian of Flags; and Mrs. H. E. Cureton, Conway, Recorder of Crosses.

* * *

After an indefinite postponement, owing to the epidemic of influenza in the State, the Ohio Division held its Annual Convention at the Sinton Hotel, Cincinnati, December 3-5, as the guests of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. All Chapters in the State were represented, most encouraging reports coming from every Chapter, as well as from the two Children's Chapters. War activities have predominated in the year's work, and a splendid showing has been made along all lines. The Convention welcomed a new Chapter, recently chartered, into the fold, the Southern States' Chapter, of Columbus.

A very impressive memorial service was held for three members of the Ohio Division who have passed to the great beyond: Mrs. Alice Leah Martin, of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter; Mrs. Kennedy, of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter; and Mrs. Ada Butler Abbott, of the Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland. This Chapter has placed two bedside tables in the infirmary of the Home for Needy Confederate Women at Richmond, Va., in loving memory of Mrs. Abbott.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, in the last year helped to care for a needy veteran living at Newark, Ohio. Recently he has answered the last muster call. This Chapter and the Dixie Chapter, Columbus, and outside friends buried him with Confederate honors. The Ohio Division will place a marker to his memory.

The Cleveland and Dayton Chapters sent Christmas boxes to the Home for Needy Confederate Women, Richmond, Va.

At a "patriotic evening" held during the Convention a magnificent service flag was presented to the Ohio Division through the courtesy of the Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland, "bearing fifty-three blue stars, two silver ones, but, thank God, no gold ones." Two Crosses of Honor were presented to two members of the Ohio Division. The presentation was made by the Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Sells. Ohio has chosen as her special day for the presentation of Crosses of Honor the first day of the State Convention. The following officers were elected for a two-year term: President, Mrs. James Burton Doan, Cincinnati; Second Vice President, Mrs. Marcus Wade Crocker, Columbus; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Philip Williams, Cincinnati; Registrar, Mrs. H. V. Dutrow, Dayton; Historian Custodian, Mrs. Dempsay, Columbus.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

FOREWORD FOR MARCH, 1919.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: Beginning in this number of the VETERAN is a practical study of the earnest and consistent effort of the South to free herself from the burden of slavery before the system became so firmly entrenched, and the problems involved so great, as to render any plan other than gradual emancipation almost beyond the power of man to work out. The questions are made out from an article in the main body of the magazine, which the editor kindly prints as a whole, so that it may be used for reference. A careful review of the books quoted as authorities will well repay you for the time spent upon them, and all are readily available in large libraries.

I am, with great interest in your work and appreciation of what has been accomplished, ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

QUESTIONS FOR U. D. C. ON SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE SOUTH.

MARCH.

1. How did slavery come to exist in the Southern colonies?
2. How early did South Carolina begin a series of duty acts regarding the slave trade?
3. What formal protest was made by this colony in 1760?
4. What was the character of the system of slavery in Virginia?
5. Why did the merchants of London become alarmed at the attitude of the Southern colonies toward slavery?

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1919.

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.

The love and devotion of the Confederate soldier for the land of his birth was a marked characteristic, and many of the young soldiers who were poets voiced this affection in lines that will live as long as literature lasts. Notable among them was a war lyric written by one of the sons of the South in exile, for it was in Canada that Daniel Bedinger Lucas wrote "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," a poem full of love and loyalty to the South.

Daniel Bedinger Lucas was born in Charlestown, Va., March 16, 1836, and died at his paternal home, "Rion Hall," in 1909. In his seventeenth year he went to the University of Virginia and was graduated in four years as valedictorian of the Jefferson Society. When the War between the States was declared he offered his services at once, and in June, 1861, joined the staff of Gen. Henry A. Wise and served under him in the Kanawha Valley. Owing to a physical infirmity, he was not able to remain in active field service throughout the war.

Almost at the close of the war he learned that a college friend of his youth, Capt. John Yates Beall, had been tried and convicted as a spy and guerrilla at Governor's Island, New York, and sentenced to death. In order to try to save his friend, young Lucas ran the blockade on January 1, 1865, having crossed the Potomac where it was nine miles wide and

[Continued on page 113.]

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

CONFERENCE OF OFFICERS, C. S. M. A.

All National Officers and each State Vice President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association are urgently requested to meet in Atlanta, Ga., May 15, for a two days' conference. Plans for revision of Constitution and By-Laws to be presented at the coming Convention, and plans to meet the necessarily changing conditions following the world war, are to be made. Entertainment will be provided for all guests, and it is hoped that every member will plan to be present.

Faithfully yours,

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson,
President General C. S. M. A.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE B. WYLIE, ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A., has originated a beautiful idea, which is to gather the names of all the Confederate mothers and honor them in some sweet way by a special recognition. So a call is made to all readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to look up the names and addresses of those women now living who had sons in the Confederate army and to send them to her at 436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

The Confederate mothers will naturally be past the meridian of life, and it will be a precious gift to them to feel that after all the years that have elapsed since the War between the States they are still remembered.

At Athens, Ga., there is a Confederate mother who is one hundred and two years old. She is Mrs. Hemphill, mother of the late Col. William Hemphill and Mr. Robert Hemphill, of Atlanta. It is a very interesting feature of the proposed plan of Mrs. Wilson to lead off the list of Confederate mothers with the name of Sarah A. Hemphill. Robert Hemphill, her youngest son, is a man still in the prime of life and has the record of having run away from home to join the Confederate army at the immature age of sixteen. Mrs. Hemphill is the widow of William Hemphill, who served also in the army during the time his eldest son, William H., lay ill and wounded in a Southern hospital.

* * *

Mrs. B. D. Gray, of College Park, Ga., sends the following message to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, of which organization she is a member:

"When the war cloud of the sixties burst upon the South, it enveloped the most prosperous, cultivated, and chivalrous land upon the American continent. After four years of horror and desolation unspeakable, this land emerged into the

clear daylight of history and civilization wrecked, her fortunes were wasted, and many of her noble sons had been slain by the intruder; but her imperishable honor was sustained and her imperishable principles established forever.

"Do not these same principles rule the world to-day? Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, said: 'Truth being based upon fact, our conviction of truth depends upon our understanding of the facts.' We who are conversant with the facts of the War between the States in the sixties know that the South was justified in defending her rights as they then existed under the Constitution of the United States.

"What did our mothers do when war swept the land? They had faith and confidence in their men. They sent them out to the battle field with a smile on their lips. They spun and wove cloth, nursed the sick, and gave such ministrations as only a woman's hand can give. From 1861 to 1865 they worked with courage undaunted by the perils in their path, they endured, and they prayed. When ruin and defeat came, they met them with dignity and resignation.

"Do we of this generation owe nothing to these patriots? Yes, by keeping alive their memories and perpetuating their work. It is unthinkable that Southern women could ever cease to memorialize their heroes. When the conference of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association convenes in Atlanta, May 15, 1919, let us hope that our newly elected President General will be greeted by a band of enthusiastic delegates who with one voice will acclaim concerning the memorial work: 'It shall not pass from our hearts and lives.'

"Our heritage is eternal. We will keep it inviolate. Let the fresh blood of the Southern youth slain upon the shell-torn bosom of France cement anew our pledge of fidelity to keep guard forever over the noble, immortal heroes of the Southern Confederacy."

* * *

At a meeting of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Atlanta, Ga., a vigorous protest was made against the unwarranted and malicious attack on the domestic life of the South's great hero, General Lee, which appeared in a book edited by Susan B. Anthony and others and circulated as a history of woman's suffrage. Many U. D. C. Chapters have also passed resolutions against the malicious publication, and every patriotic organization should make a protest against the wrong done the memory of a man, a hero, and a gentleman.

* * *

Mr. Robert A. Hemphill, of Atlanta, has recently been appointed Lieutenant Colonel on the staff of General Vandandt, Commander in Chief U. C. V. He was also on the staff of General Harrison and has the distinction of being not only a veteran, but also the son of a veteran.

A TRIBUTE TO CAPT. GEORGE Y. WILLIAMS.

[In loving memory of Capt. George Y. Williams, of the 50th Tennessee Regiment, who was killed at Chickamauga September 19, 1863, this sketch is written.]

Captain Williams enlisted in the Confederate service at the very beginning of the war and organized one of the first companies in the State. Having made a diligent study of "Hardee's Tactics," he met often with the company and drilled it carefully before it was called out. He was mustered into service as a private along with the boys, but was soon made captain of the company. When Fort Donelson was taken he was made prisoner and sent to Camp Chase, where he remained seven months. It was told by one of his company that before, or during, the engagement Captain Williams promised the company that, no matter how the battle went, they would all stand together and share the same fate. This promise he kept, even when he had an opportunity to make his escape after the fort surrendered. It was a crucial test, but he was not a man to go back on his friends or to regard his word lightly.

His subsequent life was one of devotion to the cause he had espoused and marked by many acts of self-forgetfulness in camp among his fellow soldiers and of dauntless courage in the hour of danger. The night before the battle of Chickamauga he seemed to have a presentiment that he would be killed and asked an old friend of his boyhood, who was also an officer in his regiment, to sleep in his tent with him, that he had many things to say to him before they went into battle. He took off his watch and gave it to his comrade, requesting him to send it with his sword to his mother, but more than that is not known of the last sad words between the two friends. The battle began on the 19th of September and was one of the most memorable of the war. "Lookout" from every gorge and peak echoed the rumble of artillery and the roar of musketry, yet Captain Williams, in the face of that premonition of death, led his company into the thick of the fight and was one of the first to lay down his life. Seeing him fall, some of the men halted to pick him up, but, waving his hand to them, he said, "Press on, my brave men; don't stop for me," and with those words of encouragement on his lips his spirit went home to God.

Captain Williams was the finest man I ever knew; his life was unimpeachable—gentle as a woman, courteous to all, possessing a sunny nature that made him a favorite in camp and social circles. No braver soldier ever followed the flag, and at the time of his death he was fast winning his way to high military distinction. His body was removed from Chickamauga soon after the war and buried at Clarksville, Tenn. Unknown in history and with only a simple marble slab to mark his last resting place—the place where valor sleeps—yet he lives in the hearts of the few remaining members of the old 50th Tennessee Regiment.

Inquiry has been made as to the planting of a Union flag on the intrenchments at Fort Hill (3d Louisiana Redan, Vicksburg), at Fort Pemberton, at Fort Beauregard, or at any fort or salient to the south of the 3d Louisiana Redan; and what became of such a flag? Also, what of the flag found in the ditch at Fort Pemberton? What regimental flag was it? and where is it now? This incident is said to have been connected with Grant's charge at Vicksburg on May 22, 1863. Address all communications to B. O. Hanby, Mount Vernon, Ind.

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.

(Continued from page 111.)

full of ice; but in spite of all his efforts he was unable to save his friend, and Captain Beall was executed February 24, 1865. Mr. Lucas was now unable to return South, but went to Canada, where he remained till the war was over. Here, in June, 1865, he wrote the exquisite verses, "In the Land Where We Were Dreaming," which for tenderness is excelled by none of our war lyrics. He returned South to find that even his birthplace was now in another State, for West Virginia had been cut off from the Old Dominion. He became the famous man of which his youth gave promise, and as judge, senator, and orator was a credit to his State; but will long be remembered for his poems, which were all collected and published by his daughter.

A NOBLE GEORGIA WOMAN.

Miss Mary A. H. Gay, who died on November 21, 1918, at Milledgeville, Ga., was a fine type of the woman of the Old South. She was bright and high-minded and ever active in good works. She was the author of several books, one of which, "The Pastor's Story and Others," went into eleven editions. Her "Life in Dixie During the War" gave her intimate connection with the stirring events of the war period.

Miss Gay was over ninety years of age at the time of her death and had spent the greater part of her long life in Decatur, Ga. Capt. William L. Ritter, of Reisterstown, Md., writes of having met her in 1863 when in camp at Decatur, and their friendship had extended through the many years since. Her mother's home gave its hospitality to all the boys in gray. She often talked to him of her experiences during the war, and he advised her to put them in a book; but it was some twenty years or more later that she gave to the world her war story. The family was quite wealthy before the war, but its devotion to the cause of the Confederacy and to the comfort and care of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers drained its resources.

The tablet on the gate to the Confederate cemetery at Franklin, Tenn., gives the name of Miss Gay and what she did for that hallowed spot. Her brother, an officer, was killed at the battle of Franklin, and when she visited his grave after the war she noticed the need of a good fence about the inclosure and markers at the graves. She was then without funds herself; but she immediately undertook the raising of a fund for this cemetery work, and that she succeeded is attested by the tribute to her on this tablet at Franklin.

It is said that Miss Gay was unusually brave and fearless and that during the battles around Atlanta she stood on the veranda of her home, which was between the opposing lines, and watched the fierce conflict, awaiting the opportunity to give aid. When Sherman left Atlanta the people were without the necessities of life, and Miss Gay secured an old army horse and wagon and made forty-mile trips through the country, purchasing supplies for the destitute women and children. On her fourth trip her horse fell dead in the road some miles from Decatur. All of this was at her own expense. Captain Ritter says; "Many thrilling events could be related of which this brave and noble Georgia woman was the heroine."

A STRIKING COINCIDENCE.

[The following story was contributed to the VETERAN some years ago, and the author's name is not known.]

Once in a while strange coincidences happen with us which are sometimes amusing and sometimes very striking. People widely separated, strangers to each other, after meeting often find that some event in their lives reaching back many years is incidentally referred to. It forms the subject of a pleasant hour, and we say "the world is not so wide after all." Such an accident happened to the writer once which called up men and incidents on both sides of the great struggle of the sixties.

In 1883 my family was spending the summer at Stribbling Springs, Va., one of those old ante-bellum resorts for the summer gathering of the beauty and chivalry of the old South. There was at these springs a guest who had occupied a high position in the medical corps of the Confederate army, Dr. John Ancrum, of Charleston, S. C. At the beginning of the war he was sent with Messrs. Mason and Slidell to Europe and was in that "unpleasantness." My youngest daughter was taken ill with scarlet fever, and as there were many children there, they quarantined us on top of a mountain in an old building once used as a card-and-billiard room, with probably at intervals a poker game, and Dr. Ancrum consented to attend her. One brilliant moonlight night we were looking out of the upper window at old North Mountain when the Doctor said: "Right over there on the north side of that mountain I had run my medical supplies, horses, and camp equipage to escape a raid of General Sheridan, never dreaming that he would get them; but as he was in the habit of doing just what one would least suspect, he came there and gobbled up all my outfit, and I was left for the rest of the war to get along with what I could buy, beg, or steal. When the war closed, I was stationed at Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs without money, as the paymaster had not been there lately. My clothes were ragged, and I had only one suit at that. I could get no transportation, so I started to walk the long distance to Charleston, S. C., and I did it. It was home under any conditions. The last I had heard of my wife was that she had been seen one night sitting on a pile of furniture in a street of Columbia, with the child I had never seen and a basket of silver, while the city was burning; and that she had been assisted by two kind-hearted officers to a house in the suburbs. After starting on my long tramp, I bethought me how I could cross Tar River, in North Carolina. The farther I walked the more worried and anxious I became. I crossed a little stream on some stepping stones, and after walking about four miles farther on, met an old dinky, whom I asked if he could tell me how far it was to Tar River. 'Why, God bless you, Massa,' he said, 'you done crossed Tar River 'bout four miles back.' Since then I have learned not to worry over troubles ahead. I reached home at last to find my child dead, but my wife safe."

Some ten years after this talk with Dr. Ancrum, I was on a hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains with two Federal officers, General Gibbon and Major Freeman, both of whom had been conspicuous on the Federal side. Gibbon was the commander of Hancock's Corps at Gettysburg and afterwards was one of the officers who drew up the articles of capitulation of Lee's army; Freeman, now a retired brigadier general, was a captain in the 18th United States Infantry. While sitting around a roaring camp fire one night, Major Freeman related the following incident:

"I had the ill luck to be captured in one of the fights of the Eastern army. I succeeded in escaping five times, but the Confederates always succeeded in getting me again and finally sent me to the prison pen at Columbia, S. C., and planted me in one of the 'dugouts', but I was to get away again. One day we heard the rumbling of heavy artillery, and I was sure it was General Sherman on his raid, of which the grapevine had told us. There was a one-story building in the pen used for a hospital. The guards were busy routing out the prisoners from their gopher holes to hurry them further south. Another prisoner, a colonel, and I stepped into the hospital, which seemed to be empty, and we noticed an open door communicating with the attic. We at once climbed to the loft and lay there across the joists until after night, when we discovered that the city was on fire and the fence of the inclosure was burning. We waited until an opening in the fence was burned out, and then we got into the street. Near there we saw a lady sitting on some furniture with a child in her arms and a basket; she was crying bitterly. We took her to the suburbs and got her into a house. When we crossed the river, we were challenged by a sentinel whose voice was familiar: 'Come in, Johnnies, or I'll shoot.' We told him we would come in without any shooting. We were taken to the Colonel's headquarters and found ourselves among friends; it was my old regiment."

I then related what Dr. Ancrum had told me and afterwards wrote to the Doctor about Major Freeman's statement, but he answered that it could not be the same officers, for it was Confederates who had helped his wife. Upon being told this, Major Freeman said: "Why, yes, we had on Confederate uniforms, which we had found on the floor of the hospital!"

IN DIXIE.

BY SUSAN ARNOLD M'CAUSLAND.

Land of sunshine, land of joy,
'Twas here I roved a carefree boy,
In Dixie.
My country, fairest in the world,
Here truth's white banner's never furled,
In Dixie.

Then here's to the tattered coat of gray,
To what it means we rev'rence pay,
In Dixie.
Here's to the old, the sacred past,
We'll not forget while life shall last
In Dixie.

The time must come when grasses high
Will kiss the stone where we shall lie
In Dixie.
Let others who stand o'er our dust
Still honor what we leave in trust
To Dixie.

We'll leave behind us truth and right
Strong to withstand all power of might
'Gainst Dixie;
While we sleep on, content to lie
At rest 'neath sod and sunny sky
Of Dixie.

THE UNSEEN ARMY.

BY ROXANA BYRD WHITE.

When Southland's lads in olive drab
Marched out from Southland States
O'er sea and land,
Bravely to stand
Defending Freedom's gates—
Dim ghosts of days long past marched too,
Pale ghosts in pale gray clad.

To hold the battle line in France
The red blood of the South did flow
When Dixie's sons
Faced flaming guns
To charge upon the foe—
Dim wraiths of times long past charged too,
Pale wraiths in tattered gray.

And when the South's own valiant men
Fell on the fields of death,
And fighting nobly to the last,
Their courage high, their heartbeats fast,
Drew their faint dying breath—
Dim ghosts of times long past died too,
Pale ghosts whose shrouds were gray.

FOUR VETERAN BROTHERS.

An interesting group of veterans at the Tulsa Reunion was the four Witcher brothers, natives of Virginia, who were together for the first time in twenty-four years. The oldest of the brothers is seventy-nine, while the youngest is seventy-two years old. All of them served in the Confederate



army, as did an older brother, now dead. These four brothers are: J. C. Witcher, of Sherman, Tex., who was with the 11th Texas Cavalry under Joe Wheeler; A. M. Witcher, Liberty Hill, Tex., of the 16th Texas Cavalry, under General Walker; W. C. Witcher, Bells, Tex., and R. E. Witcher, Childress, Tex., who were with Bourland's Regiment in the Texas frontier service. Two of the brothers served throughout the war, the others being in service two and a half and one year, respectively; two of them escaped from prison. Their father was William Witcher, of Pittsylvania County, Va.

POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Publication of the list of prisoners at Fort Warren, Mass. (1861-62), in the *VETERAN* for February, has brought a very interesting letter from Hon. Joseph B. Seth, of Easton, Md., who says: "The list, as far as published, is very interesting to me. The prisoners at Fort Warren at the time Colonel Sowell obtained his album were an interesting group to the people of this State. In a newspaper article recently I referred to some of the strong men who were there, particularly Seavern Teackle Wallace, who afterwards became the leading lawyer in this State and died in 1897. Ross Wynans was a man who attained considerable notoriety, and so was Henry M. Warfield, whose son is a leading business man in Baltimore, with his father's name; Dr. McGill, of Hagerstown, was a strong man, and so was William G. Harrison; Thomas I. Hall was a brilliant scholar and a fine writer and man of letters; in fact, all of the names from Maryland were of men of decided prominence. The entire Legislature was arrested, a member of Congress from Baltimore City, George P. Kane, Marshal of Police, and the three police commissioners; and a little later on Hon. Richard B. Carmichael, Judge of the Circuit Court for Talbot County, and Isaac C. W. Powell, States Attorney at the time, were also arrested and sent to prison. So there are many descendants and connections of these several gentlemen, all of whom were very prominent in the State, who yet feel something of the injustice of having them arrested without any charge and discharged without ever having had a hearing after more than a year's imprisonment."

A part of the article referred to is herewith given:

"The session of the Maryland Legislature in 1860 was marked by a spirited contest against the seating of the delegation from Baltimore City on the ground of fraud and violence at the polls on the day of election, November 2, 1859. The last act of the Legislature at that session was to unseat the the entire Baltimore City delegation. On the 19th of April, 1861, the citizens of Baltimore undertook by force and violence to prevent the passage of the Federal troops through the streets of Baltimore on their way to the South, and the State militia turned out and burned the railroad bridges across the rivers. The military company at Easton, under command of Capt. Henry Stromburg, boarded the steamer *Champion* at Miles River Ferry and went to Baltimore. Governor Hicks, finding himself in a position of embarrassment and wanting counsel, issued a proclamation calling for an extra session of the Legislature to meet at Frederick City on April 26, and a special election was held at Baltimore on the 24th for delegates to represent the city at that session. Among the delegates elected were some of the strongest men in the city, S. Teackle Wallace being at the head of the delegation, with such men as Ross Wynans, Henry M. Warfield, and others. The Legislature was called to meet at Frederick City because General Butler was occupying the city of Annapolis with the 9th Brooklyn Regiment of Federal troops. This Legislature remained in session a few days and adjourned to meet on the 10th of May, and after a two days' session again adjourned to meet on June 4 at the same place.

"On the day of adjournment Ross Wynans was arrested by order of Gen. B. F. Butler; and later on, by order of Gen. John A. Dix, commander of Fort McHenry, the Mayor of the city, George William Brown, subsequently Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Baltimore City, Marshal Kane, the three police commissioners of the city, Hon. Henry May, member of Congress, and all the members of the Legisla-

ture. They were taken to Fort McHenry and a day or two after were sent to Fortress Monroe and two weeks later to Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor, and in November following were again removed to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, where they spent more than a year before they were released.

"The incidents occurring in Maryland in April and May, 1861, were very notable and exciting."

THE POPE AS A MEDIATOR.

John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., says: "The following communication, addressed to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, goes to show that the appeal for peace by the Pope to the President of our united country during the late war in Europe has its precedent; and, by the way, I believe that Pius IX. was the first and only potentate to receive a representative from the Confederacy:

"*Illustrious and Honorable Sir:* Health! We have received with all fitting kindness the gentleman sent by your excellency to deliver us your letters. We certainly experienced no small pleasure when we learned with what emotions of joy and gratitude toward us you were affected when you were first acquainted with our letters to those reverend brethren, John, Archbishop of New York, and John, Archbishop of New Orleans, in which we again and again urged and exhorted them that, as behooved their distinguished piety and their episcopal charge, they should most zealously use every effort in our name also to bring to an end the fatal civil war that has arisen in those regions, and that those people of America might at length attain mutual peace and concord and be united in mutual charity.

"And very grateful was it to us, illustrious and honorable sir, to perceive that you and those people were animated with the same feelings of peace and tranquillity which we so earnestly inculcated in the letters mentioned. And would that other people also of those regions and their rulers seriously consider how grievous and mournful a thing is intestine war, would be pleased with tranquil minds to embrace and enter upon counsels of peace!

"And the most merciful Lord of compassion himself, we likewise pray that he may illumine your excellency with the light of his grace, and may conjoin you in perfect love with ourself.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, December 3, in the year 1863, and of our Pontificate the eighteenth.

Pius P. P. IX."

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.—Announcement has been made by the Battle of Shiloh Association of the annual excursion to that battle field April 6, 7. All members and friends, with their families, are invited to make the trip from St. Louis, a boat leaving there on the 2d of April with ample accommodations. The fare for the round trip is twenty dollars. Reservations can be made by addressing John E. Massengale, foot of Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo. A special invitation is extended Confederate veterans to attend this meeting at Shiloh.

Mrs. W. L. Kellam, Center Point, Tex.: "The VETERAN should be in every home in our grand old Southland, with its store of true history pertaining to our Confederacy and the sacrifices of our heroes who gave all for the cause of right."

LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG.

Capt. H. Clay Michie writes from Charlottesville, Va.: "The VETERAN for February contains an article written by B. W. Green, of Little Rock, Ark., which charges my grand old corps commander, James Longstreet, with disobedience of General Lee's orders at the battle of Gettysburg. He states that General Lee ordered Longstreet to attack the enemy at sunrise on the 2d of July; that this order was repeated three additional times during the night of the 1st; and says he can prove this by General Lee's reports and the reports of General Lee's chief of staff. I suppose he means Col. Walter H. Taylor. I have read General Lee's reports and Colonel Taylor's book and cannot find where any such orders were issued. These charges against a gallant Confederate, long since passed to his reward, are a serious matter, and I shall expect Mr. Green to give the proof or make amends for a great wrong done one of the bravest men I ever saw on the field of battle. I was captain of Company H, 56th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps; am now brigadier general, commanding the 4th Virginia Brigade, U. C. V."

THE MOORMAN MONUMENT.

J. A. Harral, President of Camp No. 9, U. C. V., and of the Moorman Memorial Association, has sent out the following:

"Pursuant to resolutions adopted by the Veteran Cavalry Camp No. 9, U. C. V., in regular meeting, February 3, and exchange of letters and telegrams with General K. M. VanZandt, Commander in Chief U. C. V., we are undertaking to raise the sum of \$250 to pay the Metairie Cemetery Association for a contract to care for the Moorman Monument in perpetuity. General VanZandt heads the list with twenty-five dollars and commends the undertaking to Department and Division Commanders U. C. V. for their effort and influence to raise the amount, any funds collected to be remitted to Col. J. A. Harral, 126 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.

"In the published minutes of the twenty-first Annual Reunion, U. C. V., held at Little Rock, Ark., May, 1911, in the report of the Historical Committee, will be found a complete history of the Moorman Monument."

MONUMENT TO COLONEL MOSBY.

An appeal for contributions toward placing a stone at the grave of the leader of the "Partisan Rangers" is made in the following:

"A monument to Col. John S. Mosby should be erected. He was one of Virginia's bravest, most gallant heroes, of whom the South was justly proud. He now lies in the Warrenton Cemetery without a stone to mark his grave.

"We ask you for help toward erecting one, and will be grateful for even a small contribution. To leave unmarked the grave of one who did so much for our beloved cause is a reflection upon our loyalty. Our grand old hero must not be forgotten—no, not by our children's children.

"Contributions may be sent to the undersigned, who will receive and account for the same.

"Address Mrs. Edward Carter, Carter Hall, Warrenton, Va."

YOUNG MUNITION WORKERS.

[The following was taken from a special edition of the Selma (Ala.) *Times*, having been contributed to that paper in response to a request for an account of the work done by the women and children of Selma in the Confederate arsenal here. The article is signed "Nellie V. Baker."]

Mary and I were employees of the Confederate government at the age of about nine and seven years. It must have been at the very last of the war that hands were so badly needed that many ladies volunteered and worked there regularly. Finally Miss Mary Jones closed her school and took us all to the arsenal to work making cartridges and cylinders. These last were made of little squares of thick brown paper, two or three inches across, rolled on a short stick the size of a man's finger, folded down tight over the stick at one end. We grew very expert at making the cylinders, making hundreds of them at home, and finally we were promoted to cartridge-making, each having a seat and a little table. Each cartridge was made of white tissue paper and had a cylinder inclosed with a bullet, or perhaps a minie ball, at the end and was tied with a white string, cut loose by a little knife set in the edge of the table. These cartridges were set in boxes and sent to another department for rigid inspection and finish, and each Saturday we were paid off, the money being donated to the use of our hospital at the head of Alabama Street. Captain W. D. Cross was in charge of that part of the arsenal in which we were employed. He wore a military cap made of palmetto, braided and sewed by his wife, and a black ribbon band around it held several stars, also made of palmetto. I suppose these stars were a sign of rank. Besides Miss Mary Jones, I can remember among the ladies who were employed only Mrs. Fahs, whose husband, Dr. Fahs, was an army surgeon or, perhaps, in the navy, and Mrs. Dawson, though I have no doubt there are many of these patriotic women still living in Selma who will readily recall this arsenal work.

It happened soon after the surrender that we were in the Centennial Hotel in Philadelphia. The elevator was full, and a gentlemen entering, I jumped up and gave him my seat, which he took and at the same time lifted me onto his knee and asked my name and where I lived. When I gave the information, he laughed and said: "Then you are a little Rebel." "Yes, I am, and I've worked in the arsenal and made cartridges, and I would have killed some Yankees, but most all of my cartridges were rejected." Elevators ran slowly in those days. I can still hear the laughter that went up at my answer. The gentleman gave me a little squeeze as he laughed too and said: "It's all over now, little Reb."

We had reached our floor, and as we got out with our nurse a gentleman said: "Tell your mother, little Reb, you were sitting in General Grant's lap." "She'll feel mighty bad when I tell her," I answered, and I heard another hearty laugh. Of course I could not understand it then, but later I could fully appreciate the roar of laughter which greeted my report to father of the little episode, for I fully expected a reprimand for being "sassy," but it really must have been a poser for the General, don't you think?

J. J. Robertson, Crystal Fall, Tex.: "I was in the Confederate army for four years, did my best, and have never regretted the part I took. I have been a subscriber for many years and enjoy the *VETERAN* so much; often read it over and over. Long may it live!"

NEGLECTING OUR OWN.

A letter from an interested patron of the *VETERAN* makes inquiry as to why the Southern people have failed to teach in their schools anything on the life and character of Jefferson Davis, one of the great men of our country. While admitting that some of the schools of Texas (her State) have as a supplementary work some volume pertaining to the official acts of President Davis and the causes leading to the War between the States, there is nothing that gives light on the character of the man, his life from childhood, his deeds of courage, and his acts as President of the Southern Confederacy. "I have been astonished beyond measure many times," she writes, "by this question coming from the boys and girls of the high school here: 'If President Davis was a great statesman and was in the right, why have his praises remained unsung in the schools and colleges of the South, while the name of President Lincoln is lauded and extolled to the nation as being blameless and faultless and always in the right during his term as President of the United States?' By our silence we are condemned. We, as Southern men and women, have slept on our rights by failing to see that our children are properly taught as to the causes of the War between the States, the high ideals for which the Southern soldiers fought, and the character of the leaders who directed the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy."

By their success or failure are men judged. Had the Southern Confederacy been established permanently, President Davis would have been the great man of that historic period, with his name next to that of Washington in the hearts of his countrymen. But fate decreed otherwise, and he was made the sufferer for his people, imprisonment and exile his portion, the victim as well of his own people's harsh criticism. Through it all he murmured not, and time has brought a larger understanding of the man, his real greatness, and we who know this will be recreant to our duty if we fail to teach all this to the younger generations.

Many teachers of the South are Northern-born or have been educated in the North, and their view is biased by their training. It seems to be the universal idea to extol Lincoln as the greatest American. Recently, here in Nashville, a leading educator of the South, in making an address on General Lee, placed him *next* to Lincoln as the greatest American! Surely we might be allowed to observe the Lee anniversary without having to listen to praise of Lincoln. But we are to blame for accepting such teaching instead of demanding justice for our own.

KIND WORDS ARE HELPFUL.—A friend at Columbia, S. C., gives the *VETERAN* this encouragement: "I read every line almost of the *VETERAN* with interest and frequently with profit. If anything, I think it better conducted than during the closing years of the devoted Cunningham, and I hope Dr. McNeilly and Dr. Shepherd will continue to write valuable articles as long as they both live. I inclose my check for four dollars, for which please renew my subscription after this year is out for the next four years. I have been in newspaper offices and have visited book-publishing houses for the last thirty years, off and on, and I don't see how you possibly can give so much, and so much that is good, for one dollar. The Old South owes you an everlasting debt of gratitude for continuing Cunningham's work."

LETTERS AND INQUIRIES.

From Thomas H. Neilson, New York City: "The VETERAN deserves and should receive the support of every loyal man and woman of the South, who can never repay the debt due it. There are some one hundred and sixty-eight thousand descendants of the men who followed Lee and Jackson and our other loved leaders now wearing Uncle Sam's khaki, and every one of them should be a subscriber to fill the places in the thin gray line, now nearly blotted out. I say, like Joffre at the Marne, 'It shall not pass' out of existence. * * * I am thankful that our boys of to-day did not have to suffer the hardships that we old veterans did—half starved, half naked, shoeless at times, camping in snow and storm without tents, etc. Many's the night I have slept on five or six fence rails to keep me out of the water, with cartridge box for pillow and blanket over my head to keep the rain from beating in my face, and not a dry thread on me. Quite a contrast to feather pillow, hair-and-spring mattresses, luxurious meals, and every comfort furnished to those sojourning in our city, etc.! I would be thankful if I could enjoy half as good to-day."

W. B. Riley, of Harrold, Tex., writes: "I cannot do without my VETERAN, not only for my own satisfaction, but for my children's benefit. I lost my father, Sergt. Thomas J. Riley, of Mobile, Ala., Company G, 38th Alabama Regiment, at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and I had some experience in fighting during the last year of the war. In Alabama, our home State, my mother, Mrs. S. B. Riley, who was Sophie Bibb Smedley, of Autaugaville and Montgomery, Ala., is alive and in good health. We would be pleased to hear from any relatives of my mother or father or from any of my old comrades."

E. S. Larmer, of Morristown, Tenn., noting the sketch of the Inglis brothers, who served in the 25th Virginia Cavalry, in the December VETERAN, writes: "I served under Capt. S. P. Larmer, Company B, until the surrender. He long since passed into the beyond. I have another brother in Albany, Mo., James A. Larmer, who was a captain in the same command. I would love to see or hear from those with whom we passed through the conflict. I am a Virginia veteran, now past my seventy-third year, reasonably strong. Can't do without the VETERAN; also send it to my son."

W. H. Smith, Sarles, N. Dak., writes: "I am sending draft for renewal of the VETERAN for 1919. Among all my papers and periodicals there is none which gives me greater pleasure than the VETERAN. It is a clean, pure, truthful, and interesting monthly visitor, whose coming is welcomed with joy. One who never had experience in the Civil War will get a better understanding of army life, fighting, marching, and camping—all the details of soldier life—than from any war history, no matter how well written."

Gen. John H. Dye, commanding Arkansas Division U. C. V., writes: "By common consent the Tulsa Reunion was great. That progressive and prosperous city and its hospitality and hustling citizenship easily went 'over the top.' General Harrison's illness and absence were regretted. The election of Generals VanZandt and Cook gave universal satisfaction. Success to the VETERAN!"

Col. W. R. Lyman, Ruston, La., sends his renewal to January, 1920, and says: "Have subscribed every year since first number. Last two years better than ever. Congratulations! Am now eighty and one-half, but active and vigorous."

George G. Wells, of Mason, Okla.: "I went through the war with the 15th Tennessee Cavalry from Brownsville, Tenn., under Col. Bill Dawson, of Dyersburg. I am seventy-three years of age, well and hearty. Have been taking the VETERAN for a number of years and couldn't do without it. I think it the only true history of the war. * * * Would be glad to hear from some of my old comrades."

E. B. Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., wishes to know who made revolvers for the C. S. A. at Atlanta, Ga., and carbines at Tallassee, Ala., and he wishes any one who knows about the Grant Factory Guards and the Muskogee Factory Guards, Georgia Local Defense Troops, to write him.

Mrs. Mary B. Clark, of 215 West Baltimore Street, Jackson, Tenn., would like to get in communication with some comrade of her husband, who was Maj. E. A. Clark, of the 51st Tennessee Regiment, and was captured at Fort Donelson. She has been an invalid for some years and wants to apply for a pension.

T. H. Thompson writes from Blue Springs, Miss., in renewing his subscription for three years: "I cannot do without it. Everything is set aside when I get the VETERAN, until its pages are read. May it still live long after all of the old vets have crossed over the river! Yours for the right."

Inquiry is made by B. F. Quarles, Sr., of Meridian, Miss., for information on the number of foreigners enlisted in the Confederate service; also as to the number of foreigners in the Federal army and the amount that has been paid to them in pensions annually by the United States government.

ECHOES FROM DIXIE.—Don't fail to get a copy of this song collection; it will suit every taste, with its songs of sentiment, patriotism, and religion. Every Southern home should have it, and all Confederate organizations would find its selections most suitable for their musical programs. It was compiled by the leader of U. C. V. Choir No. 1 and revised by Matthew Page Andrews. Send to Lloyd Adams Noble, 31 West 15th Street, New York City, for a copy; 60 cents, post-paid, or two copies for one dollar.

ERRORS AND THEN SOME!—Some errors can be accounted for typographically, but how a man's name could be changed from Thomas to Frank in the simple transfer to cold type is a puzzle which we won't try to solve. However, this is to correct the name of the author of the article on page 44 of the February VETERAN, which should have been Thomas B. Bond, and in the third line from the end of the article the word "crises" should have been canvass.



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W. H. Hall, of Louisville, Ky., renews his years and says: "I could give up my journals entering my home, but not the VETERAN."

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THE SOLDIER'S CHANCES.

Great as the danger and large as the losses in the aggregate, the individual soldier has plenty of chances of coming out of the war unscathed, or at least not badly injured.

Based on the mortality statistics of the allied armies, a soldier's chances are as follows:

Twenty-nine chances of coming home to one chance of being killed.

Forty-nine chances of recovering from wounds to one chance of dying from them.

One chance in five hundred of losing a limb.

Will live five years longer because of physical training, is freer from disease in the army than in civil life, and has better medical care at the front than at home.

In other wars from ten to fifteen men died from disease to one from bullets; in this war one man dies from disease to every ten from bullets.

For those of our fighting men who do not escape scatheless the government, under the soldier-and-sailor insurance law, gives protection to the wounded and their dependents and to the families and dependents of those who make the supreme sacrifice for their country.

PREVIOUS PRIVATE ENTERPRISE. — A Southern mountaineer in the war confided to his lieutenant after they had reached France and were deep in the business of fighting: "I like this war. It's the first public war I've ever been in." — *Buffalo Commercial*.

SOCIAL HYGIENE WORKERS WANTED.

Open competitive examinations before the United States Civil Service Commission are announced for March 25 and 26, for vacancies in the Inter-departmental Social Hygiene Board for duty in the field. One position is that of Supervisor Social Hygiene at \$2,000 to \$2,500 a year, open to women college graduates over twenty-five years of age who have had at least three years professional experience in social, civic, or other work requiring knowledge of the problems underlying delinquency. An assistant special agent (female) at from \$600 to \$1,000 a year is also needed. This examination will be on March 25. The examination on March 26 will be for Special Agent of Social Hygiene at \$1,200 to \$1,800 a year. Application for examination forms should be made to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or to any secretary of the United States Civil Service Board.

It is a sort of financial cowardice to hesitate to put your money in United States government securities, and to deliberate over the wisdom and patriotism of the investment is to hesitate in supporting our soldiers.

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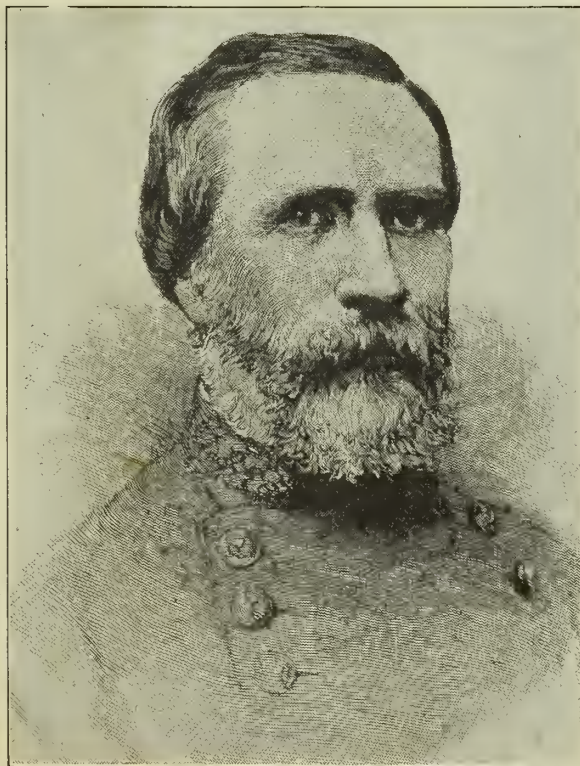
Confederate Veteran.

C. L. Willoughby
Lakeland
Aug. 19
Pla

VOL. XXVII.

APRIL, 1919

NO. 4



LIEUT. GEN. RICHARD HERON ANDERSON
(See page 128)

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N. S. Davis, of Fullerton, La., wants
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in Company H, 11th Regiment, 2d Bri-
gade, Missouri Volunteer Infantry, C.
S. A.

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nervous, run-down
folks in two weeks'
time in many in-
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D. M. Armstrong, 430 Highland Avenue S. W., Roanoke, Va., wishes to get in communication with some survivors of Company A, 4th North Carolina Cavalry, under Capt. Hickson Haggard and Colonel Ferebee. This company was made up in Northampton County, N. C., and Comrade Elijah Britt, a member of this company, wants to locate some comrade to indorse his application for a pension.

Mrs. Lusia Hickman, of Aquilla, Tex., wants to hear from some one who knew LeRoy Hickman in the Confederate army. He enlisted in Stoddard County, Mo., and served under Capt. Jonathan Hayslep and Col. Sol Kitchen. The latter commanded the 7th (also called 10th) Missouri Cavalry and had also been lieutenant colonel of Kitchen's Battalion of Missouri Infantry and major and lieutenant colonel of the 2d Missouri Cavalry, and some survivors of those commands may recall him as a comrade.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
The Christian Conqueror. (Poem.) By A. W. Littlefield.....	123
Tribute to Gen. Bennett H. Young.....	123
Northern Bias and Misrepresentation. By G. B. Harris, Jr.....	124
Oldest Confederate Mother.....	124
"Promoted for Extraordinary Valor and Skill." By Gen. Thomas L. Rosser..	125
Southern Poets—John Williamson Palmer. By Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.....	125
Historic Old Southern Home.....	126
Some Prison Reminiscences. By Col. E. Polk Johnson.....	130
Memories of Fort Warren. By Dr. W. M. Flynn.....	131
Typical Guerrillas of the War Period. By Rev. A. W. Gualtney.....	132
Characteristics of the Old South. By James H. McNeilly, D.D.....	136
Federal Defense at Spring Hill. By C. C. Hulet.....	138
Last Scenes of War. By John L. G. Woods.....	140
In the Years of War. By John C. Stiles.....	144
Departments: Last Roll.....	146
U. D. C.....	152
C. S. M. A.....	156

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VOL. XXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1919.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE CHRISTIAN CONQUEROR.

(1865—April 9—1919.)

"He that ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city."

Serene thy rest where gently, softly sway
The cypress and the willow, when adown
The lovely valley, o'er the quiet town,
The Southern breezes waft the haze of May.
Bestowed by loyal comrades of the gray.

Upon thy brow doth lie the myrtle crown,
And immortelles that speak thy high renown
In token of our fealty we would lay.

Thyself thou gav'st in service of that State
Among her sister States the corner stone
Of freedom, righteous law, and self-command.

Self-conquered thine own soul, thou didst create
A spirit mightier than a monarch's throne—
Prophetic light in thy beloved land!

—A. W. Littlefield.

NEEDHAM, MASS.

ALL FOR LOVE OF THE CAUSE.

Recently the VETERAN received a letter from Capt. A. L. Smith, Commander of Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, U. C. V., of Little Rock, Ark., stating that he and a friend, Judge A. Park, had decided on giving a day or so to boosting the VETERAN's subscriptions in that city, and the result of that boosting came shortly after in a report of eighty-four new subscriptions, all secured within a day and a half, with the statement that they intended to give a little more time to it later and make it a hundred, all of this service being given freely for the VETERAN's benefit. And he writes: "Most of the names on our list are of well-matured men under forty years, from whom I expect future results. * * * As long as I am Commander of Omer R. Weaver Camp there will be more interest manifested in that direction."

The appreciation of the VETERAN for this splendid work is beyond expression. No publication ever had more loyal friends or more willing workers in its behalf, and its very existence is due to that. May each year make it more worthy in every way!

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL YOUNG.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 24, 1919.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 3.

With a heart full of sadness the General commanding announces to his beloved associates the death of that most estimable soldier, Gen. Bennett H. Young. He was recently stricken while on a trip to Florida and was just able to reach his home, in Louisville, Ky., when he sank sweetly to sleep. Born in Nicholasville, Ky., May 25, 1843, he passed away in his seventy-sixth year.

At the breaking out of the War between the States he enlisted in the 8th Kentucky Cavalry Regiment and was soon promoted to first lieutenant, sharing in all the glorious triumphs of John H. Morgan. He commanded the St. Albans raid and was captured with his command. He was near being hanged for the part he took in this enterprise and was only released by the intervention of parties who had never met him till this time, perfect strangers, impressed by his behavior, cheerfully signing his bond. He was exiled three years after the war closed and spent them in Europe, where he met many of the great leaders of that time.

Returning to his home in Louisville, he resumed the practice of law and won many of the leading cases before the courts of Kentucky. He wrote several works of importance and enjoyed an enviable reputation as an author.

He was an officer in the Presbyterian Church and lived the life of a Christian gentleman.

His brilliant oratory, his commanding figure, his magnificent flow of language made him one of the best-known figures at all Reunions, while his position as Commander of the Veterans for several years brought him into contact with members from every section of the South, who loved him devotedly.

View him as we may—splendid type of Southern gentleman, lawyer of ability, author, and Christian—he measured up to the highest standards, and his death has left a void which cannot be filled.

By command of

K. M. VANZANDT,
General Commanding.

WM. E. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

NORTHERN BIAS AND MISREPRESENTATION.

BY G. B. HARRIS, JR., TULLAHOMA, TENN.

Regarding the ease with which Northern writers generally misrepresent facts in relation to the motives and actions of the Southern people in their heroic contest for independence and also the intense prejudice which these writers manifest, permit me to call attention to two examples which have come under my notice in recent months.

I was for some months the chaplain of a Tennessee regiment at Camp Sevier, S. C., and among other publications which I was advised to read carefully was an "Officers' Manual," by Col. James A. Moss, U. S. A. (published by George Banta Publishing Company, Menasha, Wis.). This book is a concise, yet complete, compilation of the "customs of the service" and many other facts of benefit to an inexperienced army officer. It is really an excellent publication, and I by no means wish to undervalue its merit. But I was struck with its evident prejudice.

The author of the volume urges all army officers to study the various wars of the past, from those of Frederick the Great down to the Russo-Japanese War of our own time, and he suggests a list of historical works to be read in this connection. When he reaches the Civil War his Northern prejudice is so plain and so undisguised that I became both surprised and indignant. I quote some of his comments (italics my own). He says: "The best general history of the Civil War is 'Abraham Lincoln: A History,' by Nicolay and Hay." Now, who ever heard of that book before as a standard *military work*?

Again: "'Life of Stonewall Jackson,' by Henderson (English). *Strong Southern bias and unreliable.*" Why, then, does he recommend it?

Again: "'Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant' is an *exceptionally able* and careful work and should be in the library of every officer." We all agree here that Grant at least was an honest man and a careful writer.

After favorable comment on the works of Sherman and Sheridan, this author proceeds: "'McClellan's Own Story,' Johnston's 'Narrative,' and 'Advance and Retreat,' by Hood, are mainly controversial in character, *and the two last are particularly unreliable.* 'From Manassas to Appomattox,' by Longstreet, is an excellent work, *but written with a strong bias.*"

Now, will this gentleman, who seems to have such a horror of any evidence of (Southern) "bias," please tell us what it is, and by what name he calls it, which leads him to indorse heartily every work above named which presents the Northern side of the Civil War and to denounce as "unreliable" every production from the pen of a Southerner? Longstreet's book is the sole exception, and even that he "damns with faint praise" and a qualifying "but." And at a time when North and South were fighting together against German brutality and tyranny such a one-sided book was placed in the hands of young Southern officers, descendants of the proud and noble men who wore the gray. And to call "Old Joe" Johnston "unreliable"! Shades of departed candor and frankness! Where, then, is reliability?

As a Confederate soldier's son I wish to register through the VETERAN my protest against such an unfair volume being recommended to our army officers. Common fairness and that much-boasted-of Northern "broad-mindedness" should have prompted the gentleman either to commend works on both sides of the controversy or be content with suggesting the volumes without comment on their respective merits.

There is another publication which I will notice later.

OLDEST CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

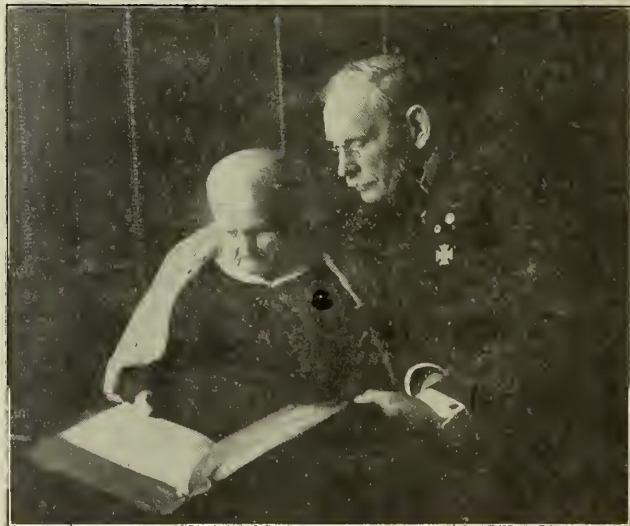
One of the most remarkable women of her time is the venerable Mrs. Sarah Ann Hemphill, living at Athens, Ga., who is now in her one hundred and second year, in full enjoyment of her faculties, and actively interested in her home and business matters. This interesting picture of her and her son, Robert A. Hemphill, of Atlanta, Ga., was taken on the eightieth anniversary of her marriage, December 20, 1918.

Recently some mention was made of Mrs. Hemphill in the VETERAN as one of the surviving Confederate mothers, which brought the following response from her son:

"I deeply appreciate the honor conferred on my mother by leading off the list with her name. She is now in her one hundred and second year, in good health, with keen faculties, looking after her home, farm, and business matters.

"In 1832, before any railroad, she visited Atlanta from Athens on horseback, in 1866 she made the same trip in a buggy, and in 1917, her one hundredth year, in an automobile. She is now looking forward to the establishment of an 'aëro-plane route,' so she can make the trip through the air.

"My father, W. S. Hemphill, was the only one of whom I have seen any record as having taken the place of a son so that the son could visit his mother. Father was too old for active service, but was a good mechanic. During the winter of 1863 our beloved General Lee, through the efforts of my brother's captain, gave a special permit for father to take brother's place and allow him to visit mother after an absence of nearly three years in service. On account of this our registrar always classes me as the son of a veteran. I served nearly two years in the State troops and under General Lee in Virginia. Gen. George P. Harrison, as Commander in Chief U. C. V., very kindly appointed me on his staff, and the same honor has lately been conferred on me by General VanZandt. Mother is an honorary member of Camp No. 159, U. C. V., an honor conferred by my dear comrades."



MRS. HEMPHILL IN HER 102D YEAR.

On December 20, 1918, Mrs. Sarah Ann Hemphill, of Athens, Ga., celebrated the eightieth anniversary of her marriage. In this picture she is shown with her son, Robert A. Hemphill, in his seventy-second year, on that anniversary, reading the twenty-third Psalm from the old family Bible in the room where he was born.

"FOR EXTRAORDINARY VALOR AND SKILL."

MAJ. HOLMES CONRAD—1864.

REPORTED BY MAJ. GEN. THOMAS L. ROSSER, C. S. A.

On June 1, 1864, near Ashland, Va., I, being in no condition to press the enemy, was preparing to halt and strengthen my position so that I might hold it until Hampton could create a diversion on the flank in my favor. But the enemy in the meantime discovered my presence, rallied, and came back at me with all he had left. My men knew from the prisoners that confronting me was a division of cavalry under General Wilson. I knew that if Wilson succeeded in getting his men to make the charge my little command could not withstand his heavy column and would be captured, and all the prisoners and property which I then held would be recaptured. It was necessary that I should make an extraordinary effort to save myself and my captures.

I rode to the front. I exhorted my men and begged and implored them to charge, firing at the enemy myself with my pistol.

The Federal officer, seeing my command hesitate, urged his men forward, and they were on the verge of moving, had actually begun to move, when one of my couriers, a youth eighteen or nineteen years of age, who was a member of the regiment from which these two squadrons had been taken and eighteen or nineteen years of age, who was a member of the occasion, and seeming to act under an inspiration rarely seen even in a crisis of great danger, certainly displaying the most intelligent gallantry I ever saw exhibited upon the battle field or elsewhere, without a word to me left my side, dashed into the ranks of my two squadrons, snatched the flag from the color bearer, and rode rapidly into the head of the Yankee column, calling to the men as he left them: "Come on and save your flag!"

This seemed to arouse the manhood of his comrades and to call them to a sense of duty and patriotism by giving them such a magnificent example of courage in this supreme moment, when death's hand was actually upon him. The fire that was in him lit the hearts of his comrades and inspired them to superhuman effort, and they dashed into the head of the Yankee column, scattered it, repulsed it, recaptured the gallant boy and his flag, and hurled the attacking column back in confusion and out of my way, thus saving my command and the captured property and giving me a great victory, which without this boy I could not have won.

Feeling that he had won the fight and not I, although he was a private, as soon as General Hampton came up I related the incident to him, took a leaf from my notebook, and wrote the facts. The next morning early a commission of major in the army of the Confederate States was sent to him, and the words used were, "This promotion is made for extraordinary valor and skill," making a boy private a major and directing him to report to me for duty.

The name of the gallant boy is Holmes Conrad, late Solicitor-General of the United States, now a distinguished lawyer of Washington and Winchester, Va.

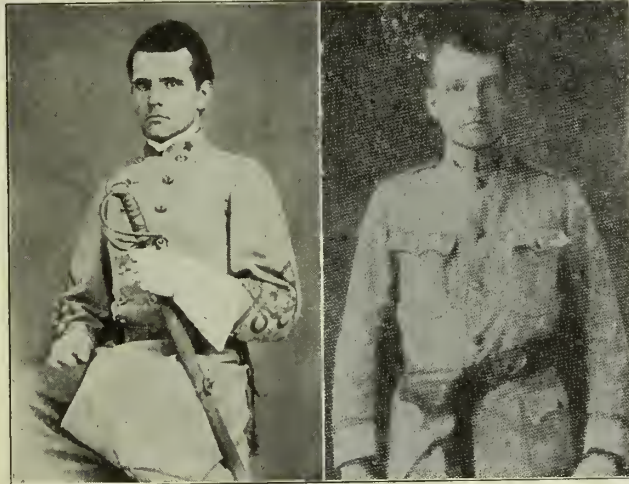
CAPT. ROBERT Y. CONRAD—1918.

(From the *Washington Star*.)

Capt. Robert Y. Conrad, of Winchester, Va., commander of Company I, 116th Infantry, who was mortally wounded on the Verdun front in France on October 8, 1918, and who died within twenty-four hours without regaining consciousness, is among the Virginia men for whom the distinguished service cross was announced to-day by the War Department.

The official citation cabled to the department by General Pershing, commander of the expeditionary forces, reads as follows: "Capt. Robert Y. Conrad, deceased, Company I, 116th Infantry. For extraordinary heroism in action near Samogneux, France, October 8, 1918. Captain Conrad led his company in assault, capturing many prisoners and machine guns. He continually inspired his men by utter disregard of danger and was mortally wounded while leading a charge on a machine gun nest. Next of kin, Mrs. Robert Y. Conrad, Winchester, Va."

[Maj. Holmes Conrad died September 5, 1917.]



FATHER AND SON.

Maj. Holmes Conrad, C. S. A.

Capt. Robert Y. Conrad, U. S. A.

SOUTHERN POETS—JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

Among the poets of the South, especially those whose fame and memory are associated with the struggle for her independence, Dr. John Williamson Palmer has thus far failed to receive the ample and generous appreciation from his countrymen which is eminently and justly his due at their hands. An especial, though by no means the sole, reason may be found in the unfortunate circumstance that his lyrics have never been collected, edited, and made accessible by publication, as have the works of Timrod, Ticknor, and Randall. The mention of his name at once recalls "Stonewall Jackson's Way"; but even in the select company which still pursues the walk of the Muses there are few to whom "Ned Braddock," "The Maryland Battalion," "For Charlie's Sake" are more than mere titles which convey no pleasure and impart not a touch of inspiration. There are in each of these a vigor and energy that bring back the dewy morning freshness of the ballad-making age; the last of the three reveals a richness and intensity of pathos rarely excelled in contemporary poetry.

These poems, however, by no means exhaust the range of Dr. Palmer's productive power. Born in Baltimore in 1825, he was educated for the profession of a physician, and at the time of his death, in March, 1906, he was regarded as the oldest surviving graduate of the ancient and historic University of Maryland. His versatile faculties, however, drew him into other spheres of activity, such as journalism,

romance, and editorial labors. He became a contributor to the New York *Tribune*, the *Standard Dictionary*, the *Century*, and leading periodicals of his time. He was a veritable Ulysses in his changeful and diverse fortunes. He traveled widely in India and other Oriental lands, combining literary faculty with a genius for enterprise and exploration. He translated from the French Michelet's "L'Amour," "La Femme," and "Historie Morale des Femmes." "Aunt Judy," "Old Georgetown," "Theodosia Burr," "Folk Songs," "Old Homes and Ways in Maryland," "Strange Countries to See" illustrate his genial and multiform gifts for narrative and graceful fancies in the realm of prose.

The poem by which the world knows Dr. Palmer was written at Oakland, Western Maryland, during the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. The sound of the guns was audible at a distance of seventy-five miles, and on that historic day, Jackson having rejoined Lee, with the luster of his brilliant exploit at Harper's Ferry resting upon him like a halo, the new song of our lyrist leaped into golden light. The statement, so persistently reiterated, that the manuscript of the poem was found upon the body of a Confederate soldier killed during Jackson's campaign in the Valley of Virginia is utterly misleading and erroneous. The account which I have given of its origin was received from Dr. Palmer in person toward the close of November, 1903. Earnestly is it to be desired that at no remote day his varied creations in song and prose may be rescued by loving and skillful hands from the fragmentary condition in which they now exist and, like those of his co-mates Timrod, Ticknor, Randall, come to our hearts and our homes in their unity, continuity, their heroic manliness, and their resistless, invincible appeal.

HISTORIC OLD SOUTHERN HOME.

One of the distinctive charms of the Old South was its homesteads, noted not so much for their special magnificence, but for their comfort and roominess, wherein was dispensed that splendid hospitality which gave to this section a special distinction. Some of these old homes are still in possession of descendants of the original families, furnishing in each generation their quota of sons and daughters to swell the ranks of population and give that service demanded of patriots and gentlewoman.

In the High Hills of Santee, near Sumter, S. C., there is one of these historic old homes, typical of all the best in the heroic past. Hillcrest, home of the Anderson family of South Carolina, is rich in traditions. It is now the home of William F. Saunders, who married Ann Catherine Anderson, daughter of Dr. William Wallace Anderson, the ranking surgeon from South Carolina in the War between the States. An interesting history of the old home, written by Mrs. Saunders several years ago, is reproduced here. The present generation is keeping up the war record of the family through Capt. William Harrison Saunders, an honor graduate of West Point of the class of April, 1917, and who went to France in July of that year in the aviation service. He was the first American in observation aviation to go over the German lines on a mission and the first man from our army to be both a pilot and an observer. That he survived this dangerous service is almost a miracle, for the Boches nearly had him twice.

HILLCREST, OLD ANDERSON HOME.

In ye olden time, when the approaching mail coach was heralded by the blowing horn and a general ripple of excite-

ment attended its passing, while the public highway was the sole overland link connecting our cities by the long, weary miles our forefathers traveled, in those olden days was built the road between Charlotte, N. C., and Charleston, S. C.

Fifteen miles below Camden this highway passes through a beautiful hill country known as the High Hills of Santee. In sight of this coach road rises a majestic hill, upon the crest of which is situated the old colonial home of the Andersons. On extensive grounds, amidst a bower of trees softly outlined against the western sky, it stands, still in a good state of preservation and replete with association, relics, and legends pertaining to colonial days, the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, Indian wars, the Mexican War, and the War between the States.

Should we stroll through the sweet-scented garden, with courage of those men, alert and ready, in that old hall, and of passing the stately groups of pyramidal cypress, rest in the portico of the old library or linger beside the sundial or watch the shifting weather vanes or look beyond at the fleecy clouds, the deep blue sky or a radiant sunset—whatever we do or wherever we go, there is an abiding sense of infinite harmony pervading the place. Within its portals dwelt always the spirit of a gracious hospitality; its ample proportions and spacious rooms, softened with the lights and shadows of chivalric history, impart to it an atmosphere of peculiar dignity and romance.

Here Cornwallis ensconced himself, making this house his headquarters while in this vicinity, harassing that gallant and determined band which, led by the intrepid Sumter, carried on their guerrilla warfare with such telling effect.

At another period of the War of the Revolution General Greene was so favorably impressed with the charm and healthfulness of these High Hills of Santee that he selected this neighborhood to camp his army when rest became necessary for his men, bringing them here several times to recruit. Upon one of these occasions he made his headquarters in this same house which a short period before his enemy had appropriated. General Greene left a lasting memorial of his visit by having one of his men brand the opposite doors of the large entrance hall with the letters "C. A." (Continental Army). One of these doors already bore a mark, which still remains, from a blow with the butt end of a musket in the hands of a British soldier during the occupancy of Lord Cornwallis.

When General Sumter's home was burned by Tarleton's men, Mrs. Sumter took refuge under this historic roof. There is a large oak on the sloping lawn known as the "Spy Oak," with the girth of two centuries or more and the gnarled bumps of knowledge holding fast the secrets of the Tory spies who were hanged from its branches.

During the War between the States a mighty host marched over the old State road. The blight of desolation marked its path. Armed men again crossed this threshold, and the twice-told tale of war was recorded within its walls. Brooking not the delay of locks and keys, dexterous bayonets, pierced the old sideboard, thus quickly revealing its contents, and one more libation was offered to the god of war.

A few years rolled by, and the dark clouds of the Reconstruction period lowered with grim aspect over our homes—those days of the seventies. One night a quiet band of determined men stacked arms in the old entrance hall awaiting the dawn. Groups of a disconnected mob surged back and forth. At intervals a yell burst from the tumultuous rabble or a shot rang out clear and threatening; but the dauntless

courage of those men, alert and ready, in that old hall, and of others such as they, averted untold calamities and brought the light of a fairer day to our Southland.

The Revolutionary owners of this historic home were Thomas Hooper, Esq., brother of William Hooper, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Mary Heron Hooper, his wife. Thomas Hooper died in the year 1795 and his wife in 1820. Their niece and adopted daughter, Mary Jane Mackenzie, was the daughter of Elizabeth Heron and John Mackenzie, granddaughter of William Mackenzie, and great-granddaughter of Sir George Mackenzie, of Scotland. Her maternal grandfather, Benjamin Heron, was for twenty years an officer in the royal navy. His fine portfolio of maps bearing the date of 1720 is well preserved among the relics in the Anderson family. At the time of his death, which occurred in 1770, he was one of his majesty's councilors of North Carolina.

Mary Jane Mackenzie was married January 30, 1818, to Dr. William Wallace Anderson, who was from Montgomery County, Md. He was the son of Col. Richard Anderson, of Revolutionary fame, and Ann Wallace, whose descent traces back to a brother of the heroic Scotch commander, Sir William Wallace.

Dr. William Wallace Anderson settled here, practicing his profession during a long and honored life. Here were born his sons and his daughters, among whom were Gen. Richard Heron Anderson and Dr. William Wallace Anderson, respectively the ranking officer and the ranking surgeon from South Carolina in the War between the States.

Capt. Edward Mackenzie Anderson, another son, was killed

in the bloody battle near Williamsburg, May 5, 1862, while serving as an aid to his brother, Gen. R. H. Anderson.

Gen. Richard Heron Anderson graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point July 1, 1842. He was then sent to the cavalry school for practice at Carlisle, Pa., where he remained until 1843. In 1850 he married Sarah Gibson, daughter of John B. G. Gibson, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.

Dr. William Wallace Anderson graduated from the South Carolina College in the class of 1846 and later from the University of Pennsylvania in 1849. In 1855 he married Virginia Childs, daughter of Brig. Gen. Thomas Childs, a distinguished officer from Massachusetts, descended from New England patriots who had borne their part with noble self-sacrifice during those early days of struggle and adversity through which the colonies passed and in the War of the Revolution.

In this house died that eminent statesman, diplomat, scientist, and botanist, the Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, I.L.D., while on a visit to his friend, Dr. Anderson, in the year 1851. His remains and those of his wife were laid to rest in the Anderson lot in the beautiful old churchyard near by. It was he who introduced the poinsettia plant into this country.

We dreamed sweet dreams in the Lafayette bed, with its eagles and flags and stars, such a quaint old bed, upon which Marquis de Lafayette reposed when he visited Charleston. He must have felt that the people loved him whose national emblems watched o'er his slumbers. This bed was brought here and remained in the house many years. The servants called it "the king's bed."



MISS VIRGINIA SAUNDERS, OF HILLCREST,
Sponsor for the South at Tulsa Reunion, U. C.
V., 1918.



THE MANSION AT HILLCREST.

From a charcoal sketch by Miss Virginia Saunders.

Each child in the family has sipped from General Washington's spoon and viewed the candle, yellow with age, taken from the stores of Lord Cornwallis after his surrender at Yorktown. The small Bible lost by General Childs during the siege of Fort Erie in 1814 and found at Fort Niagara in 1816, the gayly embroidered priest's robe, the gift of grateful nuns for protection during the Mexican War, the swords and sashes and epaulets, rare ancient books! The size of many a tome would lead one to believe that there were truly giants in the brave old days of mermaids, griffins, sea serpents, and other monsters so charmingly familiar to writers a few centuries ago. These things and more are gathered here, mute tokens of those who without fear and without reproach came to the end of a perfect day and no longer tarried with us, memories too superbly fine and sweet to float away as the mists and fade into nothingness.

This old home has been continuously owned and occupied by the Anderson family. From under its roof have gone forth men and women bearing with them the highest standards of duty and of devoted service to their people and their country.

A short biographical sketch of General Sumter contains corroborative testimony regarding General Greene. From it I quote the following excerpt: "In July, when General Greene, on account of the ill health prevalent in the army, retired to the High Hills of Santee for the benefit of repose and purer atmosphere, he dispatched General Sumter, having under him the corps of Marion and Lee, to break the enemy's posts in the vicinity of Charleston and to dislodge the 19th Regiment at Monk's Corner." (From the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans," Volume IV.)

General Sumter's dwelling, which was burned by the British, was situated little more than a mile from the Anderson home. The two tracts of land would touch did not the old coach road pass between. A beautiful spring flows down the valley like a silver thread, separating these two hills, wending its way onward through shadowy woodlands rich in the flora of South Carolina. This spring, built up with rock masonry by General Greene for the convenience of his camp, is now almost perfect. A few rocks only have been displaced by the roots of an overhanging tree. Many dewes have fallen since those days when "General Greene's spring" was built; then numberless deer still bounded through the forests, still paused with heads erect, and with quickened vision alertly watched for the lithe form and unerring shaft of the Indian hunter; the noiseless tread of his moccasined feet had scarce passed from these hills forever when came those other warriors and laid them down to rest under the shade of these trees, quenched their thirst at these springs, renewed their strength upon these everlasting hills.

Those were the men who made our history, gave us our country, and left us our heritage, our heroes of the American Revolution. On them the setting suns have cast no shadows. Death brought no darkness nor ebbing tides forgetfulness. Through the dim vista of the silent years we see them and hear their call of inspiration to patriotic duties.

THE ANDERSON FAMILY.

The record of this family shows its intense patriotism and love of State. From sketches prepared by Mrs. Saunders some notes are taken that refer to the service given by father and sons during the War between the States.

Dr. William Wallace Anderson, who was born in Montgomery County, Md., April 19, 1789, after graduating from

the University of Pennsylvania in April, 1810, settled in Stateburg, S. C., and thenceforth became a loyal son of South Carolina. His marriage to Mary Mackenzie brought him into the Hillcrest household, and their home became a center of hospitality and benevolence. Freely he ministered to the sick and afflicted, often sheltering them under his roof. His fine library contained gems of natural history, science, and art. Prominently identified with all that stood for culture, virtue, and the highest moral standards, he was an inspiration to those around him. His loyalty was so great that when the clouds of secession were gathering he wrote to an absent son: "I will risk everything I am worth in support of my adopted State through every trial and every danger." And when South Carolina travailed in the throes of war, he did give all that he possessed as a freewill offering upon the altar of patriotism—sons and his fortune.

His eldest son, Lieut. Gen. Richard H. Anderson, became South Carolina's ranking officer and greatest soldier. His second son, Capt. Edward Mackenzie Anderson, was killed in his first battle. His third son, Dr. William Wallace Anderson, became the ranking surgeon from South Carolina.

And Dr. Anderson kept between thirty and forty slaves continually at work on the fortifications around Charleston. When the flag on Fort Sumter fell, a part of the flagstaff was made into a walking cane, handsomely mounted in silver, and presented to him by appreciative friends in Charleston.

In his profession he was preëminent. He performed the first operation on record of successfully removing the jaw bone for cancer, his patient living many years in the enjoyment of health and strength.

Beloved and revered by all who knew him, his useful life came to a close on May 10, 1864. As was said of him at the time of his death: "Dr. Anderson was one whose inmost soul had bowed to the sanctity of the divine law. Its requirements few men had more diligently studied. Quietly and humbly as a little child did the old man, full of days, hear the Master's call. As darkness vanished before the Orient light, he passed on to Him in whose promises he had found peace."

Gen. Richard Heron Anderson was the eldest son of Dr. William Wallace Anderson and became the most distinguished son of South Carolina in the War between the States.

Proper tribute has never been paid the memory of this stainless warrior, who so quietly did his duty and did it so well that he was foremost among the trusted soldiers of General Lee, who relied upon him with absolute confidence to execute orders, the performance of which entailed especial difficulties and dangers. His cool, dauntless courage earned for him his well-known sobriquet of "Fighting Dick Anderson." The army soon applied to his division the cognomen given its commander, and it was known as the fighting division. Several times General Lee publicly commended him upon the field. On one of these occasions he embraced him, calling him his "noble soldier," an unprecedented demonstration of affectionate approval from this reserved commander. When General Longstreet was wounded on the 6th of May, 1864, General Anderson was transferred by General Lee to the command of the 1st Corps, and a few days afterwards he received a lieutenant General's commission, the first appointment to that grade from his native State, and he led the corps through all the terrible battles of that summer and autumn. General Longstreet returned in the late fall and resumed command of his troops, and General Anderson was assigned to the troops which had been under General

Beauregard in Virginia and which now became Anderson's Corps, and with this command he fought his last battle.

During the war with Mexico General Anderson was so highly distinguished that upon his return from that campaign the State of South Carolina presented him with a jeweled sword.

Delicately he bore his honors. So refined was his sensitive nature that the praise of his deeds seemed almost pain to him. He shrank from making public the encomiums he so richly deserved. He sought no favors in recognition of his services nor recompense for himself.

Highly gifted, pure-hearted, unselfish, and true, possessed of a personality altogether magnetic and charming, he rose to the sublime heights of self-forgetfulness that few mortals attain.

When the Army of Northern Virginia was formed, in 1862, General Anderson commanded a brigade of South Carolinians, which was, after his promotion, commanded by Generals Jenkins and Bratton. This brigade was not in his division after he was made major general, but when he was sent to command Longstreet's Corps it again fell under his command. The following account of the reception accorded him by the men of his old brigade shows the deep love of his men for the gallant warrior. This account is taken from a newspaper of 1864:

"When the 'rank and file' saw General Anderson riding along their line, they rose to shout loud huzzas of welcome to their former brigadier, once again over them, but in a more exalted capacity. But the enemy's lines and our own were in close proximity, and the voluntary shout was hushed, every man resuming his seat upon the ground, gazing fondly upon the noble countenance of the tried and trusted general. But their emotions of pleasure at his presence must find an

outlet, and he rode only a few paces when there was a simultaneous lifting of hats, and with one accord they were thrown into the air. Not a syllable was uttered. It was a sight never to be forgotten—the war-worn hero thus welcomed by his old command, who knew him so well and loved him so much.

"Arriving opposite the center of the brigade, the General reined in his horse and turned to the troops. Taking off his own hat, with feeling emphasis he said: 'My friends, your silent expression makes me grateful for your kind remembrance. I thank you sincerely.' With such emotions actuating his reply to their profound salutation, it is no wonder that the stern warrior was melted to tears nor that his devoted followers were similarly affected. The General rode slowly away, the hearts of those brave men going up in prayer for his safety and for victory over their foe."

Surgeon William Wallace Anderson, U. S. A. and C. S. A., born at Stateburg, S. C., December 14, 1824, graduated from the South Carolina College in 1846 and from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania in the spring of 1849. In the examination held by the Army Medical Board at New York City in May, 1849, he was one of three out of a class of over seventy selected to fill vacancies in the army, and from that time he was continuously in the United States service at Western posts, in Texas and New Mexico. After five years' service he attained the rank of captain. In 1855 he married Mary Virginia, daughter of Brig. Gen. Thomas Childs, of Massachusetts. He was stationed at San Antonio, Tex., at the post commanded by Col. R. E. Lee. When the United States troops evacuated Texas in the spring of 1861, his resignation was handed into Colonel Lee, and he came East at once and offered his services to the Confederacy at Montgomery, Ala., in May, 1861. The government was soon after transferred to Richmond, Va. Dr. Anderson reported to Dr. De Leon, who was temporary surgeon-general, and was appointed surgeon and medical director and purveyor at Winchester, Va., under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. In 1862 he was ordered to inspect hospitals and camps in Tennessee and Mississippi. He was in Nashville, Tenn., in the performance of this duty when Fort Donelson was captured and Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston evacuated his position near Nashville and removed to Corinth, Miss. Surgeon Anderson then inspected camps and hospitals in Northern Mississippi and Alabama. He was then assigned to duty as medical director to General Pemberton's division at Jackson, Miss., where he remained until after the capture of Vicksburg. Retiring to Marion, Ala., he reported to the surgeon-general, by whom he was assigned the duties of inspector of hospitals and camps in South Carolina, North Carolina, and Georgia. In the summer of 1864 he was relieved of that duty and appointed "Medical Inspector with Superintendence of Vaccination of the Armies, Hospitals, and Camps of Instruction of the Confederate States," with his office in Columbia, S. C. He continued in the performance of these duties until the close of the war. He held the rank of major in the service of the Confederate army.

Surgeon William Anderson inherited his father's tastes for natural history and science. While stationed at posts in Texas and New Mexico he became interested in making a collection of rare plants and birds, his finest specimens of birds being sent to the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, D. C., where his contributions were appreciated as of unusual interest and value. He also discovered and sent to Washington an entirely new species of bird, and in the grounds of the



SURGEON WILLIAM WALLACE ANDERSON, C. S. A.

old home in South Carolina still bloom fragrant shrubs which he sent there from the West so many years ago.

Immediately after the War between the States Dr. Anderson returned to Stateburg, his birthplace, where for forty-six years he lived, ministering to the sick and suffering as did his father before him. As a voluntary observer for many years, his meteorological records were of great value and service to the Weather Bureau at Washington in its research work.

And so he dwelt among the people of his beloved Southland, the exemplification of the highest qualities of Christian grace and manhood, passing beyond the portals in the higher life in his eighty-seventh year. Of him it can be truly said: "He did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

An interesting addition to this family was Col. Frederick Lynn Childs, of the old army and later of the Confederacy, who married Mary Hooper Anderson, the only daughter of Dr. William Wallace Anderson, in the year 1856. He was a graduate of West Point and the only son of Brig. Gen. Thomas Childs, U. S. A. His services to the Confederacy were invaluable; in the manufacture of the munitions of war he accomplished more than any other man. For over two years he was stationed at Charleston in command of the arsenal, where were twenty-five workshops and a foundry; he also directed eight or ten establishments in other parts of the State.

In a letter to his wife, dated July 30, 1862, he gives some of the items of one year's work:

"Two hundred and thirty artillery carriages made, 3,000,000 cartridges made here, 1,500,000 more imported, 215,000 pounds of powder imported, 27,000 rifles imported, nineteen cannon made and imported, more than 6,000,000 percussion caps imported, 110 sets of four-horse harness made and imported, 26,000 pounds of lead collected, equipments for 20,000 men, 2,300 swords and sabers, etc.

"We have just put up a new building for making cartridges. As soon as that is finished we will put up a larger carpenter shop and a larger blacksmith shop.

"This does not look as if I expected to go away. I think I am booked for the workshop for the remainder of the war, useful but inglorious. Colonel Gorgas has answered my letter as usual, 'of more service where I am than I could be in the field; hopes that War Department will not be unmindful of my services.' I see that young Fitzhugh Lee is gazetted as a brigadier general; he is one year my junior. There are four brigadiers but one year senior to me. Even old Slaughter is a brigadier general, and yet I must plod on as a captain and console myself with being useful. I would rather try to win promotion in the field. To think of our children reading the history of this revolution without seeing my name mentioned in it!

"However, I shall work a little longer. There is one more thing I want to see done for the defense of old Charleston, and that is to have furnaces made at Fort Sumter and Moultrie for firing molten iron into the Federal vessels when they come next fall."

He was some time later assigned to duty at Fayetteville, N. C., and at this arsenal he had seven or eight hundred hands under his supervision and control.

Theodore D. Wagner, of Charleston, wrote to Colonel Childs, saying: "For every ounce of saltpeter imported into the Confederacy they are indebted to you." While his classmates were winning fame upon the battle fields, this gallant soldier stifled his ambitions, renounced his preferences, and

sacrificed his career. Immured in these arsenals, his learning, skill, and executive ability were unstintedly bestowed upon the South for the defense of constitutional liberty, justice, and right. South Carolina became his State, and as one of her beloved sons he sleeps beneath her sod in the shadow of the Church of the Holy Cross, Stateburg.

SOME PRISON EXPERIENCES.

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

When we were received at Rock Island in January, 1864, there was no great reason for complaint of the treatment accorded us beyond the disagreeable fact that we were prisoners of war and as such practically removed from all the activities of life save those few inclosed by the guarded portals behind which we were confined. For a little while, a very little while, we had no complaint to make of the rations issued us either as to quantity or quality. Suddenly there came a change in every respect. Rations became shorter, much shorter, and the quality seemed to have also fallen off. When the authorities were questioned about this sudden change, the men were told that as the Confederates were starving the Federal prisoners, it had been decided to apply the same treatment to them in retaliation.

Now, your "really and truly" Yankee is a very shrewd individual, and it is not well to take him at his word in all things, as the prisoners were soon to learn. The rations continued to fall away in amount and to deteriorate as to quality, and finally one meal a day, and a very small one at that, became the rule. The prisoners were hungry, not for a little while, but all the time. When they had grown gaunt and hollowed-eyed, the real meaning of the cutting off of the rations was developed. The offer was made to the men to desert their colors, to enlist in the Yankee army and go to the plains of the West and fight hostile Indians. Those enlisting for three years were promised a bounty of \$300; those for one year, \$100. The promise was made that they should not be required to fight their former comrades.

Now, this was where an explanation came of the wherefore of the short rations. The Yankee shrewdness came to the front in a bare-faced action repeated several times daily. A large wagon, loaded with every delicacy which the markets offered, was driven slowly through the prison, followed by many members of the "hunger squad," and as the wagon left the inclosure many of these went out with it. The insulting offer was made for many days at morning roll call and was discontinued only when there were no further responses. How many deserters there were is not known, but it is known that most of them were of foreign birth or extraction. But a small number of men of Southern birth responded, most of those who did so being those who had unwillingly entered the army through conscription and who had never really sympathized with the cause of the South. One Tennessee boy of decent parentage and appearance was known to have accepted the offer, but not one Kentuckian of character did so.

One can never tell what a Yankee is thinking about nor what he is going to do until he does it. Sometimes you do not even then. For instance, one Sunday morning at inspection the men were ordered to bring outside of the barracks all of their belongings and lay them on the ground in front of them. This was done, and then the devil was to pay and no pitch hot. From every man with two articles

of outer clothing, shoes, or blankets one was taken, and when the scheme of wholesale robbery was completed the articles taken were collected in one great heap across the "dead line" and left there to rot. Had they been given to the poorer prisoners who were ill clad and in great need, there would have been no complain from those who had been robbed; but when the outrage was kept in mind by that heap of rotting clothing, even the former Sunday school pupils forgot their early training and indulged in the most picturesque and ornate language ever heard on that island. The writer lost a pair of perfectly good shoes and feels his "dander rising" when he recalls the fact even at this late day, more than half a century after the offense was committed.

The punishments for real or imaginary offenses committed by the prisoners varied from half rations to a ride on "Morgan's mule" or tying up by the thumbs. The mule was a sharp-edged board set up on upright posts six feet or more in height. The most inveterate cavalryman never cared to repeat his first ride on the inert but thoroughly uncomfortable "Balaam," as those who had not ridden the animal called him.

Tying one up by the thumbs gave the very highest degree of suffering, for which reason it quickly superseded the "mule" and drove that animal out of business. A large spike driven into the fence, a four-inch timber, and a strong twine cord were the implements of torture. The twine was fastened to the thumbs, the victim placed on the timber, back to the fence, arms extended over his head, while he was ordered to stand on his tiptoes. The cord was placed over the spike, the timber removed from beneath his feet, and there you are. If you think you would like it, try it for five minutes and then multiply your sensations by two hours and let us hear from you. A Texan enduring a tour of that length of time begged for and was given the cord when released, explaining that he had become attached to it during the past two hours. Returning to his barracks, he exhibited the cord and casually remarked that he would "choke some Yankee to death with that string before this little war is over." And as he was a positive character, he probably kept his word.

There were many attempts to escape, of which few were successful. Once a tunnel was started under Barrack No. 41 and was progressing finely until a large rock was struck; but this did not stop the work, as an effort was made to dig around the obstruction. About this time the guards came in, found the tunnel and the tunnelers, and their effort came to an inglorious end. By some means the traitor who had betrayed his comrades became known, and the rapidity with which he went out of that prison could not have been taken with a stop watch. He must have had a vision of "death on a pale horse and hell following after," for not less than a thousand men were close upon his heels; and had he been caught, no power on earth could have saved his worthless life. He was never seen in the prison again. His vile treachery probably gained his release. The men engaged in digging the tunnel were sentenced to wear balls and chains for several weeks and were also put on half rations, which latter was no hardship, as the other prisoners shared their scanty rations with them to such an extent that they had more to eat than any other men in the prison. As for the balls and chains, a convenient nail would pick most of the locks, and the men wore their jewelry only when the guards were about.

There was another tunnel begun and completed to a point

beyond the outer line of the fence, but before it could be used as a means of escape a heavy rain fell, and the tunnel "caved in." This was the last effort at tunneling, as the authorities caused the prisoners to dig a wide trench down to the solid rock around the thirty-five acres in the inclosure. It is recalled that while this work was going on a Yankee officer remarked to a prisoner: "You fellows are so d— anxious to dig that we will give you plenty of it." And they did.

These reminiscences are written from no desire to stir up any bad feeling, but to show to the world that all the suffering among prisoners of war was not confined to Andersonville and Libby Prisons. There were others.

Of the 12,000 prisoners confined at Rock Island, more than 2,000 of them remain there. Starvation and smallpox did their deadly work well.

MEMORIES OF FORT WARREN PRISON.

Dr. W. M. Flynn writes from South Boston, Mass.:

"The article in the February VETERAN on 'Political Prisoners' reminded me of an incident of last Memorial Day that will be interesting because the autograph album at your disposal may contain the name of Edward J. Johnston, of the Confederate States navy, who was a prisoner at Fort Warren (Georges Island), Boston Harbor, and died there in 1863. Recently the government removed from Fort Warren to Deer Island (Boston Harbor) the bodies of eighty-two United States soldiers and the remains of one Confederate officer. The tablet on the latter grave reads:

"In memory of
Edward J. Johnston,
1st Asst. Engineer C. S. Navy, who
died while a prisoner of war in Fort
Warren October 14, 1863,
aged 36 years, 9 months.

As a memorial of the regard and respect his brother officers and fellow prisoners of C. St. Atlanta have placed this tablet to mark his last resting place."

"For more than a score of years Gen. R. S. Mackenzie Garrison, Army and Navy Union of Boston, has on Memorial Day decorated with flowers this Confederate officer's grave and with United States flags the graves of the United States soldiers interred at Fort Warren. On the 30th of May last, when Adj. George S. Cunningham, in command of the Army and Navy Union, was about to board the boat at City Point, South Boston, he was deeply impressed by the presentation of a Confederate grave marker, the offering of Miss Nellie J. Hickey, of Washington Post, G. A. R., Woman's Relief Corps No. 91, of South Boston. She explained that she had received the marker from a Massachusetts friend traveling in the South and wished to make appropriate use of it.

"This may be the only instance where a Confederate soldier died and was buried in New England during the War between the States and whose body remains here. In later years some ex-Confederates settled here and there in the North and were buried there, but probably none other remains in New England who died during the war. I treasure the hope that one or more surviving fellow prisoners from the Confederate steamer Atlanta will be heard from, the men who contributed to the original tablet, and it would be a graceful act for some of them to furnish a Confederate flag for the marker. Miss Hickey, having shown the right spirit, would doubtless be happy to perpetuate the custom herself."

TYPICAL GUERRILLAS OF THE WAR PERIOD.

REPRESENTING THE CHARACTER OF THE HOME GUARD
ENEMY.

[The following narrative is intended as a sequel to the article in the *VETERAN* for March which concerned the home guard organization and its nefarious enemy and as a substantiation by both a participant in and an eyewitness to the "Fort Hamby Affair"—an irrefutable *a posteriori* testimony—of the base character of the home enemy. This narrative, a thrilling record of two Northern deserters, Wade and Simmons, guerrilla terrorizers of Wilkes County, N. C., and the capture and destruction of their armed rendezvous, "Fort Hamby," was published by my father's old chaplain, Rev. W. R. Gaultney, chaplain of the 1st North Carolina Regiment of Infantry, in the *News and Observer*, Raleigh, May 17, 1903. The author has been dead some five or six years. He was an upright, honest, and withal a real man, having at his death served fifty years as a minister in the Baptist Church. The *News and Observer* containing his interesting narrative is a gift from my aunt, Miss Mattie Gertrude Curtis, and the story is reproduced complete, with an occasional correction. —Finley Paul Curtis, Jr.]

Stoneman's March.

In March, 1865, General Stoneman left East Tennessee, moving on from Taylorsville, Tenn., through Watauga County to Deep Gap, in the Blue Ridge. On the 26th of March he entered Boone, N. C., and on the following day the column was divided, one division, under General Stoneman, marching toward Wilkesboro, while the other, under General Gillam, crossed the Blue Ridge at Blowing Rock and went to Patterson, in Caldwell County, whence he joined General Stoneman at Wilkesboro. On the 31st of March General Stoneman moved over into Surry County in the direction of Mount Airy. During Stoneman's march through this section of the State his men committed many depredations. After leaving Wilkesboro a number of the lawless of his command deserted Stoneman's army and, with other worthless characters, led by two desperate men, Wade and Simmons, completely terrorized Wilkes and portions of other counties by their frequent raids. They organized two bands.

These bands would ride into a yard, dismount, place their guards, and enter the house, covering the cowering occupants with loaded pistols and warning them with oaths that "if you open your mouths, we will drop you in your tracks." Some of the band would seize all the horses and cows, while others would search the house, rifling trunks and drawers and taking anything they wanted. It must be remembered that at that time every man fit for military service was in the army, and the country was almost completely at the mercy of the robbers. Even after Lee's surrender and the soldiers began to return home this state of affairs continued. These marauders then divided into two bands, one with headquarters in the Brushy Mountain, led by Simmons; the other with headquarters in the Yadkin Valley, in Wilkes County, led by Wade. Ofttimes these two bands operated together; but as the writer had to deal with Wade's band and with it had a most lively experience, this article will be principally devoted to him and his fiendish work.

Wade came from Michigan and claimed the rank of major in Stoneman's army. The house in which he was fortified (his headquarters) stood on the road leading from Wilkesboro to Lenoir and nearly a mile from Holman's Ford, where the Valley Road crosses the Yadkin River. The house was situated on a high hill commanding a fine view of the Yadkin

Valley and of the Valley Road for a distance of a mile above and a mile below the ford. The house fronted the river on the south. On the west Lewes's Fork, a stream smaller than the Yadkin River, emptied into it. On the north and east lay a wide belt of thick woods. In this section were many sympathizers, if not aiders and abettors, of the band. From this position the Yadkin Valley and the surrounding country for half a mile in every direction could be swept and controlled by Wade's guns. There is a legend that on this very hill Daniel Boone was fortified against the Indians. It would have been difficult to find a stronger location, both offensive and defensive, than this. The house was built of logs two stories high. The robbers had cut portholes for their rifles in the upper story. They had army guns of the best type and could command the approach to the house from all directions. Nothing could be more hazardous than to attempt to reach it. This house belonged to some disreputable woman by the name of Hamby, and after Wade had occupied and fortified it its name became "Fort Hamby."

It is not known just how many men were engaged in these depredations. Perhaps the number actually engaged was not more than thirty. A list of eighteen names was found when the fort was taken, but more than that number were known to cooperate with them. They showed a spirit of revenge and a desire for plunder in all their raids. Indeed, they seemed to think that they must treat with the utmost cruelty all who were not in sympathy with them. They were brave men and well drilled. All the people of Wilkes County lived in constant dread of them, frightened by every bark of a dog or the rattling of leaves. Life seemed worse than death. All Wilkes County was subdued by them. They made several raids into Alexander and Caldwell Counties, robbing the citizens and subjecting men and women to the grossest insults.

On the 7th of May, 1865, they made a raid into Caldwell County. Maj. Harvey Bingham, with a few men, made a well-planned movement on the fort the Sunday night following. It seems that Wade and his men were not aware of Bingham's approach until he and his men had entered the house. Wade and his men announced their helpless condition and begged for their lives. No guns being seen, Bingham believed them his prisoners. He gave Wade and his men time to dress, after which, at a moment when their captors were off their guard, they rushed to their guns, which were concealed about their beds, and opened fire on them. The result was that Clark, a son of General Clark, of Caldwell County, and Henly, of the same county, were killed. The others escaped, leaving the bodies of Clark and Henly.

The Saturday night following the raiders crossed into Alexander County, intending to capture and kill W. C. Green, son of Rev. J. R. Green, who had been a lieutenant in the Confederate army. Rev. Mr. Green had been informed of the expressed purpose to kill his son and was on the lookout for them, ready to give them a warm reception. They surrounded the house. Wade, as usual when he wanted to enter a house without force, was wearing a Confederate gray uniform. He claimed to be an officer in the Confederate army returning home and desired a night's lodging. The moon was shining brightly, so Mr. Green could easily see him and his men. "I know you," he said, "and you cannot enter my house unless you enter it over my dead body." Brave Mr. Green had his position at the door with a pistol in one hand and a shining dirk in the other. His son was at the front window, and his daughter was at another window armed with a knife of long, keen blade. They had taken five of their servants into their confidence, had armed them

also, and had placed them in the rear of the house. Three of the gang were about to enter through a window in the rear of the building when Lieutenant Green, leaving his position in the front, rushed to the place, knocked out a pane, and fired into the trio, slightly wounding one of them. Whereupon the robbers withdrew, leaving two of their horses and two or three of their hats, and went in haste back to the fort. The next day (Tuesday) Colonel Sharpe gathered together about twenty men, soldiers who had returned from Appomattox, and pursued them. Crossing the Yadkin River, they rushed up to within a few feet of the fort; but two of his men, James Linney, brother of Hon. R. Z. Linney, and Jones Brown, were killed and left in the yard. The rest of the pursuers, some of them springing from their horses and running zigzag on foot, escaped. They managed to get together, however, at Moravan Falls and returned home greatly dejected, while the robbers were much emboldened by their two victories in one week. The tragic death of Linney and Brown cast the darkest shadow of gloom and sadness over the whole community.

"What shall be done?" Every one asked the burning question. Some thought there was little or no hope of anything being done. Some who had been in the pursuit were really afraid to go again, and they did not go.

Now I must speak as an eyewitness of all that follows. Upon my return from the army I took a small school in Alexander County and boarded in the home of Ellis Haynes, Esq. The company which was driven from the fort the Sunday before was made up in this community.

Colonel Sharpe called together and held a consultation with a number of toughened Confederate soldiers, and it was soon decided that another effort should be attempted to dislodge Wade and his gang from the fort and put an end to the work of plunder and murder. I left my school in the hands of one of my pupils and joined the company, which numbered about twenty men. We started on Tuesday afternoon following the Sunday on which our Alexander men had been repulsed. Having crossed the Brushy Mountains at Cove Gap, just before reaching Moravan Falls, in Wilkes County, we met a man from near Holman's Ford who informed us that Wade was looking for us and that he hoped we would come on. We halted, held a consultation, and sent one of our men into Iredell County to ask Col. Robert V. Cowan, who had commanded the 33d Regiment of North Carolina State Troops in the war just closed, to gather up all the returned soldiers he could and to come to Holman's Ford with all possible speed. We sent another one of our members to the headquarters of a portion of the Federal army encampments near Lexington, N. C., to inform them of the condition of things in Wilkes County and to ask them to send and relieve the situation as early as they possibly could do so. We then continued our march, reaching Moravan Falls about sunset, where we remained until near midnight; then we moved slowly and cautiously up the road leading to Holman's Ford. The night was dark, especially the latter part of it, and all felt that the march was fraught with danger. Coming within a mile or less of the ford, a voice sharp and clear called out: "Halt! Who goes there?" "Men from Alexander," replied Colonel Sharpe. "Who are you?" "Oxford's men from Caldwell County," came the quick response. "Advance!"

This was indeed good news to us. We found Oxford's men all sleeping soundly in the woods near the road, except two or three who were walking the sentinel's beat. We

shared their bed of leaves till break of day, when the call came to "rise and fall in line." The two companies together numbered not more than forty men. We left the road leading to the ford and turned up the river to the left and crossed at a small ford on the farm of a Mr. Tolbart, then ascended a hill to the Valley Road and, dismounting, fed our horses, opened our haversacks, and ate breakfast in the yard of Mr. Tolbart. In his house a woman was dying who, with her husband the day before, was approaching the ford in a wagon and was shot by one of the robbers from the fort, more than a quarter of a mile distant.

Mr. Tolbart was a very nervous man. It was little wonder living so close to those fortified devils. "You men may easily judge," he told us, "what my fears of these robbers are and what are my feelings toward them; yet I dare not say a word. My advice to you all is that you go back home, for with that force you will not be able to take them. They are on the lookout for you, and they have doubtless sent to their sympathizers for recruits; and should you fall into their hands, they will surely kill you. No doubt they are lying in those thickets in ambush for you, and as soon as you turn the top of that hill you are in danger of sudden death."

Tolbart's words struck fear into many of our men. We held a council of war. A few of our bravest men were in favor of going back and waiting until we could get a larger force, but by a large majority it was decided to go on. After passing the top of the hill and coming to a little narrow foot-path heading through a long stretch of thickets and old field pines, the Colonel turned to me. "You take these five men, Gaultney," he commanded, "and follow this path until you reach the hill yonder on the west of the fort, between which hill and fort runs Lewes's Fork. Feel your way carefully through the thicket, and when you reach the hill scour it thoroughly and see that there is no one on it. I will take the company and station them on the north and east of the fort, thus having them surrounded, with the Yadkin River on the south. When the men are all stationed, a gun will be fired on the east to let you know that we are in place." So saying, he marched away with the company.

I took the five men, and we followed the narrow, dark path in single file, expecting every moment to be ambushed. We breathed not a free breath until we had reached the hill, scoured it, and, happily, found no one on it. We had been in many dangerous places during the war, but never was our courage tried more thoroughly than in creeping over that dark, narrow path. We felt that the enemy, whom we could not see, was about to launch us into eternity. Never were we so conscious of safety as when we reached that hill, where we felt that in the fight we could see the foe. We had been on the hill only a few moments when one of the robbers was seen leaving the fort and going into the field below, where several fine horses were grazing. He bridled one of them, and while he was doing so I ran down the hill about twenty yards toward the creek (Lewes's Fork) and from a pine tree tried to get a shot at him. But, there being so many trees in the way, he led the horse rapidly away beyond some thickly timbered land, and so was out of sight. In less than five minutes I heard behind me on the hilltop one of my men snap his gun. Turning, I saw that he was pointing his rifle toward the creek below me. His piece snapped several times. I knew he was trying to shoot one of Wade's band; and though I could not see him, I felt that the man was between me and the creek. Then I saw another one of my men hand his gun to the one whose rifle would not fire.

Raising the rifle to his shoulder, he pulled the trigger. I have never heard a gun roar any louder. He had shot at one of the robbers sitting on the bank of the creek, but missed him. The fellow pitched forward into the creek and ran down the Yadkin. The creek was so thickly overhung with dense growth that we saw no more of him. We supposed that he was then watching our approach. If he knew of our presence till fired on, we knew not. The warning he got saved his life, for he did not return to the fort. Our men kept up firing on the fort all day, and they returned our fire and shot with such accuracy that we had to keep at a great distance behind logs and trees. In a very few minutes after the shot was fired at the robber on the creek bank one of the men from the east of the fort fired his gun to let us know that all the men were stationed. Then such a yell was raised in the fort as we never heard before nor since. Most fearful oaths! It was more like the howling of devils, cursing us and daring us to come on, trying evidently to make us believe that they were there in strong force.

Night came on, and it was very dark and cloudy. Another council of war was held. Some advised that, in view of our small number and the probability of their bringing in recruits that night and surrounding us, it would be the part of wisdom to withdraw and wait till we could rally greater forces. Others said that if we did not dislodge them then they would never return for another effort. A majority of us declared that we could whip all the recruits that might come and that we must stay till the fort was taken, saying: "Death is preferable to the miserable life which they are causing us to lead, and, live or die, let us stay till the work is done."

We stayed. And in the darkness we constructed a new line of breastworks nearer the fort and kept on shooting at the house for some time after dark. The enemy fired no more after it became too dark for them to see us. We had in our Alexandria company a man from Iredell County by the name of Wallace Sharpe. His station was near the spring, and between him and the fort and very near it stood the old kitchen built of pine logs, covered with boards, and it was very old and dry. "Wal" Sharpe, as soon as he could see signs of approaching day, pulled off his shoes and very quietly made his way to the old kitchen, pushed some dry trash into a crack, struck a match to it, and then ran back to his station. Soon the entire kitchen was ablaze, and you may be sure that no fire was ever watched more eagerly. Very soon the sparks began to fall onto the roof of the fort, and then little blazes sprang up here and there on the roof, whereupon our men raised a shout of joy.

And then the robbers raised a yell. One of our men called loudly for their surrender. They asked what we would do with them if they surrendered. "Wal" Sharpe replied with an oath: "We will kill the last one of you." Then they came out, with Wade in front. He raised his hat and touched his head, as though he would surrender, then darted like an arrow down the steep hill toward the river, and so on through our lines, our men firing several shots at him; but, it being too dark to see, not a single shot struck him. He sped across the bottom to the Yadkin River and hid under the bank of the river. With all our searching we failed to find him. He told afterwards that some of our men came within six feet of him. We tracked him to the river, but could get no further trace of him. Such leaps as he made across the bottom, according to his tracks, it seemed impossible for a man to make. As soon as the others came out of the fort they were seized by the soldiers, and it seemed that they

would be torn to pieces. They were in the hands of men whose mothers, wives, and sisters they had insulted. The whole company was for a little while an infuriated mob. Then for the first time some of us were impressed with the fact that there is nothing to be feared so much as a company of men so enraged as to lose their heads.

Men were commanded to climb to the top of the fort and extinguish the fire, so that sufficient time would be had to ascertain what was concealed therein. Property of nearly every description was found and many fine dresses and ladies' hats which they had taken for the dissolute woman who occupied the house. About twenty fine horses were in the pasture near by. They were returned to their owners. Stakes having been erected for their execution, the guerrillas were told that they must die. They begged to be imprisoned for life, but were told that they must be disposed of as they had disposed of Clark, Henley, Linney, and Brown. Passing with them through the yard to the place of execution, Colonel Sharpe told them that they could have a little while to make any preparation for death should they desire to do so. They began praying, but their whole prayer was: "Men, save us."

"Don't pray to us," exclaimed "Wal" Sharpe with an oath. "Pray to God; he alone can save you." Some of the men, still burning with rage, began to ridicule and mock them.

"Men," said "Wal" Sharpe, "we have given them time to repent, and you shall not bother them."

Colonel Sharpe then commanded every one to be quiet. All was still. He turned to me and asked me to pray for them.

"Colonel," I replied, "I cannot, for I have never had such feelings as I have now. I feared to approach the throne of grace just then, lest I might come into His presence without sincere desires. Rev. Isaac Oxford, captain of the Caldwell company, said to me: 'Hold my gun, and I will pray for them.'"

I took his gun, and he thanked God that none of us were killed and that justice had overtaken them at last, and this was about the burden of his prayer, which was nothing more than a thanksgiving.

We then moved on to the place of execution and bound them to the stakes. But before they were executed I turned to Colonel Sharpe and said: "Colonel, I believe I feel a desire to pray for them now." He said he would be glad for me to do so. I tried to pray for their forgiveness and salvation with all the earnestness of my soul. In a moment the command was given to fire, and they were sent into eternity.

The following incident may be of interest in this connection:

In our Alexandria company there was a young man by the name of Froney Roseman, who could shoot a rifle with great accuracy. He was a devoted friend of James Linney, who was killed there the Sunday before. He had learned from one of the robbers that Will Beck was the one who had killed Linney. They had dug a hole into which they had thrown Linney's body and had covered him up. Taking up his body, it was found that the Minie ball had entered just above his right eye. Roseman asked Colonel Sharpe to appoint him as the detail to execute Beck. The request was granted. Roseman turned to us and said: "Now I am going to hit him just above the eye in the same place as he shot my friend Linney." And he did exactly what he had said he would do, as though he had placed it there with his fingers.

The question then arose as to what we should do with the house. Without much parleying it was consigned to the torch.

Several barrels of unshelled corn were taken from the upper story of the building. When the flames had reached the lower basement the report of loaded firearms resounded like a lively skirmish. How many guns and how much ammunition they had stored away we were unable to determine. Such was the fate of "Fort Hamby."

Wade was seen by some one in that vicinity not many days afterwards. He said he lay all day under the bank of the river, and sometime in the night he came out, walked around, discovered what had been done, and then went away. He said he should leave that part of the country very soon. He has never been heard of since. What a pity that he too did not suffer death!

On our way back to Alexandria County we met Colonel Cowan, of Iredell County, with twelve or fifteen men, coming to our assistance. We also met some of the citizens of Wilkes County coming with wagonloads of provisions for us. When they heard what had been done they must have been thrilled as deeply with joy as were our forefathers when they heard of the victory of Yorktown.

The next morning before starting to my school I saw coming down the road from the direction of Fort Hamby twelve men on horseback. They wore, like all the robbers, Northern blue uniforms. Naturally I supposed that they were some of the recruits who were expected to defend Fort Hamby and that they were after wreaking vengeance on all who had taken part in the extinction of Wade's band. As they approached the gate (I was boarding in the home of Ellis Haynes, Esq.) I turned back to my room, which was on the first floor, locked myself in, and examined several guns, which I always kept loaded, determined to sell my life dearly. They dismounted and came in, asking if they could get breakfast and their horses fed. Mr. Haynes told them they could. They seated themselves on the porch and entered into a lively conversation with Mr. Haynes. Of course I was listening. From all I could gather, they were not the men whom I had supposed them to be, so I walked out into their midst. They asked me if I knew anything of a band of robbers near Holman's Ford, in Wilkes County. I told them I did. They said they had heard that the fort had been taken and the band dislodged, asking me if this was true. It was, I told them. Was I there, and did I take part in it? Yes, I told them. Still uncertain as to who they were and what their mission might be, I determined not to tell who else helped to take it. They then asked me what we did to those robbers, and I replied that we had tied them to stakes and shot them.

"I am glad of it," said the lieutenant in command. "You have saved us the trouble of it; for had they fallen into our hands, we should have executed them." He then told us that the message which we had sent while on our way to Fort Hamby had reached their headquarters, and they were on the way to settle all these troubles and to put an end to all lawlessness. It can be truthfully said that no men, from whatsoever section, ever came into that part of our State who were more cordially welcomed. The lieutenant had thirty-one men in his command on that trip, but two other divisions of them had gone to other places for breakfast.

They went on into the mountains and captured the notorious Simmons, whose name has been mentioned in connection with that of Wade's. They took him to their encampment near Lexington, N. C., and put him in the guardhouse. While plundering and murdering in the mountains Simmons had supplied himself with a good deal of gold and silver, where-with he succeeded in bribing his guard and making his escape.

He has never been heard of since in those parts. May a deserving fate have overtaken him!

In August, 1865, I was asked to take a school in Wilkesboro and entered upon the work the first of September. The schoolhouse stood on a high ridge west of the town, nearly a mile from the courthouse. I boarded in the home of Mr. Hezekiah Curtis [my grandfather—*F. P. C., Jr.*] at the ford of the Yadkin River on the road leading from Wilkesboro, in Ash County. It was just about a mile from Mr. Curtis's to the courthouse and about a quarter of a mile to the schoolhouse. I went to my boarding place each day for my dinner, as did also his son [Finley P. Curtis, my father—*F. P. C., Jr.*], his daughter [my aunt, Miss Mattie Gertrude Curtis—*F. P. C., Jr.*], and a young lady [Miss Eva Baker] who was boarding there. The first week in October the first court that had been held in a long time was in session, presided over by Judge Anderson Mitchell, of Statesville.

One day during that week, just after dinner, while in the sitting room with the two sons and three daughters of Mr. Curtis and the young lady who was boarding there, two men rode up to the gate, into the yard, and right up to the window of the room in which we were sitting, and one of them asked Judson, the eldest son of Mr. Curtis [my uncle, now living in Spencer, Ind.—*F. P. C., Jr.*], for some powder to load his pistol, saying with an oath that he had just shot at a Rebel and must have powder to reload. Judson told him he could not get it. He then swore he would come in and take it by force. Whereupon Judson turned to me and asked: "What must I do, Mr. Gaultney?"

"Do not let him have it," I advised him earnestly, "from now till doomsday; and if he attempts to come in here, we will kill him."

On two occasions before this the Hamby gang had entered this home, rifled every trunk and drawer, and broken up furniture, and these men were known to be their sympathizers. He then rode to a negro cabin near by and, learning where Mr. Curtis was at work, galloped up to him and, pointing his pistol at his head, demanded: "Give me powder to load my pistol, or I will blow your brains out."

"If you get any powder from me," Mr. Curtis replied, "it will be burnt first." [This was the second time my grandfather had uttered this ultimatum to bushwhackers—*F. P. C., Jr.*] He came to the house and told his son Finley to go into the small room in the rear of the building and "load those guns as quickly as possible." Finley and I had them loaded in less than five minutes.

"I want you to understand, Mr. Curtis," I said, taking my place by the front window, "that I purpose to kill him instantly if he attempts to enter this house."

"That is exactly what I want you to do," he replied.

The young bushwhacker had dismounted and was throwing his bridle rein over the horse rack. At this moment Mr. Curtis's eldest daughter came to me frantic with fear, begging me to put down the gun and have nothing to do with the man, saying that some one would be killed. I begged her to go at once to the rear part of the house, where she would be out of danger, saying that I had rather die than live in this way. Finley had taken his stand at the front door and his father at the parlor window. Seeing that we were armed and ready, the bushwhacker hastily remounted, leaving his confederate at the gate. "Remain here until I return," he said. "I will go to town, collect my band, and come back to get what I want."

He galloped away toward town. I went out to the gate

and told the guard to take his companion away as soon as he returned; that we did not wish to hurt any one.

"You have guns in that house, haven't you?" he asked me.

"It is our business to know that," I replied.

Meanwhile we had sent Judson Curtis through the bottoms to the courthouse to inform the judge and sheriff of what was transpiring. I sent the two young ladies to the schoolhouse to tell the young men, who had served in the war, to come immediately to me. They came, and I had not more than time to tell them what was up when the guerrilla leader, with several other men, came galloping down the road, brandishing their pistols. As they approached the gate we moved into the house and took places with our guns. When they reached the gate the leader stopped and said: "Here is the place." But, seeing our increased force and the advantage we had in the house, the others took his horse's bridle and said: "Come on, fool; come on." And on across the ford and so out of sight they went. That night the sheriff with a posse pursued them and captured the first two mentioned and carried them before Judge Mitchell, who imposed a fine upon each and sent them to jail for a term of months. When the Judge sentenced the young man to jail he told him that had he persisted in going into that house he would have been killed. In a few days the young man sent his mother word to sell his pistols, saying that he would never buckle on another. They served out their time in prison, and both became good citizens, and, so far as I know, they may be living to-day. This was the last of the troubles which followed the war in all that section of the State.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE OLD SOUTH.

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In studying the war between the sections of our country we must take into account their differences of temperament, occupations, and customs if we would understand the real nature of the conflict. Originally belonging to a common stock, they had many characters in common. But occupying an extensive territory and coming to it for different reasons, the differences of climate, of soil, of pursuits, of habits—in a word, of environment—modified the natural disposition and tendencies and ideals of the people until the differences became as marked as the resemblances. The Southern people, influenced largely by their peculiar conditions and institutions, developed a distinct type of character and a definite civilization not only different from, but antagonistic to, Northern ideas.

The Civil War was, in a special sense, a conflict of opposite ideals, not only of government, but of industry, society, and religion. Both sections were descended from liberty-loving ancestry and were made up of masterful men who were ready to fight for a principle. But I do not think it unjust or untrue to say that the devotion to principle came to be in the North the more influenced by material considerations and consequences than in the South. For example, in the Revolution, 1775-83, New England was led to revolt largely by the unjust interference with her commercial and financial interests; while Virginia and South Carolina vied in resistance to British aggressions from opposition to tyranny, although they were not suffering from the tyranny. The War of 1812 was brought on by the South because of England's insolent demands and insults to our country, and it was opposed by New England because it interfered with her trade.

In Washington Irving's "Life of Washington," the large

five-volume edition, a letter is given written to Washington, who had complained bitterly of the New England troops. The letter was from Gen. Nathaniel Green, the ablest of Washington's subordinates and himself a New England man. He urged patience and forbearance on the commander in chief because the New England men had been so long engaged in trade that they had become narrow in their views and looked at things from the commercial standpoint rather than the patriotic side. Now, the characteristics of the Southern people were more and more emphasized and differentiated as the antagonism between the ideals and occupations of the sections became more pronounced, and they were called upon to defend themselves and their institutions against the bitter criticisms of the North.

The South was the home of the purest race of English-speaking people—English, Scotch, Irish, and Scotch-Irish, with the noble French Huguenot mingled to form a homogeneous race, untouched by foreign immigration. They had great traditions of an ancestry that had resisted tyranny. The Cavalier, most misrepresented of men, with his loyalty to established order; the Covenanter, with his tenacity of purpose, his love for education, his martyr courage; the Huguenot, with his brilliant devotion to high ideals, for which he had poured his blood like festal wine; the Irishman, witty, gay, marching to battle as to a banquet—these, with some slight mixture of the phlegmatic, steady, thoroughgoing German, made up a people who had no superiors in the annals of time.

And the institution of African slavery had the effect of forming an aristocracy of color. It was white color that was the badge of superiority and placed all classes on a level.

There has been an immense amount of misrepresentation as to class distinctions and exclusive circles in the South who, boasting of blood and birth, trusted themselves and despised others. It is true that there was and yet is a pride of family which cherishes the memory of noble ancestry as a precious heritage and which would guard with jealousy against a stain in the blood. But this is part of that Anglo-Saxon refusal to mingle its blood with the inferior races, and it is as marked in New England as in any section of our land. We all recognize the sturdy virtues, the persistent courage, the stern if somewhat gloomy morality of the Puritan, and his descendants have a right to be proud of his great history and of his resistance to tyranny. But we resent the constant effort of Northern writers to depreciate the virtues and services equally worthy of other sections, especially the systematic ignoring or sneering at the South as if her people were lawless, idle, uncultivated in any high sense, extravagant, domineering, and cruel.

Now, there were, it is true, some pretentious and pompous individuals who laid claim to special aristocratic privileges and looked down on their neighbors. But these claims were looked on usually with good-humored contempt, and their effusive asserters were regarded like potatoes—the best part underground. Throughout the South I doubt whether there was ever an aristocrat more jealous of his dignity than John Hancock, of Massachusetts. In our social life character has always counted for more than blood or money. And in the communities which I knew in the old days the rich planter, the small farmer, the merchant, professional man, and mechanic met and mingled on terms of equality. And from the classes of plain people sprang some of the most distinguished of our citizens.

It has been charged again and again, not only in professed

histories, but also in works of Northern and English writers on moral and political and social science, that the effect of domestic slavery must necessarily degrade, even brutalize, both master and slave. And to uphold this contention the relationship in the South has been misrepresented, and the treatment of the slaves has been the subject of a vast mass of falsehood and vilification of Southern people, who were represented as perpetrating or tolerating unutterable cruelties on the helpless negroes.

That the institution of slavery did exercise a strong influence on the character of both master and slave is not denied. But we do most emphatically deny that it was "evil and only evil and that continually." While it lifted the slave from the savagery of African fetishism to the privileges of the Christian home, it also laid on the white owner the responsibility of caring for the wants and directing the labor of the weaker race. It developed the strong and masterful spirit which knows how to rule and which at the same time knows how to bear with the weak and protect them just because they are weak—the spirit of *noblesse oblige*. It is shown in the fact that in actual contact with the negro the Southern man is far more patient and less exacting than the Northern man. Above all else, the influence of negro slavery on all classes was to cultivate pride of race. White color was the badge of social quality which made the poorest Southern white cringe to none, because he felt himself the equal of any man.

It was this race, strong, self-reliant, courageous, that composed the Southern armies. We had no alien mercenaries whose only knowledge of the war was, "Ve fights mit Sigel." But we had men, "native and to the manner born," who "knew their rights and, knowing, dared maintain."

For my children I have written of life in the village in Middle Tennessee in which I was brought up, which was a typical community of the farming States in the South, and also of plantation life in Louisiana, where I preached for a while. From that experience I learned certain traits of Southern character which account in some measure for the readiness to go to war and the tenacity with which they fought against overwhelming odds for their cause. I shall here briefly mention these traits.

1. They were a home-loving people. They were attached to the land—every man tried to own some of the soil. And however humble or stately his house, it was his castle. There he was master. The family was the unit of the community. He loved to have enough land to give him room to do as he pleased, expand his chest, breathe freely, and place his stable and his pig pen without asking the consent of his neighbor. He wished to leave land to his children and to have them settled around him. A cousin of mine lives now on the farm on which our great-grandfather settled in 1790. And I have heard that the farm of one of my ancestors, on which the battle of Guilford Courthouse was partly fought in 1781, is still in possession of their descendants, and a few years ago the old house was standing. Near Nashville the fine estate of Travelers' Rest has been in possession of the Overton family over one hundred years. Usually the plainer people were content to live and die in the same neighborhood and were not curious to see strange countries. I remember a lovely old lady whose son had built a large steam mill near her, and one time her daughter had been near the Cumberland River and had seen a steamboat pass. The daughter wanted to take a trip to Nashville, some forty miles distant. I think she wished to hear Jenny Lind, who was to sing in the city.

The mother said: "I can't see why Sarah wants to go to Nashville. I have seen Billy's mill, and that is enough for me. But Sarah has seen Billy's mill and a steamboat, and she ought to be satisfied."

2. Of course one would say that these people were densely ignorant, and one of the frequent charges is that the South was illiterate. In a sense that was true—that is, there were many who could not read and write. But that statement was greatly exaggerated. In nearly every family there were a few good books. Many had very considerable collections. But in every neighborhood several weekly secular and religious papers were taken, and their contents were discussed in neighborly gatherings and at the store or smithy until nearly all were posted as to the religious and political events of the day. And I have heard men of very limited school education who could discuss the questions at issue in Church and State with remarkable intelligence. Indeed, in this day, when education has become almost a fad and the idea prevails that a college diploma will open the gates of heaven to its holder, there is danger of mistaking the real nature of education. In the Old South there were more colleges, academies, and college men than in any other section according to population; yet there were numbers of men really and practically educated who never attended a school, their faculties trained by reading and contact with men.

In my regiment of a thousand men there were not more than a hundred who belonged to slaveholding families. There were not more than fifty who had an education above what the ordinary common school gave. Yet around our camp fires I heard discussions not only of the war, but of great moral and political questions, which showed strength of mind and real thought.

3. Men felt that in the war they were fighting for their homes against invaders of their dearest rights, for they were a liberty-loving people. Their ancestors had resisted the tyranny of the mother country, and they were quick to suspect and prompt to resent any infringement of their political rights. Politics engaged much of the thought of the Southern people. Their statesmen were in the foremost ranks of intellect. The masses took the deepest interest in political questions, and party lines were distinctly and intelligently drawn. Election to State, county, or Federal office was the reward of service to a community. As an illustration, I was brought up in a law office. My father was a lawyer and clerk of the circuit court, and I was his deputy. I had opportunity to do some service for nearly every man in the county. One day a man whom I knew well came to me to write a deed for him, and when I refused pay he said: "Well, we are going to do something for you as soon as you get a license to practice law." I told him that I had given up the idea of being a lawyer and was soon going to a theological school to study for the ministry. He seemed very much disappointed and said with an air of sadness: "Well, Jim, I am mighty sorry, for we have talked it over and made up our minds just as soon as you come of age that we was goin' to send you to the legislatur', and we just knowed you'd keep a-climbin'." That was his idea of reward.

4. These traits of love for home, thoughtfulness, and love for liberty or patriotism were reinforced by a keen sense of personal honor. Any reflection on a man's veracity or his honesty was promptly resented, generally with a blow. A man's word must be taken at its face value. The system of dueling was the result of a false sense of honor. But strongly as we must condemn the duel as foolish and sinful, yet it is

better for social order than the way of personal abuse and low vituperation by men who acknowledge no personal accountability for their words. Originally it was the protest of the weaker against the bully. One of the consequences of this sensitiveness was that principle was held above profit. A man was expected to vote his political principles, in his dealings to be strictly honest, in his friendships to make personal sacrifice if necessary. I never heard of vote-selling until awhile before the war, when it was charged as a common thing in the North and that it was beginning to be done in Kentucky. I remember that in 1856 in the contest for Governor in Tennessee the question of the currency and of banking was prominent, and I heard some gentlemen intimate that a certain bank had used money to corrupt the electors, and the remark was made that even if they believed it they could not prove it; and if any man was charged with buying or selling his vote, the accuser would have to fight. I also remember a conversation between General Zollicoffer, then a Congressman, and my father. They were on opposite sides in politics, but personal friends. Three Congressmen of the North, all, I think, of the new or "Black Republican party," as it was first called, had been expelled from Congress for bribery and corruption. My father expressed regret that any one in such a high place, whatever his politics might be, should be guilty of such an offense. General Zollicoffer replied that that was one thing no Southerner was ever suspected of, whatever other faults they might commit. And James G. Blaine in his book, "Twenty Years in Congress," bears testimony to the absolute integrity of the Southern Congressmen, who were scrupulously honest in guarding the public treasury, although personally extravagant. The same feeling for honor entered into men's friendships. If you were a man's friend, you must go on his note without inquiring as to the amount—a very foolish thing that often was used by false friends or by imprudent ones and that broke many a man with paying security debts. The sense of the obligations of honor caused gambling debts to have first claim because not to be collected by law—another folly, for the old credit system of the South in reality trusted a man's honor rather than the law for payment. I am by no means justifying these notions of honor in all cases, but I believe that, next to religion, this quick sensitiveness or "chastity of honor that felt a stain as a wound" was the best safeguard for society and for personal character.

Another characteristic of the South of the old days was the regard for woman. She was the center and queen of the social life. Hers was to care for and administer the living; the man's duty to provide the living. Any reflection on her was not tolerated for a moment. Not only was a man the champion of the women of his own household, but he was held beneath true manhood who would not protect any woman from insult. Sneeringly it is called chivalry, but true chivalry sweetened that old Southern life wonderfully.

The Southern man had profound reverence for religion even when he did not practice it. And the minister of the gospel received respect from all classes. During the war one of my ridiculous experiences was to overhear one of our soldiers cursing another furiously for having inadvertently sworn in my presence. He said: "I never swear without looking to see if the parson is around."

Now, these are the men that made the Southern army, and when it is charged that they were fooled or driven into war we realize that they are not the men to be deceived easily or driven readily into a movement with which they did not

sympathize. It was with a strong and intelligent conviction of duty that the vast mass of the Southern people supported the Confederate government as the defender of civil and religious liberty. They believed that the question at issue was far more important than slavery or emancipation, for not one-tenth of them owned slaves. With them it was a question of race rule and purity, of State equality under our Constitution, of the integrity of the home, of the separate sphere of the Church. And knowing the tremendous odds against them, they did their best for the righteous cause. They were defeated. Some say that shows that their cause was wrong and they were foolish to undertake it. Defeat often is the highest test of devotion to a principle. The man who prefers to die with the right rather than to live with unrighteousness in ease is neither a sinner nor a fool. Where among the conquerors can we find the superior of General Lee? Nay, can we find his equal? Yet he was simply *primus inter pares*, the consummate flower of the civilization of the South before the war.

Some years ago an article in a leading Northern magazine compared the ability of the two sections and showed the vast superiority of the North by giving the number of distinguished names in an encyclopedia of biography. The number from Massachusetts alone was beyond all from the Southern States. The encyclopedia was compiled by a Massachusetts man. Robert Ramtoul had a column, Henry Clay a little less, Calhoun a few lines, and Webster more than all.

FEDERAL DEFENSE AT SPRING HILL.

BY C. C. HULET, COMPANY A, 40TH INDIANA, V. V. I., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The affair at Spring Hill was the culmination of Hood's attempt to place his army in the rear of his opponent and thereby defeat and destroy him. That he did not succeed was owing to the unexpected opposition he met from the 2d Division of the 4th Corps, which so sturdily faced him and thwarted all his efforts to gain possession of the coveted pike.

The importance of the action at Spring Hill was never recognized as it deserved. The bloody battle of Franklin the next day and the battle of Nashville soon after, with the rout and pursuit of Hood's army, so filled the public mind that the less spectacular affair was in a measure lost sight of. That Hood bitterly regretted his failure to grasp this great opportunity is shown by his remarks after viewing his slain men on the field of Franklin. He said: "As I rode over the scene of action I could not but indulge in sad and painful thoughts as I beheld so many of our brave soldiers stricken down by an enemy who a few hours previous we held in the palm of our hands."

Hood had outgeneraled Schofield. Leaving a sufficient force at Columbia, on the south bank of Duck River, to amuse him with a feint of forcing a crossing while he at the head of the rest of his army, which outnumbered Schofield's two to one, marched by his flank to his rear and until he encountered the force at Spring Hill, his movement was completely successful. To the officers and men of the 2d Division should be given the credit for the salvation of our army at that point; for had Hood succeeded in throwing his forces across Schofield's line of retreat, the Union army would have been destroyed, the battle of Franklin would not have been fought, Nashville would probably have fallen, and with an army re-

cruited and abundantly supplied it is doubtful if Hood could have been checked south of the Ohio River. That our army escaped with its trains and artillery was little short of a miracle. Van Horne, in his history of the Army of the Cumberland, says: "It was 3 P.M. before Schofield became satisfied that Hood was moving two corps directly on Spring Hill and gave orders to withdraw from Duck River. His advance division reached Spring Hill about 11 P.M. The enemy was so close to the road that when a column was not moving on it it was difficult for a single horseman to pass. There was momentary expectation that this great army would take a step forward and press troops, artillery, and trains from the road in confusion and rout. Rarely has an army escaped so easily from a peril so threatening.

Soon after daylight on the morning of November 29, 1864, our division was ordered to march from Columbia to Spring Hill, twelve miles north on the Franklin Pike. At the same hour Hood's army, with the exception of two divisions, was crossing Duck River at Huey's Hill, three miles above Columbia, *en route* for the same place. As we approached Spring Hill we were met by an excited cavalryman with the report that Forrest's Cavalry was about to take possession of the town and pike. We were at once ordered forward at a double-quick, and as we came into line we opened fire on the enemy, who were advancing across an open field east of the pike in battle order. Forrest's men were soon driven from our front, but soon after made an attack on a wagon train on the road a short distance north of us and shortly afterwards a dash on the depot, one-half mile northeast of the village. In both attacks he was driven off without doing much damage.

As fast as our men arrived they were formed in line, facing southeast and east from the depot north of the town to the pike below. With one brigade posted on a wooded knoll some distance in front, commanding the approach from the southeast, we rested undisturbed for about two hours, when Hood's Infantry began to appear and form line of battle in our front. They soon attacked the advanced brigade on the knoll and after two attempts they succeeded in driving them from their position in some confusion. In attempting to follow up their success Cleburne's Division was struck in the flank by an enfilade fire from our batteries and so severely handled that they retired in disorder. During this time long lines of the Confederates were forming in front of our troops, which were strung out in a long, thin line, with no supports or reinforcements near enough to help us. Since early morning we had listened to the booming of our artillery at Columbia, where our troops were resisting the attempt of the enemy to force a passage of the river. Late in the day the firing increased in violence, indicating that our troops were still engaged at that place.

The Confederates continued massing in our front, and, with Forrest on or near the pike in our rear, the situation looked decidedly bad for us. We could see that we were greatly outnumbered. The artillery firing at Columbia convinced us that we could expect no help from that direction. With most of Hood's army in our immediate front, our forces twelve miles south on the bank of Duck River, we realized that the salvation of our army depended on our holding our position until the troops could march past the enemy we were facing.

Our forces were maneuvered to make as much show as possible. Skirmishers were thrown out in front and demonstrations made, which, with Cleburne's repulse, doubtless deceived Hood as to our strength and made him cautious.

Cheatham's Corps was in position long before dark; but as our skirmishers extended beyond his flank, he hesitated to attack until Stewart's Corps should form on his right. Before Stewart got into position darkness had fallen, and his troops bivouacked a short distance east of the pike in line of battle. As darkness came on our pickets were posted, three men on each post, with orders to hold their position to the last, and that there would be no relief. The ground in front of us was mostly open fields, with no cover of any kind between us and the enemy, whose camp fires now shone brightly, stretching far beyond our flanks north and south, around which we could see the men in groups cooking their suppers and could hear the murmur of their voices. From our position they seemed surprisingly near. Posted as we were in an open field within musket shot of the enemy's camp fires, and knowing they had a line of pickets still nearer to us, made the situation for us, to say the least, decidedly uncomfortable.

Leaving my comrades on the post, I went back some distance to the rear, hoping to find some fence rails in order to build some sort of protection in case the Confederates opened fire on us. Even the protection afforded by a few rails is mighty comfortable at such times. I failed to find any rails, but came near being fired on by our own men, as I lost my bearings in the dark and somehow got beyond our line of posts next to the Rebs. However, I was lucky enough to get back to my post without starting anything.

I now determined to try to locate the enemy's skirmish line, so we would know just where to look for them at daylight if we were not relieved sooner. A scattering line of trees could be seen between us and their camp fires, indicating a fence row and the probable location of their pickets. As it is very difficult to judge distance in the night by firelight, I concluded to crawl out in that direction and see what I could discover. It was necessary to move with the utmost caution to avoid being heard and to keep as close to the ground as possible to avoid being seen. The night was quite dark, but objects between us and the Confederate fires could be plainly seen. As we had no fires, they could not see us.

I had gone some distance toward the enemy's camp when I smelled tobacco smoke. I was making slow progress, moving with the utmost care, feeling the ground carefully before me with my hands to avoid making the least noise, and stopping to look and listen every time I made a move forward. I was nearing a little bunch of bushes a short distance from the fence row, aiming to crawl up behind it, when I caught sight of a faint glow of light against the bushes and another whiff of the tobacco smoke. Instantly I realized the situation. Doubtless the skirmish line was along the fence row. They had thrown out vedettes a few rods in front, and I had nearly crawled into the arms of one of them. If he had not been violating the regulations by smoking on his post, I could not have detected his presence until too late, as the dark background of the bushes completely hid him.

It was a tense moment. I was flat on the ground, not fifteen feet from a soldier with a loaded gun ready to shoot on the instant, while a few rods away was a strong skirmish line. My first impulse was to get away from there instantly, but I knew it would be almost impossible to get to my feet and get away without causing an alarm which might start trouble all along the line. I commenced working back without turning around, keeping a sharp lookout for that blessed pipe. I had carefully worked back a few feet when the sentinel moved to the right, where I could see him against the light of the camp fires. He looked to be about twelve feet tall and seemed

to be looking directly at me. I expected to see his gun go to his shoulder and to hear his challenge and braced myself to spring to my feet and run, as I had determined to do, and chance his hitting me. Evidently he did not see me, as the next instant he disappeared behind the bush, and I resumed my crawfish movement to the rear and in due time got back to my post without further adventure. Shortly after we heard a battery go into position in the Confederate lines and expected they were preparing to make a night attack. We were much relieved when we saw the batterymen start their camp fires.

Shortly after our troops began to arrive from Columbia. We could plainly hear them marching by on the pike in our rear and expected the enemy's skirmishers to open fire on them at any moment. Stragglers that from time to time wandered out to our picket line on their way to the Rebel camps looking for their commands could hardly be convinced that they were not our own. There is a story that one of our stragglers in search of his command wandered up to a camp fire where two belated Johnnies were munching a corn pone. "What troops are these?" inquired the Yankee. "Cleburne's Division," replied one of the Johnnies. The visitor turned and walked away. "Say, wasn't that a Yank?" asked one of the Rebs of his companion. "I shouldn't wonder; he looked like one," was the reply. "Let's stop him," said the other. "Aw, let him go. If you want any Yankees, go down to the pike and get all you want," replied his companion.

For more than two hours our troops marched by almost under the light of the Rebel camp fires—infantry, artillery, and trains. The enemy in battle order, with their batteries in position, lay quietly a few hundred yards from the road on which our army was marching. We on the outposts watching those hostile camps felt immensely relieved when the last company had passed and our forces were united between the enemy and Nashville.

The long night wore away; daylight began to break in the east. The Rebel camp fires, which had died out, began to glow again, and the noise of an army awakening reminded us of the serious duties of the coming day. Fortunately for us, with the coming of daylight a dense fog overspread the land, completely hiding us from the eyes of our foe, but bringing to us more clearly the sounds of their preparations for battle. Still no relief came to us. From the time of our going on duty the evening before no officer had visited us; and as the morning brightened and no relief appeared, we began to suspect the pickets were to be sacrificed to save the army. The troops in our rear had been silently withdrawn at daylight. At last, when we had about concluded it was either a fight or a foot race, with the odds heavily against us, a sergeant appeared with orders for us to fall back to the pike, which we lost no time in doing as quietly as possible, finding our command halted in the road near Spring Hill at the rear of a long wagon train, the drivers of which were standing around apparently as unconcerned as if there were no Rebels within forty miles of them.

Soon the train started on the run, and we followed rapidly after, happy to bid good-by to our enemy, who had caused us so much concern. Forrest's Cavalry made a dash on the train a few miles north of Spring Hill, causing some confusion and the loss of three or four wagons, the drivers cutting the mules loose to escape. The Confederates were soon driven away and the disabled wagons rolled to the roadside and, as soon as the rest of the train had passed, set fire to and burned. With the exception of an occasional brush with For-

rest's men, which amounted to nothing, we reached Franklin without being further molested by the enemy. The trains passed over the river, while we were halted about a mile south of the town as an outpost.

We had now been marching and fighting almost constantly night and day for a week. Our division had, unaided, held Hood's army in check for hours at Spring Hill, thereby saving our army from almost certain destruction. We had guarded the train on the twelve-mile march from Spring Hill against the efforts of Forrest's rough riders to destroy it, and it was now safely on its way to Nashville.

Exhausted with our efforts and loss of sleep, we dropped down in our places in ranks, hoping to get a few hours' rest before resuming the march to Nashville, little dreaming that we should soon be engaged in one of the fiercest battles of the war.

LAST SCENES OF WAR—HOW I GOT HOME.

[Some recollections by John L. G. Woods, private, Company B, 53d Georgia Regiment, Sims's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V.]

I was in every battle of my regiment from the beginning of the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond until the battle of Gettysburg, except the battle of Sharpsburg, Md. After the battles of Chancellorsville and Salem Church I was detailed as regimental drummer, whose duty it was, together with our regimental band, to act as drummer boy and cooks while the boys were in trenches and to carry provisions to them on their backs, oftentimes a long way under fire. During and after battles we acted as nurses at the field hospital. I had enlisted in the army at seventeen and was not twenty-one until about two months after the war was over.

By the first of April, 1865, General Lee's gallant, half-famished, ragged, battle-scarred, and decimated army was reduced to a mere skeleton and could hold Grant's legions in check no longer. Lee had stretched the line of his gallant veterans until it was in places only a skirmish line and could not be stretched any further and with his lines broken, his flanks turned, he was compelled to evacuate Richmond and retreat. So during the night the gallant little army retired sadly, slowly, and silently from the trenches in front of Richmond.

So silently the retreat was conducted that our regimental band and I were not in the least disturbed and did not know of the retreat until the next morning just before day-break, when, to our utter astonishment and amazement, we awoke to the realization that the army was all gone. It seems as though we had been overlooked completely. Taking in the situation, I hastily rolled up my blanket, threw my haversack and canteen, with no provisions or water in them, across my shoulders, strapped my drum on my back, and hung an empty tin oyster cup to my haversack—about all the average veteran soldier of Lee's army possessed in the world—and was then off on the quick-step march to overtake the army. I had no idea of being captured by the Yankees. God and the Confederate prisoners alone know what was suffered in a Yankee prison. By good daylight I was nearing the city of Richmond when I heard a terrific explosion. Ah! it was the blowing up of the last Confederate gunboat on the James—the Richmond. It sent a thrill of sadness through me. One of the most beautiful scenes, and yet one of the saddest to me, was the sight of all the vessels on the James River, Confederate and private, floating down the river on fire, cut loose from their moorings, drifting steadily,

silently, and serenely, without a pilot or a flag. On they floated until they burned to the water's edge, then sank to rise no more. Thus ended the Confederate navy on the James.

On entering the city I found all in confusion, the government buildings all on fire, the doors of the commissary houses all open and every one being pillaged by citizens, soldiers, and stragglers. The heads of the whisky barrels were knocked out and the contents emptied into the streets. It was free to all who could and would dip it up. Being strictly temperate, I turned away in disgust on seeing some of the boys inclined to make hogs of themselves. I met many people on the streets, men, women, and children, some rolling barrels and others carrying enormous loads, as much as they could wag along. Some were not contented with rolling one barrel at a time, but were rolling several, one and then another. I met one woman with as many sides of greasy fat bacon middlings as she could fold her arms around, wabbling down the street, bending under the load. Having drawn no rations for the retreat, and my haversack being extremely light and lean, I naturally turned into one of the doors of the commissary house to fill it. I found plenty and a variety. I filled my haversack none too soon, for there was a cry of fire, a scream of women and children, then there was a mad rush for the only door. The stampede was general, the mass being excited to frenzy. Men, women, and children, citizens, soldiers, and stragglers, all in frantic disorder, struggled for the only exit. Fairly in the street again, I paused a moment to look back on the struggling mass, and then came a warning cry that almost dazed me: "The bridge is on fire! The bridge is on fire! You had better hurry on, or you will be too late!" A few moments more in Richmond, and I certainly would have been too late. The bridge was on fire in several places and was burning briskly as I passed over it.

When I left the city all was confusion and disorder. I left many stragglers behind me. I overtook my regiment during the day. From the evacuation on April 2 to April 6 our regiment was constantly marching and fighting. Rations were scarce and issued only once. Half of them were given to a cavalry regiment. On the night of April 5 our regiment, half-starved, worn out by continual marching and fighting, nearly exhausted, and without food, camped for the night. Early the next morning I beat the long roll for the last time for our regiment, and many a gallant and true Confederate soldier answered to the roll call that morning who never slept again except in the eternal sleep of death. The overwhelming legions of Grant had overtaken Lee. Then the final struggle began. The battle was desperately fought, and thus our ranks were thinned and decimated by constant attacks. Our colonel, Hartsfield, as brave and true a man as ever lived, was killed. And after many a soldier had fallen to rise no more, Grant's overwhelming army penetrated the lines, outflanked our corps, gained our rear, surrounded it with superior numbers, and forced the entire corps to surrender.

Being a drummer boy and a noncombatant, I went to the field hospital when our regiment formed in line of battle, it being my duty to care for the wounded. My haversack had become lean again, and, desiring to replenish my stock of provisions before the wounded began coming in, I strolled out into the country a short distance from the main road to some farmhouses, little dreaming of being cut off from the hospital wagons. While trading for some provisions a man rode up and said excitedly: "Do you know that the Yankees

have surrounded Longstreet's Corps, that their cavalry is on the road just behind you and will soon be between you and the bridge?" I said: "Are you certain of it?" He said: "I am, and you had better hurry on before they cut you off and capture you." It is needless to say that I made all the haste possible and got to the bridge and over it none too soon, for as I reached the opposite side the Yankees were in sight on the other side. However, I didn't waste much time looking back. I pressed on rapidly all alone to Farmville and camped for the night under a tree. I found only stragglers in town, no one I knew and no organized body of men.

On the march the next day I passed many wagons on the roadside all abandoned. They were completely sacked, gutted, and ready to be burned to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. The roads were full of stragglers, and I judged by the disorder and confusion which prevailed that the remainder of Lee's army would have to surrender or be crushed. I could not bear the idea of languishing, starving, and dying in a Yankee prison. I had heard too often of the terrible sufferings of Confederate prisoners, so I determined to make my way to Lynchburg and to Johnston's army, if possible; if not, home.

During the march that night, when the road was full of disorganized troops pressing on, a man on horseback, supposed to be an officer or courier, came galloping down the road at breakneck speed, crying out: "Halt! halt! The Yankees are in front!" Of course he caused the utmost confusion. It was thought afterwards that he must have been a spy. If so, he was successful in halting the troops long enough to cause confusion and delay and then make his escape before detection. However, soon afterwards the column line was halted and a picket line thrown across the road in front. Being short of rations again and hungry, I managed to flank the pickets and, leaving the main road, went to a farmer's house and got my supper. The principal of the house seemed to understand the position of Lee's army. He told me the remnant of it was completely surrounded and would be compelled to surrender. He asked me to remain with his family, saying he would hide me so the Yankees would never get me, and after the surrender and times became quiet I could go home. He wanted me to help him protect his property and family. I thanked him, but told him no, I preferred to join Johnston's army if possible; if not, to go home. I returned to the main road and found it full of disorganized cavalry and straggling infantry. About this time it seemed to me that there was a dash on the rear of this moving, disorganized mass. Anyway, there was a panic and a wild, frenzied stampede. It was difficult for me to keep from being run over by the surging mass. Many of the stragglers had secured abandoned horses, which added to the confusion and jam. I recognized, after the panic subsided a little, a lieutenant on one of those horses, and we agreed to keep together; but we had not gone far before he discovered that I was not traveling fast enough for him, so he bade me good-by. I proceeded along slowly and alone, and during the night I came up with a lot of abandoned horses. Securing one, I reached a camp of cavalymen, who very politely let me camp with them. Being tired and exhausted, I never slept more soundly in my life and didn't wake up next morning until the sun was about two hours high. To my utter surprise and complete astonishment, not a soul did I see anywhere. The cavalry, my horse, and all were gone. I had tied my horse securely and as close to me as possible, yet he was gone. I felt cheap, sad, and lonely. Resuming my tramp on to Lynchburg, I entered the city about noon. Passing the arsenal, I found all

busy manufacturing ammunition, and learned that the orders were to defend the city to the last. But I saw few to defend it and little preparation for defense. At a restaurant I found several soldiers, among them some officers, who were discussing the situation, Lee's surrender, etc. I learned from them that Lee had actually surrendered, that Lynchburg would certainly fall, and that it might be taken before morning, as the Yankees were expected at any time. An officer, stepping in from the street, remarked: "There goes the last battery of Lee's army. The rest have all surrendered." I saw the folly of trying to defend the city. The fact dawned on me that the war was about over and the struggle against overwhelming odds was useless. I didn't like being penned up in a city when I knew the defense was useless. Well, as I stepped into the streets, after finishing my dinner, I felt sad and lonely—no command to go to, no comrades, no one I knew anywhere. However, I concluded to form a little band and soon found two others in my situation, a Mississippian and a Texan, and we pledged ourselves to stand together. The name of the Texan was Monroe; that of the Mississippian I do not remember. We held a little council as to whether to remain in Lynchburg during the night and risk being captured or leave the city and make our way to Johnston's army if possible, and if not to make our way home. The majority favored leaving the city, so we marched out about dusk, going along the railroad leading to Bristol, Tenn. After marching a considerable distance, we camped for the night, hiding in a pine thicket to avoid being discovered and captured. The next day was cloudy, much to our disadvantages, as we wanted to steer our course due south through plantations, along paths, and through the woods, keeping off the main road as much as possible so as to avoid being seen. Having read extensively of pioneer life and adventure among the Indians, I told my comrades that the moss on the trees was generally thicker on the north side, and if we followed this sign we would travel due south without the sun to guide us. However, they did not seem to take to the idea, and we didn't make much headway that day. The next day the sun shone out bright and clear, and we made considerable progress. Passing the Peaks of Otter, we concluded to make for the Alleghany Mountains, hoping by that means to avoid capture by any band of roving Yankee cavalry. Our Texas comrade, being rather feeble, gave out and decided to stop over with a farmer, who employed him to help take care of his stock. This left only the Mississippian for my comrade. He was a good-hearted, clever fellow, tall, long-legged, and sparely built, and it taxed me to keep up with him. He boasted that he intended to walk all the way to his home, in Mississippi. We traveled about two days on top of the mountains, staying one night with a farmer, where we fared sumptuously on hot buckwheat cakes and butter for supper and breakfast. Sometimes we traveled among the clouds, and sometimes we were above them. The timber seemed to be mostly chestnuts, giants in size. We came down the mountain on Doe Run Spur, in sight of Fisher's Peak. We then followed the main road running south for a while, inquiring about the way indirectly and cautiously, for we did not know friends from foes. We were informed that a company of men dressed in blue and rather of a nondescript appearance had just passed, and, not knowing from the information whether they were real Yankees or a band of Union bushwhackers, we guessed at the route they were going and changed ours, taking to the woods and byways again. We came to a little country village about dark and stopped at a house for our supper and lodging. Peeping in, we saw, seated around the table, a hard-looking set of customers clad in various styles and of all sorts, shades,

and colors, roughs and toughs. My Mississippi comrade, being extremely cautious and suspicious, soon took in the situation and said in a soft, low whisper: "Let us go." We put time and distance between us as rapidly as possible. Traveling late in the night, we fortunately stopped with a man friendly to the Confederate cause, and we again fared sumptuously, this time on corn bread and honey. He informed us that one of the terms of Lee's surrender was that all of his army not present at the surrender would be allowed to go home without molestation and that the Yankee cavalry had instructions not to interfere with any of his men going peaceably home, so we concluded not to try to dodge the Yankee cavalry any more. My comrade, having relatives in Spartanburg, S. C., concluded to visit them on his way home; but it was considerably out of my way to go by with him, so with much regret at the loss of his company, and with my best wishes, I bade him good-by. He was an honest, good, true man, and I am sorry not to remember his name.

During the day I met several Confederates, mostly from Kentucky, who had just been released from Yankee prisons. The sufferings they told of having had to endure were heart-rending—yes, terrible to relate. They told how they suffered from cold, hunger, contagious diseases, impure food, insults, inhuman and brutal treatment; how they were glad to get dogs and rats to eat—all in a land filled with abundance, with no ports blockaded and provisions, drugs, and medicines in great plenty and to spare. Who were those Confederate prisoners? They were gallant, true, brave men, still true to their convictions, still ready and willing to fight the battles of the Confederacy to the last and die, if necessary, for a just cause. They had no idea of giving up the fight. Their cruel treatment had not conquered their spirits; it had made them more steadfast and had welded them closer to the Confederate cause. These men were desperately in earnest.

Late in the evening, when passing all alone by a skirt of woods, I was surprised to see a man some distance in front of me partly concealed by a tree, with his rifle in his hand ready to fire. I threw up my hand and called to him not to fire, as I was unarmed and a friend. Seeing that I was not armed, he beckoned me to come on. As he stepped from his tree I discovered that he was not a Yankee, and he was glad to find that I was not. He told me that he was one of the home guards and that they had shortly before fought the Yankee cavalry at Morganton, N. C.; what a desperate fight it was; how vastly the Yankees outnumbered them; how they were defeated and were scattered and hiding out. Notwithstanding they were defending their own homes and towns, their property, their women and children, whom it was their duty to defend, the Yankees would not recognize them as soldiers, but threatened to hang every one caught.

That night I stopped with a strong Union man, and he treated me well. Though grossly ignorant, I think he was honest in his belief. My opinion is that the most ignorant people of the Southern States were the deadliest enemies to their own people and the South. I was usually fortunate in stopping with men who were Southern sympathizers. The next day, as I had about finished my dinner at a farmer's home, a member of the family informed me that some Yankee cavalry were coming up the road. I stepped out and saluted the officer in charge, who politely returned the salute and asked me who I was. On telling him I was a Confederate soldier from Lee's army going home, he asked if I had a parole. When I told him no, he said, "You ought to have one," then rode on.

About the middle of the afternoon, as I was going leisurely

along, weary and a little sick, I was startled by the swift gallop of a horse behind me. A Yankee came riding up at breakneck speed, calling out: "Halt! halt! halt!" Of course I halted. "Have you any arms?" he said. "No, I have none." "Who are you anyhow?" And when I told him, he said: "Have you seen any Confederate cavalry on this road?" I told him I had not, and he then galloped off. Later on in the evening I was halted again in about the same manner by a Yankee sergeant in charge of a squad of cavalry; they were riding fast and leading a horse with a rather short rein. They rode rapidly on and were hardly out of sight before another squad rode up swiftly and accosted me in about the same manner. They belonged to the command that had just passed and were angry with the officer in charge, abusing him for riding so hard. They checked up and rode leisurely along beside me and became exceedingly friendly, asking quite a number of questions, as they were anxious to know if General Lee had really surrendered, and they praised Lee and his men. Finally a part of them galloped on, and, coming up with the horse the first squad had been leading, and which had jerked loose, they called back to the others to "Bring him on." Some of them caught him and started to lead him on, when one good-hearted fellow said: "Boys, let's give him to this Confederate soldier; he has had a hard time and is about broken down." So they handed him over to me and said: "Now, if you will ride up and camp with us to-night, we will treat you well and give you a splendid horse, bridle, and saddle in the morning. We want to hear you talk of the war and of Lee's surrender." I excused myself as politely as possible, telling them I was sick and weak and could not hold out to ride as fast as they were going; so they bade me good-by and started off in a swift gallop. A few minutes later I heard some sharp firing in front of me and supposed they must have had a little skirmish with some Confederate cavalry. The Confederate forces that had not surrendered were scattered throughout the country. I had not ridden far before I saw a house off the main road, and I stopped for the night with a true Southern sympathizer. He hid my horse in a ravine so he could not be easily taken away from me during the night. The next morning as I was passing through the town of Rutherfordton, N. C., I saw the same Yankee sergeant who passed me the day before. I saluted him, and he politely returned the salute. Soon after leaving the town, feeling exhausted, sick, and weak, I stopped on the roadside to rest, when along came a Yankee cavalryman, cursing and swearing at the top of his voice. Covering me with his pistol, he said, "Have you any arms?" and upon my answering no, he cursed again and told me to hand over my pocketbook immediately, or he'd kill me. I passed it over, and he gutted it quickly. He seemed to be an expert in the business, taking out thirty cents in silver, all I had, and a lot of Confederate money. He had hardly finished looting my pocketbook when the sergeant in command of his squad came up and, roughly addressing the little villain, said: "What are you doing, sir?" "O," said he, "I have just caught a d— Rebel bushwhacker and had a great mind to kill him." The sergeant turned to me and said: "Who are you?" I replied: "An unarmed Confederate soldier from Lee's army going home. Don't you see my uniform? As I understand, those not present at the surrender are to be granted the privilege of going home peacefully and without being molested. Do you recognize the authority of General Grant?" He replied: "I do." "What right, then, have your men to insult and threaten me?" "What has this man done to you?" he asked. "He has insulted me, threatened to shoot me, and has robbed me." I don't know how I did it, but I kept my nerve. Turning to the little scoundrel, the sergeant said sharply: "My

young man, if you are guilty of such an act again, I'll report you to headquarters. Give him back what you have taken." The man handed back my pocketbook, with the Confederate money in it, but took care to keep the silver. The sergeant turned to me and said: "Get on your horse and ride on with us; I want to talk with you about the war." I told him I would if they would not ride too fast, as I was sick and weak. I found that they were Western men, from Michigan, belonging to Kilpatrick's command, and on a raid through Western North Carolina. Some of them seemed inclined to be gentlemen, but in bad company; most of them were roughs and toughs. They did not like the idea of being classed as Yankees. I discovered that they did not care anything for the negroes or the Union—devils incarnate, mercenaries in the war for plunder and adventure. It seemed that they could not realize that Lee had surrendered. The sergeant cordially invited me to camp with them that night, but I got out of it by giving the same excuse as the night before. He then galloped off, but a part of his squad remained riding along leisurely with me. In a short while we passed a dwelling house where some of Kilpatrick's Cavalry were robbing the home of an old man, some of them carrying out plunder they had no earthly use for. It seemed that their hellish disposition prompted them to insult and rob the innocent and defenseless. My Southern blood boiled within me, but I was a helpless, unarmed Confederate, practically a prisoner, and could do nothing; and the men who had just been praising the chivalry of the South passed quietly along the road, winking at the crime of their comrades in abusing and robbing that old man. If they had gotten there first, their deeds would have been just as abominable. I turned my head in suppressed anger and disgust, and finally one of them said: "Do your men do that?" "We do not," I replied. "We have more respect and honor for our people than that. General Lee would not allow his men to act that way, even when they were in Pennsylvania. It's a shame." "Well," he said, "we do," and said no more on the subject.

I soon discovered that some of them were drinking heavily, and finally one of them handed his canteen to me. I thanked him and said I did not drink. In going along he jolted the stopper out of his canteen, and, running his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a big roll of Confederate money, evidently obtained by robbery, or it might have been counterfeit, as they stopped at nothing, even counterfeiting Confederate money. He crammed it hurriedly and loosely into the canteen as a stopper, but it soon became wet and dropped out. With a horrible oath the man said: "The d— stuff isn't even fitten for a canteen stopper."

Finally we came up with a negro in the road, and one of the Yankees commanded him to pray, or he'd shoot his head off. The negro, trembling from head to foot, said he didn't know how to pray; but their threats scared him nearly to death, and he at last mumbled out something as a prayer and was then told to run for his life. The last I saw of that negro he was running like a quarter horse, the Yankee standing with his gun drawn on him and urging him on with a curse for every jump. Turning to me, he said: "We don't care a d— for the negro; we are fighting for the Union. What are you fighting for?" I replied: "In defense of my country, my State and my people, my home and fireside, for the rights of the States, for justice, and for Southern rights." After this they galloped off and left me alone. He might as well have said: "I am a mercenary in the Yankee army, contending for no principle. I am fighting for plunder and money." Never during the war nor since have I heard a Yankee say he was fighting for the negro.

Soon after the last Yankee had left me I came up with a man and a wagon loaded with cotton standing in the middle of the road. He was on his way to market, and the Yankees had taken his mules, robbed him, and treated him roughly, and there he was stranded, excited, mad, and as blank and helpless as a man could be. I told him who I was, and he was exceedingly glad to know I was a Confederate soldier and a friend, but all I could do for him under the circumstances was to sympathize with him; so, leaving him with his troubles, I hastened on. I passed the Yankee camp, a little off the road to my right, about dark and pushed on in order to get as far as possible ahead of them. I stopped at a house, but found the people afraid to take me in, lest the Yankees find me there in the morning; but I allayed their fears by telling them they were some distance off and that I would leave the next morning, which I did, a great while before daybreak.

About sunrise I met a delegation from Greenville, S. C., bearing a white flag, with a dispatch to the commander in charge of the raid informing him that there was a truce between Generals Johnston and Sherman, pending an agreement for the surrender of Johnston's army, and to stop the raiding and hostilities during the armistice. These citizens asked me where the Yankees were, and I told them I had been with them the evening before, of their pillaging, etc., and where to find their camp. Soon after leaving the delegation I became very sick and rode along, hardly able to sit on my horse. About noon I dismounted at a house in the suburbs, unable to go any farther. Fortunately, it was the house of a physician, and he cordially invited me in, but told me frankly he could take care of me only until I rested; that there was a hospital in the town to which I could go. He let me lie down on a cot on the porch and made me some ginger tea. After resting and sleeping a few hours, I felt stronger; so I bade the doctor good-by and mounted my horse, still weak and feeble. I think he was glad to see me go, for fear of the Yankee raiders, as a Confederate soldier was not a desirable thing to find quartered in a man's house. Times were critical in South Carolina.

I concluded not to go to the hospital, feeling sure that I would lose my horse; so, weak and sick, I continued my journey through the town. When I reached the suburbs I was again taken very sick, and, feeling like I would faint, I got down and tied my horse as quickly as possible, then lay down in the shade of a tree and went to sleep. When I awoke it was late in the evening, but I felt much better; so I mounted my horse and rode on, and, as good luck would have it, I stopped for the night with a colonel of the Confederate army, who gladly took me in and cared for me. He was every inch a gentleman and doubtless as brave as Julius Cæsar; he had no idea of giving up the fight; said he was going to cross the Mississippi River and join the Trans-Mississippi Department and fight the Yankees to the last.

The next day I traded my pony for a larger and better-looking horse, hoping to make faster time. I stopped that night with—well, I might say an old hog, though in appearance he was a prosperous farmer and from his conversation a rabid, red-hot secessionist. Yet he reluctantly took me in, gave me for supper and breakfast fat bacon and corn bread, which, being sick, I did not relish; instead of giving me a bed to sleep on, he gave me a hard pallet on the floor; and instead of cheering me as a Confederate soldier, he abused the Confederates for surrendering. Why he wasn't in the army fighting for his country I don't know. I supposed he was one of those who wanted others to do the fighting while they were skulking in the rear or had some government job. I don't

suppose he was ever at the front. The next morning I asked him what his charge was. He coldly replied: "Ten dollars." I paid him without a word and rode off, thoroughly disgusted with this blatant secessionism. What a contrast between him and the gallant colonel who gladly took me in, gave me the best he had, and did not charge me a cent!

The next day I reached Athens, Ga., and gave a barber the last cent I had for a shave and a general clean-up, and that night I stopped with my good old friend, Rev. James Geiger, of Newton County, Ga., a good man and a Christian gentleman. I reached home about noon the next day, and found a hearty welcome, a place of rest, and good cheer.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863-64.

Evacuation of Port Hudson Ordered.—On May 19 General Johnston ordered General Gardner to evacuate Port Hudson forthwith and bring his troops to join him. But they were invested at the time and were not strong enough to carry out the order.

Some Prophet.—Gen. Kirby Smith on June 3 said: "I have no fears for the result of either Port Hudson or Vicksburg and believe General Taylor will arrive opposite the latter place in time to complete Grant's destruction." Gen. Kirby Smith certainly was not easily scared.

U. S. Navy Wanted the Honor.—Admiral Farragut on July 7 wrote General Banks: "I suggest going up with a flag of truce to-morrow to demand the surrender of Port Hudson. They will no doubt surrender to the navy more willingly than to the army on account of the negro question." But Banks couldn't lose the opportunity of winning one victory at least.

Brains Wanted.—Gen. H. E. McCullough, C. S. army, wrote General Magruder on October 21 that one of his colonels "drinks, swaggers, and talks big, has said and done many little things here which have had a bad effect. He has neither brains nor prudence enough for a country lawyer when sober and none at all when he is not."

The Trans-Mississippi's Effect on the War.—Gen. T. N. Waul, C. S. army, wrote Secretary Seddon on November 19: "I still believe the independence of the Confederacy has to be established by battles fought east of the Mississippi. Everything done on this side will result in mere predatory warfare without serious effect upon the termination of the war." This man and some others saw it, but politics forced the Confederacy to waste some mighty good material in that section.

Refused to Leave Their State.—General Magruder on October 27 issued an order in which he touches upon some Texas State troops for not wanting to go into Louisiana by saying: "Only one instance is on record on this continent where State troops refused to cross a geographical line to meet the enemies of their country, and that occurred with Massachusetts soldiers during the last war with Great Britain. Surely Texas is not Massachusetts." That reads mighty good and is no doubt true up to the date this was written; but sometime later in our war both the Governors of South Carolina and Georgia refused permission for their forces to cross the border. However, the Georgians were taken into South Carolina and fought a gallant little battle in that State, with credit to themselves, before the Governor could act.

New Troops for the Confederacy.—Gen. Kirby Smith wrote Magruder on August 30: "I have received your communication in reference to the proposition of Colonel Sulakowski to raise new troops for the Confederacy. No appropriation of bounty land can be given except by the legislatures of the States, and as these bodies are not under the governors, they can only recommend. However, I will authorize you to send that officer to Europe and will agree to pay (in cotton) \$80 for every man, armed and equipped as proposed, furnished in the way stated." That ended it right there, and they wouldn't have been any good if they had come.

Confederate Balloon in Charleston Harbor.—I have always thought that when the balloon made of ladies' silk dresses, called the "Lady Davis," I believe, was lost near Richmond the aeronautical branch of our service died with it; but not so, for on July 21 Major Brooks, U. S. A., reported: "This morning the enemy made a reconnoissance from a balloon over Fort Johnson." And General Beauregard also mentions one.

Turn Loose the Dogs of War.—General Saxton, U. S. A., on November 30 told General Gillmore: "While one of our scouting parties were waiting for their boats a company of Rebel cavalry, preceded by a pack of blood hounds, attacked them with great fury, urging their dogs on in advance. A well-directed volley killed three of the hounds and threw the enemy into disorder, and they retreated amid the groans of his wounded." Any hound in the South was a blood hound to the Yankees.

Firemen Working under Fire.—Colonel Rhett, C. S. A., told General Beauregard on January 1, 1864, as to the fire in Charleston the night before: "I beg leave to call your attention to the coolness displayed by the men working the Ætna and Marion fire engines. A shell burst very near them, but the men continued working and rendered very good service." These men were not soldiers either, but volunteer firemen.

Original Flag of Fort Sumter.—General Ripley, C. S. A., reported on the attack on Sumter on September 9: "Among the colors we captured was a worn and torn garrison flag, reported by some of the prisoners as being that which Major Anderson was permitted to take from the fort when surrendered in April, 1861. This had been brought to hoist on and make boast of if the attack had been a success. As the attempt was a disastrous repulse, I am informed by certain of the enemy's officers that the flag is not the identical standard; but the evidence is such that I believe it is." There must have been two then, as on April 5, 1865, Sherman wrote General Anderson congratulating him on the fact that he was to reraise on Sumter the same flag that he was compelled to lower four years before. I judge, however, that this identical flag was on tap for any successful attempt on Sumter at any time in the war.

Raising Flag under Fire.—On November 28 Private James Tupper, Jr., 27th South Carolina, "seeing the flag on Sumter shot down, walked the whole length of the gorge wall on the parapet and endeavored to raise it. Finding the staff too short, he procured an additional spar and, with the assistance of some comrades, succeeded in splicing and planting the staff under a very heavy fire, one shot of which cut the flag from their hands." A gallant deed, but what else could they do with the example of the heroic Sergeant Jasper before them, who did the same deed within sight of Fort Sumter during the War of the Revolution?

Niggers in the Lead.—General Seymour, U. S. A., says that in the assault on Fort Wagner "the 54th Massachusetts, a colored regiment of excellent character, well officered, with full ranks, was placed in front." General Ripley, C. S. A., said: "The ditch and glacis were encumbered with the slain of all ranks and colors, for the enemy had put the poor negroes into an unnatural service in front to be, as they were, slaughtered indiscriminately." They accepted "Sambo" as unequal in this respect only.

Rat Holes.—General Beauregard gave instructions on August 15 "to furnish the troops on Morris Island with several hundred rice casks for the construction of 'rat holes' in the rear of Battery Wagner." And the lookout, seeing a shell coming, would cry out, "Rats, to your holes," and they went.

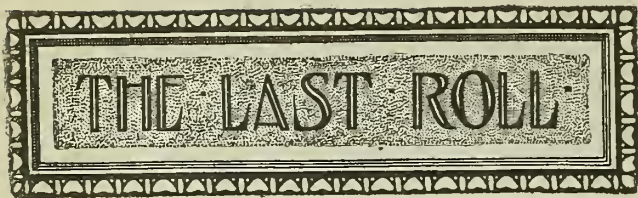
Cover for Shell Fire.—Major Brooks, U. S. A., in his report of the operations in Charleston Harbor, says: "I have often observed soldiers, particularly negroes, fall flat on their faces under the delusion that they were obtaining cover from shells, when in truth their chances of being hit were much increased by this posture. On one occasion a soldier was observed to place an empty powder barrel over his head to shield him from shell fire."

Shots Fired at Fort Sumter.—The Yankees from August 12 to December 31 fired 26,867 projectiles at Fort Sumter, of which number 19,808 hit and 7,059 missed altogether. These shots killed forty-three and wounded one hundred and sixty-five; and as it took 6,241 projectiles to kill a man and did not appreciably damage the fort, those Rebels cost the Yankee government some money.

Disadvantages of Torpedoes.—Major Brooks, U. S. A., said: "The Rebel torpedoes give us considerable trouble and anxiety, but they are an excellent obstacle to prevent a sortie by the enemy, who are very much afraid of them." Captain Chisolm, C. S. A., reported: "Two of Pringles's men were blown up and killed by a torpedo in front of the battery, whither they had gone during a cessation of hostilities. They had been warned and were ordered to come in. They demonstrated that torpedoes will explode when our own men step on them." A case of being "hoisted by their own petard."

Torpedo Bait.—Major Brooks again said: "A torpedo exploded, throwing a negro soldier twenty-five yards and depositing him naked, with his arm resting on the plunger of another torpedo, which facts gave rise, on his being discovered the next morning, to the absurd story that the enemy had tied him to the torpedo as a decoy." Nothing is too absurd to be stated. We who are living on the seacoast of Georgia (in March, 1917) are seeing German submarines every day.

Burning.—General Beauregard wrote General Gillmore, U. S. A., on July 4: "On June 11 the village of Darien, Ga., was laid waste and every building but one church and three small houses burned to the ground there, as in Bluffton, S. C., no defense having been made or any act of provocation previously committed by the owners or Confederate soldiers. The pages of the American *Publicist* furnish the most striking condemnation of the acts of your soldiers in connection with the burning of Havre de Grace, Md., in 1813 by the British. The destruction of this latter town was characterized at the time by the cabinet at Washington as 'manifestly contrary to the usages of civilized warfare.' That village, we are told, was ravaged and burned to the astonishment of its unarmed inhabitants at seeing they derived no protection from the laws of war."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

CAPT. JOHN J. SHAFFER.

On Tuesday, September 24, 1918, there passed into the great beyond the soul of Capt. John Jackson Shaffer, who died as he lived, a true soldier of Christ. Surrounded by all the members of his devoted family, the end came peacefully after many weeks of suffering, during which time not one word of complaint was heard by those privileged to minister to him. He bore his lingering illness with the same calmness and Christian fortitude which had so marked his life. There are few indeed who leave behind such tender and sacred memories.

His was a noble nature; always kind and generous, he was especially so to the poor and to those in trouble. His charities were large, and he was always ready and willing to give. He was a devoted member of St. John's Church, Thibodaux, La., and the senior warden for the past thirty years. It was a great happiness to him to help in any way he could the life of the Church, and he was never found absent from the diocesan council when his health permitted. There he was always a notable figure, and his counsel and advice were often sought and heeded. He had a wonderfully strong character and lived a consistent Christian life.

As his bodily weakness grew his great faith became stronger, and during the last weeks of his life he asked continually for the prayers of his beloved Church and for the blessed sacrament, which was administered to him a short time before his death. The Lord's Prayer was on his lips almost at the last, and he was surely one of the privileged few who were "ripe for the harvest."

The passing of such a splendid character is a great loss to the entire community and leaves a vacant place in the hearts of his many friends which will never be filled. Nothing better can be said than the words of his faithful colored manservant: "A blessed man has gone."

Captain Shaffer was born on St. James Plantation, Lafourche Parish, La., April 27, 1831, and was one of the most successful and best-known sugar planters of the State. He was always a conservative business man, and his judgment was to be relied upon. He was captain of Company F, 26th Louisiana Infantry, Army of Tennessee, and was commander of the Braxton Bragg Camp, No. 196, United Confederate Veterans, at the time of his death. He was educated at the Western Military Institute, in Kentucky, graduating in 1851. The name of James G. Blaine appears on his diploma as the Latin instructor. Until the spring of 1862 Captain Shaffer was engaged in planting, leaving to take part in the organization of the 26th Louisiana Infantry, raising Company F, of which he was elected and commissioned captain. At Camp Chalmette this regiment was stationed during the Federal operations against New Orleans and was under fire. Afterwards it was moved to Vicksburg and served under the com-

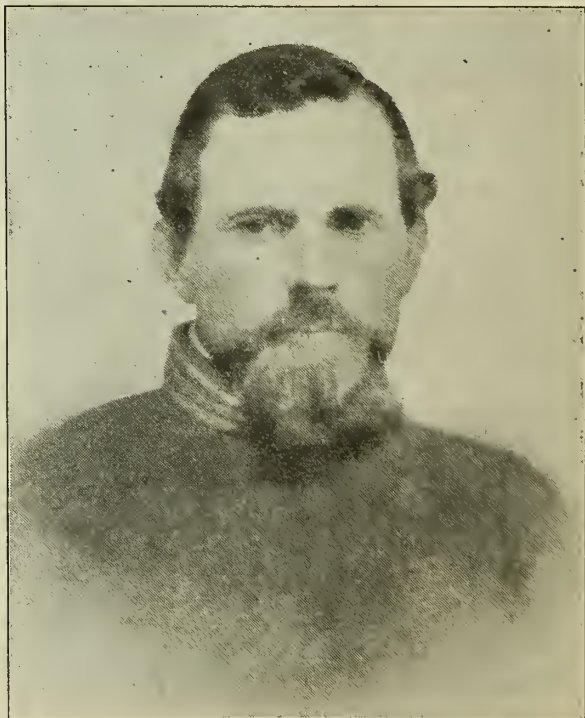
mand of Gen. M. L. Smith during the bombardment in the spring and summer of 1862. This regiment fought gallantly under Gen. Stephen D. Lee in December in the defeat of Sherman at Chickasaw Bayou, and throughout the siege of 1863 it was on duty in the trenches until the surrender, July 4.

Captain Shaffer was married in Baton Rouge, La., to Miss Minerva Cantey, and together they celebrated their sixty-third wedding anniversary at his late residence, Magnolia Plantation.

Sorrowing friends and faithful servants viewed the remains, which lay in state in the Confederate uniform he loved so well, with the cross of honor on his breast and the battle flag of the Confederacy covering the casket. The many floral offerings were exceedingly beautiful. The plantation bell tolled eighty-eight times as this procession slowly passed through the gates, and as it neared the colored church that bell also sounded its last tribute of respect and love.

A very pathetic and touching incident was the meeting of the hearse by the remaining members of the Braxton Bragg Camp, U. C. V., as it neared Thibodaux, when the Confederate flag was borne at half-mast, and the veterans walked as guard of honor on each side of their beloved Commander.

In the old, quaint, and historic St. John's Church, after the beautiful Church service, conducted by the Rt. Rev. Davis Sessums, D.D., assisted by a son-in-law of Captain Shaffer, the Rev. Dunham Van Syckel, of Hamilton, N. Y., the rector, the Rev. Dr. A. A. MacKenzie, and the Rev. Gardiner L. Tucker, of Houma, the body was lovingly borne to its last resting place by two sons, John D. and Thomas A. Shaffer, two grandsons, Randolph and J. J. Shaffer II., two sons-in-law, Samuel I. Raymond and Frederick R. Letcher, and the Messrs. Edward and Preston Pugh and Joe Williams. The ritual of the Braxton Bragg Camp was read by the Adjutant, Judge Engerran, and as the blessing was pronounced by the bishop there amid the flowers and the grand old oaks the casket was placed in the family mausoleum.



CAPT. JOHN J. SHAFFER.

CAPT. JOHN A. RICHARDSON.

Capt. J. A. Richardson, widely known as an educator and historian, died at the Grady Hospital, in Atlanta, Ga., on March 20, after an illness of several weeks. He was born near Palmetto, Ga., April 5, 1838, and was thus almost eighty-one years old. He served with distinction in the Confederate army as captain of Company C, 19th Georgia Regiment, Colquitt's Brigade, Hoke's Division, Hill's Corps, A. N. V. Survivors of the corps acted as honorary escort at the funeral services, held in Atlanta. The burial was at Palmetto, Ga., his childhood home.

Few men were better known in the South as an educator than Professor Richardson, as he was familiarly known in Atlanta. He was one of the organizers of the first large private school in Atlanta in 1868 before the organization of the public school system, and he was for several years one of the instructors in the school. Some of the South's leading citizens received their education under him. The Pioneer School boys of Atlanta is an association made up of these boys, now prominent men of Atlanta, and, with the Confederate veterans of the city, formed the funeral escort, while members of both organizations accompanied the body to Palmetto and took part in the funeral there.

Captain Richardson lived in Florida for eighteen years, but returned to Atlanta in 1895 and opened a private school, his specialty being the preparing of young men for West Point, Annapolis, and the famous colleges of America. His wife died some years ago, and he had made his home with a niece, Mrs. J. H. Hunt, at Gainesville. He is survived by a brother, sister, and two nieces.

As a historian Captain Richardson had given much study to the War between the States, and his "Defense of the South" is a masterly presentation of the issues which brought on that bloody war. Only a few months before his death his interest in the subject caused him to issue a "friendly challenge" to some of the other side for a discussion of the causes which brought on the war; and though there was no acceptance, it brought out some interesting correspondence, to which he refers in the article published in the VETERAN for March. His death is a loss to his beloved South.

OSCAR S. BAILEY.

Oscar Shaver Bailey, born in Washington County, Va., February 17, 1844, died at his home, in Steele, Mo., on February 6, 1919, lacking but a few days of completing his seventy-fifth year. He was the son of J. A. and Harriet Bailey, in whose family there were eight sons and six daughters. Of this large family, only one brother survives him. He leaves a wife, one son, and a daughter.

As a beardless boy Oscar Bailey volunteered for the Confederacy with the Washington Mounted Rifles, a company organized in Abingdon, Va., in April, 1861, by Capt. William E. Jones, and which was afterwards attached to the 1st Regiment of Virginia Cavalry and designated as Company D. The first colonel of this regiment was J. E. B. Stuart, and it took part in all the battles and skirmishes of the Army of Northern Virginia.

It was my fortune to be assigned to a mess composed of ten members—viz., W. F. P. Clark, Thomas and Oscar S. Bailey, Charles and William W. Morell, Charles B. Fields, David Lynch, R. M. Page, Robert J. Sanders—and of which I am the lone survivor. This was a jovial family of congenial spirits, always ready for fun or a fight.

Oscar S. Bailey was a true and loyal soldier, a good citizen of his adopted State, a tender-hearted, loving husband and affectionate father, a loyal and true friend, a Christian gentleman of the old school. He was a justice of the peace in his county and was beloved and honored by his fellow citizens.

May the God of love and mercy bless and comfort the hearts of the widow and children! is the sincere prayer of his comrade and their friend.

[Thomas W. Colley.]

TRAVIS D. MONCURE.

The recent death of the good soldier and valued citizen, Travis D. Moncure, lieutenant 1st Company, Richmond Howitzers, makes another gap in the ranks of old Confederates, men true in war and in later years so efficient in repairing the ravages of war. Few were more faithful than the



T. D. MONCURE.

subject of this memorial. Born in Stafford County, Va., near the birthplace of General Lee, the training of his youthful days was in a region saturated with the memories and traditions of manly freemen and noble women, who kept alive the virtues and accomplishments of Revolutionary forefathers. Removing to Richmond, young Moncure was probably an original member of the old Howitzer Company and volunteered with them on the outbreak of the Confederate war. As soldier and officer, his record is faultless. As comrade and friend,

he was stanch and true, with a droll humor that could appreciate the comic side of social life. After the war he married a daughter of Hon. Beverly Douglass, and in every capacity of civil life, as farmer, sheriff of his county, and otherwise, he was a valued and useful citizen. After nearly eighty years of a good life, he now rests in peace, leaving a memory cherished by all who knew him.

C. P.

CAPT. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Capt. William Taylor, of Emorysville, Va., died on December 2, 1918, at Westernport, Md., while visiting his daughter there. He had reached the age of seventy-eight years.

Captain Taylor served in the Confederate army as a member of Company D, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Hampton's Division. He was wounded in the hand while in service. He was prominent among the Confederate veterans of his county and was a most useful and influential citizen. For some years he had lived at Emorysville, Va., and was postmaster there.

The funeral was held at Westernport, and the body was taken to Keyser, W. Va., and interred in Queen's Point Cemetery by the side of his wife, who died some years ago. She was Miss Sallie Markwood. A son and four daughters survive him.

DR. TITUS NELSON SKEEN.

Dr. Titus N. Skeen, son of Rev. P. H. and Adelyne Skeen, was born in Palmetto, Ga., September 19, 1843. He entered the War between the States at the age of seventeen and was in twenty-one battles, being with General Lee when the banner of the Southern Confederacy was furled at Appomattox.

He went to Texas right after the war and in 1867 was married to Miss Mary Lou Newsome at Leesburg, Tex. To them six children were born, all dying in infancy except one son, who died in early manhood. He settled at Winnsboro, Tex., in 1871.

Dr. Skeen graduated from the medical college at Augusta, Ga., in 1875, and he was also a postgraduate of Tulane University, New Orleans. His practice continued until he was stricken with influenza and pneumonia, from which he died January 4, 1919. No man in that section of the State was better known or more universally loved. The wife by whose side he walked for more than half a century, a brother, and a half brother survive him, with the adopted son and daughters, upon whom he had bestowed the best he had to give, for the bereaved parents had felt their hearts drawn to other children when bereft of their own.

Dr. Skeen joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1868, and for thirty-seven years prior to his death he had been a steward in his Church. He gave his best to the Church he loved, and its pastors can recall many of his kindnesses during their stay in the little city where his life was an open book. The poor had cause to bless him for his ministry of healing, which was never withheld. The kindly voice so often heard at the bedside of others is now hushed, and the hands that gave their tender service during forty-four years are now forever folded; but he lives in the hearts he leaves behind.

DR. A. M. BARNES.

Dr. Augustus Mitchell Barnes, one of the oldest and most beloved citizens of Plant City, Fla., died on February 4, 1919. Had he lived until the 12th of February, he would have completed his eighty-eighth year.

Dr. Barnes was born in Beaufort, S. C., February 12, 1831. In 1868, and for thirty-seven years he had been a steward in his Church. He gave his best to the Church he loved, and its pastors can recall many of his kindnesses during their stay in the little city where his life was an open book. The poor had cause to bless him for his ministry of healing, which was never withheld. The kindly voice so often heard at the bedside of others is now hushed, and the hands that gave their tender service during forty-four years are now forever folded; but he lives in the hearts he leaves behind.

Dr. Barnes was widely read and a close student of all public questions. It is said that he never failed to exercise the right of franchise, although he would never allow his name to be used for political office. He was a Democrat and stood for all that was pure in political as well as social life. He was devoted to his family, faithful and generous to his friends, and unflinching in liberality to the needy. Since the death of his wife, on December 25, 1906, Dr. Barnes had made his home with his son and daughter, and, despite his advanced years, he was active until his last illness. He was a member of the Episcopal Church and a regular attendant and earnest worker in the cause of the Master.

Surviving Dr. Barnes are his son, John A. Barnes, and his daughter, Mrs. R. B. McLendon, of Plant City and Miami, Fla., respectively.

GEORGE S. NICHOLS.

Taps was sounded for a gallant veteran of the Confederate army when Comrade George S. Nichols died at his home, in Franklin, Tenn., on September 15, 1918, after a long illness. He was a charter member of McEwen Bivouac at Franklin and its Vice President at the time of his death.

He was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform, and on

his casket was draped the flag of the Williamson County Grays, the first company of the county to enter the Confederate army, and with it was the battle flag of the 1st Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, in which there are one hundred and ninety-seven bullet holes.

Funeral services were held at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Britt, which were conducted by the Revs. W. H. Haggard and E. C. Anderson. The wealth of floral tributes was a fragrant testimonial of the affection and esteem in which this worthy citizen was held



G. S. NICHOLS AND GRANDSON.

in the community. A long cortege accompanied his remains to their last resting place in Mount Hope Cemetery, where McEwen Bivouac took charge of the service, and the burial ritual was led by his lifelong friend, Lieut. John Miller, and taps was then sounded over the gallant soldier. Life's toils and cares all ended, he sleeps the last long sleep.

RALPH CARDEN.

Ralph Carden, who died on January 10, 1919, at the age of eighty years, joined the 14th Tennessee Regiment at Clarksville, Tenn., at the first call for volunteers April 1, 1861, and took part in all the great battles in Virginia. He was under General Lee's first command in West Virginia; he also participated in the battle of Seven Pines. Afterwards his regiment was transferred to Stonewall Jackson's command, with which he served the rest of the war. From Romney and Hancock to Appomattox he served faithfully.

In the battle of Gaines's Mill, after we had been repulsed with terrible loss, one of Gen. A. P. Hill's aids (his brother) came rushing up and said to our General Archer: "Form your men quick; we must go in again." Carden looked at me and, seeing that I was wavering, said: "John, let's go if they kill us all." We did go "over the top" that time.

At Gettysburg he went "over the top" across the famous rock fence right into the arms of the enemy and was captured just opposite the present equestrian statue of General Meade. He was taken to Fort Delaware, near Baltimore, and remained there until the close of the war.

By economy Comrade Carden saved enough to buy a good farm near Trenton, Ky., on which he passed the remainder of his days. I was his messmate during the war and can say that he was true to every trust.

[John Hurst, Clarksville, Tenn.]

CAMP LOMAX, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

During the past year eight members of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., Montgomery, Ala., passed over the river, and at the annual memorial service the names of the following were called and a short tribute was given in response: S. J. Anderson, Company K, 21st Alabama, died January 22, 1918; T. F. Leak, Company B, 8th Alabama, died February 11, 1918; W. S. West, Company A, 10th Georgia, died March 1, 1918; R. F. Kolb, Kolb's Battery, Alabama, died March 23, 1918; Raphael Semmes, lieutenant on the Alabama, died April 11, 1918; J. A. Calloway, 7th Alabama Cavalry, died June 24, 1918; W. L. Campbell, Company 9, 5th Louisiana, died November 5, 1918; C. A. Stearn, Waters's Battery, Alabama, died November 18, 1918.

Resolutions were adopted deploring these losses to the Camp and community and expressing the determination to "unite ourselves into closer union and to preserve our records more closely in the future than we have in the past."

A special resolution was passed in honor of Raphael Semmes, with a brief sketch of him by George W. Hailes, Adjutant of the Camp, from which the following is taken:

"Raphael Semmes comes from such an honored name that we cannot pass him by without some comment and expression of regret at the loss of an honored member of Camp Lomax, who with his unobtrusive, gentle manner won our love and admiration. He was slow in making acquaintances, but when once known he was true to all who were faithful to the higher ideals of life. Loyal to the Confederacy, his record shows that he was honored by President Davis more than any one of his age, having been appointed from the State at large, Alabama, to serve on the Confederate States ship Patrick Henry on the James River, Virginia, and he was in the battle of Drewry's Bluff. After the evacuation of Richmond he was transferred to the naval brigade of infantry, which was commanded by Rear Admiral (afterwards Brigadier General) Semmes, his father, who was transferred to this position after the loss of the Alabama. He commanded a brigade in General Lee's army, but surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865.

"Raphael Semmes, Jr., was commissioned second lieutenant in the army and served as such several months before the surrender. He also surrendered with Johnston's army. From this record it is shown that he was the youngest sailor and soldier commissioned by the Confederate government.

"He was honored by the appointment as Brigadier General commanding the First Brigade of Alabama U. C. V. in the fall of 1917. Knowing him as a member of Camp Lomax, we feel that he measured up as the noble son of a great sire. We mourn his loss as a comrade and also miss his guiding hand. All that pertained to the best interests of our Camp was ever of interest to him. In loving memory we pay this tribute to our departed friend."

The following was said in tribute to the beautiful character of T. F. Leake: "We bear the name of T. F. Leake, worthy of our deepest affection for the traits of character which are most worthy of a loyal and faithful veteran, and we esteem it a worthy action when we testify so truly to the good works of this departed veteran. His offering to the needy and helpless was great, and to all it was given with a will."

In speaking of Charles Stearn, the last of the veterans to pass away, George W. Hailes said: "In the list of our departed comrades for the past year is Charles Stearn, who, I think, deserves especial mention. He was a valuable member of the Camp and did everything for the uplift and good

of his comrades. He was a member of Waters's Battery of Artillery, and I have been told by his comrades that he was a brave and good soldier. His son, Phil Stearn, was also a good soldier in the Philippines, and I have it from an eyewitness who was with him in battle that he was a cool and brave officer. I served on the Memorial Committee with Charles Stearn and Major Screws, and I soon saw that whatever he undertook was done with his whole heart, and to him we owe the erection of our beautiful memorial in Oakwood Cemetery. It was due to his unfailing energy that the amount was raised. Not only was he faithful in business, but his charitable disposition led him to the bedside of any friend who was sick or in distress. He seemed to live to do good."

JAMES WARREN JUNIEL.

James Warren Juniell was born in Halifax County, Va., April 22, 1844, and died November 14, 1918, at Bearden, Ark. He was the son of John and Julia Wilkins Juniell, natives of Virginia, who went to Arkansas in 1850 and engaged in farming. Young Juniell was educated at McKenzie College, Texas, leaving school when the war broke out in 1861. He enlisted in Company G, 12th Arkansas Infantry, where he served with distinction until disabled at Belmont and discharged. After

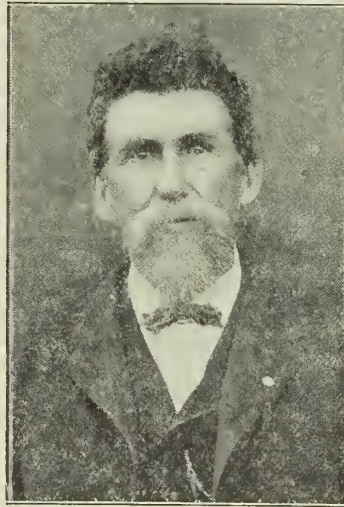
recovering he again enlisted in Company G, 12th Arkansas Cavalry, and served under Generals Forrest and Wheeler until December, 1863, when he was placed in the secret service on account of his success as a scout, acting under Capt. A. M. Shannon and operating in Tennessee, Georgia, and North and South Carolina until the close of the war. He was wounded twice at Murfreesboro and was captured three times, but made his escape each time.

Returning home in August, 1865, he began merchandising and farming.

He was elected to the legislature in 1888; had been an active and efficient member of the Ouachita County Quorum Court and a justice of the peace for more than forty years. He was recently chosen Commander for life of Hugh McCollum Camp, U. C. V., and was appointed Brigadier General of the 2d Arkansas Brigade, U. C. V. He seldom failed to attend the reunions and was very loyal and enthusiastic in everything pertaining to the U. C. V. He had long been an active member of the Masonic fraternity and was a consistent member of the Baptist Church, having served many years as deacon.

Comrade Juniell was married in November, 1866, to Miss Mary McDaniel, daughter of Judge James McDaniel, of New Edinburg, Ark. He is survived by his wife and two children, a son and a daughter. He was laid beside his father in the family cemetery with Masonic honors.

[From resolutions of respect by Alana Lodge, No. 271. G. A. Railsback, T. E. Lindsey, W. O. J. Gatling, H. C. Frizelle, committee.]



J. W. JUNIEL.

DAVID B. FITZGERALD.

Died at his home, in Omaha, Ga., on January 1, 1919, David Benton Fitzgerald. He was a native of Stewart County, Ga., and spent his life within its bounds. He had almost reached his seventy-fifth year. He was a member of the Bartow Guards, Company E, 31st Georgia, and followed Jackson and Gordon in the strenuous campaigns of the sixties. He was seriously wounded in the leg at Sharpsburg, and it was seven months before he could leave his bed and wheel chair; but as soon as he could hobble without crutches he returned to the army and gave months of arduous service, marching and fighting. During this time he was again severely wounded, in his left forearm, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, and his wounded leg became so bad that he was honorably discharged before the final surrender.

David Fitzgerald graduated with distinction from the University of Georgia in the notable class of 1870. Among his classmates were Chancellor Walter B. Hill, Gov. N. E. Harris, and many others who achieved eminence as ministers, lawyers, and business men. He served his country and State in places of honor and trust with fidelity and efficiency. He loved his veteran comrades and always met with them in their annual Reunions if possible; he was a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for many years and loved the old flag. He was a recognized leader in his Church (Baptist), and his purse was ever open to the calls of humanity. He met life's trials with superb courage; cheerful, genial, he made and held his friends. As the old year passed out "Taps" sounded for the noble soldier, and on the advent of the new year he entered into rest with the many who have gone to bivouac on the heavenly shores of eternal peace.

SAMUEL M. BAKER.

Samuel M. Baker died at his home, in Taylorsville, Hanover County, Va., on March 7, 1919. He was a prominent Confederate veteran and had been a member of Company G, 4th Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade. He was a faithful soldier, having taken part in most of the important engagements in Northern Virginia, and he ever remained loyal to the cause for which he had fought.

He married Miss Elizabeth Lumpkin, who preceded him to the grave. He is survived by three daughters (Mrs. W. R. Lumpkin, of Ashland, Va., Mrs. W. E. Thompson, and Miss Susie L. Baker), two sons (John R. Baker, of Taylorsville, S. Thomas Baker, of Richmond, Va.), and a number of grandchildren.

His body was laid to rest in the family burying ground at his late home.

[W. F. Blunt.]

JEFFERSON SHOOK SMITH.

Died at the home of A. A. Mercer, in Mount Vernon, Tex., on February 3, 1919, Jefferson Shook Smith, aged seventy-four years. Comrade Smith was adjutant of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., at the time of his death. He entered the Confederate army at Little Rock, Ark., in 1862, in Company E, Scott's Company of Cavalry, Crump's Battalion, Trans-Mississippi Department; and was honorably discharged before the surrender. He was a good citizen, a devout Christian, a member of the Methodist Church for fifty-seven years. He was a Texan by birth. This Camp has lost a true Confederate soldier and an efficient officer. The Camp of veterans officiated at his burial. Peace to his ashes!

[P. A. Blakey, Commander.]

EDWIN BOWIE.

Edwin Bowie fell asleep at his home, Kirnan, near Hague, Va., on December 29, in his seventy-ninth year. And in the close of this long, busy, and useful life a man of the old school passed from the scenes of earth, leaving the world poorer by his going.

In Edwin Bowie was centered many of the best attributes that go to make a man of lofty character, a Christian, and a citizen who lived fully up to the best and highest ideals of good citizenship; a man whose untiring industry, energy, and pure life were an example for men to follow.

The call to arms at the beginning of the war in 1861 found Edwin Bowie a student at the University of Virginia, but he promptly enlisted in the Confederate army, where he made a record for gallant service unsurpassed by any who followed the fortunes of Lee and Jackson, receiving dangerous wounds in the bloody battles fought under their leadership. He was in at the beginning of that deadly struggle and was one of the eight thousand veterans, the surviving heroes of the Army of Northern Virginia, who, in line of battle, on the ninth day of April, 1865, were reported present for duty. He loved the home and the farm, and the happiest hours of his industrious outdoor life were spent in tilling the soil and noting its steady improvement under the touch and skill of his own hands. He married late in life and leaves a wife who was the solace and comfort of his declining years.

[Comrade.]

MRS. JOHN B. HAMILTON.

Mrs. John B. Hamilton passed to her reward on February 25, 1919. She was one of the charter members of the Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of Abingdon, Va., and for three years served as President of this Chapter, during which time the long-neglected soldiers' section of our cemetery was inclosed with

a handsome iron fence and ornamental gate, bearing the inscription: "Unknown Confederate Dead."

Mrs. Hamilton, who was Miss Annie Louise Bradley, was born August 19, 1844, near Abingdon, Va. She joined the Methodist Church at the age of fourteen. During the trying period of the War between the States she made bandages, scraped lint, and filled haversacks for the boys of 1861. As a girl during the war she helped care for her widowed mother,



MRS. JOHN B. HAMILTON.

younger brother, and a widowed sister with two small children. She was at the flag presentation to the 48th and 37th Virginia Regiments and helped fill their haversacks. She had lived to see another war and helped to knit socks and sweaters for the American army of 1917, in which she had two grandsons, Maj. C. H. Carson, now at Camp Lee, Va., and First Lieut. Lewis Stokes Hamilton, now in France.

MRS. LUCY BRADFORD MITCHELL.

[From a sketch by her grandson, Albert F. Ganier, of Nashville, Tenn.]

With the death of Mrs. Lucy Bradford Mitchell on February 7, 1919, at Vicksburg, Miss., the life of one of the South's most notable women was brought to a close. Mrs. Mitchell had the special distinction of being the last of the nieces of Jefferson Davis, the beloved President of the Southern Confederacy, her mother being Amanda Davis, his sister.

Born November 11, 1831, in West Feliciana Parish, La., her span of life covering eighty-eight years, she lived through many eventful periods in the history of our country, and during these periods she made her activity and intellect felt in whatever was inaugurated for the public welfare. Her father was David Bradford, a lawyer educated at Bowdoin College, New Hampshire,

who shortly after his graduation settled in Southern Louisiana. He gained much success as a lawyer and, in addition to his legal talents, was a splendid linguist and mathematician. Living first at Bayou Sara, he later moved to Madison Parish, La., where he was killed at the age of forty-two by a man whom he had rebuked in court for a piece of rascality.

Amanda Davis, mother of Mrs. Mitchell, born in Kentucky, met David Bradford at her later



MRS. LUCY BRADFORD MITCHELL.

home at Woodville, near Natchez, Miss., and they were married in 1818. He took his bride to Bayou Sara, La., where he had engaged in the practice of law and owned a plantation near the banks of the Mississippi River. It was in the year 1840 that he moved to Madison Parish from Bayou Sara and but four years later that he met his death. His wife and children went to live with her brother, Joe Davis, elder brother of Jefferson Davis, at Hurricane Plantation, near Vicksburg, Miss.

The children were taught at home by a governess at first, then the boys were sent to St. Joseph's College, at Bardstown, Ky. One of them, Jeff, received an appointment to West Point, graduating with high honors. Lucy went to school in New York during 1844-46, then to Nazareth Academy, in Kentucky, where all of her sisters were educated. She graduated in 1849 and returned to her home in Mississippi. The journeys to and from Kentucky were made by way of steamboat to Louisville and from there by stage, via Bardstown, to Nazareth, which at that time was one of the most famous schools in the South.

In 1850 Lucy Bradford was married to Dr. Charles J. Mitchell, a Kentuckian, who had been educated in medicine at Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky., after which he went to Paris and continued the study of medicine for three years more. Returning in 1842, he began the practice of medicine in Madison Parish, La., where he had purchased what is now called "Shirley Plantation," near Tallulah. He was the third of a generation of doctors, and his son Alex made the fourth.

Dr. Mitchell had married Mary Davis, a cousin of Lucy Bradford, in 1837, before going to Paris, and took her with him. She died at Hurricane Plantation, Miss., the home of her father, Joseph Davis, in 1846.

In 1862 Dr. Mitchell went to Texas to make his home, taking with him live stock, household effects, and sixty slaves. He traveled overland with a caravan of covered wagons, as was then the custom, and settled near Crockett, purchasing a plantation of two thousand acres on the Trinity River. He sold out in 1867 and returned to Vicksburg, Miss., where he practiced his profession until his death, in 1886.

On the death of her husband Mrs. Mitchell went to Madison Parish, La., to live with her daughter, Mrs. Elia Danier, on Mansfield Plantation, and at the death of her daughter, in 1910, she made her home with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alex Mitchell, visiting each summer her grandsons and other loved relatives until she became too infirm to travel. She retained much of her health and activity up to the last, and of her faculties only that of memory had begun to give way during her last years.

Her disposition embodied all that was generous and thoughtful, and her resources, financial and otherwise, were always at the command of worthy causes. Unassuming, gentle, and kind, she demonstrated the characteristics of those to the manner born and which contributed to the fame of the men and women of the Old South. Station in life did not weigh with her, and she went on in her own sweet way with a pleasant word for every one, turning a deaf ear to gossip, preferring to see the good in her neighbors and inspiring others to the performance of deeds of kindness.

Mrs. Mitchell was one of a family of nine children, all of whom died before her, and stranger still is the fact that all of her own nine children preceded her to the grave. She is survived by four grandsons—Elie Ganier, of Percy, Miss.; L. Mitchell Ganier, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Albert F. Ganier, of Nashville, Tenn.; and Maunsell Mitchell, of Tacoma, Wash.—and by a stepdaughter, Mrs. Elise Hamer.

During one of her visits to Nashville, Tenn., in 1912 a number of receptions were given in honor of Mrs. Mitchell by friends who knew of her connections. Perhaps the most pleasant of these was an informal gathering at the Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson, when it was her pleasure to meet some of Tennessee's most notable men and women. Shortly after that the VETERAN gave a brief biographical sketch and picture of her. The accompanying picture was made a few months later.

A NOTED MISSISSIPPIAN.

The death of Gen. J. S. Billups, of Columbus, Miss., caused widespread sorrow, for he was a man who numbered his friends wherever he was known. Although too young to have had a part in the War between the States (his title was from being on the Governor's staff), the home of his parents was the center of hospitality to the soldiers of the South, and many a sick or wounded soldier there found the comfort and care which restored him to health.

James Saunders Billups was born November 24, 1849, and died January 11, 1919. In him was embodied the highest type of Southern manhood, and through his sympathetic understanding of life his thought for others made him indeed a friend to man. He was born in Columbus, and his life had been spent among its people, whom he loved and who loved him.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.....*Historian General*
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: April will find the United Daughters of the Confederacy in convention assembled at Louisville, Ky. (D. V.), and so your President General's letter will necessarily be a short one. Let me remind readers of this column that the material is sent a month ahead of its appearance, hence many changes may occur between the writing and your reading.

I record with regret the death of one of our ex-President Generals, Mrs. John C. Brown, which occurred at her home in Nashville, Tenn., February 28, 1919. Mr. Brown had been so long my predecessor in U. D. C. work that she signed my certificate of membership into the U. D. C. in 1896 and on my election to the office of President General took pride in that fact and graciously consented to serve on the staff of your President General. Her passing removes a conspicuous figure from our membership, which will lose much inspiration and encouragement in the lack of her brilliant, buoyant spirit in its midst.

Division Meetings.—The South Carolina Division will hold its postponed convention in Darlington, S. C., April 22-24, the North Carolina Division will hold its postponed convention at Wilson, N. C., April 29 to May 2, and the Florida Division will hold its annual convention in Jacksonville, Fla., May 7-9. Your President General has accepted the invitation of each one of these Divisions to be at these conventions (D. V.) and hopes to find inspiration and encouragement in coming in contact with the faithful and efficient local workers in these splendid States.

An Arizona Division, U. D. C., was organized at Phoenix, Ariz., on February 10, 1919. Mrs. Nellie Hoy, President of the Mother Chapter at Bisbee, was elected President of the new Division and Mrs. Nellie Olney, President of the Phoenix Chapter, Corresponding Secretary. Your President General rejoices to make this official announcement and to welcome this Division into the group of twenty-three State Divisions already existing. Twenty-four State Divisions and representation in thirty-five States in all makes a far-flung membership in our Association. May the constructive work of spreading our membership over a wide area continue far into the future!

The Alabama Division is rejoicing over the passing of a bill in their legislature by which the U. D. C. are allowed \$250 yearly for the next four years to enable them to complete the endowment of the Alabama Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., was the efficient chairman of the committee which accomplished this work, and she will gladly correspond with any one interested in finding out "how it was done."

Your President General will not detail any work in this

letter. I call on you all only to increase our membership and let our "greater roll" be ready to undertake the work which the Louisville Convention will plan out for the remaining months of 1919.

With loving greetings to all the U. D. C. who read this page—and there are many of you who do, for you tell me so in your correspondence with me daily—and with heartfelt thanks for your words of encouragement and approval which have brightened my days and lightened the labors of my office, I am, with a fervent "Godspeed" to you all,

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

GENERAL U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIPS.

The General U. D. C. Education Committee announces the following fifty-six General U. D. C. scholarships open to applicants for the scholastic year 1919-20:

Full scholarship, covering board and tuition, value \$650. Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Awarded by competitive examination which is given by the College Entrance Examination Board.

Full scholarship, covering board and tuition, value \$350. Stonewall Jackson College, Abingdon, Va.

Two tuition scholarships, value \$100 each, Sophie Newcomb College, New Orleans, La.

Tuition scholarship, value \$200, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

Tuition scholarship, value \$100, Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.

The Thomas Martin Memorial Tuition Scholarship, value \$100, Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn.

Tuition scholarship, value \$100, Randolph-Macon Academy scholarship, Front Royal, Va.

Two tuition scholarships, value \$150 each, New Sullins College, Bristol, Va.

Three tuition scholarships, value \$198 each, Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga.

Two tuition scholarships, value \$50 each, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.

Tuition scholarship, value \$60, University of Alabama, University, Ala.

Tuition scholarship, value \$75, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.

Tuition scholarship, value \$100, St. Mary's School, Memphis, Tenn. Open to residents of Tennessee.

Partial scholarship, value \$400, at Fleet School, Flat Rock, N. C. Tenure, one year for each student.

Tuition scholarship in Music or Literary Department, value \$100, Elizabeth Mather College, Atlanta, Ga.

Two tuition scholarships in Literary, Music, Art, or Do-

mestic Science Department, value \$100 each, Harriman College, Harriman, Tenn.

Tuition scholarship, value \$50, Southwestern Presbyterian College, Clarksville, Tenn.

Tuition scholarship, value \$50, Presbyterian Preparatory School, Anniston, Ala.

Two tuition scholarships, value \$50 each, Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

Two tuition scholarships in Literary, Music, or Art Department, value \$50 each, Meridian College Conservatory, Meridian, Miss.

Tuition scholarship, value \$60, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Tuition scholarship, value \$200, Paul Institute, Washington, D. C.

Tuition scholarship, value \$150, Marion Institute, Marion, Ala.

Two tuition scholarships, value \$75 each, Eastern College, Manassas, Va.

Tuition scholarship, value \$75, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Tex. Open to young men and women living west of the Mississippi River.

Tuition scholarship, value \$65, Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn.

Twenty-one tuition scholarships, value \$95 each, in Academic Course, University of Virginia, one for each of the following States: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, Washington, and Illinois. Each scholarship limit, two years.

RULES GOVERNING THE AWARD OF U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIPS.

Section 1. Present affidavits of two or more well-known Confederate soldiers or Daughters of the Confederacy as proof of the applicant's eligibility as a worthy descendant of worthy Confederate ancestry.

Section 2. Present physician's health indorsement and testimonials of good moral character, steadfastness of purpose, worthiness and need of assistance from their ministers most recent teachers, and Daughters of the Confederacy where possible, and from at least four other prominent people of their resident community. Proofs of any diplomas or certificates that applicants may have should be presented, also copies of most recent school reports.

Section 3. Applicants must make in due form applications for the scholarships, stating age, residence, post office and county, parentage, Confederate ancestry (maternal and paternal), advancement, the scholarship preferred, and pledge themselves to abide by all the requirements and rules of the institution which they select to enter and to make the best possible use of the opportunity offered by the scholarship.

Tenure: All scholarships offered by the U. D. C. except when especially limited by the donors are available for four years, or until the student graduates, provided his or her record merits reappointment. All the foregoing scholarships are good for four years except where stated otherwise.

Applicants: Applications for these scholarships must be made through your State Chairman of Education, who must send the applications from her State, with their testimonials, to Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Chairman General U. D. C. Education Committee, prior to May 27, 1919. All applications must be made on the official blanks sent by the chairman of the committee.

DIVISION NOTES.

The notes from the Alabama Division on the inauguration of Governor Kilby call to mind what Mr. Winthrop Pitman, of Boston, recently told me when speaking of the difference in the attitude of negroes toward Southerners and toward Northerners and how well Southerners understand them. He and a friend were in Montgomery several years ago and of course visited the old Capitol. It did not take them long to walk over the building, and when they came out an old negro man sitting on the steps said to him: "Been all oveh the Cap'tol, boss?" "Yes, we have seen it all." "Did you see Uncle Jeff's room?" asked the old negro. "Uncle Jeff's room? What room is that?" "Room of President Jefferson Davis, sah. Have you been up thah?" The old negro knew they had not been in the building long enough to see that room. "I guess not," said Mr. Pitman. "Let's see it. But why do you call it 'Uncle Jeff's room'?" "Because I calls Mr. President Davis 'Uncle Jeff.'"

As they went to see the room, in which they found furniture and other mementoes of the Davis family, they questioned the old negro, and he told them he had been the body-servant of President Davis, and at the close of the war Mr. Davis said to him: "You are no longer a slave. You are free to go where you please. I am no longer your master." "Not my Marse Jeff?" "No, I'm not Marse Jeff now." "I ain't to call you Marse Jeff no more?" "No." "But, Marse Jeff, I can't call you Mr. Davis after all these years you been Marse Jeff. It teks you away from me. What can I call you?" "Call me 'Uncle Jeff' then," said Mr. Davis, and the old negro has happily said "Uncle Jeff" ever since.

He showed Mr. Pitman the gold star that marks where "Uncle Jeff" stood when he was inaugurated President of the Confederate States of America. One of the officials told Mr. Pitman that while in New Orleans just before his death Mr. Davis wrote to a friend in Montgomery that he wished to provide for life for his faithful servant and, knowing that this room was to be arranged, asked them to give him a position as caretaker of it at the Capitol for life, and this was done.

* * *

Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, Historian General, announces seven interesting prizes offered for historical and literary work, open to all Divisions, Chapters, and members of the U. D. C., and to the Children of the Confederacy. A new prize, the soldiers' prize, is \$20 offered by an officer of the American expeditionary force now in France.

The Education Committee, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky chairman, has issued a circular giving a list of scholarships free or partly free now open to descendants of Confederate soldiers. It is to be hoped that all Division Presidents and Division Chairmen of Education Committees will make a determined effort to have young people of Confederate lineage in their States fill every scholarship this year. Education means too much now for the advantages of these scholarships to be lost to the youth of the South even for one year.

* * *

The Alabama Division is very proud to be informed by the Chairman of the General War Relief Committee, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, that Alabama has endowed nine beds in the American hospital at Neuilly, France, making Alabama second in that great work. Under the leadership of their chairman, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Alabama has striven to be first; but when a big State like Texas is first, a smaller State can well be delighted to be second.

The Division has put war work above all other save the care of Alabama Confederate veterans. Several hundred dollars is given each year to the inmates of the Alabama Home for Confederate Veterans for luxuries, extras for their pleasure, and the upkeep of the hospital. The increase in prices of clothes and food made the appropriation given by the State to the institution insufficient to care for the veterans. The legislature was not in session, so the fixed amount could not be raised. The U. D. C. of Alabama at once came to the relief of the commandant and sent quantities of food and clothing.

Through the untiring efforts and ever-watchfulness of Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky the Legislature of Alabama has just appropriated another one thousand dollars toward the endowment fund for the maintenance of the Alabama Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

Alabama's President, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, and Second Vice President, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, were invited to head the U. D. C. organization in the parade on the occasion of the inauguration of Alabama's Governor in Montgomery in January. This was a very auspicious occasion to Alabama, being the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of the State into the Union of States. Their car was decorated with Confederate and United States flags, conspicuous among these being the Division flag held by Mrs. Rountree. This inauguration was peculiarly interesting to all U. D. C.'s, as Governor Kilby took the oath of office near the same spot where Jefferson Davis was sworn in as President of the Confederate States of America fifty-eight years ago. A few of the people were present on this happy occasion who saw Mr. Davis sworn into office. The thousands of soldiers in the parade recalled to them very vividly the days of the sixties.

It is with much sorrow that we chronicle the death of Alabama's beloved Honorary Life President, Mrs. Clifford A. Lanier, of Montgomery. She will be greatly missed in the Division.

The Electra Semmes Colston Chapter, of Mobile, on Sunday evening, January 20, brilliantly celebrated the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, with Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, the special guest of honor, who made the address of the evening. Many social courtesies were shown Mrs. Bashinsky while in Mobile, among them a buffet luncheon by the U. D. C., an automobile drive to Chickasaw, the great show place of Mobile, and a call on Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, whose honored name the U. D. C. Chapter bears. Mrs. Colston is the daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, of the Confederate navy.

* * *

Reports from the January meeting of the Staunton (Va.) Juniors, U. S. C. V., and U. D. C. show great activity in all State work during the past year. For the fourth time the Division prize for the best essay written by a Junior was awarded a member of this organization. Prize winner, Miss Naomi Shippe; subject, "Twenty Days That Made History." The prize, \$5 in gold, was invested in thrift stamps.

The Director, Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, reported the completion of the copying into a Chapter book all Confederate ancestors, records, and the filing of the original blanks in a fire-proof safe in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

Confederate seal money, augmented by a gift of \$10 from the Director, was contributed to the Children of the Confederacy bed in France.

Contributions were made to farm work.

The Juniors purchased and presented to their Director a Confederate pin made by a paroled Confederate prisoner at Vicksburg, Miss., in July, 1863. This pin was donated by its owner, Miss Eunice Hopkins Smith, for the benefit of war relief.

During the State Convention the Staunton Juniors' representative, accompanied by the Director, visited the Soldiers' Home at Richmond and treated the veterans to cigars.

Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, Director of the Staunton Juniors, has been made chairman for Staunton and Augusta County of the Fatherless Children of France organization.

The C. R. Mason Chapter, of Fishersville, is planning the adoption of a French orphan.

The annual tea of the Richmond Chapter, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, President, was given at Lee Camp Hall on the afternoon of February 19, with the wounded soldiers from Westhampton among the guests of honor. This was called the "Peace Jubilee Tea" especially in honor of the boys. Among the guests of honor invited were Gov. and Mrs. Westmoreland Davis, General and Mrs. Bundy, Col. and Mrs. W. H. Dear, veterans from the Confederate Home, veterans of Lee Camp, U. C. V., the President and other officers of the Virginia Division, U. D. C.

Lee Chapter, Richmond, celebrated Washington's birthday with a historical program and tea at the Confederate Women's Home. Three historical evenings were held during the year at the Home, and they were not only instructive, but also quite interesting. Lee Chapter held its regular monthly meetings, doing good and patriotic work and contributing to every good cause brought to its attention. Besides working systematically and patriotically in the Red Cross rooms, where they made over one thousand garments and bandages, the members have worked in each of the liberty loan drives and have held a series of entertainments, by means of which they raised funds sufficient to donate to many patriotic and needy causes. The following contributions were made toward the comfort and pleasure of our soldier, sailor, and marine boys. One hundred dollars was spent for wool which has been knit into socks; fifty dollars was sent to the Virginia Division for the R. E. Lee bed in the hospital at Neuilly, France. Later the Chapter sent \$600 for the upkeep of a second bed to be named the Mary Custis Lee bed. A donation was made to a fund for a baseball outfit at the athletic field at Camp Lee. In addition to this work, they have not failed to make contributions toward the comfort of Confederate women and veterans. Sixty dollars was spent to place new china in the Home for Needy Confederate Women, \$125 given for the support of an inmate of the Home, and \$61 was contributed for the traveling expenses of a veteran to the Reunion at Tulsa, Okla. Receipts from a ball given on December 18 were \$178. Collections during the year amounted to \$1,623.94.

* * *

One of the most active and best organized Chapters of the Tennessee Division is the Gen. A. P. Stewart, of Chattanooga. It owns its Chapter house, formerly a residence, where the Daughters and the veterans hold their meetings. They are always doing something to raise funds, for much money is needed for their activities. The proximity of Fort Oglethorpe and Chickamauga Park, with its many camps and cantonments, give them a large field for war work among the soldiers and in the hospitals, in which they have never been remiss, but most interested and sympathetic. In the spring they expect to unveil a handsome bust of Gen. A. P. Stewart.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparadness." Flower the Rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

FOREWORD.

Dear Children of the Confederacy: I am sure you will be interested in the early history of some of the products of our beloved South. There was a time when Southern children had no rice to eat, and there was a time when beautiful silk was made here.

One industry became a great success; the other did not; but the story of both is interesting.

This is a wonderful country we have. Let us learn all about it that we can.

Your sincere friend,

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1919.

1. In what Southern State was rice first grown?
2. Who invented a machine to husk rice?
3. Tell the story of the ship which brought rice from Madagascar.
4. What other State tried rice culture in early times?
5. Why did rice become so important to the Southern States?

RICE CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

The cultivation of rice in America began in South Carolina in the early days of the province, and in an account of that fair land supposed to have been written by Robert Horne in 1666 he says: "The meadows are very proper for rice."

The earliest settlers advised the cultivation of rice, and by 1691 it had become a recognized industry, and one Peter Guerard had invented "a pendulum engine which doth much better and in lesse time and labour husk rice than any other heretofore hath been used within this province," which so pleased the General Assembly that they passed an act securing to him patent rights.

Landgrave Thomas Smith, who was Governor of South Carolina in 1693-94, had traveled much and had been in Madagascar before he came to South Carolina. He lived, while Governor in Charleston, where he had a pleasant garden facing on the bay. He had noted while in Madagascar that rice grew best in low, moist ground, and, having such a place in the rear of his garden, he often wished that he might obtain rice seed and plant it. About this time a vessel from Madagascar, being in distress, came to anchor off Sullivan's Island, and the captain, who knew Mr. Smith, sought him out in Charleston.

In the course of the conversation Mr. Smith spoke of his desire to plant rice if he could only get come seed, whereupon the captain said he thought the ship's cook could furnish some. The cook, being called, found a small bag of rice which he presented to Smith, who sowed it in his garden, where it flourished, and rice became the first staple commodity of Carolina and soon after became the chief support of the colony.

For several years after it was planted its exportation was much hindered by the pirates along the coast; but in the year

1724, about six years after the pirates were put out of the way, eighteen thousand barrels of rice were exported. Virginia also tried rice-planting, and one of her early writers said she could raise it as well "as Carolina or any other part of the earth," but there were not laborers enough "to husk and clean it and take it off the planters' hands."

Rice became to Carolina the great staple, "what sugar is to Barbados or tobacco to Virginia" the planters wrote to England, and by 1730 they were shipping it in great quantities to Portugal, Spain, France, Great Britain, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. Later, when Carolina feared a stop would be put to the exportation of rice, one of the early Governors sent a letter to England stating that if this be the case the planters could not pay their debts, and there would be such a want of money "as at this present precarious time may render the whole colony an easy prey to their neighboring enemies, the Indians and Spaniards." This letter was written about the time Fort Loudoun, on the Little Tennessee, was taken by the Cherokees, so the danger was more real than fancied.

The cultivation of rice spread rapidly to the other Southern States, but of late years Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas have been most successful in growing rice, and the production in the United States is about 25,000,000 bushels annually. In 1912 California produced its first commercial crop of rice. Arkansas is famous for its fine upland rice, and the bright green fields are a beautiful sight. In South Carolina the rice is grown chiefly in the low, flat lands covered with water. More than one hundred years ago a good old historian of that State wrote: "In every point of view rice is of more value than mines of silver and gold. It is durable than any other known grain, and among all the variety of grains none is more productive, nutritious, or wholesome."

During the dark days of the War between the States this wonderful grain was a mainstay in every Southern home.

References: "Carroll's Historical Collections," "Narratives of Early Carolina," Beverly's "History of Virginia," Ramsey's "History of South Carolina."

U. D. C. PROGRAMS.

APRIL.

1. What appeal did the Virginia House of Burgesses make to the English throne respecting the burden of slavery?
2. What most important paragraph written by Jefferson concerning slavery was left out of the Declaration of Independence?
3. How early did the Virginia counties begin to protest against slavery?
4. What most celebrated statute did Virginia enact in 1778 regarding the slave trade?
5. How long before England followed Virginia's example?

MAY.

1. When did Maryland prohibit the slave trade?
2. How early did North Carolina show her displeasure concerning slavery?
3. What Southern colony began her existence with a definite prohibition of slavery?
4. When did slavery begin in Georgia?
5. What faithful efforts were made by the Southern colonies to relieve themselves of the burden of slavery?

Reference: Article on "Early Efforts to Suppress the Slave Trade," page 83 March VETERAN.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
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MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MRS. A. M'D. WILSON.

The Sabbath of the South draws near, the day made sacred by memories, hallowed through association, and with sentiment lofty, true, and so inspiring as to have made a place for itself in history, beautiful in its pathos, yet stamped upon the world indelibly. The history of a people whose loyalty and fidelity has so wrought upon the respect and admiration of the commonwealth that through its steadfastness of sentiment and devotion to memories the wheels of commerce and the rush of worldly activities stand at attention while from hill and vale the South marches in flower-laden phalanx to the shrines at which she loves to pay tribute to her immortal heroes.

The history of the world does not bear record of a like devotion. Covering the period of over half a century, this custom has prevailed. Animated by a small band of women who, like Mary and Martha of old, last at the cross and first at the grave, brought their offerings of love, so these, our women, from every walk in life, from the homes of the rich and poor alike, pay tribute. In long lines of marchers, with their patriotic emblems wreathed in flowers, they went their way amid strains of martial music to the places of the silent sleepers, who will hear again no trumpet call save that of the resurrection.

O, women of the Southland, peerless in your devotion to a cause you loved because you believed it just, march on through endless ages, preserving the sentiments and traditions of a people who shall live in song and story! Keep the altar fires of patriotism burning, and let the sentiment which made great your beloved Lee and Jackson lead you on. See to it that the young of this land of ours catch the inspiring spirit.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE B. WYLIE.

It will be interesting to the officers and delegates who attend the conference of the C. S. M. A. called by the President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, for May 15 in Atlanta to know something about her home, where they will be entertained on several occasions. The place is named Ballyclare, after the estate belonging to Major Wilson's family in Ireland. Ballyclare is a short distance from the center of the city in the most fashionable part of the suburbs, and by the time the conference holds it will be reached through a beautifully wooded drive all bright with spring flowers and fragrant woodsy plants and early budding of leaves. All winter Mrs. Wilson has been looking after the grounds and seeing that fruit trees and shrubs are planted there. The place is

new, having been built but one year ago. It is there that many entertainments have been given and will be given later on. Mrs. Wilson will entertain the distinguished women who attend the conference at a reception at Ballyclare.

* * *

Mrs. James Dinkins, Vice President General C. S. M. A. for Louisiana, has many interesting things to report from that State, and she begins by saying that the war work performed by the Memorial Chapters in Louisiana has been in keeping with the spirit of the great organization of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association. She says:

"During the war the different Memorial Associations of Louisiana, under the splendid leadership and guidance of the lamented Mrs. W. J. Behan, organized branches and assisted in Red Cross work, Y. M. C. A. work, and the sale of liberty bonds and war savings stamps. The Chapters at New Orleans and Baton Rouge and at some other places were active in all war work.

"It is needless to say that the success of the Louisiana Association was due in a large measure to the indefatigable efforts and energy of our late President, Mrs. Behan, who spent every hour she was able in organizing and directing the work.

"Now that the war has ended, we are called on for our share of the work of reconstruction, which obligation will be met with the same high spirit of loyalty, devotion, and sacrifice which has characterized our work in the past. The labors of the Confederate Memorial Association heretofore were confined to the care of the graves of our Confederate dead, the preservation of the history of the Confederate armies, and such assistance as we were able to give to those who needed help. Our work during the reconstruction period following the War between the States must forever be an inspiration to those who come after us, whether they come from the North or from the South, and I firmly believe that the spirit of patriotism which guided our Association then will be given just as whole-heartedly in the work of reconstruction now as before. There are no people in any section of our great country who responded more readily to the call from our government in the great war than the women of the South under the direction of the Memorial Association and Daughters of the Confederacy.

"They are just as anxious to preserve the devotion, the heroism, and the achievements of the men who went forth for liberty in this war, the men who made the world safe for liberty. We know that our dream has been realized. We are no longer isolated; we are united with our great Allies, and with them we shall maintain order throughout the world. It is only a just cause, backed by such noble men and women as we sent forth, which could have won the

victory. Not only liberty, but we are assured of the future welfare of people and of society over the world.

"Let us respect the memory of all those who fell fighting for the realization of our national and human ideals. Let us do respectful homage to the historic exploits of our army and transmit to future generations our grateful sentiments toward our noble allies with whom we share the victory. May our beloved country live in honor and glory amid the happiness of other people!"

* * *

The organization of a new Chapter in the Confederate Southern Memorial Association at College Park, Ga., recently was a tribute to the executive ability of our new President General, for it was through her direction that the organization was perfected. Mrs. Wilson was the guest of honor and made a talk on the beautiful work of the National Association which she heads. The Chapter was organized at the home of Mrs. Lester A. Brown, and that patriotic woman was elected President. Mrs. W. B. Collier was made First Vice President; Mrs. Dan C. Lysle, Second Vice President; Mrs. R. S. Rosser, Recording Secretary; Mrs. S. G. Jamison, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Annie Thornton, Treasurer; Mrs. M. J. McAfee, Historian. The Chapter was organized with twenty-three charter members.

* * *

Mrs. Horace L. Simpson, Vice President General of Florida on the National Board of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, reports that Florida has done a large war work, including relief work for the stricken people overseas and for the soldiers in the home war camps. The Florida Memorial Associations have done Red Cross work and have bought and assisted in promoting the sales of liberty bonds. Mrs. Simpson said: "Our war work is far from being finished. The war is behind us, but the reorganization is here, and there are many important things to be accomplished. No one knows what reconstruction means more than the loyal women of the South, when no hand was held out to us, and we had to make our beloved land to smile again unaided. So we needs must put out our friendly hand and help the stricken people across the water. We can help by sending clothes, which are needed by the children and the old people, and we can help rebuild the devastated villages. The women of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association of Florida will be ready when they are needed to do a sympathetic part, as they have already done in the past."

LOUISIANA OFFICERS TO BE HONORED.

W. O. Hart, Secretary Louisiana Vicksburg Park Memorial Commission, New Orleans, La., makes this inquiry:

"By Act 95 of the last legislative session of Louisiana of 1918 there was created the Louisiana Vicksburg Park Memorial Commission for the purpose of erecting in Vicksburg Military Park a Louisiana monument and also of placing 'on Confederate Avenue in said park memorial bronze relief portraits of Lieut. Cols. Madison Rogers, 17th Infantry, S. H. Griffin, 31st Infantry, and L. L. McLaurin, 27th Infantry, Louisiana officers killed on duty in the trenches during the defense of Vicksburg.'"

"Up to this time we have been unable to find the portraits of any of these officers, and it is hoped that some reader of the *VETERAN* may have such portraits or knows where they may be obtained or can put us in touch with some members of the families of these distinguished Confederate soldiers."

THE FIRST CONSTITUTION.

The following extracts are taken from an article by T. K. Oglesby in the *Savannah (Ga.) Press* of January 2, 1919:

"One hundred and thirty-one years ago to-day—that is, on the 2d of January, 1788—the State of Georgia in convention at Augusta, then the capital of the State, ratified and adopted the Constitution for the government of the United States of America.

"The instrument was framed at Philadelphia in 1787 by a convention of delegates from those States. It was the result of deliberations and discussion by those delegates from the 14th of May to the 17th of September, four months and three days. George Washington, a delegate from Virginia, was the president of the convention.

"Eleven years before the Constitution was framed the Declaration of Independence was written. Its author, Thomas Jefferson, was a Southern man.

"The author of the first motion and resolution in favor of the Declaration, Richard Henry Lee, was a Southern man.

"The 'father of the Constitution,' James Madison, was a Southern man; the president of the convention that framed it, George Washington, was a Southern man; the men and the States that have from the beginning been the strictest, most loyal supporters of it have been Southern men and Southern States.

"That Declaration and that Constitution are two of the most momentous things in the world's history. Of the Declaration Lord Chancellor Broughton said: 'In the history of mankind there is no more important event, on which side soever of the Atlantic its consequences may be regarded.' And he pronounced the Constitution to be 'the very greatest refinement in social policy to which any state of circumstances has ever risen or to which any age has ever given birth.'

"That other very eminent Englishman, William E. Gladstone, said: 'The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.'

"De Tocqueville, a distinguished French statesman and one of the most luminous political writers of the nineteenth century, said: 'This Constitution rests upon a wholly novel theory which may be considered as a great discovery to modern political science.'

"One fact to be noted and remembered is that the Constitution to which I have been referring is not the first Constitution of the United States.

"Several weeks before the Declaration of Independence the Congress had appointed a committee to prepare articles of confederation between the States, and on July 12, 1776, eight days after the Declaration, that committee reported those articles, the first one of which said: 'The style and title of this confederacy shall be "The United States of America."' The second one said: 'Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right, which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled.' (The tenth amendment to the Constitution is very similar to this article.)

"The Articles of Confederation, thirteen in all, were agreed to by Congress in 1777, but were not ratified by all the States until March, 1781. In them we have the first Constitution of the United States. That Constitution continued in force till March 4, 1789, when the present Constitution took effect."

RANDOLPH RIDGELY, C. S. A.

In response to an inquiry in the January *VETERAN* the following came from Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga.: "The 'Official Records' show one Randolph M. Ridgely as having been wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill, Va., while a guidon bearer in Battery A, 1st Maryland Light Artillery, C. S. A. And the Confederate States 'Congressional Journal' shows one Randolph Ridgely from Virginia (not Georgia) as having been commissioned a first lieutenant and A. D. C. in September, 1863. His being wounded and then saved by a young lady during the battle of Winchester must have been during Early's disastrous campaign while acting as an aid to some brigadier. I presume that Randolph M. and Randolph are one and the same."

From Frank Stovall Robertson, of Washington, D. C., the following was received: "After the war I lived for a number of years in Augusta, Ga., and knew very well Capt. Randolph Ridgely, of Burke County, whose home was near Waynesboro, Ga. He belonged to the Ridgelys of Maryland and was an officer in the Confederate army and 'as game as ever drew a blade,' but in what command I do not know. He had served in Virginia, where he received a severe wound in the leg, causing him to limp by reason of the shortening of that limb. In what battle he received that wound I do not know. He was of rather spare build, about five feet six or seven inches tall. Captain Ridgely had a son, Randolph, who several years ago was graduated from the United States Naval Academy."

ELECTION OF CAMP OFFICERS.

Commander George B. Holland reports the election of the following officers for the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 1820, of Fort Worth, Tex., for 1919: Commander, George B. Holland; Lieutenant Commander, N. E. Sutton; Adjutant, J. S. Buxby; Quartermaster, William C. McNeely; Historian, Hunter P. Lane; Musical Director, Mrs. Lula S. Williams; Assistant Musical Director, Miss Newtie Lehw; Librarian, J. W. Borden; Chaplain, Rev. T. L. Lummus; Assistant Chaplain, William C. Pribble; Color Sergeant, Ben F. Hill; Mascots, Miss Ametine Blair, Miss Imogene Byers, and Miss Alva Blair.

A coincidence in connection with the election was its being held on January 19, 1899, with nineteen members present and voting. The Camp will watch the success of 1919. It has seventy-three members that were on the firing line during the years of 1861 to 1865. The most of us read and appreciate the valuable service of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* to the Southland. While we are a new Camp, we have one death to report, Comrade J. L. Tubb, who died February 21, 1919, at his home, in Britton, Tex.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.

LETTERS TO THE VETERAN.

R. C. Lipsey writes from Lexington, Miss.: "I was a member of the University Grays, a company composed of students of the University of Mississippi, Oxford, which was mustered into service at Lynchburg, Va., on the 13th of May, 1861 (one hundred and thirty-one members), as a part of the 11th Mississippi Regiment. With it I followed the fortunes of war until the battle of Sharpsburg, where I lost a leg, and have been a great sufferer ever since. But if I could have known the result beforehand I would still have willingly entered the contest and died to save my beloved Southland. But I am now a loyal seventy-seven-year-old Rebel, so called (I had six nephews 'over there'). So far as I know, I am the only living member of our company. If there are others, I would like to hear from them."

Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell writes from Staunton, Va., in renewing her subscription: "I could not do without our official Confederate organ. It is not only most intensely interesting, but valuable and helpful, both in my work as State Registrar of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., and as Director of our largest Junior Confederate Chapter of boys and girls, six hundred and fifty members. We file the numbers away with our reference books and frequently scan the old numbers for material in making up our programs."

W. T. Armistead, of Corinth, Miss., renews his subscription for six years and writes: "While I live I shall continue my subscription to the *VETERAN*, and when I am gone my children will keep it up. How I enjoy Dr. McNeilly's articles! Self-determination was what we wanted in 1861-65."

The following comes from Mr. P. Pelham, of Poulan, Ga., a brother of "the gallant Pelham," General Lee's great artilleryman. He writes: "I can't do without the *VETERAN*, for it gets better and better. Where will we get the truth of the War between the States if we fail to get the *VETERAN*? I wish every lover of the South—yea, every American—would read the *VETERAN*. I appeal to the dear 'boys' of 1861 to 1865 to send in their subscriptions at once. Time will soon be up with us."

In renewing his subscription for another two years R. E. Lester writes from Jonesboro, Tenn.: "You are making the *VETERAN* a most interesting and reliable magazine, and in your laudable endeavor you deserve, I feel, my support and cooperation."

R. G. Harrell writes from Los Angeles, Cal.: "I do not know how to get along without the *VETERAN*. This far west it enables us to keep in touch with the boys who were our comrades in the sixties and also refreshes our minds with what we passed through in our youthful days. May the *VETERAN* continue and meet with all prosperity! It ought to be on the reading table of every lover of the South, and especially with all who assisted in making history in our beloved South."

O'SULLIVAN.—Daniel J. O'Sullivan, 563 West 159th Street, New York, died at Seton Hospital January 2, 1919, and was buried in St. Raymond's Cemetery. He was the second son of the late Eliza Glover and Daniel J. O'Sullivan, Pianos, St. Louis, Mo., and a nephew of John O'Sullivan, Civil War veteran, a grandson of Professor Glover, Dublin, and related to John Daly, Cork, Ireland. He is survived by four sisters.

L. Ballou, of Brady, Tex., makes inquiry as to where he could procure the small volume of poems by A. M. Hobby, which was published soon after the war. He served under the author, who was colonel of the 8th Texas Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A.

R. J. A. Boreman, of Parkersburg, W. Va., is very anxious to complete his file of the *VETERAN*, which is lacking the numbers for January, February, March, May, and June, 1893, and January, February, and November for 1894. Any one who can supply these numbers will please correspond with Mr. Boreman, who is willing to pay a good price for them.

Mrs. R. T. McElyea, of Maxton, N. C., would be glad to hear from any war comrades of her late husband, Robert T. McElyea, who was born and reared in Russell County, Va., and served in Company K, 22d Virginia Cavalry, McCausland's Brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's Division, Early's Corps, A. N. V. She would also like to hear from any of his relatives who lived in Johnson County, East Tennessee.

The victory loan will be floated to pay the debts accumulated in putting the finishing touches on the Hun. It will be used to care for the wounded, to bring back the men who are now overseas, and to teach the cripples self-supporting trades. Think of this loan from the soldiers' point of view. They went overseas confident that we would take care of them. Don't let them be disappointed now that they're coming home.

Fake schemes, put forward by professional promoters, have prospered exceedingly at the expense of owners of liberty bonds, because the bondholders, unaccustomed to paper securities and not properly realizing the value between a government bond and a few shares of wildcat stock, have been led to trade their good bonds for worthless paper. Workers in the liberty loan campaign can aid the government and do a good turn to their fellow citizens by impressing on everybody that it is a good thing to hold on to their liberty bonds until they actually must raise money, and then it is best to borrow on them at a low rate than to sell them. If they are forced through circumstances to let them go, the best prices will be paid by a regular bank or trust company.

Can the Cause of Deafness Be Removed?

Science at Last Discovers a Remarkable Method

For centuries Science has been baffled in its attempts to discover some means of restoring the hearing to sufferers from deafness.

Anxiously the results of investigation and experimentation have been awaited, for only those who are deaf can know how much it would mean to them to find relief from their affliction, to be able once more to take their places in life, freed from the handicap that has stood in the way of their happiness and success.

Why Ordinary Hearing Devices Fail

Many times the hopes of the deaf have been raised. Announcements have appeared of new discoveries for the aid of hearing. Their merits have been described in glowing terms. Nearly every deaf person has tried some such device, only to find in it disappointment, or at best a small measure of temporary benefit. In many cases these devices have been worse than useless, for they have resulted in actual injury to the hearing organs.

The best that can be said about most of them is that they are makeshifts and not true aids to hearing. They must be classed as unscientific, because they do not get at the cause of deafness—they do nothing to relieve the condition of the affected parts—they have no restorative power whatever.

The Cause of Deafness

Out of every 100 cases of deafness 95 are caused by catarrh of the middle ear. A congested condition is developed which interferes with the action of the various parts of the ear structure. The partial deafness and sense of fullness experienced by persons with cold in the head is due to the same cause. This condition, however slight, should not be neglected, as the ear drum itself thickens and withers from disuse, and the result is complete deafness.

It will readily be seen that every effort should be made to compel the congested parts to exercise themselves, as the hearing organs, like every other organ or muscle of the body, become dormant or paralyzed from disuse.

Wonderful Aurasage

By working with these facts as a basis, in the search for a true method for relieving the cause of deafness, a wonderful new instrument has recently been produced, called the Aurasage, which is so simple and so amazingly effective that it requires just a few applications each day at home. It gives the ear a vibratory massage, the purpose of which is to break down the catarrhal congestion and stimulate the healthy circulation of blood through the affected parts.

The Aurasage operates in conformity with Nature's own method; for just as ordinary sound waves produce vibrations of the normal ear drum, so does the Aurasage provide vibrations of the proper intensity to exercise the affected organs of the ear, stimulate the dormant nerves, and remove the congested condition.

It must be remembered that the Aurasage is not an ear phone, but a treatment to relieve the cause of deafness and improve the natural hearing. In many cases two or three treatments—sometimes only one—have enabled men and women to hear music, whistles, bells, and noises of the street that they had not heard for years.

Head Noises Warn of Approaching Deafness

In fact, the results obtained through the use of the Aurasage are so remarkable that it will pay any one who is hard of hearing, or who is troubled by head noises—an almost certain indication of oncoming deafness—to write for the free booklet, "Deafness—Its Cause and Cure," which has been prepared by the manufacturers of this new instrument, and which describes in full the principle and operation of the Aurasage.

Whether you are just a little hard of hearing or almost totally deaf—if you are troubled with head noises or catarrhal colds—if you experience a sense of fullness in the head—if you find that you are not able to hear even slight sounds clearly and distinctly, you should get this booklet at once, as the tendency of deafness is to get worse all the time unless the cause is removed promptly.

A Remarkable Offer to the Deaf

If, after reading the booklet, you should decide that you would like to see and try the Aurasage, you can do so without paying a penny in advance. So sure are the makers that it will actually relieve your deafness and improve your natural hearing that they are willing to send it to you by prepaid parcel post for ten days' free trial without deposit.

In addition, in order that you may secure the benefits of hearing without waiting until entirely relieved of deafness, the manufacturers will send, without additional cost, one of their remarkable new Mears 96-Tone Intensitone Ear Phones, which can be used during the period of Aurasage treatment.

But first write for the booklet, "Deafness—Its Cause and Cure," which will be sent to you without cost or obligation. A post card addressed to The Mears Ear Phone Company, Dept. 244, 45 West 34th Street, New York City, is all you need send—but do it now, before this important matter slips your mind.

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The story of a merry party who investigated a haunted house. The frolic turns into a tragedy, the mystery seemingly impenetrable, with ghostly manifestations. But read the book to find out how it was unraveled.

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The author has written a book full of inspiration, human interest, and the romance of everyday life in which a New England Cinderella and a Western millionaire are the principal figures. The fact is brought out that it isn't the money that does things; it's the man behind the money.

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VOL. XXVII.

MAY, 1919

NO. 5

MEMORIAL DAY

Noblest of martyrs in a glorious fight,
Ye died to save the cause of Truth and Right!
And though your banner beams no more on high,
Not vainly did it live or did ye die.

No blood for freedom shed is spent in vain;
It is as fertile as the summer rain;
And the last tribute of heroic breath
Is always conqueror over Wrong and Death.

The grand procession of avenging years
Has turned to triumph all our bitter tears;
And the cause lost by battle's stern behest
Is won by Justice, and by Heaven blest.

And so to-day the marble shaft may soar
In memory of those who are no more;
The proudest boast of centuries shall be
That they who fell with Jackson rise with Lee!

—James Ryder Randall.

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sue. Many historically true facts are
being written, and the readers are learn-
ing the absolute truth."

THE NAMESAKE.

To W. S. B., OF THE 23D VIRGINIA,
C. S. A.

Two by two and three by three
Missouri lies by Tennessee;
Row on row, a hundred deep,
Maryland and Georgia sleep;
Wistfully the poplars sigh
Where Virginia's thousands lie.

Somewhere there among the stones,
All alike that mark their bones,
Lies a lad beneath the pine
Who once bore a name like mine—
Flung his splendid life away
Long before I saw the day.

Often have they told me how
Hair like mine grew on his brow.
He was twenty to a day
When he got his jacket gray;
He was barely twenty-one
When they found him by his gun.

Tell me, uncle by the pine,
Had you such a girl as mine
When you put her arms away,
Riding to the wars that day?
Were her lips so cold instead
You must needs to kiss the lead?

Had the bugle, lilting gay,
Sweeter things than she to say?
Were there no gay fellows then
You must seek these silent men?
Was your luck so bad to play
You must game your bones away?

Ah! you lad with hair like mine,
Sleeping by the Georgia pine,
I'd be quick to quit the sun
Just to help you hold your gun,
And I'd leave my girl to share
Your still bed of glory there.

Proud it is I am to know
In my veins there still must flow,
There to burn and bite away,
That proud blood you threw away;
And I'll be winner at the game
Enough for two who bore the name.

—Willa Sibert Cather.

Comrade J. S. Hateh, of Plano, Ill.,
is anxious to locate a copy of the book
written by J. D. Cox on "The Battle
of Franklin" and hopes some reader of
the VETERAN can tell him where a copy
may be procured.

Copies of the VETERAN for January,
February, March, July, August, and
December, 1894, are wanted. Those
who can supply them will kindly write
this office, stating condition and price
wanted.

SOME BEST WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
The Namesake. (Poem.) By Willa Sibert Cather	162
The Soldier's Rest. (Poem.) By Hugh G. Barelay	163
Southern Idealism	163
History as "Written"	164
Going West. (Poem.) By James H. McNeilly, D.D.	165
The Bible. By James Callaway	165
The Benefits of Slavery. By W. J. Milner	166
Recollections of Frederick, Md. By Dr. Henry E. Shepherd	167
The Valley Campaign of 1864. By Capt. C. R. Hatton	168
Secession, North and South. By Col. E. Polk Johnson	173
Arms and the Flag. By Elizabeth Moore Joyee	176
Judicial Murder of Maj. Henry Wirz. By Dr. Lyon G. Tyler	178
Father Bannon's Secret Mission. By Albert C. Danner	180
Our Flag—And History. By Hon. John R. Abney	181
Stoneman Helps Himself. By Finley P. Curtis, Jr.	182
In the Years of War. By John C. Stiles	185
Silk Culture in the South. By Mrs. Anne Baehman Hyde	194
A Tribute. (Poem.) By Mary C. Millan	198
Departments: Last Roll	186
U. D. C.	190
C. S. M. A.	196

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1919.

No. 5. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE SOLDIER'S REST.

(Inscribed to Gen. Bennett H. Young.)

BY HUGH G. BARCLAY.

I sometime wonder if that veteran band
Of valiant warriors gone to their reward,
Inspired with deathless love of their Southland,
Still brood o'er shattered hopes defeat had marred?

Or have they, anchored on the heavenly shore,
Forgotten all their disappointments here?
Assured of healing for our hearts, still sore,
Perchance kind Providence has made all clear.

God grant it may have been for all the best,
Although we here still cling to our belief
That Lee's brave soldiers in their fruitless quest
For right found recompense in manly grief!

So may this loyal leader, gone to heroes' rest,
Find solace for dead dreams with God's own blest!

SOUTHERN IDEALISM.

In the history of the United States one fact stands out conspicuously, the superiority of Southern idealism as exemplified in the characters of its great men. This is not said idly or boastfully. It is true. In physical, intellectual, and moral qualities the Southern leaders have had no superiors in the history of the world. Washington, Henry, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Calhoun, Davis, Stonewall Jackson, and Lee were men not only of high intellectual power, great moral force, and cleanliness of living, but of attractive and commanding physical appearance. Slander assailed them, but no trustworthy evidence against the private life of any of them has ever been produced, and Washington, Jefferson, and Lee were especially noble specimens of manly beauty.

On the other hand, it is hard to pick out any Northern man who had not some fatal physical or moral defect. Benjamin Franklin, astute, patriotic, and original, was morally impure, and there was a streak of cunning about him that prevents him from being an ideal; Alexander Hamilton was a man of great genius, but his relations with women cannot bear examination; Daniel Webster was a man of great ability,

imposing physically, and lovable in disposition, but he was so careless in many matters, especially money matters, that he can never be an ideal; Lincoln was a man of ability and shrewdness, but he was extremely ugly in appearance and loved vulgarity. The two finest specimens of Northern society were undoubtedly John Adams and John Quincy Adams. They were able, honest, laborious, chaste of life, and pure of speech; but idealism in the one was destroyed by his excessive vanity, and idealism in the other by his suspicious nature and bitter tongue. As a master of invective John Quincy Adams had few, if any, superiors.

It has been reserved to a small State, Virginia, to present to the world the three most rounded historical characters—Washington, Jefferson, and Lee—in each *mens sana in sano corpore*. All the long history of England or France cannot present anything like their equals. Pass in review the heroes of England—Cromwell, Marlborough the elder, William Pitt, Wellington, etc.—and in each some littleness will appear which, in spite of the greatness, sinks him to a distincter lower level and mars the idealism he represents. Cromwell was a fanatic; Marlborough was purchasable; Pitt, the great orator and organizer, was vain and bombastic; Wellington, though a great soldier, was narrow and reactionary in his politics.

Napoleon and Talleyrand were among the greatest Frenchmen, but the first was a dangerous egotist, and the second was a diplomatic trickster.

Bismarck, Frederick the Great, and now William II. possessed great ability, but the unholy spirit of Prussianism made them all three a curse rather than a blessing to the world.—*William and Mary Quarterly*, January, 1919.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

Never did scientist touch nature in more devout spirit. In all he saw and acknowledged the handiwork of the great Creator. In the proportions and properties of land and sea and air, in their adaptation one to the other to make this earth a habitation for man, he saw the marvelous design of Him who "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."—*Rev. Jacob S. Dill*.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

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All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

HISTORY AS "WRITTEN."

One of the most important things undertaken by the Confederate organizations has been the examination of books used in the schools and libraries of the South, many of which were found so basely partisan and false in statement that they should not be used anywhere. Thanks to the efforts of these organizations, there has been a weeding out of such literature, but there should be no relaxation in their censorship.

One of the "General Orders" issued by the Sons of Veterans called special attention to a number of these "so-called histories" which had been circulated among the children of Houston, Tex., and doubtless they may be found in other libraries of the South. The influence of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Veterans should be exerted to remove them wherever found, for all lovers of truth and justice, in whatever part of our common country, will approve such a movement and lend their support to the suppression of such malicious misrepresentations.

The books referred to are: "The Boys of '61" and "Redeeming the Republic," by Coffin; "War for the Union," by Champ-
lin; "Battle Fields and Victory," by Abbott; "Young Folks' History of the Civil War," by Cheney.

Some extracts from these books will show justification for their banishment. Note the following from Coffin's "Boys of '61":

"The rebellion was an attempt to suppress truth and justice by tyranny."

"That secession was inaugurated without cause must ever be the verdict of history."

Referring to the secession of Virginia, Coffin says: "Mason, the lordly senator, and Governor Letcher, the drunken executive of the State, also addressed the crazy crowd, fired to a burning heat of madness by passion and whisky."

Referring to the evacuation of Richmond, he says: "But the government was not quite through with its operations in Richmond. General Ewell remained until daylight on Monday morning to clear up the things; not to burn public archives in order to destroy evidence of Confederate villainy, but to add to the crime already committed another so atrocious that the staunchest friends of the Confederacy recoiled with horror even from its contemplation."

On page 411 this is to be found: "Twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety graves are numbered on the neighboring hillside, the starved and murdered of thirteen months—one thousand per month, thirty-three per day. Murdered by Jeff Davis, Robert E. Lee, James Seddon, and John C. Breckinridge! Murdered under official sanction in accordance with premeditated design!"

Page 517: "A few paces distant were the ruins of the Rebel War Department, from which were issued the orders to starve our prisoners at Belle Isle, Salisbury, and Andersonville."

Page 465: "The rebellion was inaugurated through deception and had been sustained by an utter disregard of truth."

In "Redeeming the Republic," page 30, Coffin says: "General Forrest's troops were from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas. Many of the volunteers in his ranks were ruffians who delighted in the freedom of the cavalry over the infantry, the opportunities for plunder. They were reckless of their own lives and ready to shoot men upon the least provocation."

Page 33 sets forth: "Such was the despotism of the Confederacy. Tennessee never had seceded from the Union by vote of the people. The Governor, Isham G. Harris, without authority, had made a league with the Confederate government by which the State had been given over to the Confederacy. The despotic government at Richmond had extended its power over the helpless people. Under the remorseless conscription Forrest filled up his ranks and prepared for his movement."

In her "Young Folks' History of the Civil War" Miss Cheney says, page 9: "You have all sung about John Brown, whose 'body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on.' Did you know that he was a real man, who gave his life to free the colored people? He was a hero and a Christian."

Pages 17 and 18: "So John Brown, so humble, so bold, so tender, and so brave, really began the Civil War, or home war; because after this things never settled down to their former state." "For a great many years, almost all the years of the republic, the Southern States had exercised a powerful influence in the government. Now, for the first time, the Northern States claimed the right to express an opinion, and South Carolina for one would not admit it, and so she declared herself out of the Union."

She says, page 307: "The Confederate army was filthy, ragged, and barefoot, and their honest leader, Stonewall Jackson, was scarcely one degree more decent in appearance."

In speaking of General Morgan and his cavalry, she says: "This band of raiders took the name of cavalry, but it was little less than a company of robbers, who openly plundered and burned towns, destroyed railroads and telegraphs, or attacked bodies of men fewer in number than themselves."

Her closing sentence is very soothing: "Time will efface the scars, as it has already healed the wounds, made by the War of the Rebellion."

Champlin sets forth the following in his "War for the Union": "The people who settled in the North went there not so much to better their worldly condition as to secure for themselves freedom of thought and of action; those who settled in the South went there chiefly to make money by speculating in land and by farming."

He also says: "General Sherman's orders were to spare private dwellings and destroy only public property which could be turned into hostile uses. These orders were obeyed strictly in the march through Georgia, but it was different in South Carolina, because our men could not be restrained, for they felt that the scourge of the war in its worst form should fall on the people of South Carolina."

And so on *ad infinitum et nauseam*. Space will not permit more here, but a copy of the General Orders can be gotten from N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., and its perusal may lead to an investigation of other books circulating generally among the children of the South. The opinion of the future is being molded by such propaganda, and our indifference or neglect to fight it makes us equally guilty with those who disseminate these untruths.

GOING WEST.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D.

(In memory of our boys who came not back.)

And stepping heavenward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny. —Wordsworth.

To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die. —Tennyson.

Is soldier speech but idle breath?
Or are there meanings to be guessed
That when a comrade falls in death
They say of him he's "going west"?

When wounded sore they made no sign,
But facing east they onward pressed,
While comrades from the charging line
From day to day were "going west."

Was there a sense of unseen hands
That led on some uncertain quest,
Which death directs to shadow lands
That wait for soldiers "going west"?

From distant homes the pathway led;
They marched at duty's stern behest
To stem the tide of ruin red;
They met and turned while "going west."

They saw beyond the gathering night
That brooded o'er a world oppressed
By dreadful rule of brutal might;
They saved the world by "going west."

And now, their duty nobly done,
On many a bloody field they rest,
The while with Life's departing sun
Their ransomed souls are "going west."

There royal robes and crowns await
Their faithful spirits' ended quest,
And glory opens wide the gate
For souls of conquerors "going west."

Beneath the cross their bodies sleep
Where flowers bloom and birdlings nest.
But memory for aye shall keep
Their names who left us "going west."

THE BIBLE.

JAMES CALLAWAY, IN MACON TELEGRAPH.

The young chaplains to the military camps tell me that the religious feeling pervading the soldiers has been most remarkable and that the demand for the Bible has been phenomenal. So it has been in France.

The mighty presses of the United States, of England, and of France can scarcely supply the demand. The Bible societies, supported by the religious forces, undertook to place a Bible in the hands of every soldier in the allied army.

H. Lee Millis, in the *Houston Post*, says:

"America has been preëminently the home of the Bible from the beginning of its existence as a nation, and the Bible was the first book to become widely circulated in this new world. The Bible played a very large part in bringing about the settle-

ment of the colonies. It was for love of the Bible that thousands of the early settlers left Europe and sought new homes on American shores, where they could worship God according to the manner in which they believed their Bible taught. The Bible was brought over on the Mayflower, and the Huguenots came, Bible in hand, from France to settle in many Eastern colonies. Capt. John Smith soon provided Jamestown with a church. English, French, Swedish, German, and other settlers in America were refugees from religious wars. * * *

"During the Revolutionary War the American Congress appropriated money to import twenty thousand copies of the Bible from Holland.

"Elias Boudinot, later President of Congress, was the first President of the American Bible Society, which was an amalgamation of all the various State Bible societies. The great majority of the early leaders of America were men of strong religious convictions, and the Bible was their guide.

"In the past one hundred years the American Bible Society has printed and distributed nearly 120,000,000 copies of Scripture, and throughout its career many of the leading statesmen of America have been officers of the Society. The Bible has been the book of America."

Our American civilization is based upon the Bible. It is the supreme guidebook of life and made America free. As Mr. Millis says:

"From the beginning to now it has been the book of our Presidents, and happily some quotations concerning the Bible from representative Presidents have been preserved.

"George Washington, the father of his country, said: 'Above all, the pure and benign light of Revelation has had a mellowing influence on mankind and increased the blessings of society. I now make my earnest prayer that God would be most graciously pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion.'

"John Adams, the second President, said: 'It contains more of my little philosophy than all the libraries that I have seen, and such parts as I cannot reconcile to my little philosophy I postpone for future investigation.'

"Thomas Jefferson, the third President and founder of the Democratic party, said: 'I always have said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands.'

"John Quincy Adams, the sixth President, said: 'The first and almost the only book deserving of universal attention is the Bible. I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say to you, Search the Scriptures.'

"Andrew Jackson, the seventh President, said: 'The Bible is the rock on which our republic rests.'

"Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President, said: 'It was for the love of the truths of this great and good book that our fathers abandoned their native shore for the wilderness. Animated by its lofty principles, they toiled and suffered until the desert blossomed as the rose.'

"Abraham Lincoln said: 'I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can and the balance by faith, and you will live and die a better man. * * * It is the best book God has given to man.'

"Ulysses S. Grant, the hero of the Union armies and eighteenth President, said: 'Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your heart

and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.'

"William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President, said: 'The more profoundly we study this wonderful book and the more closely we observe its divine precepts, the better citizens we will become and the higher will be our destiny as a nation.'

"Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President, said: 'Almost every man who has by his life work added to the sum of human achievement of which the race is proud, of which our people are proud, almost every such man has based his life work largely upon the teachings of the Bible.'

President Wilson recently in an address to the soldiers and sailors of the United States said: "When you have read your Bible you will know it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness, and your own duty. Read and study the Scriptures."

THE BENEFITS OF SLAVERY.

BY W. J. MILNER, TAMPA, FLA.

I was glad to see in the March VETERAN the article from Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, Historian General U. D. C., giving some documentary facts in regard to the introduction of slavery into the South. It is, I think, along this line that we should educate our children and others. The future historian cannot fail to accord to us merit in our military achievements, but the ante-bellum facts of history which led us to secession and to the defense of our section by arms are less known, and along this line falsehoods are inculcated, some perhaps from ignorance and others for the purpose of bringing opprobrium upon our fathers and according corresponding glory to the memories of the Nat Turners, the Lloyd Garrisons, and the John Browns. The term "slave power" was one of the phrases invented and used overtime for this purpose, as though there were an actual, tangible body organized and maintained for the propagation of slavery.

My father was a typical Southerner and slaveholder, whose grandfather was a Revolutionary officer, he himself having been a soldier in the War of 1812. He was as patriotic a citizen as the country afforded, and he was a leader in the communities in which he resided. To his negroes he was not a master, but a patriarch, looking after their spiritual as well as their physical welfare. He used to say to me when a boy: "My son, this institution of slavery is a great curse to you, and I heartily wish we were rid of it, although I know it is a great benefit to the negroes themselves." He said he did not know how we were to get rid of the institution; that it would be a great cruelty to the negroes to turn them loose, helpless, in our midst. Besides, it would be a great injury to ourselves; but he believed it was designed by Providence as a means of civilizing and Christianizing the negroes of Africa and that in his own good time God would cause this to be done.

In the *Age-Herald*, of Birmingham, for July, 1908, is reproduced from the *Atlantic Monthly* for July a portion of the diary of the great English geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, giving an account of his travels in the Southern States in 1864, including some observations by this eminent Englishman on the institution of slavery as he found it. He states that it was not the object of his visit to study slavery, but his interesting observations would fill a chapter and are characterized by a keenness and fairness that make them valuable.

The stories told him by disgruntled and misinformed Northerners prepared him for blood-curdling atrocities, but throughout Alabama he saw the negro in many phases—in his churches, about his pleasure, and at his occupations, which ranged from farm hand to mechanic, in the slave market, as the indulged domestic, and as the faithful and cheerful follower of his master into new and unknown regions—and on no occasion had he reason to suspect maltreatment.

When speaking to a Northern man of his favorable impressions, he was told that "great pains had been taken by the planters to conceal the true state of things"; that he had been "propitiated by hospitable attentions." Lyell found his own experience corroborated in "A Tradesman's Travels in the United States," written by William Thompson, a Scotch weaver, who supported himself as he journeyed through the South.

After seeing what contact with the whites had done for the negroes, Lyell entertained very sanguine hopes of the race's intellectual and moral possibilities and was impatient at what seemed to him unjust laws that restricted the blacks educationally and politically. His two-sided attitude is a bit disarming, but is explained by him: "We are often thrown into opposite states of mind and feeling according as the interests of the white or negro race happen for the moment to claim our sympathy." But the following words embody a beautiful tribute to the influence of the Southerners:

"In spite of prejudice and fear and in defiance of stringent laws enacted against education, three million of a more enlightened and progressive race are brought into contact with an equal number of laborers lately in a savage state and taken from a continent where the natives have proved themselves for many thousand years to be singularly unprogressive. Already their taskmasters have taught them to speak with more or less accuracy one of the noblest of languages, to shake off many old superstitions, to acquire higher ideals of morality, habits of neatness and cleanliness, and have converted thousands of them to Christianity. Many they have emancipated, and the rest are gradually approaching the condition of the ancient serfs of Europe half a century or more before their bondage died out.

"All this has been done at an enormous sacrifice of time and money; an expense, indeed, which all the governments of Europe and all the Christian missionaries, whether Romanist or Protestant, could never have effected in five centuries. Even in the few States which I have already visited since I crossed the Potomac several hundred thousand whites of all ages, among whom the children are playing by no means the least effective part, are devoting themselves with greater or less activity to the involuntary educational exertions."

The foregoing was written only about fifteen years after the Nat Turner insurrection and slaughter, which will explain his reference to fear.

I am now convinced that Garrison's abolition crusade, with its Nat Turner and John Brown methods, delayed rather than hastened the emancipation of the slaves, not to mention the frightful cost in blood and treasure nor the baneful legacy, the race problem, left to vex our children.

I would commend to those desiring information along this line the book "The Abolition Crusade," by our distinguished and lamented comrade, Col. Hilary A. Herbert, a book that should be in the library of every Confederate soldier.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FREDERICK, MD.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

There are readers of the *VETERAN* to whom the name of Frederick, Md., will suggest a rich and varied train of memories and associations, in which romance, fiction, and grim historic reality not only find expression, but blend into a unity or harmony that in its changeful aspects and evolutions acquires at least the likeness and image of a steadily unfolding and expanding drama. The ancient city had a recognized existence in April, 1755, when Braddock (young George Washington being his aid-de-camp) passed through on his bodiful march to ignominious defeat and disaster near the present city of Pittsburgh July 8 and 9 of this same eventful year. There are houses still abiding which had even then outlived their youthful stage, and the humble quarters occupied by Washington are an object of special interest to the student of our colonial era. Frederick finds a place in Thackeray's "Virginians" and was not unknown to Benjamin Franklin, that most versatile and resourceful character of our Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary age. At a later period barracks were constructed in Frederick to provide for the Hessians captured by the American forces at Trenton or Yorktown, and with the coming of the War between the States these were in a measure, if not totally, transformed into hospitals to accommodate the sick and wounded of the two contending armies. Antietam, or Sharpsburg, is not more than twenty-five miles distant, Boonsboro, or South Mountain, probably twelve to fourteen (I cannot speak with perfect accuracy), and the battle field of the Monocacy lies almost at the gates of Frederick.

In addition to these external features or points of historic attraction, the heart of the city is rich in associations that recall into vivid light and life the thrill and glow marking the Confederate occupation of Frederick in September, 1862, by Lee and in July, 1864, by General Early. Within close contact stand the parsonage of the Presbyterian church, under whose hospitable roof Jackson passed Sunday evening, September 7, 1862, with the family of his friend, Rev. Dr. Ross, and the German Reformed church, whose morning service he attended, falling asleep in his pew in accordance with his custom. At daybreak on September 9 he began the famous movement which resulted in the capture of Harper's Ferry, September 15. He was careful to place a note under the door of the parsonage, saying, "Good-by; it is too early to make a call."

From the Maryland campaign, September, 1862, until the final phases of the war for the independence of the South, the general hospital at Frederick was availed of by the victims of illness or disease and by those who had been disabled by wounds received at Antietam, South Mountain, Gettysburg, or the neighboring field of Monocacy. The blue and the gray lay side by side in the overflowing wards, which in a former age had served as a rendezvous for German mercenaries captured during our struggle with the mother country. Scarcely a trace has been preserved of the famous barracks which served as a refuge for Confederates and Federals alike. Not far away is the cemetery known as Mount Olivet, in natural charm and beauty unexcelled, strangely recalling to memory the comment of Shelley upon the English cemetery in Rome, destined at an early age to become his own place of rest. Within Mount Olivet a special space or area is assigned to the graves of our Confederate heroes, the order of arrangement being strictly chronological, the dead of Antietam

and South Mountain (September, 1862) coming first, then Gettysburg (July, 1863) and the Monocacy (July, 1864). The sacred tract in the grounds hallowed by our dead is preserved with admirable care, taste, and devotion by the Frederick Chapter, U. D. C.

During a recent visit to Mount Olivet I found myself suddenly face to face with more than one modest stone containing the names and commands of friends and fellow soldiers with whom I had been brought into association during a seven weeks' sojourn in the hospital succeeding the battle of Gettysburg, July and August, 1863. There arose the grave of one of my own company who had literally died in my arms, revealing no trace of fear or apprehension as he confronted the last enemy that shall be destroyed. Near at hand arose the name of Captain Lane, of the 4th Georgia, a modest, cultured gentleman, whom I strove to comfort as the shades were gathering about him, and Captain Albright, of the 53d North Carolina, carried from a bunk at my side to the operating room and brought back to die on the third day following the amputation of his limb. I saw him borne to the hands of the surgeons, conveyed to Mount Olivet speedily afterwards, and now, when more than half a century had passed into history, he seemed to greet me from his soldier grave. Francis Scott Key lies in Mount Olivet. He died in 1843. Here too rests Thomas Johnson, first constitutional Governor of Maryland, who nominated George Washington as commander in chief of the colonial forces. In the conventual cemetery is the simple, unadorned tomb of Roger B. Taney, who died in October, 1864. The inscription upon the marble would constitute an appropriate memorial to a rural justice or a provincial magistrate. Contemplated as a tribute to him who may be regarded as at least *secundum lumen* in the records of American jurisprudence, it is absurdly irrelevant, infelicitous, and delusive. With Frederick and her past are linked also the fame of Dr. Samuel Tyler, Admiral Schley, and that brilliant light of our Maryland soldiery, Gen. Bradley Tyler Johnson.

As was characteristic of all points within the area of the border States, diversity of sentiment prevailed in Maryland with reference to the issues involved in our national conflict. The line ran through families, houses were divided among themselves, in notable instances brother was arrayed against brother. In all lofty ideals, devotion, inflexible courage, chivalric bearing the typical Maryland soldier stands in the foremost file. His record in two wars, that of the Revolution and that for the autonomy of the South, evoked glowing eulogies from "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, the father, and his peerless son, by whose side the remains of the elder hero, translated from their far-off grave in Georgia, have within recent years (1913) been laid to rest. More than this, the supreme poetic flight inspired by the colossal grapple of the sections was attained by a Maryland bard whose strains have girdled the globe.

My seven weeks at Frederick formed the silver lining to the cloud of sorrows that enshrouded me after my serious wound of July 3, 1863. For five months I received no intelligence of any kind from my home in North Carolina. The loved ones had almost despaired of my recovery or my return, and at times I had nearly resigned myself to the thought of a grave along the slopes and purple brows of Mount Olivet. The hospital was under the direction of Dr. Robert Weir, the care of the sick and wounded being intrusted to the Catholic sisters, who were especially dedicated to this delicate and sacred sphere of labor. Antiseptic surgery was just be-

gining to be proclaimed under the auspices of Lister, and the physicians had by no means acquired a complete mastery of anæsthetics. Yet, notwithstanding the lack of development in these essential regards during the period in contemplation (1861-65), the professional methods and the medical acquirement prevailing in the hospital at Frederick were a grateful contrast to the crass and invincible sciolism dominating the West Hospital, Baltimore, to which I was transferred on the 15th of August by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, my unhealed wound still bleeding as I limped through the prostrating heat of the dog days from Camden Station to the office of the provost marshal. For Frederick I cherish a sentiment of affectionate remembrance that becomes more emphatic and assertive in the long retrospect of vanished years. Here, alone in my chronicle of sorrow and suffering, a golden interlude or episode disturbs for a season its grim and remorseless continuity, as if the radiance of some remote luminary had dissolved the encompassing and petrific darkness.

THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

BY CAPT. C. R. HATTON, ADJUTANT OF NEW YORK CAMP, C. V.

At the last assembly of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York the article in the December *VETERAN* by Gen. L. W. V. Kennon, U. S. A., on "The Valley Campaign of 1864" attracted much attention, as there were present four or five members who served in the Confederate army in that campaign. It was of peculiar interest to us and caused quite a discussion, and, having served therein as assistant adjutant general to Gen. Arch C. Godwin's brigade, Ramseur's Division, 2d Corps, C. S. A., called attention to several points in which this article differed from my personal observation, experience, and recollection; whereupon the Camp requested that I should write an article for the *VETERAN* giving these facts according to my observation and experience. I should like to say in advance that I consider General Kennon's article about as fair on the whole as any by a Northerner that I have ever read, but am still far from agreeing with him on material points. Of the commendations by Maj. John W. Daniel, all of us who knew Major Daniel, for many years United States Senator from Virginia, know that he was one of the most polite of men, a thoroughly trained politician, prone to avoid differences and always conciliatory. He also wrote a history of this Valley Campaign, in the preparation of which he had me write for him my personal experience and observations on several movements and battles. With this in mind, read again Major Daniel's commendation, and I think you will see some new light between the lines thereof. I regret very much that I am unable to consult Daniel's history that I might compare them and also refresh my memory as to some details, dates, etc.

To start at the beginning of this Valley campaign of 1864, which General Kennon doesn't, remember that General Sigel, with an army of ten thousand men, was pushing his way up the Valley until he was met at New Market by Gen. John C. Breckinridge, with about three thousand Confederate soldiers and the corps of cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, about two hundred and seventy-five, nearly all boys of from fourteen to eighteen years of age. Sigel was badly defeated, the cadets winning the highest praise from friend and foe, immortalizing themselves with glory. The success would have been much greater had not our cavalry on our extreme right put themselves on the far side of Smith's Creek, which

they were not able to ford at that point, and consequently could not pursue and capture the retreating and demoralized troops of Sigel before they could cross the only bridge over the north branch of the Shenandoah River, which was at their back.

After this defeat Sigel fell back until he was heavily reinforced and superseded by General Hunter, generally known as "Hunter the Hun, Barbarian," so called from his custom of pillaging and destroying everything within his reach—houses, mills, factories, cattle, hogs, poultry, meat; even the last dust of meal in the possession of the women and children was thrown out on the ground and they left to starve. Hunter, with his overwhelming force, pressed the Confederates back to Staunton, to Lexington, where he burned the celebrated Virginia Military Institute and all its valuable collection of books, laboratories, implements for instruction, etc., and it was said that he even tried to destroy the Natural Bridge of Virginia, one of the most celebrated natural wonders of the world, located near there.

The Confederates fell back to Lynchburg, Hunter following our scanty forces, which, with the cadets, held him at bay until Gen. Jubal Early arrived with the 2d (Stonewall) Corps, C. S. A. After some minor fighting, Hunter fled back into the mountains, hotly pursued by Early, who caught up with and defeated him near Salem and Hanging Rock. Hunter then plunged deeper into the mountains to the northwest and on to the Ohio River, leaving the lower Valley open to Early, who by quick marches reached Harper's Ferry on July 4; and so surprised were the Federals that we found a big Fourth of July dinner all ready, with all kinds of refreshments, even champagne, for the celebration, which we commandeered and proceeded to enjoy. We also captured quite a lot of prisoners (which Kennon does not mention) and pressed on to the Monocacy River, where we found Gen. Lew Wallace occupying a strong position. This we attacked and after sharp fighting drove him back toward Baltimore, and we hastened on to Washington, which we reached on the 11th.

Here arises one of those disputable questions in war. From the sparsity of men guarding it, and those being mostly old men not knowing how to handle the big guns, as was reported to us by our scouts and as we could see, we had little doubt of being able to capture Washington City, in the limits of which we already were; but, as we also learned, the 6th and 19th Corps, U. S. A., were expected there the next day, and we didn't think we could hold it, and, besides, we had already accomplished what we were sent to do—*i. e.*, to draw away from Grant at Petersburg some of his overwhelming force, which was giving him the power to extend his left flank so that it would stretch General Lee's right flank to the breaking point as well as threaten the Weldon Railroad, which was one of his principal lines for supplies from the South.

So Early did not attack, but late on the 12th fell back to the Potomac, where the pursuing Federals overtook him on July 18. Early turned on them, attacked and repulsed them, and then crossed the Potomac into Virginia with all his immense captured supplies, slipping between General Wright, following him with the 6th and 19th Corps, and Generals Crook and Hunter, who had come up by the B. & O. Railroad from Ohio, marching into the Valley, where he kept us marching up and down and across this beautiful valley for months without a day's rest when not fighting. While at Strasburg, learning that General Wright with the 6th Corps had started back to Washington and that General Crook was

at Kernstown, near Winchester, he moved quickly against the latter and on July 24 administered a disastrous defeat, driving him to the north of the Potomac to Sharpsburg, again leaving Early in undisputed control of the Valley. He then proceeded to cut the B. & O. Railroad, tearing up tracks, burning bridges, cutting and destroying locks and embankments of the C. & O. Canal, and moved across the river to Hagerstown, sending the cavalry all around to collect supplies, provisions, grain, horses, and money in retaliation for the wanton destruction of private property in Virginia.

Hearing of Early's second invasion of Maryland, Halleck ordered the 6th Corps back to the Valley, and they rejoined with Crook the latter part of July. General Grant, to stop Early's activities and to relieve himself and the Richmond-Petersburg forces of this constant annoyance and hindrance, determined to crush him with an overwhelming force. He ordered all the forces in the Valley to be consolidated under Gen. P. H. Sheridan with reinforcements to make a force of 55,000 (Kennon says), concentrated at Halltown, and even went there himself to direct and formulate a plan of campaign. Early, learning of this, withdrew to Martinsburg and thence to the cover of Winchester and the Millwood and Front Royal roads. Sheridan now moved his forces to the Opequon Creek line, and about the 12th of August Early fell back toward Strasburg and took up position at Fisher's Hill to await expected reinforcements. Sheridan followed to Strasburg on the 13th, and on the 14th fell back to Winchester and the line of the Opequon Creek. Early, quickly following on the 17th, struck the United States rear guard, inflicting a loss of 400 or 500. Here Sheridan was reinforced by part of the 19th Corps and Wilson's and Averill's Cavalry, and Early by Kershaw's Division, Cutshaw's Battery, and part of Fitz Lee's cavalry, making Sheridan's forces 55,000 men and Early's 21,000, Kennon says, but really about 17,000.

On August 21 Early made an attack which fell mainly on the 6th Corps, U. S. A. Kershaw's Division was so delayed that it was not engaged. Kennon says that this was not decisive, but in the night Sheridan retreated to his strongly intrenched position at Halltown. Early made a demonstration against this line for several days, then, leaving Kershaw in front of Sheridan's line, with the rest of his force moved to Williamsport and Shepherdstown and over the Potomac for the purpose of keeping up a wholesome fear of invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. In this move we struck several cavalry divisions, driving them back on the Halltown fortifications, General Custer barely escaping capture by hastily crossing the Potomac. It was here, as I remember, that we first ran against the repeating rifle, which was such a surprise to us, having six or eight shots coming from behind each tree when they took to the woods, and we could see only one man there. Early in a few days fell back to the front of Winchester, where he was rejoined by Kershaw, and Sheridan moved up to the Opequon again.

On September 3 Kershaw and Fitz Lee's cavalry started to return to Richmond by way of Berryville, but stumbled upon Crook's command going into camp on that line, which brought on an engagement, to which night and darkness soon put an end, unfortunately for us, as we drove them back to their main line; but as it also disclosed Kershaw's plan, so he returned to the Winchester line and spent the next ten days or two weeks in constant marching and skirmishing. On the 14th Kershaw again started for Richmond without being detected, as he moved this time by an upper pass. Learning of large United States supplies in Martinsburg, Early deter-

mined to go for them; so on September 17, with Rodes's and Gordon's Divisions, he moved down to Bunker Hill and next day to Martinsburg, capturing these vast quantities. He left Ramseur's Division posted across the Berryville Pike about three miles from Winchester to cover the line of retreat with the captured supplies, as the turnpike coming down from Martinsburg through Winchester was the only practicable way out, the back road at the foot of the Alleghany chain, or North Mountain, not being in such order as to be available for moving artillery and army wagons over it, and the middle road was even worse. So when Early learned of General Grant's presence with Sheridan (as General Kennon says he did at Martinsburg), he gathered up his captures and fell back to connect his scattered divisions. With one at Martinsburg, another near Winchester, and the other between, it was indeed a dangerous position, for Ramseur's Division was the one confronting Sheridan's army and between him and the all-important turnpike.

On the 19th of September, about daylight and not noon, as General Kennon states, Sheridan's forces made a heavy assault on Ramseur's lines, which were squarely across the Berryville Pike, our right on a small creek some five hundred yards from the pike, with the extreme picket line of sharpshooters on the right, bending sharply to the front and up a hill or knoll with quite a steep front near this small creek. Their first assault was quite heavy and spirited and pressed our lines back some 400 or 500 feet to a sparse woods extending on both sides of the pike. In this woods we soon reformed and charged and drove them from a stone fence, on which they had aligned and held, back to another woods several hundred yards away, we holding this line against many severe attacks and continuous heavy cannonading (it was here that our brave and gallant Brig. Gen. Arch C. Godwin was killed by a piece of shell striking him on the head while he was on his horse in the turnpike complimenting his men for their gallant action that day) until Generals Gordon's and Rodes's troops (Rodes also having been killed farther down the line) had fallen back through Winchester, when, as Kennon says, Ramseur's Division maintained "its organization and effectually covered the retreat," thus saving our trains, artillery, and army in fact and thus effectually preventing Sheridan from cutting us off from our only practical line of retreat, which he certainly did try all day to do, contrary to the expressed opinion of General Kennon, by driving Ramseur back and thus getting to the Valley turnpike.

I was there and speak from personal experience of what I saw and heard. General Kennon says: "This was not the plan of battle which Sheridan submitted to Grant; that plan was to move upon the pike south of Winchester. Had it been carried into effect, it is difficult to see how Early could have prevented the capture or dispersion of his entire force." Granted as to the resultant consequence, but I claim, and the above facts show, that Sheridan did try to get to the pike south of Winchester by attacking and trying to turn our right flank by hard all-day fighting, and it was only by harder and more persistent all-day fighting of Ramseur's Division that he was held back from accomplishing his purpose. We well knew the importance of holding that position; that the safety of Gordon's and Rodes's troops depended on our holding it, and we held it despite assaults all day.

In General Kennon's expressed opinion of Sheridan's ability as a commander, as displayed by his movements and lack of strategy, etc., I fully agree and further say that with his overwhelming force and any ability he should have driven Early

out of the Valley within thirty days. Early fell back to Fisher's Hill and took up a position that was very faulty as a line of defense, in that the right was very strong, being on a steep-faced hill, and the left very weak. But to make it worse, the left, or weaker, flank was nearly a mile to the rear as it related to the turnpike, which ran through our extreme right. Apparently this line had been taken in order to have the benefit of another hill, a kind of hog-backed formation running nearly parallel with Fisher's Hill, but not so high and not jutting so far north, with a ravine between them up which ran the middle road. Across this hill Ramseur's Division occupied the center, Gordon's on the right across the turnpike to the north fork of the Shenandoah River, and the left was occupied by some of our less dependable troops, who, failing to throw out pickets far enough into the wooded mountain side on their extreme left, were, as General Kennon says, surprised, overlapped, and flanked; so when they gave way and the cry, "We are flanked," came down the line, any old veteran can tell you the result. They just vanished, making their way for the turnpike with all speed. Ramseur's Division, near the center across the hill, which was wooded, could not see far down the line and, being somewhat busy in attending to an attack on our front, having repulsed two or three there before, did not at first catch the warning, but was in time to fall back down the hill and across the ravine and on top of the wooded hill to the open plateau on Fisher's Hill toward the pike. In this field we soon formed our lines, momentarily expecting an attack, but none was made, and soon we started the march up the Valley through Woodstock, Mount Jackson, New Market, and so on, finally taking up our position at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains at Brown's Gap Pass.

In this action Kennon claims Early's loss at 1,300 (we understood it was about half of that, mostly prisoners) and Sheridan's nearly the same. He says they celebrated that battle, by order of the Secretary of War, by a salvo of 1,500 guns, and makes much of it. We never considered it much of a fight. They must have wanted something very badly to have made so much fuss over that. That they did turn our flank there is no disputing. The wonder is that with their overwhelming force they did not do it before the battle of the 19th as well as here and, in fact, every time we fought.

General Kennon also censures General Torbett's cavalry for not pushing up the Luray Valley and through the pass over the Massanutten Mountain to New Market in the rear of Early. It is evident that he never saw that pass, a narrow defile, where a handful of veterans with a battery could hold back thousands—in fact, all that could get at him and as fast as they could come. As a fact, Fitz Lee's veterans were able to hold the cavalry in check in the Luray Valley itself, much less this narrow defile. While Early was at Brown's Gap, on the eastern side of the Valley, Sheridan, with his cavalry, supported by some infantry, was farther up the Valley toward Waynesboro and, as Kennon says, truly did destroy and lay waste everything, surpassing, if possible, the vandalism of "Hunter the Hun." So complete did he make the job and so gloried in it that he bragged in his report "that even a crow flying over the Valley would have to carry its own provender."

While at Brown's Gap Early ordered that the brigades make a report on proper forms by regiments of their total strength; and when I, as assistant adjutant general of Godwin's Brigade, rode up to his headquarters with my report, I was joined by the assistant adjutant general of another brigade,

and together we went in and presented our reports. General Early was there. He glanced over them and directed his assistant adjutant general, Col. Hy Kid Douglas, to have us consolidate them into a report of the corps aggregate of the actual forces, and I remember the number was 7,248. It impressed itself forcibly as compared with Sheridan's reported 50,000 (Kennon reports it as 55,000). Early was reinforced by Kershaw's Division and some cavalry, the exact strength of which I cannot give, but the report was something less than 3,000. Sheridan moved down the Valley to Cedar Creek, just beyond Strasburg, on October 10, where he intrenched. Early soon followed as far as Fisher's Hill line on October 15.

Now I propose to speak of a movement which General Kennon does not mention, nor have I seen it in print, but which I consider had an important bearing on the battle of Cedar Creek. It was this: General Early on the morning of October 18, in bright sunlight, in open roads, at times in plain view, marched against Sheridan's right flank, making such a strong demonstration as to make the Union forces think his intention was to attack that flank, then withdrawing under cover of the woods through byroads and paths and reaching our old camp about sunset. I cannot say the exact force he had taken, but I know Ramseur's Division was there and also could see that they did reinforce their right flank. Gen. John B. Gordon, in his "Reminiscences," states that he had the day before, October 17, gone up on top of the Massanutten Mountain to our signal station and from there had seen the whole Union line stretched out before his view, with its left flank somewhat drawn back and unprotected. He had conceived the plan of getting around it and surprising the left flank just below him, and Early had accepted the ideal plan. Then what more natural than for Early to try to deceive Sheridan into the belief that he was going to attack his right flank?

On our arrival at camp we were ordered to feed up at once and soon after had orders to get ready to move, to leave canteens and everything liable to make a noise. Soon we were on the march up the wooded hillside to Fisher's Hill plateau, on across the pike and the river to the foothills of the Massanutten Mountain (which is a sort of hog-backed formation, with steep wooded sides beginning just south of the north branch of the Shenandoah River as it turns from Front Royal and running toward Strasburg and Fisher's Hill; the mountain itself lies between the Alleghany Range and Blue Ridge Mountains, nearly parallel with the latter and distant about ten miles, the southern end being near Cross Keys), thence around the northern foothills, at times catching a glimpse of the river through the dense woods, sometimes hearing the Union outpost across the river. Silently we moved, sometimes in cow paths and sometimes just through the dense woods, until about two hours before daylight the head of Godwin's Brigade reached the road to the ford across the Shenandoah River. Here we moved into an open field to await the rest of Ramseur's and Gordon's Divisions to close up, they having become much stretched out in the march through the woods.

At the break of day, while quite a fog or mist still hung over the river, we silently forded the river, preceded, so far as I could see, by only a few cavalry pickets, who captured the Union pickets without firing a shot. They had not heard, seen, or expected us. Once over the river, we quickly closed up, made line formation, and, wheeling to the left, with quick marching, which was very agreeable after

the cold water of the river, we soon struck the left flank and rear of the Union lines with a most complete surprise. Many were still asleep, many came rushing out of tents in all styles of dishabille, without shoes, hats, or coats, and it is needless to say that they were nearly all captured and passed back to those behind to take care of. We pressed onward and soon struck another brigade, as I took it to be, which had been awakened and were a little better prepared, but still were looking more to making their escape than to making a stand. And so on, each succeeding brigade seemed to be better prepared and put up a better fight, but none stopped us. Finally we came to the main Valley turnpike, which, as we were moving somewhat obliquely, we crossed several miles north of Strasburg. Here we came to a large open field and saw the Union lines formed behind a stone fence on the edge of the woods, at the far side of it. With the slightest delay to bring the left of the division up on line, we moved forward to attack as if on dress parade. This I remember distinctly, remarking it at the time. As I rode in front of the right of our line I glanced to the left down the lines as we moved down and across a lower meadow ground that seemed somewhat soft, then the quick, double-quick charge up the hill, with the Rebel yell ringing out above all other sounds.

Here I got a ball in my lower neck, squarely in front in the V bone, which I still carry in the same place to-day. This knocked me off my horse, and the lines passed over me, driving the enemy back pell-mell in a run. Soon the stretcher bearers came and took me back to the field hospital, located near the pike in a grove of large trees, with a house sitting back a little from the road. They laid me on the ground near the road, putting a knapsack under my head to prevent my bleeding to death, and with my face toward the enemy, so I could see them down the pike on the run. Soon Gen. John B. Gordon, who had been in command of this flanking movement, rode up so near that I could see and hear him ordering and pointing directions to a battery of artillery to get into position to rake the fleeing enemy in plain view, just as he has described in his "Reminiscences." In a few moments, as the artillery was about ready, I saw General Early ride up (he had been in command of the attacking troops on the front) to General Gordon; and although I was too far off to hear all they said, still I am satisfied from what I did catch and their actions and motions that it was as General Gordon reports it, that Early asked, "What's this for?" pointing to the artillery, Gordon replying, "To drive them back and keep them on the run over the Potomac," pointing to the enemy, as we could see them in the greatest confusion and rout, to which Early made his celebrated reply, "O, we've had enough glory for one day." I could see by Gordon's face and actions that he was so mad he could hardly restrain himself, though at that time I did not know what occasioned it. But that battery ceased firing, and a halt was called in the pursuit.

Soon the surgeons came to examine my wound. Two of them ran their forefingers down the ball hole and said they could feel the ball lodged near the backbone. After consultation with two or three other surgeons, as Dr. Morton told me a year later, they concluded I was bound to die anyway; that the main artery was so badly abraded that to attempt to get the ball out would break the artery open and surely kill me; so they dressed and bandaged the wound. Shortly after that the ambulance took Col. Buck Davis, who had been put in command of Godwin's Brigade after he was

killed on September 19 and whose arm had been shot off, and me back to Strasburg, with instructions to leave us at the house of the mayor of the town, which stood at the bend of the pike as you enter the town. The ambulance backed up there and took the Colonel in, but when the driver and helper came back for me a lot of those buttermilk cavalry came riding across lots, shouting, "We're flanked, we're flanked!" and the driver jumped in and drove off for dear life. When he reached the bridge, which Kennon says was broken down, an ordnance wagon crowded him off so that his left wheel missed the ends of the planks and turned the ambulance over on its left side, but its speed or impetus carried it across the stream, landing it on its side. The driver cut out the mules and rode off, leaving me in the overturned ambulance; and, to make matters worse, the balls from the Union cavalry up on the hillside on the right kept coming through the ambulance, making it a hot place to be in. Although under strict orders from the surgeons not to move hand or foot for fear of breaking the artery, I crawled out backward and, owing to the block of the train, found an ordnance wagon standing right at hand, into which I managed to get, although the driver threatened to brain me with his whip, and was carried up to Fisher's Hill, where our lines were re-forming.

Here ended my personal observations and participation in this battle, and I want to say that in my last sight of the Union forces they were in the worst kind of disorganized flight or rout that I ever saw, and I have always thought that if General Gordon had been in command or had been allowed to press them on and keep them on the run, as he had proposed, he would surely have driven them over the Potomac; but, as I was afterwards told by several participants, during that halt many of the men went after water, which they badly needed, as they had left their canteens back in camp, and others in the long wait became stiff and cooled off both in body and in enthusiasm. So when Sheridan came up with fresh troops from Middletown on which to rally his fleeing, disorganized troops and being given plenty of time by Early to perfect his formation with his overwhelming numbers, some 50,000 to our scant 10,000, he was able to extend his lines to overlap both of our flanks and with his cavalry to overlap and to threaten our rear; so he drove us back and put us in about as bad a rout as we had them in that morning. The wonder was that we were able to save our army as we did, falling back to the Fisher's Hill line again.

Kennon says: "Early's first attack having spent itself, it became necessary for him to re-form his lines." In that I do not agree, for I am sure, from my personal observation, that as far down the line as I could see in a large open field, over a mile, the lines were fine, as good as I ever saw in a battle, and they broke the Union line and drove them back in a disorganized rout. True, we were across the pike, and I understood this was the last charge we made, and that it was the last will agree with what I have before stated as well as with General Gordon's account; that it was the 6th, or Wright's, Corps and that they were terribly disorganized is also in accordance with Kennon's own account of Wright's reorganizing his forces after they got out of sight; and that before he got his lines formed for the counter attack Sheridan rode up from Winchester, "and then it was two hours or more before he could reorganize the stragglers for an attack," clearing showing on the face of these statements what a terribly disorganized state they must have been in. No, it was not that "Early's attack had spent itself," for

the men were eager and anxious to go on and keep them on the run to the Potomac, as Gordon told Early, but it was Early's orders to halt, "We have had enough glory for one day," and that consequent wait, wait. The majority of the men, as well as officers, felt that they would come back at us with their five to one, enough to overlap both flanks at once and rear too, for that matter, and, with a closer line all around than we had, what could we expect if we gave them time to reorganize, as Early did, but defeat? And we got it.

General Kennon says: "After this battle the opposing forces rested quietly, Sheridan at Cedar Creek, Early at New Market, until November 9, when Sheridan withdrew to Kernstown, and Early, whose rest was the first he had allowed himself since leaving Cold Harbor and who had quickly recuperated his losses [mark this] followed down the Valley to Newtown, where he remained during the 11th and 12th. Finding Sheridan too strong to attack, he withdrew toward New Market. The most important result of this move was the detention of the whole of the Union forces in the Valley until the middle of December [which was, in fact, the primary object of the campaign], when the 6th and part of another corps were sent to Grant at Petersburg." About the 10th of November Kershaw's Division was sent to Lee and Crosby's Cavalry Brigade to Southwest, Va., to get feed, and in early December General Lee ordered the entire 2d Corps, under the command of Gen. John B. Gordon, to the Richmond defenses, Early with the few remaining troops going into winter quarters near Staunton. Kennon says: "The chief point of military intent is the surprise of the morning and how it was possible; that the cavalry pickets had been withdrawn from Cedar Creek and the Shenandoah river, and the fog and darkness prevented the discovery by the infantry pickets until his attack." That the pickets were down the river when we passed I am sure, as I several times heard what sounded like the clanking of cavalry accouterments, sabers, etc., while we marched silently through the dense woods; and I remember that we marched several miles beyond their left front before we came to the ford and crossed the river, and this brought us to a position that overlapped their left flank and rear and much nearer.

In his summary Kennon says: "As a result of this battle the Valley campaign was ended. Early had saved Lynchburg, he had threatened Washington." He does not mention that Early had saved the Valley and the growing crops from that terrible devastation which Sheridan laid upon it later; nor does he mention the capture of Harper's Ferry on July 4, nor that he had interrupted communication for three months over the important military line of the B. & O. Railroad and the C. & O. Canal, collected large contributions of money and supplies upon Northern soil and from the Union army, and had diverted a force of more than three times—yes, five times—greater than his own from Grant's army around Richmond and Petersburg and preserved intact the Western lines of supplies to Lee's army. All true, and truly what a magnificent show of results, especially when we consider the great disparity of his forces to those against him and in resources more yet! Continuing, Kennon says, "On the other hand, Sheridan had won a number of battles, had destroyed a large amount of grain and supplies in the Valley," and I would add houses, barns, mills, machinery, and everything he was able to lay his hands on, so that any one who cares to make a comparison can truly say that he set an example that the German Huns have faithfully followed.

How different from Lee's invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, where he issued strict orders against doing any harm to private property or any noncombatant and, what is more, saw that his orders were strictly carried out! When Kennon says, "Sheridan had improved the morale of his troops," I would suggest that such practices were a poor way to improve the morale of any troops—to devastate and destroy the country, as Sheridan reported to Grant. But very truly, "from a military point of view," there was little gained; and so far as the effect of the Valley operations on the general campaign is concerned, Sheridan could have accomplished almost as much had he remained behind his intrenchments at Hallstown, merely detaining Early's troops in the Valley and I may add, while Early with his own corps of about 10,000 troops detained Sheridan's troops of three corps and over, which he puts at more than 50,000, from Grant's trenches around Petersburg and thereby accomplished Lee's main object in sending him to the Valley.

True, Grant had planned this Valley campaign that it might have a strategic and probably decisive effect on the main issue in Virginia, not merely to defend the lower Valley, but to operate against Lee's communications. He had directed Hunter to push on to Charlottesville and Lynchburg, and to Sheridan order after order was sent to follow the enemy and to cut Lee's lines of supplies. After the battle of Opequon he telegraphed Sheridan to "Push your success and make all you can of it," and after Fisher's Hill, "Keep on; your victories have caused the greatest consternation," and again after Cedar Creek, "Follow up your victory until you reach the Central Railroad, even if you have to live on half rations; make a great effort to destroy the roads about Charlottesville and the canal wherever you can reach it." To all this Sheridan demurred and wrote: "I will go on and clear out the Valley. Early's army is completely broken up and dispirited." How does that agree with his former quotation that "Early's army had quickly recuperated his losses and followed him down the Valley"?

Sheridan was, no doubt, right in his estimate of the difficulties and impracticability of those mountain passes. All those near were watched and guarded and were of such a nature, with their narrow roads and many splendid positions for defense, that comparatively few veterans and guns could have practically annihilated his army before it reached the top, making a slaughter incomparably worse than that at Cold Harbor. Down at Brown's Gap in September Early tried to tempt Sheridan into making the attempt by sending some of his forces farther up the Valley. If Sheridan's troops were in such "fine morale and magnificent trim," as Kennon claims, and Early's so demoralized, broken up, and scattered, on what ground can we account for Sheridan's failure to obey Grant's orders, repeated time and again, with his more than five to one against us, as he admits? Does it not appear to one familiar with such matters that it must have been a want of confidence in that "morale and trim" he speaks of or in his own ability? But there was another way to get Early on the east of the Blue Ridge. Far down the Valley, where he was in complete control, is located the Front Royal Gap, an easy one, where he could have moved a part of his army through, leaving the other part in front of Early, and thus have forced Early to cross also to the east side for the defense of Charlottesville and Gordonsville and the railroads, and then he could have attacked at will and

[Continued on page 197.]

SECESSION, NORTH AND SOUTH.

ADDRESS BY COL. E. POLK JOHNSON AT U. D. C. CONVENTION
IN LOUISVILLE, APRIL, 1919.

It has been thought appropriate by the Program Committee that a part of the evening's proceedings shall be devoted to the question of secession and the withdrawal of the Southern States from the Union in 1860, and to me has been assigned the preparation of a paper on that subject.

In the North it was and is thought that the South was prompted in the movement of 1860-61 by the sole desire to perpetuate slavery. This we deny. The Southern States have been persistently misrepresented as the propagandists of slavery and the Northern States as the defenders and champions of universal freedom. It has been dogmatically asserted that the War between the States was caused by efforts on the one side to extend and perpetuate human slavery and on the other to resist it and establish human liberty. Neither allegation is true. To whatever extent the question of slavery may have served as an occasion, it was far from being the cause of the war.

As a historical fact, negro slavery existed in all the original thirteen States. It was recognized by the Constitution. Owing to climatic, industrial, and economical—not moral nor sentimental—reasons, it had gradually disappeared in the Northern States, while it had persisted in the Southern States. The slave trade was never conducted by the people of the South. It had been monopolized by Northern merchants and carried on by Northern ships. Men differed in their views as to the abstract question of the right or wrong of slavery, but for the two generations after the Revolution there was no geographical line of such differences. It was during the controversy over the Missouri question that the subject first took a sectional aspect, but long after that period abolitionists were mobbed and assaulted in the North. Lovejoy, for instance, was killed in Illinois in 1837. The above statements are from a short history of the Confederate States by Jefferson Davis.

The object of the war on the part of the North was ostensibly "to save the Union," but before it had ended it had become an open crusade to free the slaves of the South. It may be of some interest to inquire at this point how the negro came to be here. Let Matthew Page Andrews, an impartial historian, answer: "Ships engaged in this traffic [the slave trade] had regular routes from several of the New England States to the West Indies, whither they took merchandise to exchange for tropical products, especially sugar and molasses. They then returned to New England, converted the molasses of their cargoes into rum, and went from there to Africa. With the rum and beads and trinkets they bought the ignorant savages of Africa. The slave vessels now returned to America and sold their cargoes in the Southern slave markets. * * * Clergymen in the North would return thanks for the safe arrival of these slave ships." (Andrews's History of the United States, footnote on page 177.)

"In 1619 slavery was not recognized in English law nor in the laws and customs of Virginia; and although previously referred to in Virginia court records as in existence, slavery was not regulated by statutory laws until 1661, several years subsequent to such action in Massachusetts (1640) and Connecticut (1650)." (Andrews, footnote, page 23.)

"As late as February 12, 1853, Illinois enacted legislation making it a crime for a free negro to come or be brought into the State." (Andrews, footnote, page 210.)

"The New England States desired the continuance of this traffic (slave trade) for the reason that their ships were making large profits from it." (Andrews, page 153.)

"In answer to a memorial from Pennsylvania praying the abolishment of slavery, Congress declared that under the Constitution the question could be decided by the States only and that the Federal government had no authority in the matter." (Andrews, page 162.)

"The moral question involved in the extension of slavery was by no means predominant. The conflict was fundamentally a political and economic one." (Andrews, page 212.)

The Narraganset Indians in December, 1675, were attacked by a force of colonists, who destroyed their fort and killed more than a thousand of them. "By the summer of 1676 the three Indian tribes were utterly crushed and their chieftains, Philip and Cananahet, killed. The captured Indians were sold as slaves." (Andrews, page 61.)

Referring to the Emancipation Proclamation, Andrews says on page 293: "If the proclamation had aroused the slaves in resistance throughout the Confederacy, the Southern armies could not have been maintained in the field. That the slaves remained faithful to the trust committed to their care by the men who went to the front is not only a tribute to the training and character of the Southern negroes, but an enduring memorial of the kindly relations between the master and servants."

This is but a grouping of facts known to all who have a knowledge of the earlier history of our country. They are collected here for easy reference by those who may not have paid attention to the events which culminated in the War between the States. It is not necessary to read between the lines to learn that our very patriotic brethren of New England had a very healthy and ever-present affection for the mighty dollar and nice elastic consciences, which they never permitted to interfere with the collection thereof.

One recalling the pretended holy horror of the North at the thought of secession may be misled into the belief that it was a plant of purely Southern growth which could neither germinate nor exist in any other climate or locality. Permit a glance at the utterances of some of the leaders of thought in the North prior to the war.

Joshua R. Giddings: "I look forward to the day when there shall be a servile insurrection in the South, when the black man, armed with British bayonets and led by British officers, shall assert his freedom and wage a war of extermination against his master. And though we may not mock at their calamity nor laugh when their fear cometh, we shall hail it as the dawn of a political millennium."

Rufus P. Spalding: "In the alternative being presented of the continuation of slavery or a dissolution of the Union, we are for a dissolution, and we care not how quickly it comes."

Charles Sumner: "The fugitive slave act is filled with horror. We are bound to disobey this act." Sumner was a Senator from Massachusetts, sworn to support the laws of the country, yet he taught their nullification when they did not suit him. Andrew Jackson called this treason when South Carolina sought to nullify an act of Congress.

Portland (Me.) *Advertiser*: "The *Advertiser* has no hesitancy in saying that it does not hold to the faithful observance of the fugitive slave law of 1850. This journal was an apt and ready pupil in the school of disunion taught by Charles Sumner and the other extremists in the North.

Horace Greeley: "I have no doubt but the free and slave

States ought to be separated. The Union is not worth supporting in connection with the South." When several of the States had withdrawn from the Union, he said: "Let the erring sisters go in peace."

Wendell Phillips: "There is merit in the Republican party. It is the first sectional party ever organized in this country. It is not national; it is sectional. It is the North against the South. The first crack in the iceberg is visible. You will yet hear it go with a crack through the center."

The *Independent Democrat*, a New Hampshire newspaper which belied its name, said: "The cure for slavery prescribed by Redpath is the only infallible remedy, and men must ferment insurrection among the slaves in order to cure the evils. It can never be done by concessions and compromises. It is a great evil and must be extinguished by still greater ones. It is positive and imperious in its approaches and must be overcome with equally positive forces. You must commit an assault to arrest a burglar, and slavery is not arrested without a violation of law and the cry of fire."

In October, 1859, John Brown, of a memory almost as infamous as the cowardly crew in the background outside the line of fire who supplied the money that armed his marauding murderers, made an attack upon Harper's Ferry, Virginia, his object being the stirring up of an insurrection among the slaves and the murder of the whites. Of this event the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, in his "Civil History of the Confederate States," says: "In October, 1859, John Brown, a bold and bad man, made his bloody foray into Virginia, fraught with the most terrible consequences of spoliation of property, arson, insurrection, murder, and treason. This raid was a compound of foolhardiness and cruelty. Conservative and respectable journals and all decent men and women denounced at the time the arrogant and silly attempt of the murderer to take into his destructive hands the execution of his fell designs. Sympathy with those purposes and his methods was vehemently disclaimed by the representatives of all parties in Congress, and conspicuously by John Sherman. Few, except red-handed and dastard fanatics, lifted voices against his execution after a fair trial and a just verdict by a Virginia court. A Senate committee, after laborious investigation, submitted a report, accompanied by evidence, and said: 'It was simply the act of lawless ruffians under the sanction of no public nor political authority, distinguishable only from ordinary felonies by the ulterior ends in contemplation by them and by the fact that the money to maintain the expedition and its large armament they brought with them had been contributed and furnished by the citizens of other States of the Union under circumstances that must continue to jeopardize the safety and peace of the Southern States and against which Congress has no power to legislate.'"

Andrews says of the affair, on page 261: "No one prominent in political life in the North seems to have been directly concerned with this proposed servile insurrection, but a number of well-known abolitionists contributed money and supplies. The most noteworthy of these was Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The distinguished philosopher and author, Ralph Waldo Emerson, declared: 'The new saint (Brown) will make the gallows glorious like the cross.'"

Mr. Curry concludes as follows: "So much for the Senate. Now John Brown inspires a popular song and poetry and eloquence, almost a national air, and Northern writers and people compare him to Jesus Christ and put him in the Saints' Calendar of Freedom."

Among other canonized saints in the North in the period

before the war was Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the most mendacious of all the literature of that day, did more to fan the fires of hatred and keep them burning in the North than all the utterances of the half-mad fanatics whose object was the goading of the South into acts of reprisal for the John Brown raid. The list could be extended indefinitely, but enough has been said to show the menace which faced the quiescent South.

Touching the rights of the States to control their own affairs, upon which the South insisted and still insists, it is interesting to note the expressions of several of the States made at the time of their acceptance of the Constitution, showing, as they do, beyond any doubt the same construction of that instrument that was and is to-day the sentiment of the South. Virginia, the mother of States and of Presidents, declared that "the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression," and that "every power not granted thereby remains with them (the people) and at their will."

New York with equal candor resolved: "That the power of the government may be resumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness; that every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by the said Constitution clearly delegated to the Congress of the United States or the departments thereof remains in the people of the several States or to their respective State governments to whom they have granted the same; and those clauses in the said Constitution which declare that the Constitution shall not have nor exercise certain powers do not imply that the Constitution is entitled to any powers not given by said document, but such clauses are to be construed either as exceptions to certain specifications or as inserted merely for greater caution."

Rhode Island declared in 1790 that "the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness."

Maryland declared that nothing in the Constitution "warrants a construction that the States do not retain every power not expressly relinquished by them and vested in the general government of the Union."

A public meeting of citizens of Boston, Mass., in Faneuil Hall in 1809 in a celebrated memorial stated that they looked "only to the State legislature, which was competent to devise relief against the unconstitutional acts of the general government; that your power is adequate to that object is evident from the organization of the Confederation."

Proceeding now to an expression of personal opinion. William H. Seward, Secretary of State in the cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, is found saying: "There is a higher law than the Constitution which regulates our authority over the domain. Slavery must be abolished, and we must do it." It was a common expression during the war that the Constitution was laid away during the struggle, an expression corroborated by Mr. Seward's sentiment.

Horace Greeley, in the *New York Tribune*, wrote: "The time is fast approaching when the cry will become too overpowering to resist. Rather than tolerate national slavery as it now exists, let the Union be dissolved at once, and then the sin of slavery will rest where it belongs."

Mr. Lloyd Garrison defiantly declared from every Northern platform that "the Union is a lie. The American Union is an impostor, a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. We are for its overthrow. Up with the flag of disunion, that we may have a free and glorious republic of our own!"

Where did secession have its birth? Was it at the North or at the South? Let Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, answer. He regarded the purchase of Louisiana by Mr. Jefferson as invalid until each of the original thirteen States had signified its assent, and on the bill for the admission of Louisiana into the Union in 1811 he declared: "If the bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation; and as it will be the right of all, so will it be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

In 1844 Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, introduced into the legislature of that State a resolution in reference to the annexation of Texas almost identical with that of Mr. Quincy in 1841, declaring that Massachusetts was "determined to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth."

In 1857 a State Disunion Convention was held at Worcester, Mass., at which it was resolved to seek "the expulsion of the slave States from the Confederation, in which they have ever been an element of discord, danger, and disgrace." It was also proposed to organize a party whose candidates should be publicly pledged "to ignore the Federal government, to refuse an oath to its Constitution, and to make the States free and independent communities." These quotations indicate the views of the North in regard to the perpetuity of the Union and the free and easy manner in which they declared for its immediate dissolution.

A word from the South is now in order on the same subject. In "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" Mr. Davis calmly and in a statesmanlike manner, devoid of that passion which so marked the disunion sentiment of the North, summarizes the following propositions:

"That the States of which the American Union was formed from the moment they emerged from their colonial or provincial condition become severally sovereign, free, and independent States, not one State or nation."

"That the Union formed under the Articles of Confederation was a compact between the States in which these attributes of sovereignty, freedom, and independence were expressly asserted."

"That in forming the more perfect Union of the Constitution afterwards adopted the same contracting powers formed an amended compact without any surrender of those attributes of sovereignty, freedom, and independence, either expressed or implied; that, on the contrary, by the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution, limiting the power of the government to its express grants, they distinctly guarded against the presumption of a surrender of anything by implication."

"That political sovereignty resides neither in individual citizens nor in unorganized masses nor in fractional subdivisions of a community, but in the people of an organized political body."

"That 'no republican form of government' in the sense in which that expression is used in the Constitution and was generally understood by the founders of the Union, whether it be the government of a State or a confederation of States, is possessed by any sovereignty whatever, but merely exercises certain powers delegated by the sovereign authority of the people and subject to recall and reassumption by the same authority that conferred them."

"That the 'people' who organized the first confederation, the people who dissolved it, the people who ordained and established the Constitution which succeeded it, the only peo-

ple, in fine, known or referred to in the phraseology of that period, whether the term was used collectively or distributively, were the people of the respective States, each acting separately and with absolute independence of the other."

"That in forming and adopting the Constitution the States, or the people of the States—terms which, when used with reference to acts performed in a sovereign capacity, are precisely equivalent to each other—formed a new government, but no new people, and that consequently no new sovereignty was created, for sovereignty in an American republic can belong only to a people, never to a government, and that the Federal government is entitled to exercise only the powers delegated to it by the people of the respective States."

"That the term 'people' in the preamble to the Constitution and in the Tenth Amendment is used distributively; that the only 'people of the United States' known to the Constitution are the people of each State in the Union; that no such political community or corporate unit as one people of the United States then existed, has ever been organized, or yet exists; and that no political action by the people of the United States in the aggregate has ever taken place or ever can take place under the Constitution."

John Marshall, the famous Chief Justice of the United States and one of the most prominent members of the Federalist party, who cannot be accused of sympathy with States' rights views, delivered an address in the Virginia Convention of 1798 from which the following quotations are made: "The State governments did not derive their powers from the general government, but each government derived its power from the people, and each was to act according to the powers given. Would any gentleman deny this? Could any man say that this power was not retained by the States, as they had not given it away? The State legislature had power to command and govern their militia before and have it still undeniably, unless there be something in the Constitution that takes it away." In another instance the special subject was the power of the Federal judiciary, of which Mr. Marshall said: "I hope that no gentleman will think that a State can be called at the bar of a Federal court. Is there no such case at present? Are there not many cases in which the legislature of Virginia is a party and yet the State is not sued? Is it rational to suppose that the sovereign power shall be dragged before a court."

Daniel Webster, in a speech in Virginia in 1851, said: "If the Senate were to violate any part of the Constitution intentionally and systematically and persist in so doing year after year and no remedy could be had, would the North be any longer bound by the rest of it? And if the North were deliberately, habitually, and at fixed purpose to disregard one part of it, would the South be bound any longer to observe its other obligations? How absurd it is, then, to suppose that when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes either can disregard any one provision and expect, nevertheless, the other to observe the rest! I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse willfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provides no remedy, the South would be no longer bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side."

Alexander Hamilton, the father of the Federalist party, said in the New York convention: "To coerce a State is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. What picture does this idea present to our view? A complying State at

war with a noncomplying State, Congress marching the troops of one State into the bosom of another. Here is a nation at war with itself. Can any reasonable man be well disposed toward a government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself, a government that can exist only by the sword? But can we believe that one State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream. It is impossible."

Unhappily our generation and that which preceded us have seen come to pass the very thing that to Hamilton was a dream, an impossibility. We have seen States willingly used for the wicked purpose of coercing their sister States and counting it unto themselves as righteousness. We have seen the South crushed beneath the feet of the soldiery of her sister States and heard the ribald laughter of the Northern politicians as they mocked us in our calamity. But, thanks to a just God, we have survived the worst that ever befell a people, and the South, regenerated, true to its every plighted word, stands foursquare to every wind that blows. As a Kentuckian and a former Confederate soldier, my heart beats in unison to-day, as it beat half a century ago, with that of the brave old Governor of Kentucky who, in reply to Mr. Lincoln's call for troops, said: "I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States." Nor did she furnish any while brave old Beriah Magoffin was Governor.

Quoting again from Mr. Davis, he is found saying: "We have seen how vehemently the idea of even political coercion was repudiated by Hamilton, Marshall, Webster, and others. The suggestion of military coercion was uniformly treated as in the quotations from the authorities just named, but with still more abhorrence. No principle was more fully and firmly settled on the highest authority than that under our system there could be no coercion of a State." Nor had any one with authority to speak denied the unalienable right of a State to withdraw from the Union at the moment when its rights were infringed and its freedom of action denied. Indeed, this paper, if it proves anything, has proved by the testimony of Northern witnesses that it was entirely proper, legal, and justifiable for a Northern State to secede from the Union at any moment, but it was illegal, unjust, and not to be thought of that a Southern State should exercise a like action. After all, the highest proof of the correctness of the Southern view was shown by the failure of the government to press the trial of Mr. Davis for treason on the indictment returned against him at Richmond, Va. The foremost legal minds of the North knew that he was not a traitor, nor could he be proved so under the law. Hence the dismissal of legal proceedings against him and his ultimate release from the charge. This action was a high testimonial to the position the South through its leaders had taken before, during, and after the war. Mr. Davis and the men who followed the flag of the South during four years of a heartbreaking struggle were not traitors nor rebels, but patriots from their point of view, and not one of the living men of that struggle but is proud of his participation therein and of the Southern cross pinned to his ragged gray jacket by the hands of a Daughter of the Confederacy.

The war was inevitable. In no other way could the differing views of the North and the South be brought to a conclusive settlement. Every patriot heart beats more warmly to-day at the thought that it has been settled and can arise no more to disturb our happily reunited country.

Mr. Davis, in concluding the history of the Confederate

government, uses these words: "In asserting the right of secession it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong; and now that it may not again be attempted and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that recrimination may forever cease and that on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto perpetua*."

ARMS AND THE FLAG.

BY ELIZABETH MOORE JOYCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Up in "little old New York State," from where Comrade Seth Judson liked to boast he came, Decoration Day was the great event of the year to the rapidly diminishing number of Grand Army of the Republic veterans. When, therefore, the old man found himself down South one year at the approach of the Confederate Memorial Day and realized that he was "out of it" all, his heart was filled with bitterness unspeakable.

He who had fought his way through those awful four years of fifty years before, who had suffered all sorts of privation and misery and finally lost an arm at Gettysburg, he was "out of it" all now because he had worn the blue instead of the gray.

Of course if his daughter had not married a Rebel, even if he had to admit that he was "a pretty good Rebel," he would not have been there at all, but there he was. He had spent a dreary day in May when he remembered that the "boys in blue" were keeping their Memorial Day up home without him, and now he felt lonely and desolate among the "boys in gray."

"That one-armed old Johnny Reb seems to think he's the whole show," he grumbled discontentedly to his little grandson. "Wouldn't wonder now if I shot off his arm myself. Hope I did."

"Do you mean Grandpa Warren? His name's Thomas, not Johnny," corrected the boy. "You know brother is named for him like I'm named for you."

"Johnny Reb's a good enough name, sonny. That's what we used to call 'em all back in the sixties."

"Funny," went on the boy, "but brother heard Grandpa Warren call you a 'one-armed old Yankee doodle' and said like enough he'd shot off your arm and hoped he had. Queer how my grandpas hate each other."

Mumbling and spluttering under his breath, the old man deigned no reply, but stamped off indignantly toward the Virginia hills, now radiant in the June sunshine.

The Confederate Memorial Day fell that year on a bright and cloudless day, but one that was much too warm for the failing strength of many of the old veterans. Old Seth had brought his blue uniform with him, and he donned it defiantly. He was going to see and be seen at least.

"Do you think you'd better risk going, father?" asked Mrs. Warren uneasily. "It's going to be warm, and you know none of you old soldiers are any too spry these days."

"Shu!" sniffed the veteran indignantly. "If it's not too warm for the Johnny Rebs, I guess it's not too warm for me. Yes, Nellie, I intend to go and keep up with the best of them. I'm mighty glad, though, it was my arm, not my leg, that I left at Gettysburg."

"Walter's been trying to persuade his father to ride to-day,"

went on his daughter, "but he won't listen either. You old fellows are so stubborn, father!"

"That's why the war lasted four years," he replied with a chuckle. "Both sides put up a good fight. I don't mind admitting that much after fifty years."

"Well, go along then, father, and take this wreath I've made for you," said his daughter, stroking the empty sleeve gently; "but don't overdo yourself."

"O, I know I'm no youngster, Nellie," he answered her petulantly, "and you seem to like to remind me of it; but if I'm seventy-six Walter's father is seventy-eight, and if he goes I go. Depend on that, Nellie. Now I'm off."

His daughter looked after him with wistful tenderness as he hobbled off in his old blue uniform, the wreath of roses she had made hanging over his one arm; looked after him as she looked after her little boys when they started off to school, realizing that childhood and age are very close akin.

Down at the courthouse all the town folks and visitors from miles around were assembling, while the orator of the day, a young man whose father had fought side by side with these defenders of the Southern cause, circulated around among them all, sympathetic and serious. The primitive town band played patriotic airs from time to time, while the sun rose higher and higher and the heat became ever greater.

Seth Judson made a conspicuous figure as he moved among the crowd in his blue uniform. It had been years since old memories had been stirred as they were to-day. A Confederate flag carried by a jaunty old fellow of seventy-two seemed to have a special fascination for him that was shared only by a beautiful new Union flag carried by a rather shaky veteran, somewhat older.

This lonely old "boy in blue" wished with all his heart that he could have carried the Union flag; but even if he had been "one of them," nobody with only one arm could have managed it. As it was, he wasn't "one of them," besides being one-armed, so he had to be content with enviously watching the veteran who proudly held it aloft with two shaky old arms.

Presently the march to the cemetery began. Children carrying wreaths of flowers sang as they marched to the accompaniment of the village band, their fresh young faces and voices in vivid contrast to the bent and feeble forms of many of the old soldiers. Young girls in white with baskets of flowers walked demurely beside their lovers, while old ladies whose lovers had never come back from the front held their offerings close and walked silently along.

Old Seth kept as close as he could get to the wavering line of gray-clad veterans. To be "out of it" on any Memorial Day broke his heart, even though he knew in a hazy way that it was his mental attitude as much as his blue uniform that kept him "out of it." But he had missed it up in his home town, and now he had to miss it here, and he couldn't afford to miss any Memorial Days. He had so few left at best.

The music got into his blood. The sight of the old Confederates marching to decorate the graves of their dead touched his heart, killing out all bitterness; but the sight of the Stars and Stripes alongside the Stars and Bars stirred him to the depths of his being. Wherever his country's flag went he had a right to be, and there he would be. He jealously watched the feeble old man in gray who carried it, while with all his childish old heart he prayed that the heat would increase, forgetting his own limitations in his great desire.

Then, just as if the sun itself were in league with old Seth's unholy desires, it beat down fiercer and fiercer. Several of

the old men who had scorned to ride before now meekly succumbed and consented to be helped into the big carryalls that were part of the procession. Seth smiled craftily and waited, and then it happened—the thing he had hoped for. The shaky arms of the veteran carrying the Stars and Stripes grew more and more shaky, and presently he paused and raised one hand to his head. The flag swayed unsteadily for a moment, but only for a moment, for in that instant came Seth's opportunity. He sprang to the side of the stricken old soldier and caught the banner he loved firmly in his good right hand, while sympathetic fellows helped the old man in gray into the waiting carryall.

"Just a touch of the sun," he said feebly. O, no, he wouldn't go home; he'd soon be all right; he'd never missed a Memorial Day yet.

It was when the procession started to move forward again that old Seth's heart sank. "O," he groaned, "if only I'd left a leg at Gettysburg instead of an arm! I can't carry this flag with only one arm. It's too heavy, or I'm too old."

"Here, comrade, I've got one arm yet, if it is my left. We'll carry it together."

Old Tom Warren stepped out from the thin line of gray behind the flags and with a boyish smile of comradeship extended his arm and took hold of the flag alongside of Seth.

"You call me 'comrade'?" muttered old Seth maudlinly, "and maybe I shot off your arm. O, I hope I didn't!"

The old Confederate at his side laughed. "Don't worry about that," he said. "Just as likely I got yours first, but I hope it wasn't me, now that I know you better. I call you 'comrade' because you're one of us to-day, or you wouldn't have that wreath on your arm like the rest of us. Anyhow, we've got a good pair of arms between us, and that's enough to carry this flag and to shake hands with after awhile. Now, then, both together."

Then as the beautiful flag was lifted between the two old men, one in gray, one in blue, a cheer went up that echoed and reëchoed among the green Virginia hills.

The young orator did not make his speech that day just as he had intended when the procession reached the cemetery. He had some difficulty in making it at all, for the brilliant things he had planned to say seemed to lose their brilliancy when he looked at the two old men who had fought against each other over half a century before and who now stood close together holding the Stars and Stripes between them, while the Stars and Bars drooped just beyond.

But what the speech had lost in brilliancy it had gained in some qualities rarer and finer. The little cemetery became a hallowed place, with the Virginia hills standing guard above and the Potomac murmuring a lullaby below over the quiet sleepers as the young man ended:

"No more shall the war cry sever

Or the winding rivers be red.

They banish our anger forever

When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day,

Love and tears for the blue,

Tears and love for the gray."

Over against a blossom-wreathed monument old Seth Judson's daughter drew her little boys close to her with hands that trembled. "Never forget after to-day," she admonished them, "that your grandfathers are neither 'Rebel' nor 'Yankee,' but comrades and patriots upholding together the flag of their country."

JUDICIAL MURDER OF MAJ. HENRY WIRZ.

DR. LYON G. TYLER, IN WILLIAM AND MARY QUARTERLY.

It is certainly lamentable that during the prosecution of the late war so many writers for Northern magazines and newspapers should think it necessary to go back to the Civil War for analogies to the methods of Germany.

The case of Maj. Henry Wirz, Confederate commandant at Andersonville in the Civil War, is one among many in point. In an article in the *Outlook* for October 9 and in an editorial in the *New York Times* for October 10 the execution of this unfortunate officer was complacently instanced as a just precedent for the execution of Von Tirpiz and the other detested leaders of Germany.

What are the facts in the case of Major Wirz? He was tried soon after the Civil War closed, when the prejudices resulting from a long war were greatly aggravated by the assassination of Lincoln. Men's minds in the North were predisposed to believe the Southerners guilty of any atrocity, and at an early date bands of unscrupulous persons were on hand to take advantage of this perfectly human tendency. So on the testimony of such men as these, filed with Judge-Advocate-General Joseph Holt, President Johnson in a solemn proclamation accused Jefferson Davis of complicity in the murder of President Lincoln and offered \$100,000 for his apprehension. The subsequent investigation by a committee of the House of Representatives resulted in the arrest of these perjurers and suborners and in the sentence of their leader, one Conover or Dunham, to the Albany penitentiary for ten years.

The trial of Wirz occurred under the influence of these conditions. The man was tried by a military court accustomed to summary methods. He was tried far from his home and in the very city seething with the excitement engendered by the assassination of Lincoln a few weeks before. His attorneys soon saw that no justice could possibly be had and withdrew from the case. He managed to secure another in Mr. Lewis Schade, who served without fee and always thoroughly believed in his innocence. There were two charges.

Charge No. 1 declared that he had combined and conspired with Jefferson Davis, Howell Cobb, James A. Seddon, John H. Winder, and other prominent men to destroy by starvation and otherwise 4,500 (?) Federal prisoners. And yet without any proof of such a joint understanding he was declared guilty. Indeed, how could he have been guilty of conspiracy without Jefferson Davis and all the rest being equally guilty? And does any sane person at this day in the United States believe such to have been the case? Not one of his alleged associates was brought to trial, much less condemned; and yet, according to the argument of Judge Advocate Chipman, Wirz was the least guilty one of the number.

There was a second charge which attempted by thirteen specifications to fix the deaths of certain prisoners directly upon Wirz, and yet in each of the specifications it is stated that the name of the unfortunate victim was unknown. Think of it! There were thousands of prisoners at Andersonville necessarily witnesses of any act of Wirz, and none of the alleged murdered men could be identified. The banner witness of the government was one Felix de la Baume, who posed as a grand-nephew of General Lafayette. Having so well testified and shown so much zeal, he received a recommendation from the trial commission. On October 11, before the testimony in the case was concluded, he was appointed to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior. After the execution of Major Wirz some of the Germans of

Washington recognized in De la Baume a deserter from the 7th New York Regiment, whose name was not De la Baume, but Felix Oeser, a native of Saxony. They went to Secretary Harlan, and he dismissed the impostor Oeser eleven days after the execution of Wirz.

That De la Baume was not the only one among the prisoners at Andersonville capable of swearing to anything is indicated by the fact that the prisoners at one time hanged six of their own number for murdering and robbing their sick associates. Such others as testified against Wirz had personal grudges against him, which rendered them wholly incompetent as witnesses. Many of them were prisoners paroled to the outside who tried to escape, were apprehended, and on this account harbored bitter resentment. "It is now known that reports favorable to Wirz were suppressed by the judge advocate, who represented the government in that proceeding. Some of the reports were mutilated. The judge advocate refused in quite a number of instances to allow subpoenas to be issued for some witnesses in Wirz's behalf. Col. Robert Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, who had been subpoenaed, was called before the judge advocate. His subpoena was revoked, and he was threatened with arrest if he did not leave Washington. He had come to testify in response to a summons issued at Wirz's request."

The fact is that in presenting the case of Major Wirz the writers in the *Outlook* and the *Times* were simply harking back to the bitterness of a period which demanded a sacrifice for the sufferings of the Federal soldiers. Naturally the authorities at Washington wanted to shift the responsibility from themselves, and, fearful that public sentiment in the North might not sustain them if their attack was directed against such eminent men as Davis, Seddon, and Cobb, centered upon Henry Wirz, who was only a subaltern in the Confederate service and practically unknown to the world at large. Wirz was, however, not a German, as the writers in the *Outlook* and *Times* characterize him, but a native of Zurich, in Switzerland, and the tribunal by which he was tried was not a competent tribunal, for it was a military court sitting in time of peace. The trial was contrary to the terms of General Johnston's surrender and contrary to the Constitution, which guarantees to every citizen a trial by a jury, and we cannot forget that an effort was made while Wirz was a prisoner to get him to testify against President Davis on the promise of commutation of sentence. This offer, which rests on excellent authority, Wirz indignantly repulsed, and in all the literature of the times there is no more pathetic or manful letter than that addressed by him to Andrew Johnson soon after his condemnation.

Far from affording in any way a precedent to Germany, the Confederate officers, in contrast with Federal officers, paid particular respect to international law, and the mortality at Andersonville was directly chargeable to the policy of the Federal authorities in starving the South by a rigorous blockade and wholesale devastation and in suspending the agreement to exchange prisoners. Medicine was made contraband, and Mr. Lincoln, whose humanity is now so much applauded, actually refused to see a delegation of prisoners from Andersonville who were permitted by Mr. Davis to go to Washington and plead their own cause. They had to return with the sad tidings that their own government held out no hope for their release.* Finally, after making repeated endeavors for exchange, the Confederates offered to turn over to the United States government its sick and wounded without any equivalent whatsoever. This offer was made in

June, 1864, and yet was not accepted till the last of November in that year.

As a matter of fact, the rations for Federal prisoners prescribed by the Confederate government were the same in quantity and quality as those prescribed for the Confederate soldiers, and sufferings resulting often in death, similar to those at Andersonville and Libby Prison, possessed the Confederate armies in the field.

The excuse given out for this tortuous course of the Federal government in relation to exchanges was the unwillingness of the Southern authorities to include in the terms negro soldiers, in most cases forced from the plantations into the Federal armies; but the real reason was given by General Grant in a letter to General Butler dated August 18, 1864: "If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men." It was to the cold calculation of the Federal authorities, to which Lincoln himself was directly a party, that the guilt attached.

And yet the figures given out by Secretary of War Stanton and Surgeon-General Barnes conclusively showed that the mortality of Confederate prisoners in the North, where everything was plentiful, was even greater than the mortality of Northern prisoners in the South, where everything was scarce. Indeed, private relief, which even the Germans allowed in the late war to prisoners, was not always permitted by the Northern authorities in the Civil War. A notable instance of refusal was afforded in December, 1864, when certain ladies of England asked permission to distribute \$85,000 among the Confederate prisoners. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the United States Minister at London, became humanely the medium of their request; but Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, made refusal in terms as insulting almost to Mr. Adams as to the charitable ladies concerned.

In accounting for their verdict it is not necessary to impute criminal motives to General Wallace and the other officers composing the trial board of Major Wirz. They were simply and absolutely incompetent because of the environment and their own personal prejudices. Had the case been reversed, had the South conquered the North and Jefferson Davis been assassinated, a fate similar to Wirz's would probably have fallen to the share of one or more of the commanders at Johnson's Island, Camp Douglas, Elmira, Point Lookout, and other Northern detention camps, where, according to a report of a committee of the Confederate Congress made on the evidence of numerous returned prisoners and others, thousands perished of freezing, insufficient nourishment, and cruel treatment. But it is believed that the South's abhorrence of military law would have insured them a trial by jury at least.

Finally, it is the opinion of James M. Page, of Pennsylvania, a Federal lieutenant confined in Andersonville for seven months, that "the trial of Wirz was the greatest judicial farce enacted since Oliver Cromwell instituted the commission to try to condemn Charles I." Mr. Page speaks highly of the humanity of Wirz on all occasions.

As to the talk of German autocracy in the Old South, Northern writers ought to know that the North went to school to the South in the matter of democracy. The North had its Hamilton and John Adams, who had little but contempt for popular rule; but our Jefferson and Madison taught the real doctrine of popular rights which is now claimed for the North as a kind of monopoly invented by Abraham Lin-

coln, who, nevertheless, according to Ambassador James Bryce, practiced more autocratic authority during his brief ascendancy than any single Englishman has done since Oliver Cromwell.

Had the South pursued the course of the North in the war—condemned to death or imprisonment or confiscation of property the whole population of the North, as the Northern Congress did the population of the Southern States by the act put forth with an approving proclamation by Lincoln July 17, 1862; had it threatened with hanging as pirates Northern privateersmen as Lincoln did Southern privateersmen (a threat defeated only by a stern notice of retaliation on the part of Mr. Davis); had it made medicine contraband of war the first time in the annals of the world; destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property of noncombatants without compensation; repeatedly violated the international law, as the North did in the cases of the Trent and the Florida; burned houses, villages, and cities, and destroyed all the live stock and farming implements, as Sherman, Hunter, Sheridan, and Grant did in the South; instigated its oppressed labor classes to destroy after the Russian manner its bourgeoisie, as Lincoln encouraged the slaves to destroy their masters and masters' families by his proclamation of September 22, 1862, proposing to set them free, but only in territory over which he confessedly had no immediate authority; required the oath of allegiance to the Southern government of both sexes above sixteen years of age in conquered regions of the North under the alternative of being driven from their homes; sent thousands of Germans and other foreigners who could barely speak a word of English to overwhelm the people there; or if, after the war resulting in a Southern conquest of the North, the South had disfranchised the intelligent classes of the North, given power of control to unscrupulous Southern carpetbaggers and inhabitants of the slums in Northern cities, and kept that section under military rule for eleven years after all hostilities had ceased—Northern writers might talk with some justice of autocracy in the South. But as the case stands in history, with the facts exactly reversed, they may go nearer home for their analogies to the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg spirit. Abraham Lincoln in the exercise of authority certainly had little to learn from either Hohenzollern or Hapsburg. Far from imitating Lincoln in any way, President Wilson, in spite of the great authority wielded by him, has never encroached upon the dominion of Congress and made laws. He has only executed the laws made for him. But Lincoln not only executed laws, but made them as he deemed it necessary. Indeed, he broadly stated on one occasion that as "chief of the army and navy in time of war, I suppose I may take any measure which may best subdue the enemy." There is nothing on record of any instance in which Lincoln restrained Sherman, Sheridan, Grant, or Hunter.

The fact is, the whole make-up of the lately domineering Germany, educationally, commercially, and industrially, was far more closely akin to the old North than to the old agricultural South; and the leading principle of the war, the self-determination of nations, which Wilson has placed so splendidly before the world, is identical with Southern aspirations in 1861. The Federal government to-day is championing for Alsace and Lorraine, for Bohemia, for the Jugoslavs, and many other peoples the very principle which it denied in 1861 to the South, occupying a territory half the size of Europe and inhabited at present by a population of more than twenty millions of people. The South to-day is de-

voted to the Union, for the North, despite the utterances of some ill-advised writers who cannot shake off the old prejudices and mistakes, is no longer of the imperialistic turn of the North of 1861. It has left the South to work out its own destinies and has come to recognize, as Britain has done, that there are other agencies than force which should regulate the relations of peoples and States with one another.

Authorities: "The True Story of Andersonville," by James Madison Page, Neale Publishing Company, New York, 1908; "The Southern Side; or, Andersonville Prison," by R. R. Stevenson, M.D., Turnbull Brothers, Baltimore, 1876; "Life of Jefferson Davis," by Armistead C. Gordon, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1918; Letter of Gen. Bennett H. Young in *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* for November, 1918; "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis; "Diary of Edmund Ruffin," in *William and Mary College Quarterly*, XXI, 229-232, XXIII, 41-45, 159, 169-171; "A Constitutional View of the Late War between the States," by Alexander H. Stephens.

*In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to our commissioner, Mr. Ould, by the Surgeon-General of the Confederate States, as to the deficiency of medicines, Mr Ould offered to make purchases of medicine from the United States authorities, to be used exclusively for the relief of Union prisoners. He offered to pay gold, cotton, or tobacco for them, and even two or three prices if required. At the same time he gave assurance that the medicines would be used exclusively for the treatment of Union prisoners; and moreover agreed, on behalf of the Confederate States, if it were insisted on, that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by the United States surgeons and dispensed by them. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless strictly true that no reply was ever received to this offer.—*President Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," page 602.*

FATHER BANNON'S SECRET MISSION.

BY ALBERT C. DANNER, MOBILE, ALA.

The article in the *VETERAN* for March, page 116, under the heading of "The Pope as a Mediator" and giving a copy of the letter written by Pope Pius IX. to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, in the year 1863, was read by me with much interest, and possibly I can add an item to it which, taken in connection with the pope's letter, would be something of historical value; hence I give it to you for whatever it may be worth.

There came South with Gen. Sterling Price's army from Missouri a company of infantry, also a fine battery, fully equipped, of Irishmen, fine fighters, and all members of the Catholic Church. With them came from St. Louis a young priest, Father John Bannon, as their chaplain.

Father Bannon was brave, courageous, energetic, and liked by all in the Missouri army, Protestants as well as Catholics. In 1863 he went with our command into Vicksburg for the siege. Just after the surrender of Vicksburg Father Bannon had orders to go at once to Richmond and report to President Davis in person. This he did without its being known except to a few of our command. (We afterwards learned that Father Bannon was sent on a secret mission to Europe in behalf of the Confederacy.)

A few years before the late great world war broke out I was touring with a party of friends by motor over Scotland and Ireland, and we spent Sunday, the 13th of August, 1911, at Dublin. While there I determined to hunt up Father Ban-

non. Before leaving Mobile I had gotten from a good Catholic friend of mine in St. Louis the address of Father Bannon, and I started out on the Sunday mentioned to find him. I succeeded in doing so without much difficulty. He was at the great church and school building of St. Francis Xavier.

The aged priest was glad to see me. We had a long and interesting talk that afternoon, in which he told me of his interview with President Davis, the orders he had received, and his successful adventures in carrying out the instructions. As all interested have now passed away (Father Bannon died shortly after I saw him in Dublin), there can be no harm in mentioning the matter now.

President Davis instructed Father Bannon to go to Rome, seek an interview with the pope, and try to get him to recognize the Confederacy as a nation, giving many strong arguments and reasons why this should be done. The Emperor of France was willing and anxious to recognize the Confederacy, but could not do so alone. England had a large and influential sentiment in favor of her recognition of us, but Queen Victoria stood out against this; and Russia and Germany were the bitter enemies of the Confederacy.

Father Bannon told me about running the blockade on a little schooner out of Wilmington, N. C., and getting over to one of the British islands, then taking a steamer to Liverpool. From Liverpool it was easy getting to Rome. The pope received him, and he had two long interviews with him on the subject, receiving much encouragement.

When he left the pope, Father Bannon was favorably impressed and hopeful that the pope would join with France in recognizing the Confederate States government. He mailed his report to President Davis by the underground route established by the Confederacy. Father Bannon told me that he was instructed to mail the report to a certain address in London and that the London man forwarded it to an address in Canada, the Confederacy's mail agent in Canada having arrangements by which he sent letters very promptly.

President Davis received the report and thanked Father Bannon for his services. He also gave him permission to return to the Confederacy if he could find a way to do so, otherwise to remain where he was.

Father Bannon could not find a way to get back to this country at that time. The blockade of all of the Southern ports was so complete that it was almost impossible to get through it. Then later, after the giving up of the Confederacy, the party in control of the State of Missouri, largely influenced by the German sentiment there, enacted very stringent and severe laws against priests and other clergymen who had been chaplains in the Confederate army. The authorities in Missouri were particularly bitter toward the clergymen of the Catholic and Southern Methodist Churches, as they were known to be in full sympathy with the Confederacy; so Father Bannon went to Dublin. A priest of the Jesuit Order, he attached himself to the great church and school of St. Francis Xavier, remaining there the rest of his life.

It became known that a letter was sent by the pope to President Davis as a result of Father Bannon's interview, and I suppose that letter is the one published in the *VETERAN*. In that communication the pope says: "We have received with all fitting kindness the gentleman sent by your excellency to deliver your letters."

Father Bannon's visit to the pope was of far greater importance than simply to ask him to use his influence in making peace; but it failed, and the cause of the Southern States

was doomed. In their struggle for democracy and the right of a free country to rule itself they seemed to have no friends among the governments of the world at that time. The sentiment of all the governments seemed to be in favor of 'autocracy, but what a change has come over the world within the last fifty years!

I, as one of the survivors of the Confederate army, have derived much comfort and consolation during the past four years, particularly since the United States with all of her power went into it, to see the free peoples of the entire civilized world unite in a great war against autocracy, fighting victoriously to establish the same principles for which the Confederate States fought.

Verily the stone which the builders rejected has become the corner stone of liberty.

OUR FLAG—AND HISTORY.

[At the twenty-eighth annual celebration of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee by the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans a part of the exercises was the presentation of a handsome flag, the gift of Mrs. James Henry Parker to the Camp. In presenting this flag the following address was made by Hon. John R. Abney.]

Mr. Commander and Members of the Confederate Veteran Camp: It is a great pleasure to me to appear before you because of the memories you represent. Especially is this so on an occasion when you celebrate the birthday of General Lee. And this pleasure is greatly enhanced by the fact that I come to present to you a flag of the United States, and it is the gift of a loyal Daughter of the Confederacy. This flag means more to you than it does to other people in this country.

At the time that the trouble with England began over taxation Virginia was a favorite colony, and the colonies to the south of her had no room for complaint, as there was no tax on rice and indigo. But when Boston had her "Tea Party" and Massachusetts had fired the shot that was heard around the world, Virginia and the other Southern colonies sympathized with Massachusetts and joined her and other Northern colonies in a congress at Philadelphia. And soon Virginia's military leader, George Washington, was sent to Boston to command our forces. He commanded the forces on land and became also the authority to whom were referred the prizes taken by our little navy on the sea.

On June 14, 1777, Congress passed a resolution "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." We know that Washington's coat of arms was composed of stars and stripes. And a British author who wrote in 1780 says that the flag of the United States was taken from the coat of arms of Washington.

In the same year the members of Congress formulated the first Constitution of the United States, which was afterwards ratified by the thirteen States and was designated in its title "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union." It constituted a Federal government, which had a Congress and court to decide questions between the States, and it was given power to make treaties with foreign nations and to call on the States for their respective portions of money to bear the expenses. It decided questions between the States, notably the case of Connecticut against Pennsylvania on a claim for a part of Pennsylvania's territory. It made several treaties

with foreign nations, and it prorated expenses of the government between the States and called on them for their portions. That Constitution in its thirteenth Article declared "the Union shall be perpetual." It also declared that no alteration should thereafter be made except by the consent of every State.

Our independence was won under that flag and that Constitution, but peace found Rhode Island and some of the States unable to pay their portion of the expenses. Rhode Island refused to consent to an alteration of the "Articles of Confederation," so that the Federal government could lay a tax directly upon imports. This caused Virginia and ten other States to secede from the Union and set up a government on March 4, 1789, under a new constitution. They claimed the right to do so upon the ground that Rhode Island had broken the contract. That left only Rhode Island and North Carolina in the old Union. The new Union in its Congress passed a law laying a tonnage of fifty per cent on foreign vessels entering its ports. North Carolina held out about eight months and Rhode Island about fourteen. That tax was too heavy for Rhode Island to pay, as she was dependent mostly upon her vessels for existence.

Thus we see that the flag was first left by Virginia and the other States that seceded from North Carolina and Rhode Island in 1789. But when they all came together again, the flag once more became the "flag of the Union." Virginia, however, in ratifying the new Constitution reserved her right to secede from it by declaring in her ratification that "the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression." New York in her ratification said: "The powers of government may be resumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness." Thus the right of secession was understood both at the South and at the North.

In the War of 1812, when the flag was floating to the breezes over Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, during a bombardment by the British fleet, it was a Southern man who made it known over the world as "The Star-Spangled Banner." In 1860 fourteen Northern and Northwestern States had placed upon their statute books that they would not carry out Article IV., Section 2 (3) of the Constitution of the United States. Some of the States to the south of Virginia thereupon passed ordinances of secession, being tired of wrangling, although the Supreme Court had held that the North was wrong in its contention. Virginia called a convention to which all the States were asked to send delegates to see what could be done. A delegate from Ohio declared in the convention that the Northern States in Congress would not comply with the Constitution, and the convention adjourned. Virginia in a State convention then passed an ordinance of secession on April 17, 1861, to be submitted to the people. Robert E. Lee was then a colonel in the United States army at Washington, D. C. He was offered the command of that army. But at that time a man was a citizen of the United States only by being a citizen of a State, and his first duty was to his State. Now, under the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the laws passed in accordance therewith, he can be a citizen of the United States without being a citizen of any State. Lee declined the offer, duly resigned from the army, and retired to private life at Arlington on April 20, 1861. He did not wish to retire under orders to march against his State. His course was right.

The territory of Virginia being invaded by Northern troops, the people of Virginia ratified the ordinance of secession, and thus a second time withdrew from under the flag. She felt as Belgium did. If she had a right to withdraw the first time, she had a right to withdraw the second time; indeed, her right was clearer, for she had reserved it, as we have seen. Rhode Island's historian on the subject contends that Virginia and the other ten States had no right to secede from North Carolina and Rhode Island the first time.

Lee was soon called into the service of his State and later that of the Confederacy. At first he thought that the South ought to fight only its own soil. But invasions convinced him that a counter invasion was warranted, and he marched his army under the Confederate battle flag into Pennsylvania. But he went not to make war upon women and children. He sought only to meet the armed foe. He rose to the exalted height of saying to you in his order No. 73: "The duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own." And he ordered that his troops abstain "with the most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property." It is a pleasure to know that you who marched and fought under him never dishonored that flag, but received the commendation of your commander for your conduct.

It is also gratifying to know that those of you who fought under Semmes upon the sea were ordered by him to let your captives and prizes go in peace when you could not take them to a prize court. He and you did not believe in the horrible doctrine of sinking them without leaving a trace, *spurlos versenkt*.

In the beginning of the war there were about 19,000,000 white people in the North and about 8,000,000 whites in the South. That was odds enough against you. But the North had the world from which to draw, and States like New York made immigrants citizens after they had served only sixty days in the army. Lee's maneuvers and your conduct in the campaigns have excited admiration everywhere and at all times since, but you could not fight the world. At length Lee and Johnston and you furled your banner and gave your word that the war was over. Other people by implication have no right to secede, but you by your word on the battle field are pledged to the flag. And hence from all these things I have said that the flag of the United States means more to you than it does to other people.

And it is a double pleasure to know that your sons in France have kept the pledge of their fathers and have kept the faith with Lee, whose Order No. 73 was a prototype of that of General Pershing. Thus the example and spirit of Lee and his men still go marching on in honor and chivalric warfare. I am told that when the Americans reached the battle front they rushed into the fight with an oncoming foe that knew no resistance; and when the struggle became intense, the corps commander of our troops received an order to fall back, but he replied: "No. We have not come three thousand miles to retreat." I am further told that that commander was Robert Lee Bullard, of Alabama. The tide of battle was thus turned and a new glory added to our flag.

It now remains for me only to tell that under the Confederate battle flag there rode one of your comrades, a boy of sixteen, who was made a lieutenant at eighteen, and no braver heart rode under its folds than he—James Henry Parker. I understand that his widow some years ago gave you the battle flag that now hangs there above you. I now present to you for her this flag of the United States. May

both flags wave over your devoted heads in equal honor for many long years to come!

The Commander accepted the flag with these words: "Permit me, sir, on behalf of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York through you to assure the donor of this flag that the gift is gratefully accepted in the same tender spirit of personal esteem that prompted its gift. It may not be vouchsafed to us to consecrate that flag upon the field of Mars, but with its companion gift from the same donor, the battle flag of the Confederacy, it will be followed long after taps shall have been sounded by the last wearer of the gray by those devoted Daughters of the Confederacy, who will come to pay the last tribute that beauty pays to valor, where beneath the shadow of that granite obelisk in yonder God's acre the veterans are at rest."

STONEMAN HELPS HIMSELF.

BY FINLEY PAUL CURTIS, JR., BUTLER, TENN.

"It was in the spring of '65," Aunt Matt began, taking up her unfinished woolen Red Cross sweater and plying her needle with skillful fingers. And how she can knit! You should watch that fuzzy ball of yarn disappear. It is, I imagine, the true colonial style. "It was in windy March, in the doleful, moribund days of the Confederacy. Grant was pounding mercilessly upon the tottering gate of our beleaguered capital. Tecumseh Sherman [Ah, how gracefully he bore the name "Tecumseh"! It fitted him like his richly decorated uniform] was making long, desolating strides through the Carolinas, and Stoneman, of whom I shall tell this story, was raiding East Tennessee and dear Western North Carolina. O, the gloom of those spring days—spring days which a year before were bright with hope and glad with the tidings of victory! Brave Lee and the gaunt Army of Northern Virginia at last stood at bay. Like a wounded stag amid a leaping pack of ravenous wolves, so they stood. Who could not see that the sky of the Southland had lost her glorious complexion?

"The war had decimated thousands of homes. Thieves, deserters, and brazen bushwhackers pillaged and burned and killed. O shame! The innocent blood of their own people stained their guilty hands. One dear brother had fallen in his prime at bloody Spotsylvania, another had received a badly shattered arm at Gaines's Mill [from which even to this day he suffers], and another had stopped four Yankee Minie balls at sanguinary Chancellorsville. [I shudder to recall his gaping wounds and marvel that he survived them.] Both, bearing the scars of battle and the marks of privation and suffering, now fought in the trenches around Richmond. Father was seriously ill with brain fever, and age was rapidly impairing mother. My two sisters and I and a young negro girl, Eliza, who loved us more devotedly than her own people, constituted the unmarried 'weaker sex' of our home. Father had already freed many of his slaves, and they had left him with streaming eyes. No charge of cruelty or partial mistreatment could be arraigned against him. He was a splendid prototype of the typical Southern 'massa,' kind, gentle, God-fearing, yet firm as the rock of Gibraltar in his principles of humanitarianism, and he never owned a slave who did not love him and in whom he did not have sincere interest. * * * Two men and one boy were with us at this critical time, John and Amos and Jones. Heaven rest the

honest ashes of good old John! Amos, decoyed by illusory Yankee promises, left the country with Stoneman's troopers, and I have never heard of him since. Jones lives in California—doesn't your father hear from him occasionally?—and is doing well.

"But on with my tale. 'Stoneman! Stoneman!' was the dread name on every lip. Rumor said he was coming. We had heard often with unwilling ears of the brutal Prussianism of pyromaniacal Sherman and Sheridan and Hunter. Was Stoneman like them? Was he, then, in truth a stone man? I will tell you.

"It happened on a black March midnight. Father was dangerously ill, and we had not yet retired. A heavy wind moaned through the tree tops and drove an unintermitting patter of rain against the windows—a typical March night, an ideal opportunity for mischief. * * * Then suddenly, as if by some infernal prearrangement, the loud stamp of booted feet upon the front porch, deep guttural voices, violent knocks upon the door. * * * So ominously distinct! Electrically we found our feet. Our heartbeats pounded like forge hammers upon our hypersensitized eardrums. Bushwhackers? Or Stoneman? Ah, yes, Stoneman's troopers!

"Our eyes were no longer tempted by Morpheus. A tremendously more vital question confronted us. What must we do, and who should go to the door? Some one must go. By reason of her seniority in years this dread lot fell upon my eldest sister, Julia. Taking a candle and accompanied by the shaking, white-eyed Eliza, she proceeded with admirable stoic resignation to the hall. Instinctively we followed afar off.

"'Who's there?' she called, halting, irresolute.

"A terrible silence.

"'Cavalrymen from Stoneman's army,' came the answer.

"'What—what do you want?' she interrogated hopefully.

"'Supper and—O, just anything,' they replied in a chorus.

"It was indeed a grave situation. There was not an able-bodied man in the house except one, a furloughed Confederate soldier watching by the bedside of father, and he, by reason of his uniform, was practically useless. Father, as I have said, was perilously near the door of death, and the shock of a robbery would probably finish him. Supper, we knew intuitively, was the least of the Yankees' desires. All our dearest possessions, unfortunately not yet concealed from prying hands, would consequently be theirs. And if, perchance, among them there should be no honor, then our lives and our honor also. But, alas! what else remained?

"An O so gently-opened crack in the door and a tiny stream of candle light revealed a sable group of spur-and-sword-accountered shadows. Cold, impatience, and hunger (perhaps) made them move menacingly. A squad of Stoneman's 'boots and saddles' forsooth!

"Fearing a thousand imaginary things, my sister flung wide the door rather than see it splintered. Light routed the darkness. They tramped ponderously in, the shadows, uniformed in dark Northern blue, dripping with cold rain and clanking their spurs and scabbards, two dozen or more—tall, powerful men, principally well drilled and toughened by countless sleepless nights in the saddle. And not a dangerous lot either, strangely enough their beared faces told—faces which I felt tears might soften. * * * And immediately upon their entrance more than one hand stretched toward my dear father's bedroom door. But I had resolved with all my young strength that they should not enter his room; I wanted him to live. And a Confederate soldier

was in there. I was frantic, but I placed myself before the portal. How great is the mastery of will in moments of dire distress!

"'O, please don't let them come in here!' I appealed earnestly to the tall, handsome officer of the squad, grasping his arm, and to save my life I could not check the hot tears of anxiety and indignation which almost blinded my eyes, for I was only a 'miserable little Rebel girl.' 'O, please don't let them enter this room!' I begged him, unashamed of my tears. 'It is my father's room, and he is terribly sick, and the sight of all—all these blue uniforms, I—I fear, would kill him.' Ah! how vividly I remember it, the entire drama, as if it occurred only yesterday! 'Surely there is nothing in there you want. O, anything else—but to kill my father! Please keep them back.'

"Whereupon the officer's unshaven face relaxed, and kindness looked from his eyes. And then his mouth, momentarily forgetting the stern inflexibility of military discipline, relearned to smile. He actually smiled at me and my childish agitation. This miracle calmed me wonderfully.

"'There, there, Miss,' he comforted in a nice, soothing voice, patting me gently on the head. 'Don't cry, Miss. I will not let them come in; they shall not harm your sick father. They merely suspect that you might be concealing a Confederate soldier. It is all right now, however; cease crying.' He turned to his men. 'Soldiers,' he commanded like a whip crack, 'do not enter this room! Disperse throughout the house and make as little noise as possible.' Then through the hallway, up the stairs, and into every part of the house they tramped, rattling spurs and sabers. And with their going died in my heart the hope of many a dear possession. * * *

"Then, turning once more, he placed his own hand on the doorknob. And I could hear my own heart palpitating with terror reinforced. 'O, do not go in there!' I begged him again, whispering a fervent prayer for the poor Confederate soldier watching over my dear father. Would the gloom disguise his uniform? Or had he long since, discovering his severe embarrassment, escaped through the window? I could not know. 'There is no one within except father and mother and—the doctor.' What good angel made me add 'the doctor'?

"'Don't cry, Miss; your father is safe,' he assured me kindly. 'I also must obey orders. I will only look in.'

"And while I forgot to breathe—and, being breathless, I could neither speak nor act—he opened a wide, noiseless crack in the door. O, I shall never forget the immense relief which that picture brought to me—a few smoldering logs in the fireplace, a tallow candle burning with an undeviating feeble yellow luminosity on the table, mother sleeping peacefully in her tall-backed easy-chair, the silent form of my father animated only by deep, measured breathing, and by his bedside—most astounding and miraculous—a half-bent, shadowy, enshawled figure—'the doctor.' For a moment I was completely amazed. What hallucination was this? And then I knew. The Confederate soldier, realizing his extreme peril and choosing to risk his life rather than abscond his post, brave man that he was, had seized my mother's great shawl, flung it around his body to conceal his uniform, and was cleverly playing the rôle of doctor. Aye, my children, there by the bedside he sat immovable, holding in one hand father's low-pulsing wrist and in the other a spoon and a bottle of medicine. The doctor! What a wonder of wonders! Had he acted telepathically upon my intense con-

centrated anxiety? Then the officer's voice fetched me back to present realities.

"I am satisfied," he said. "And you are indeed an honest little Rebel girl." He pulled the door gently to its frame.

"Meanwhile from every part of the house issued the mingled sounds of voices, ill-mannered booted feet, rattling spurs and scabbards, the harsh opening and shutting of doors and drawers, the hasty moving of heavy furniture, and, still more distinct, from kitchenward the familiar but inept manipulation of chinaware and cooking utensils. And now and then a loud laugh at some uncommonly droll joke. What strange noises to disturb the dead midnight silence of our peaceful home! It was in truth a carking and nerve-racking night for us, the women of the household. If four people were ever ubiquitous, surely we were, my two sisters, myself, and black young Eliza—now in the kitchen, now in the parlor, now in the bedrooms, now in the halls and closets, now upstairs, now down, here and there, everywhere, begging to keep this and pleading to keep that, tearfully substituting, guarding, and secretly concealing every possible valuable. Fear of bushwhackers and one or two previous robberies had taught us the use of many a recondite closet, and hundreds of our most dearly cherished possessions reposed securely therein. And yet how tremblingly anxious we covertly watched these secret caches! How many predacious feet we guided cunningly away from them! * * *

"A curious incident occurred in this connection. Sister Julia had hidden her fine riding bridle, which was the pride of her favorite horse, in the cookstove oven, believing that no marauding hand would ever search for it in so quaint a place. But fickle fate, through the peculiar medium of a gnawing Yankee belly, betrayed her secret. For one of Stoneman's troopers, a tall, gaunt, bewhiskered fellow, immediately upon entering the kitchen, strode directly over to the stove and, just as if he had guessed my sister's secret, bent down to open the oven door.

"Stop!" she cried sharply, astonished and angered at the ruffian's audacity. "What in the world are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for mules," the fellow guffawed uproariously, and his comrades in arms joined him hoarsely. "D'ye reckon I'll find any in here?"

"Dear me!" my sister exclaimed, echoing their gruff laughter and hoping thereby to discourage the prying rascal. "How ingenious you are, and what a very excellent joke! Looking for mules in a cookstove oven! Bless my soul!"

"Down came the door and out came the bridle amid a drowning roar of genuine laughter. My poor sister's chagrin was complete. She stood there in the kitchen among those guffawing Yankees pale and motionless and speechless. Stoneman's gaunt trooper was a more perfect, if possible, picture of embarrassment. He, too, stood motionless and half erect, gazing sheepishly and in profound incredulity at the bridle which dangled from his crooked fingers. Laugh? O, no! He couldn't; he could only grin foolishly and flush beneath his stubby red beard.

"Not a mule by a long shot," he grunted philosophically when at last the loud, disconcerting laughter had subsided; 'no, not by a jugful, but the next thing to it, by cracky.'

"One of the soldiers during his prowling perambulation throughout the house had discovered a very fine, highly prized shawl and was subjecting it to a thoroughgoing scientific scrutiny. For some unaccountable reason or other he was unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion regarding, I suspected, its peculiar military value. Eliza was watching

his minute appraisement with calculating eyes. He had almost decided to take the shawl, I think, when she plucked at his arm. 'But dat's my shawl,' she lied adroitly, fixing her great innocent orbs on him and simulating artful tears. 'Yuh sho'ly wouldn't take sich a boot-i-ful thing 'way from a po' innercent niggah lak me, would yuh? 'Specially atter fightin' fur fo' years ter sot us'ns free, us po' downtrodden niggahs what nevah harmed nobody. Now, jest yuh lemme hav't rat back. An' what'ud yuh do with sich a 'cumberance as dat, an' yuh ah soldier, nohow? Sho-o-o!' Eliza cried contemptuously, dragging the shawl confidently from his hands. 'Lan' sakes!' she blazed forth at the Yankee again. 'Yuh Yanks is shore funny peoples, noway, freein' us po' niggahs an' then robbin' us.' Thus Eliza rescued the shawl. * * *

"Our tall clocks had long since sung out their twelve stentorian midnight strokes ere Stoneman's squad of troopers, having bolted down every morsel of cooked food in the kitchen and having systematically robbed us, finally left our house. Dissatisfied with mere household booty, they went to our barn, supplied themselves with liberal quantities of corn, wheat, rye, harness, and many other necessities, and, mounting five or six of our own horses, all we owned in this world, galloped away. My sister's handsome favorite, for the preservation of whose pretty bridle she had suffered deep chagrin, alas! went with them. We could hear their four-and-twenty feet splattering the red clay mud. O how we hated the very memory of those Yankee vandals!

"Then we went sorrowfully into father's room. The sound of loud voices and the heavy tramp, tramp of cavalry boots had awakened him. Mother, too, was wide awake.

"What has happened, my daughters?" father asked us in a trembling voice, staring up at our pale faces out of anxious eyes. 'Have—have Wade and Simmons—'

"No, father," we answered him, loath but constrained to tell; 'not Wade and Simmons, but Stoneman's Cavalry. Twenty-five or thirty of them have been here. They searched the house, robbed us, and rode all our horses away. But they are gone now; do not worry about it.'

"For an instant we thought the shock might kill him outright, so intense was the tragic expression of pain carved on his face. And then suddenly he burst into profound soul-shaking sobs, crying as if his heart might break, crying like a child. Robbed! His horses all stolen! * * * O, the depth and the utter sadness of those sobs!

"Early on the following morning Stoneman's blue-coated troopers returned. Aye, they would rob us twice in a night! Heartless and brazen wretches! Why, some of them were even riding our own horses! A splendid illustration of typical Yankeeism. Dismount and tether their horses? Far from it. They took our yard fence at a bound, plowing up the turf in regular cavalry style. The sight of our dear horses fetched tears to our eyes. Their clear eyes pleaded with us dumbly to reclaim them. And we did beg for them earnestly, using every rational argument and form of dignified supplication. But what silver tongue even could convince a Yankee trooper that no horse thief can enter heaven? And we trembled lest we should read on their grim faces that terrible and venerable lie: 'All's fair in love and war.' 'Twas only natural for the rogues to rely upon such a lie.

"Catch us some of those fat hens, my pretty Rebels,' one of the bearded ruffians finally promised us, waving a comprehensive hand at our scattered flock of chickens—and, by the way, he was the identical scoundrel who on last night

had looked for mules (?) in our cookstove oven and who had been helplessly plagued by unexpectedly finding my sister's bridle therein, which he was then using on her favorite horse—'catch us some of those fat hens,' he promised us, 'and we will give you back your horses.'

"'But we can't catch them,' sister Julia protested vehemently. 'However, if you will promise us solemnly,' she proposed reluctantly, 'to return all of our horses, I—I suppose, if there is no other way, you yourselves may try to catch a few.'

"'Don't worry about that,' they cried, leaping off their (our) horses and diving greedily here and there into small covies of busy fowls, scattering them to the far ends of the plantation. But a chicken, especially when warned by its subtle instincts that its precious life is endangered, is no easy bird to catch in a conveniently housed and fence-crisscrossed farm of many acres. Therefore, on with the merry chase, we urged, knowing that the Yankees could not catch them all, and O so happy to lose even many if only we might repossess our horses!

"But hunger lent to Stoneman's long-legged troopers both cunning and swiftness, and in about half an hour they returned, puffing from their land chase and in no pleasant humor with several fat, squalling hens.

"Did they bow politely and say, 'O, thank you, ladies?'" Aunt Matt suddenly dropped her knitting and looked at us with flaming eyes. "Or, 'How kind of you to give us these nice chickens? Now here, according to our promise, are your horses.' Many, many times no. Slings the feathered trophies quickly across their saddle bows, they sprang nimbly upon our horses, plied their merciless spurs, wheeled in a trice, took the fence at a bound, and away they sped up the red clay road, out of sight forever. O, the impudent, rascally thieves! * * * How long we stood there in the yard gazing open-mouthed and speechlessly angry at Stoneman's troopers' trail I know not. It may have been an hour."

Aunt Matt sighed wearily and resumed her knitting. We waited patiently.

"Ah!" she exclaimed reminiscently, "but those are old, old days."

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1862-63.

Beauregard the Weak-Kneed.—On August 19 the above general said, "The fall of Sumter is now only a question of time," and on September 6, "Sumter is now a noble mass of ruins, over which still flies our colors." And it never did fall from direct attack.

Asphyxiating Gas, Liquid Fire, and Wire Entanglements.—Lieut. Col. C. C. Jones wrote General Mercer, C. S. A., on September 5 that experiments had been made with the Cheves incendiary shell, and "no troops could withstand the terrible influences of these missiles bursting in their midst and evolving not only this mass of insidious fire, but also clouds of gas of a most deleterious character." The first wire entanglements (other than single strands) on record as a protection for military bodies were constructed by the Confederates in Charleston Harbor and at Vicksburg in 1863, and the first instance of going up against this species of barricade was experienced by the Georgia Hussars, of the Jeff Davis Legion of Cavalry, in Virginia on December 7, 1861, where

one of their pickets encountered a single wire stretched across the highroad.

Negroes Equal to Whites.—General Gillmore, U. S. A., wrote Halleck on December 14: "The pay of the white soldier and the colored should be the same. All distinction calculated to raise in the mind of the colored man a suspicion that he is regarded as an inferior being should be scrupulously avoided." But on December 22 he was ordered to appoint a board for the examination "of white persons to officer the regiments and companies of colored troops that were being raised." If equals, why white officers and less pay?

Noncombatants in Charleston.—General Beauregard wrote the Governor of South Carolina on August 15: "At my instance early in July the noncombatants were called upon to leave the city. Many left, but in a very few days began to return, and I fear that no effort to induce them to remain out of the city will be successful." Just like trying to run animals out of a burning building.

First Officer Killed in Sumter.—On November 25 General Beauregard reported: "Capt. F. H. Harleston, 1st South Carolina Artillery, was killed by a shell. He is the first officer ever killed in Sumter." Yet they never failed to expose themselves on all occasions.

Ashamed of Their Regiment.—General Beauregard wrote the Yankee commanding general: "In conclusion, I have further to say that if any of the officers of the 54th Massachusetts negro regiment were captured by us they have assumed false names and regiments." They had heard of the proposed treatment intended for captured white officers of negro regiments and kept their own counsel.

Forcing Foreign Intervention.—General Beauregard wrote the Confederate States Commissioner in France in August: "As it is evidently to the interest of England that we should mutually destroy each other and the policy of the European powers that the Union should never be reconstructed, is it not, then, our true policy to take advantage of our late reverses to speak out boldly and fearlessly to France, England, and Spain and to inform them that unless we are immediately recognized we shall take steps to put an end to this exhausting struggle, reassert at once the Monroe Doctrine, and in the course of time proclaim the independence of the Canadas and Cuba? All of which we shall be able to effect when once reunited." A grand idea, but such a bluff was too easily seen through.

Quantrell.—Gen. H. E. McCullough, C. S. army, said: "A good many of Quantrell's command have come into this district, and it is said that he is with them. He has not reported here, and I do not know what his military status is. I do not know as much about his model of warfare as others seem to know; but from all I can learn, it is but little, if at all, removed from that of the wildest savage, so much so that I do not for a moment believe our government can sanction it in one of her officers. I appreciate his services and am anxious to have them; but certainly we cannot as Christian people sanction a savage, inhuman warfare in which men are to be shot down like dogs after having thrown down their arms and holding up their hands in supplication for mercy. It may be said that Quantrell will help you. That may be true in part; but I have little confidence in men who fight for booty and whose mode of warfare is but little, if any, above the uncivilized Indian and who say now, that they are afraid to enter our army regularly for fear of being captured."

THE LAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

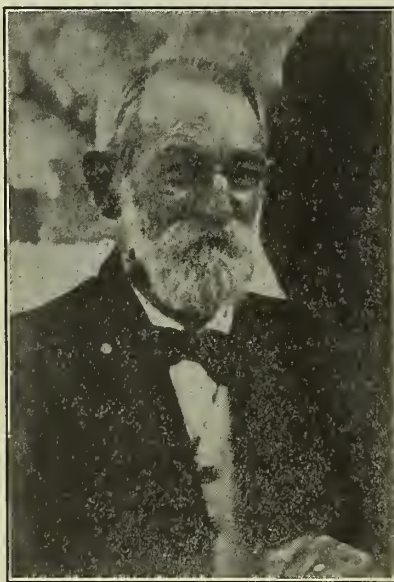
"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

CAPT. WILLIAM D. IEVEY.

"The brightest gem in a nation's coronet is the ashes of its heroic dead."

Every Confederate soldier who honestly wore the gray and passes from life into the bivouac of the dead adds a priceless gem to the Southland's coronet. One more of the few survivors of the Immortal Six Hundred Society, officers of the Confederacy, prisoners of war, who were placed under fire of their own guns on Morris Island, S. C., by order of the United States Secretary of War in 1864, passed away at his home in Los Angeles, Cal., November 24, 1918—Capt. William D. Ivey, of Company D, 12th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A. This true comrade of the Society of the Immortal Six Hundred was born in the year 1838 in Randolph County, Ga., a Southern gentleman, a lover of his State, her laws, and his home.

In the early days of the war (1861), when the State of Georgia, exercising her constitutional right, withdrew from the compact of union upon her sons to de-States and called fend her legal rights and honor, W. D. Ivey and his four brothers organized a company of infantry in obedience to the call. This company formed Company D, part of the 12th Georgia Regiment, which was sent to Virginia, participating in all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, under the immortal Lee, and those of Antietam, Md., and Gettysburg, Pa. Captain Ivey enjoyed the confidence of his superior officers and the love and respect of his men, who were born in the same county. They were his comrades and



CAPT. W. D. IEVEY.

friends. So well was Captain Ivey thought of by Gen. Robert E. Lee that he gave him a staff appointment.

In the battle of Spotsylvania, Va., Captain Ivey was made a prisoner of war and was sent to Fort Delaware, United States military prison, and selected as one of the six hundred prisoners to be placed under fire of their own guns on Morris Island. These officers were confined in a prison pen under the constant fires of Sumter, Moultrie, and other Confederate batteries shelling Morris Island for forty days and nights. Then they were removed to Fort Pulaski, Ga., and confined in its casemates without fire or blankets to keep them warm, although it was in the winter months. The rations of these men consisted of ten ounces of rotten corn meal, with half a pint of cucumber and onion pickle, for sixty-five days; no salt, grease, or meats were issued to them, nothing but rotten corn meal and pickles. After these days of fire and starvation these prisoners were sent back to Fort Delaware and held until the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, when Captain Ivey and others were released and sent to their homes in the South to find them desolate and in ruins, destroyed by Sherman's army on its march through Georgia.

This grand old hero took up work on his plantation and married. After a short time he moved to Beaumont, Tex., and again took up planting. He was elected for two terms by the people of the county as judge of the county court, performing his duty faithfully and well. After the end of his second term on the bench he lost his wife by death in 1886, leaving him desolate and alone. He moved at this date from Texas to Los Angeles, Cal., and there met and married an accomplished lady from the North whose heart was in sympathy with the South and her people. They were happy in their union and devoted and akin in their sympathies. He gave up active business, devoting his life to the comfort and happiness of his family. When war was declared with Germany by the United States government, old as he was, Captain Ivey wanted to go over and do his part for American honor and glory.

Captain Ivey died at his home, in Los Angeles, from a severe case of influenza, at eighty years of age. At his bedside were his devoted wife and family. His life was useful, his heart generous; he was a noble type of the Southland. Peace to his ashes! May the sod rest lightly on his heroic breast!

[A comrade.]

WALKER KIRKPATRICK.

From memorial resolutions prepared by J. W. Sockwell, Company A, Cobb's Legion, and indorsed at a regular meeting of Jefferson Lamar Camp, No. 305, U. C. V., of Covington, Ga.:

"On February 14, 1919, Walker Kirkpatrick died at the home of his son, in West Newton County, Ga. When the War between the States broke out he was among the first to volunteer to defend his country, and he went off with Lamar's Infantry in July, 1861. The company after consolidation was known as Company 'A', Cobb's Legion. He was in many of the hard-fought battles of Virginia, including the battles of Seven Pines, South Mountain, Spotsylvania, Gettysburg, and Fredericksburg, where General Cobb was killed. In July, 1864, he was captured and was kept in prison until the close of the war. When released he came back to Newton County, where he lived until his death, making a good and useful citizen. He was a lover of the South and all the rights we fought for; therefore be it

"Resolved, That in the death of our beloved comrade, Walker Kirkpatrick, the Jefferson Lamar Camp loses a valuable member and that we appreciate his devotion to the cause."

JUDGE ANDREW N. CAMPBELL.

(Tribute by the Greenbrier County Circuit Court, January term, 1919.)

Whereas early in the morning of January 13, 1919, there departed this life at his home, near Union, the county seat of Monroe County, W. Va., a distinguished member of the bar, the Hon. Andrew Nelson Campbell, a gentleman widely esteemed both as a public and private citizen; and whereas we, as members of the bar of Greenbrier County and personal friends of the deceased, desire to place on record our estimate of his worth; be it therefore

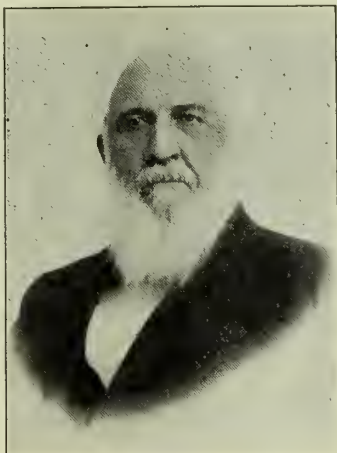
Resolved by the Greenbrier County bar, That we through this means give expression to our appreciation of his admirable character and to our sorrow at the loss his family, his numerous friends, the legal profession, and the public have sustained by reason of his departure.

Andrew Nelson Campbell was born September 26, 1842, near the town of Union, Monroe County, then Virginia. In his boyhood days he attended the common schools of the community in which he lived. In his young manhood he entered Alleghany College, at Blue Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County, where he became one of the most interesting and promising students of that institution. Very soon thereafter, however, the tocsin of the War between the States was sounded, when he, without a moment's hesitation, abandoned the school and enlisted in the military service as a defender of the cause of the South, where from the beginning to the end of that war, by reason of his amiability, gallantry, and courage, he held the love and esteem of all his comrades in arms.

As soon after the close of that memorable war as the conditions following it made it suitable he entered Washington and Lee University, where he graduated in the law department of that institution in 1869. As soon after his graduation as he could safely do so, under the then existing restrictions and limitations imposed upon the Confederate soldier and all who had sympathized in the cause for which he fought, he began the practice of his chosen profession as an honorable and honored member of the Monroe County bar, of which bar he remained a member until the date of his departure. By close application and earnest effort he rapidly advanced in his profession until he attained an enviable place among the lawyers of his State.

In 1888 he was elected judge of a West Virginia circuit composed of the counties of Greenbrier, Pocahontas, Monroe, Summers, and Fayette. In the discharge of his duties as judge he graced and adorned the judicial ermine. In his long judicial career he continued to be the same courteous, ethical, honest, and indefatigable worker he had always been in his pursuit of the legal profession.

In all his acts, deeds, and words, whether public or private, he ever demonstrated that he felt that the safety and per-



JUDGE ANDREW N. CAMPBELL.

petuity of our institutions were assured only through a veneration of and an unimpaired adherence to the organic laws of our country. He revered the Constitution, and any attack upon it or departure from it he deplored as a deadly thrust at the very heart and vitals of our institutions. He never deviated from the path which the light of his own conscientious convictions illumined. His sterling honesty, integrity, and sincerity of purpose might well be the ideals of every public servant. These are his enduring monuments. He was recognized by all who knew him as one whose life had been of great value to the community in which he lived, a joy to those whom it closely touched, and a benediction to his family and friends. He was a faithful, gentle, and loving husband and a devoted and indulgent father. To his grief-stricken family we beg leave to tender our sincere sympathies.

[Committee: J. H. Crosier, John W. Arbuckle, Henry Gilmer.]

JUDGE JAMES F. ASKEW.

On the 3d of February, 1919, Judge James F. Askew died at his home, near Georgetown, Ky., at the age of seventy-five years, survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

Judge Askew was a native of Mercer County, Ky., born at Harrodsburg, but at the close of the War between the States, in which he served as a gallant soldier with Morgan's command, he went to Scott County, Ky., and engaged for a while in teaching school, later taking up the study of law, which became his chosen profession and in which his native gifts of intellect brought him special distinction. He most ably represented Scott County in the Constitutional Convention and for a number of years served as master commissioner of the circuit court. His natural gifts of intellect and his splendid preparation as a lawyer would have brought him distinction in any calling, and up to the day of his death he grew in mental stature. The Askew family were noted for learning and brilliancy of mind. His father was the famous old schoolmaster, Azariah (Tobias) Askew.

Of Judge Askew it was truly said that he was a great soldier in time of war, a great soldier of service in the time of peace, absolutely square in what he thought and did, measuring up to the requirements of both martial and civil life. He was tender-hearted and kind; and, as was said of another, "If every one for whom he did some loving act of kindness should come and lay a blossom on his grave, he would be sleeping beneath a wilderness of flowers."

JOSEPH A. SMITH.

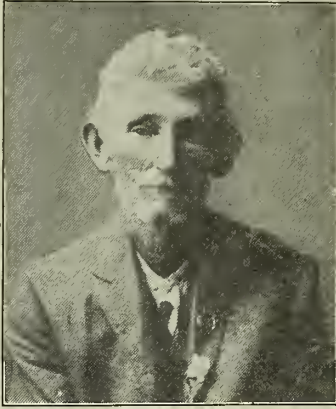
On May 11, 1918, Joseph Alexander Smith died at his home, near Holland, Chattooga County, Ga. He had reached his seventy-eighth year and was one of Chattooga County's best-known pioneer citizens. He is survived by his wife, one daughter, three sons, and a host of grandchildren.

Mr. Smith was born in Floyd County, Ga., September 10, 1840. In his twenty-first year he answered his country's call to arms and enlisted in the Confederate service, first in the 6th Tennessee, and later he was transferred to the 1st Arkansas Rifles.

The veterans of the sixties are falling thick and fast beneath the weight of increasing years. When we retrospect, and memory brings to us the faces and fidelity of these men, good and true as they lived and walked among us, we magnify their splendid virtues and consign their shortcomings to the dark depths of everlasting forgetfulness. We are sad, for in life how we appreciated them, in love and honor, and now in the sacred bond of sweet remembrance!

CAPT. R. H. COOPER.

In the seventy-eighth year of his age, while returning from the Confederate Reunion at Tulsa, Okla., September 30, 1918, Capt. R. H. Cooper was taken very ill and stopped at the home of his son-in-law, John Stephens, at Byhalia, Miss., where he died in a few days, October 5, and was taken to Emory Chapel Cemetery, in Marshall County, Miss., near his home, and laid to rest in the presence of a large number of old and young friends. He left surviving him a devoted wife, two sons and two daughters, and a brother and sister.



CAPT. R. H. COOPER.

In May, 1861, a company of soldiers was organized at Cockrum, Miss., and R. H. Cooper joined the company. With nine other companies from Mississippi, it was ordered to Corinth, Miss., and helped to form the 17th Mississippi Regiment. Hon. W. S. Featherston was elected its colonel. This regiment was ordered to Virginia in June and was in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861. R. H. Cooper was elected first lieutenant and afterwards promoted to captain of his company (17th Mississippi Regiment). He fought in every battle of his regiment up to the battle of Perryville, where he received a severe wound in the leg and was never able to rejoin his command. He suffered from this wound up to his death. I was with him in all the battles he was engaged in, and I never knew a better officer or braver soldier. I never heard him complain of any duty he was ordered to do.

Those who knew Captain Cooper well often complimented him for his gallantry in battle and his general deportment on the march and in the bivouac. He was an ideal soldier and officer, admired by all who knew him.

[S. W. Benson, Captain of Company F, 17th Mississippi Regiment.]

REV. A. D. BETTS.

Rev. A. D. Betts was born in Cumberland (now Harnett) County, N. C., August 25, 1832. He graduated from the State University in 1855, and was licensed to preach that same year. In 1856 he joined the North Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was in the active work until December, 1908, when he took a superannuate relation. He was commissioned chaplain of the 30th North Carolina Regiment in the War between the States, October, 1861, and served till the close of the war. He very frequently attended State reunions of Confederate veterans and also many general Reunions and was delighted to meet and worship with the veterans. Faithful in all the relations of life, he passed to his eternal reward December 18, 1918, having lived a beautiful Christian life and blessed many souls during his long ministry.

VETERANS OF JAMES NEWTON CAMP.

Commander James H. Lee, of James Newton Camp, No. 1290, U. C. V., Eldorado, Ark., reports the death of two vet-

erans of that Camp, Capt. John D. Staples, of Champagnolle, Ark., who belonged to the 3d Arkansas Regiment and served with honor and distinction for four years in Virginia, and Rev. W. G. Simmons, of Urbana, Ark., who lost a leg at Vicksburg, Miss., and has filled an important place in the affairs of Church, county, and State since the war and up to his death.

GEORGE W. CARR.

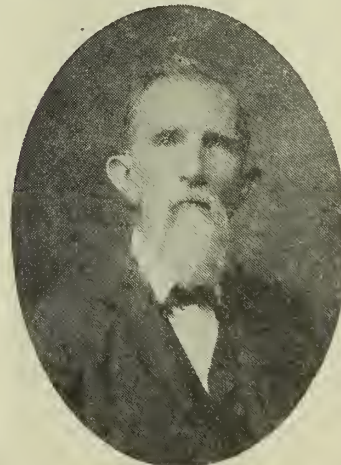
Three months ago there was laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery at Corsicana, Tex., a son of the Old South, George W. Carr. For more than thirty years he was a familiar figure upon our streets, and those who knew him intimately and best loved him. He had many excellent qualities of mind and heart. His love for the æsthetic and the beautiful in literature, in nature, and in art was keenly developed. His soul was so attuned that it was thrilled by harmonies and beauties which the untrained ear could not hear and the untrained eye could not see. He loved his country with a deathless devotion. As a beardless boy he fought under the Stars and Bars with Gen. R. E. Lee and Gen. J. E. B. Stuart (both of whom he idolized) as a member of Stuart's Horse Artillery. Many of this command were boys, yet they were the heroes of a hundred combats and had held their ground in the most desperate encounters against vastly superior numbers at Cold Harbor, Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and many other conflicts. Never were there braver fighters than Stuart's Horse Artillery, and George W. Carr was one of them. When the United States went into the war against Germany, the martial spirit of this old veteran was again aroused, and he longed to fight under the Stars and Stripes of his reunited country.

Comrade Carr was courteous, chivalrous, and the soul of honor. His was a sympathetic heart; he could hear no story of suffering without sympathizing. He was sixty-eight years of age. He came to Texas in 1882 from Virginia, his native State.

[E. L. Bell, Commander Camp Winkler, No. 147, U. C. V.]

DR. HAMET PINSON.

After a lingering illness, Comrade Hamet Pinson answered to the last roll call on the 7th of November, 1918. In 1862



DR. HAMET PINSON.

we were associated as assistant surgeons in Centenary Hospital at Jackson, La., and until after the surrender of Vicksburg, when he was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department, being a native of Eldorado, Ark., Soon after the close of the war he made his home near Geiger, Ala., where he served a loyal clientage and lived the life of a noble Christian gentleman. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and three sons to cherish his memory.

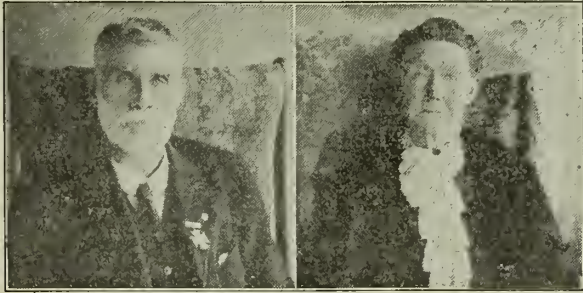
Adieu, good friend, till we meet up yonder.

[C. R. Henderson, Vaughan, Miss.]

CAPT. JAMES H. DAUGHERTY.

Capt. James H. Daugherty was born at Moorefield, Hardy County, Va. (now W. Va.), on the 24th of September, 1839, a son of H. J. and Anne E. Daugherty, and departed this life at his home, in Franklin, Pendleton County, W. Va., on the 23d of March, 1919, in the eightieth year of his age.

At the beginning of the War between the States he volunteered in the military service of the Confederacy as a private of Company B, 11th Virginia Cavalry, General Rosser's



CAPTAIN DAUGHERTY AND WIFE.

brigade. Sometime thereafter, in recognition of his bravery and ability, he was made lieutenant in the same company and on November 8, 1864, was commissioned its captain. He was probably the last commissioned officer of the Confederate army in Pendleton County.

On the 12th of November, 1864, only four days after receiving his commission as captain, while rallying a squadron of his regiment against an attack of the Federals under the command of General Custer in the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., he was severely wounded. He was found by the Federals lying on the battle field where he had fallen and made a prisoner. In the list of casualties of the battle he was reported to have been killed in action.

Capt. William M. McDonald, in his "History of the Laurel Brigade," pays a deserved tribute to Captain Daugherty for his conduct on this occasion in the following words: "Custer's main column now moved forward, the foremost squadrons advancing at a charge. They were met by the second squadron of the 11th Virginia under Captain Daugherty. For a brief space the weight of the heavy column and the vigor of the assault seemed resistless. The Confederates were borne back, and some had turned to retreat, but the gallant Daugherty recalled them to duty. They now wheeled and turned upon the foe. At their fierce onslaught the Federals gave way. Soon Daugherty was wounded, and his men faltered."

The wound received necessitated the amputation of his left leg near the body. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently he was exchanged, but was never thereafter fit for active service.

Soon after the close of the war Captain Daugherty located at Upper Tract, in Pendleton County, where he engaged in the mercantile business. Here he met Miss Mattie Hopkins, daughter of Cyrus Hopkins, and on April 1, 1868, they were united in marriage. It may be truthfully said that there was no divided house here in the matter of political sentiment, for the wife too had been strongly Southern in sentiment and sympathy and on one occasion had been arrested and held as a prisoner by the Federal forces for having given aid and information to the Confederates. Eight children were born to them, of whom seven survive, three sons and four daughters. The youngest son, James H. Daugherty, Jr.,

served with Battery D, 149th Field Artillery, 42d Division, A. E. F., in the great war just ended.

Many times the people of the county of his adoption favored Captain Daugherty and honored themselves by electing him to positions of honor and trust. For many years he was assessor of the county and was elected from this office to that of clerk of the circuit and county courts in the fall of 1890, in which place he served the people for six years. After his retirement from office, he became proprietor of the Daugherty Hotel, in Franklin, and spent the remaining years of his life in the conduct and management of that popular hostelry.

Captain Daugherty was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and his home lodge, assisted by many members of the order from Petersburg and Moorefield, W. Va., conducted the funeral, after a short service at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The casket was draped in a beautiful silk Confederate flag, a counterpart of the one he had so bravely followed through three and a half years of fire and blood and which he so dearly loved. He was ever loyal and faithful to the principles and convictions for which he had fought.

H. M. C.

JOHN THOMAS CLOWER.

John Thomas Clower, of Houston, Tex., a member of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197, U. C. V., was born in Alabama in 1841 and died March 12, 1919, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. D. Lay, of Cameron, Tex. His remains were taken to Houston, his home, and buried in Hollywood Cemetery by Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V. He lived a noble, faithful, and useful life, the worth and beauty of which are known only to God, in whose precepts he walked. He was long a consistent member of the Methodist Church. Perhaps there was no man in the community who was more beloved by a larger circle of relatives and friends. Though he has been called to the mansions above, he will live in the hearts of all who knew him.

In 1861 Comrade Clower responded to his country's call and went forth to battle in defense of the Southland. He enlisted in the Confederate army April 13, 1861, as a private in Company I, 11th Texas Cavalry, Capt. J. F. Hill, McCullough's Brigade, and served until the close of the war.

A battle-scarred Confederate veteran, he loved the South and those who fought for her, and he was loyal to its principles, traditions, and memories. He loved his old comrades in arms and was loved and honored by them.

He had long been a consistent member of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197, U. C. V., and was Lieutenant of the Camp for a long time, loved and respected by all his comrades of the Camp.

Comrade Clower is survived by his wife, three daughters, and one son, also a grandson, who lost a limb in France in the great world war.

[Committee: J. J. Hall, W. C. Kelly, Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197, U. C. V.; Mrs. F. I. Nevill, Oran M. Roberts Chapter, U. D. C.]

THOMAS B. KIRKLAND.

Thomas B. Kirkland, of India, Henry County, Tenn., was a member of the 5th Tennessee Infantry and the old original 154th Regulars. He was severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. To the end he was as true as a soldier could be. He was a member of Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn. He died in July, 1918, at the age of seventy-nine years, leaving his wife and one son. A tribute to his memory is recorded in the minutes of the Camp.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.....*Historian General*
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Your twenty-fifth annual convention, held in Louisville, Ky., is now a memory of constructive work and harmonious efforts on the part of the two hundred and more delegates present, representing by the latest count sixty thousand U. D. C. There will be in the VETERAN a full account of the meeting, therefore I shall only touch on the definite, immediate needs for work in the Chapters in June, when this letter shall reach you.

First, the great impulse is for education. Definite pledges for education to be placed in the Hero Fund should be sent at once to Miss Armida Moses, Sumter, S. C., Treasurer of Hero Fund, for education. The transferred moneys which were to have been used for the reëndowment of beds in Neuilly, France (happily now no more are needed), should be credited to your war relief work, but send direct to Mrs. Little, the Treasurer General, for transference to the Hero Fund. Ten thousand dollars was pledged on the floor of the Louisville meeting, and it is the hope of your Executive Board, as well as your President General, that this money may be paid in at once, so that the General U. D. C. may, as a great national, patriotic society, take one big block of ten thousand dollars' worth of the victory loan as the investment of their Hero Fund.

The publication of a book, "Southern Women in War Work," is another ambitious and historical effort launched at Louisville. Thirteen hundred dollars for the purchasing of the first edition of this book was pledged at Louisville. This money should be sent by June 1, if possible, to your Treasurer General, Mrs. Little. The aim of this publication is to combine the story of the work of the women of the sixties with the U. D. C. work for 1917-19. Divisions will be the responsible agents the U. D. C. will deal with in handling the distribution of the book. Manuscript is in hand to publish the same, but to secure the best stories of the sixties all women who have unpublished records of woman's work or some special woman's work in the sixties were asked to mail the same to Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md., by May 10, 1919, so that the compiler might use the best material available.

The Treasurer General reported some Chapters still unpaid in dues for 1919. Will not all Chapter Presidents and all Division Presidents see to it that the dues for 1919 be in the hands of the Treasurer General by July 1, before the Chapters begin to disband for the summer.

The War Relief Committee's work was the most absorbing and most widely commented on. Mrs. Rountree had compiled a splendid circular giving the summary of it all. When you go out into groups of other women's organizations, try to bear in mind these figures as U. D. C. war work for 1918:

Seventy beds at the American military hospital at Neuilly, France, valued at \$42,000.

Three and a half million hospital garments made by the U. D. C.

Four and a half million surgical dressings made by the U. D. C.

One hundred thousand knitted garments made by the U. D. C.

Eighty-two thousand dollars given to the Red Cross by U. D. C. Chapters alone, members' gifts not counted in this sum.

Eight hundred and thirty French and Belgian orphans supported by the U. D. C. at a cost of twenty thousand dollars.

Eight and a half million dollars' worth of the third and fourth liberty loan bonds owned by the U. D. C. as Chapters and individuals.

Fifty-six million dollars' worth of the third and fourth liberty loan bonds sold by the U. D. C.

One and a half million war savings stamps owned by the U. D. C.

These figures give only a partial record, because everybody *did not* report to the War Relief Committee. I give them to you in round numbers so that you may be able to say what *your* organization, by actual tabulations reported officially through State channels, has done.

I cannot close this message without speaking with grateful appreciation of the cordial and gracious hospitality extended the U. D. C. by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Louisville, and the Kentucky Division. They made all the machinery of the convention move smoothly, and by their charming and efficient care had provided everything for our comfort and pleasure.

I am leaving the convention, with all its business and pleasure program in detail, to be reported by our editor of the U. D. C. Department of the VETERAN, Mrs. White.

As you have stood in the past faithful, loyal, and true to your Confederate lineage and organization, so let me beg you to continue in the future, that our record may be kept in American history.

MARY B. POPPENHEIM,
President General U. D. C.

CONVENTION NOTES.

The "Welcome Evening" program of the twenty-fifth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was given in the flag-draped auditorium of the Seelbach, in Louisville, Ky., on the evening of April 1. The Stars and Bars entwined with Old Glory and the flags of America's allies in the recent war lent an unusual touch to the decorations, which were completed by portraits of the Confederate leaders.

Mrs. John E. Slaughter, President of the Albert Sidney

Johnston Chapter of Louisville, the hostess Chapter, presided. Following the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the very Rev. Richard L. McCready, dean of Christ Church Cathedral, pronounced the invocation, and Mrs. A. M. Sea, of Louisville, then spoke on "Viewpoints of Kentucky History," pointing out the assistance Kentucky rendered the Confederacy by creating a provisional State government at Russellville in November, 1861, at which sixty-five counties were represented, and by sending about sixty thousand volunteers to the South after the State had been formally admitted to the Confederacy, in December, 1861.

Following addresses of welcome by Gov. A. Owsley Stanley and Mayor G. W. Smith, of Louisville, Col. E. Polk Johnson spoke at length on "Secession, North and South," and scored the New England slave traders, asserting that "no Southerner ever was a slaver." In the absence of Mrs. James B. Camp, President of the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., Mrs. Frank Gentry, of Lexington, First Vice President, welcomed the visitors on behalf of the Kentucky Daughters. Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, La., First Vice President General, made the response to the addresses of welcome. Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Louisville, presented the President General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, S. C., and the following ex-Presidents General, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Mississippi, and Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee, to the audience. As each one was introduced with a few explanatory words she was presented, on behalf of the U. D. C., with a handsome enameled bar as ex-President General. Nine bars in all were presented, four for absent ex-Presidents General and one for Mrs. John C. Brown, who had passed away within the past month, to her son, Mr. John C. Brown, of Tennessee. The exercises closed with the singing of "Dixie."

On Wednesday morning the exercises opened with the U. D. C. ritual, followed by the roll call of States and presentation of State flags to Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Virginia, Custodian of Flags, who gave them to Mrs. Slaughter for the hostess Chapter.

The most excellent report of the President General was followed with interest, and her recommendations called forth much discussion. She stated that there were branches of the organization in thirty-four States, consisting of 1,191 Chapters, with a total membership of 59,000 women, the Arizona Division having been recently organized. She called attention to the care of Confederate veterans and women of the Confederacy, the chief object for which the organization was formed, as the local work of Chapters.

After some discussion it was decided to take steps to incorporate the association under the laws of the District of Columbia; to discontinue the committee to collect funds for the Red Cross memorial window; to revise the rules for the crosses of honor; to transfer the endowment of \$600 for the Jefferson Davis bed at Neuilly, France, to the Educational Endowment Fund; to appoint a committee to submit a plan for a suitable recognition from the U. D. C. for the services of Confederate descendants serving in the world war; to unite in an effort to complete in 1919 the \$50,000 Educational Endowment Fund as a "Hero Fund" as a memorial to the men of the South who served their country wherever needed in 1917-18; to invest the Educational Endowment Fund in United States government bonds; to make a drive for increased membership; to support the John H. Tillman bill on the cotton tax fund, which looks to the care of needy Confederate veterans.

The report on war relief, which was a report of the work of the U. D. C. during the war, was very interesting and showed the association well organized and well equipped to be of vast service wherever their strength is turned.

This is some of the war work accomplished by Christmas, 1918:

The endowment in the American military hospital at Neuilly, France, of seven complete wards of ten beds each at a cost of \$600 for every bed, making an annual cost of \$42,000. Each bed was named for a Confederate hero, and the name was placed at the head of the bed. The first bed endowed was the Jefferson Davis bed.

Three million Red Cross garments made by members, two and a half million Red Cross surgical dressings made by members.

Ninety-three thousand Red Cross knitted articles by members.

Eighty-two thousand dollars contributed by Chapters to the Red Cross.

Eight hundred French and Belgian orphans supported by Chapters at a cost of \$19,000 per annum.

Two and a half million dollars' worth of war savings stamps bought and sold by Chapter members.

One and a half million dollars' worth of bonds of the third liberty loan owned by Chapter members.

Twenty-three million dollars' worth of bonds of the third liberty loan sold by Chapter members.

Four million seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of fourth liberty loan bonds owned by Chapter members.

Thirty and one-half million dollars' worth of the fourth liberty loan bonds sold by Chapter members.

The filing of the records of five thousand young men who are descendants of Confederate veterans and who served the United States in its army, navy, or air service in this world war.

These figures are furnished by less than half of the U. D. C. Chapters, every State having reported it was impossible to secure full records, much of the work not having been kept account of.

The importance of completing the \$50,000 "Hero Fund" by May 1 was emphasized in the report on education and that for nine years the organization had financed a great number of scholarships, the tuition in most of them being given to the U. D. C. by the schools and colleges. Now about \$70,000 in scholarships is given by State Chapters, and, with sixty-two general U. D. C. scholarships, valued at \$7,000, making a total of seven hundred and fifty scholarships, the U. D. C. is doing a wonderful educational work for descendants of Confederate soldiers. These scholarships, except a very few, are available to the students for four years. Applications for these scholarships must be made before May 27, 1919, to Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Chairman of Education, Troy, Ala., from whom a list of the scholarships may be obtained. Donations for the Educational Endowment Fund are to be sent to Miss Armida Moses, Sumter, S. C.

Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Birmingham, Ala., Chairman, made the magnificent report on war relief.

Mrs. Norman Randolph, of Richmond, Va., reported on Confederate woman's relief work, and the convention voted her \$500 for this work for 1919 and \$250 for the maintenance of the Confederate Museum to its President, Miss Sallie Archer Anderson.

The constitution of the Children of the Confederacy, as auxiliary to the U. D. C., presented by Mrs. Alexander B.

White, Chairman, was adopted with a few minor amendments.

On Wednesday afternoon impressive memorial services, conducted by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, of Atlanta, were held for the five hundred members of the Daughters of the Confederacy who have taken their names from the roll book and entered them on the book of life and seven prominent members and two prominent veterans, Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, former Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, and Col. Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy during President Cleveland's second administration.

Mrs. James B. Camp, Kentucky State President, paid the tribute to General Young and said he represented the real spirit of the South. Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, the President General, said Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee and Honorary President of the U. D. C., was the best-loved woman in the South. Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Alabama, in her tribute said Col. Hilary A. Herbert was "a militant peacemaker." Another prominent member remembered at the service in a tribute by Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee, was Mrs. John C. Brown, ex-President General U. D. C., wife of Gen. John C. Brown, ex-Governor of Tennessee.

High tribute was paid to the Southern boys who died on the fields of France. "I am the flag of a mother's son who won't come back from the victories won" is the message of the golden star in the service flag.

On Thursday morning was held the election of officers, the following being reelected: President General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, S. C.; First Vice President General, Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, La.; Second Vice President General, Mrs. C. M. Roberts, of Hot Springs, Ark.; Third Vice President General, Miss Jennie Price, of Lewisburg, W. Va.; Treasurer General, Mrs. Eugene Little, of Wadesboro, N. C.; Registrar-General, Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, of Berkeley, Cal.; Historian General, Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Custodian of Cross of Honor, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Sells, of Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant declining reelection, though nominated, Mrs. T. W. Parry, of Kansas City, Mo., was elected Recording Secretary General; Mrs. Wallace Streater, of Washington, D. C., was elected Corresponding Secretary General; and Mrs. Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Louisville, Ky., was elected Custodian of Flags and Pennants.

Thursday evening was Historical Evening, in charge of Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, Historian General, who made an interesting and impressive address. This was followed by the award of seven banners, prizes, and medals. The Raines banner, in memory of Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Georgia, one of the organizers of the U. D. C., is awarded annually to the historian of the State doing the best historical work. In the absence of Mrs. J. A. Fore, of North Carolina, who won the banner last year as well as this year, it was presented to Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash, President of North Carolina Division, by Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Paris, Tenn., an ex-President General of the U. D. C. The old Raines banner, on account of its worn condition, will be placed in the Confederate Museum in Richmond. It was presented to that institution by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Paducah, Ky. Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Louisville, was presented with the Rose loving cup for the best essay on "Southern Ideals," by Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Greenwood, Miss., an ex-President General U. D. C. The Mildred Rutherford historical

medal was again won by the Colorado Division, and in the absence of a delegate it was presented to their proxy, Mrs. Eugene Little, of North Carolina, by Mrs. H. M. Franklin, of Georgia. The Youree prize, offered for the first time this year by Mrs. Peter Youree, First Vice President General, to the Division filing the largest number of names of men of Confederate ancestry in the recent war, was won by Indiana. The two Chapters in that State, with only forty members, filed three hundred names. This was presented by Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Alabama. The Ricks banner, for the most active Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy, was won by Bethel Heroes Chapter, of Rocky Mount, N. C., and was presented by Miss Jennie Price, of West Virginia. The Anna Robinson Andrews medal, for the best essay on Confederate history, was won by Miss Virginia Shipper, of New York, and presented for her to Mrs. James Henry Parker, of New York, by Mrs. J. L. Fahnestock, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Matthew Page Andrews, a historian of note, who offered this medal in memory of his mother, was then presented to the audience.

Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Kentucky, offered two interesting prizes, one a trophy, or loving cup, in honor of her father, Alexander Allen Faris, for the Division reporting the greatest increase in members between eighteen and twenty-five years of age; the second, in honor of her mother, a medal for the best essay on "Civilization of the Old South."

Friday was consumed with committee reports, and Friday evening was State Presidents' Evening. This was presided over by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Louisiana, First Vice President General. All the Division reports were good and some most excellent, showing the enormous amount of work done by the Chapters and States during the year.

The convention was unusually popular, and many places vied for the honor of entertaining it next year—Mobile, Ala.; Tampa, Fla.; El Paso, Tex.; Kansas City, Mo. On roll call of States Mobile received over 700 votes; Tampa, 900. El Paso and Kansas City withdrawing and changing their votes before the vote was announced gave the next convention to Tampa.

The social features of the convention were most enjoyable and were well managed by the Louisville ladies having them in charge. On Wednesday evening was the grand reception at the Seelbach, when the officers of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Louisville, with Mrs. Slaughter at their head, and the general officers of the U. D. C. formed a long and attractive receiving line. Hundreds of ladies and Confederate veterans passed down this line. On Thursday afternoon the officers and delegates were given an automobile drive through Camp Taylor and at five o'clock went to a tea at Mrs. Samuel Henning's beautiful home. On Thursday evening, while the officers and delegates attended the Historical Evening exercises, the eighty-three young lady pages of the convention enjoyed their annual ball on the second floor of the Seelbach. This was under the direction of Mrs. Samuel Henning, Chairman of Pages, and was one of the most brilliant dances given in Louisville since the war.

Preceding the Historical Evening exercises the members of the Shiloh Committee, that built the beautiful monument on that famous battle field, and who had been so closely associated together for ten years, held their annual dinner. Only six members were present: Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Paris, Tenn., Director General; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., Vice Chairman; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Paducah, Ky., Treasurer; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of

Charleston, S. C., Director for South Carolina; Mrs. Charles Q. C. Leigh, Director for Illinois; and Mrs. J. C. Hosea, Director for Ohio.

The convention held until a late hour Saturday night, completing all reports and consulting on new work. At midnight it was declared adjourned by the President General to meet in Tampa, Fla., in November, 1919.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

QUESTIONS FOR THE U. D. C. ON EARLY ABOLITIONS IN THE SOUTH.

JUNE.

1. When did England abolish the slave trade?
2. When was it abolished in the United States?
3. When did slavery become a great problem in the South?
4. How early did Virginia begin to free her slaves?
5. How many free persons of color were there in the South by 1790?

JULY.

1. How early was an abolition society formed in Virginia?
2. What two Southern States sent representatives to the first abolition convention ever held in America?
3. What religious sect in North Carolina made early protest against slavery?
4. In North Carolina, if slaves were set free, what care did the law compel the owner to give the aged and infirm?
5. Tell of the activity of the Southern Quakers regarding emancipation.

AUGUST.

1. How were slave owners desirous of emancipating their slaves hampered by State laws?
2. What wise law did South Carolina make regarding the character and ability of slaves who merited freedom?
3. What kindly provision was made for slaves who were set free by some of the Southern planters?
4. What were the early laws of Georgia regarding emancipation?
5. How early did Tennessee begin to practice abolition?

SEPTEMBER.

1. What was the attitude of the Covenanters of East Tennessee toward slavery?
2. What power did the General Assembly of this State give to the county courts touching emancipation?
3. What proportion of the delegates to the American abolition conventions were from the Southern States between 1794 and 1809?
4. When was a manumission society organized in Tennessee?
5. When was one organized in North Carolina?

OCTOBER.

1. Tell the story of Charles Osborn, the North Carolina Quaker who advocated immediate emancipation.

2. In what Southern State was published the first periodical in America whose one avowed object was opposition to slavery?

3. What other antislavery papers were published in this State?

4. Tell of the activities of the manumission societies of Tennessee before 1824.

5. How were Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee in the early part of the nineteenth century engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of slaves?

NOVEMBER.

1. In 1827, according to Lundy, there were one hundred and thirty abolition societies in the United States, of which one hundred and six were in the slave States. Which one had the largest membership?

2. What did Mr. Whitelaw Reid say of the activities of the Southern States regarding emancipation?

3. What per cent of the Southern negroes were free by 1830?

4. What was the consistent attitude of many of Virginia's statesmen toward slavery?

5. What was the reason for the strong proslavery attitude of the South after 1831?

QUESTIONS FOR C. OF C. ON SILK CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

MAY.

1. Where did silk culture in America begin?
2. What English king sent silkworms and mulberry trees to Virginia?
3. What English poet was interested in the enterprise?
4. What English king is said to have worn a coronation robe made of Virginia silk?
5. Why did silk culture become neglected?

JUNE.

1. Who first attempted silk culture in South Carolina?
2. What success did Sir Nathaniel Johnson have?
3. Where did the Swiss make silk in the South?
4. Tell the story of Eliza Lucas Pinckney renewing the industry.
5. What English princess wore a dress made of South Carolina silk?

JULY.

1. When did silk culture in Georgia begin?
2. Tell of General Oglethorpe's interest in the enterprise.
3. What English queen wore a dress made of Georgia silk?
4. Why did the women and girls find it hard to attend to the silkworms in early spring?
5. Was the industry a success in this State?

AUGUST.

1. When did silk culture again become fashionable in the United States?
2. Tell of the interest in the Southern States.
3. Tell of the craze about mulberry trees.
4. What caused the downfall of the silk industry?
5. During what two wars did Southern people use "home-made" silk thread?

SILK CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

The earliest reference we find to silk culture in the New World is from Hariot's "Narrative," written in 1586, giving an account of "the silkworms, fair and great," that he and Sir Walter Raleigh found on Roanoke Island, and suggested that if mulberry trees fit for them to feed upon were planted in "commodious places, there will rise a great profit in time to the Virginians as thereof does now to the Persians, Turks, Italians, and Spaniards." From this time on England seems to have had a fixed delusion regarding the great wealth to come to her from this source in her new possessions.

The culture of silk in America began in Virginia, and one of the early statutes of that colony called it "a noble and staple commodity"; and King James I. gave instructions to the Earl of Southampton to urge the cultivation of silk in preference to tobacco, "which brings with it many disorders and inconveniences."

As early as 1609 the adventurers to Virginia were interested in silk-growing, and a pamphlet written that year about the new colony states: "There are silkworms and plenty of mulberie trees, whereby ladies, gentlewomen, and little children (being set in the way to do it) may be imploied with pleasure making silke comparable to that of Persia, Turkey, or any other."

But many calamities befell the poor worms, and Capt. John Smith, writing later, said: "There was an essay to make silke, and surely the worms prospered well till the master workman fell sicke, during which time they were eaten with rats."

Young George Sandys, the English poet, experimented with raising these "silke wormes" in Virginia when he came out as treasurer with Sir Francis Wyatt, but came to the conclusion that the Virginians were too busy building houses and planting tobacco to pay much attention to silk culture.

So determined was the English government to raise silk in the colony that worms from the king's own collection were sent over and white mulberry trees with printed instructions how to grow them; and in 1623 the colonial government directed the planting of mulberry trees, and later a penalty of ten pounds of tobacco was imposed upon every planter who failed to plant at least ten mulberry trees for every one hundred acres of land.

In 1650 Mr. Samuel Hartlib published a work called "Virginia's Discovery of Silkworms, with Their Benefits," in which he endeavored to show that as a staple it might be made superior to tobacco. The colony made progress in the culture, and there is a tradition that the robe worn by King Charles II. at his coronation in 1660 was made of silk reeled in Virginia; and later, when there seemed to be a lack of interest in the industry, the King sent word to his subjects by Sir William Berkley, who was going out as governor, "that he had formerly worn some of the silk of Virginia, which he found not inferior to that raised in other countries," and suggested that his advice for raising more be heeded. Two of the prominent women of the colony, Mrs. Garret and Mrs. Burbage, became interested and met with some success in the work, and one planter who had given much to the cause had carved upon his tombstone that he had been the only promoter of silk manufacture in the colony.

As late as 1730 Virginia exported three hundred pounds of raw silk, but tobacco soon became the chief staple, and the beautiful and useful produce of silk was neglected.

The mother country also hoped that great things would be accomplished in the province of South Carolina, and when the French Huguenots came out in 1680, whom King Charles II. sent at his own expense in the frigate *Richmond*, it was expected that they would have much success; but the eggs of the silkworms they were bringing over unfortunately hatched at sea, and the poor worms perished for lack of food, although so near the land where, as the narrator quaintly says, "there was such numerousness of the leaf for provision and clemency and moderateness of climate to indulge and nourish a silkworm."

Afterwards an attempt was made by Sir Nathaniel Johnson to grow silk upon his plantation, called "Silk Hope," and in 1699 he was able to present a sample of silk made by him. By 1707 his silk products alone brought him £400 yearly, and he made rugs from silk and wool.

The name of "Mulberry Castle," given to the beautiful home of Governor Broughton, built in 1714, also showed the interest taken at that period.

Some Swiss families, under the leadership of Jean Pierre Purry, settled at Purrysburg; and though they grew very homesick on the flat banks of the Savannah River and sighed for the mountains, glens, and snows of Switzerland, they made silk with a will and sent a large amount of the raw product to England.

A memorial presented to the Lords Commissioners of Trade in the mother country concerning conditions in the colony speaks of the silk manufactured being of "extraordinary substance and luster."

Fortunately for us, a dress made of this South Carolina silk of "extraordinary substance and luster" is still on exhibition and to this day retains its beauty and rich color. It is one of the three dresses which Eliza Lucas Pinckney had made in England in 1755, when she accompanied her husband, Mr. Charles Pinckney, who had become commissioner of the colony in London. The silk industry had languished, and this talented woman revived it at her home place, Belmont, on the Cooper River, near Charleston. She had the little negro children gather the mulberry leaves and feed the worms, and she and her maids reeled the silk. Silk culture again became fashionable, and "some of the ladies of high standing substituted the winding of silk from the cocoons for the tamer recreations of needlework and the playing of the harpsichord."

About 1747 Mrs. Pinckney made a large amount of raw silk, and when she went to England she took with her enough to be made into three dresses. One of these she presented to the Princess Dowager of Wales, mother of George III., one to Lord Chesterfield, who had been a friend to the colony, and the third, a yellow brocade, she wore herself, and it is this one, so remarkable for its "beauty, firmness, and strength," which is still to be seen in the United States National Museum in Washington City.

When the Princess of Wales received Mrs. Pinckney in audience, she inquired particularly about silk culture in Carolina.

When Georgia was settled, in 1732, special attention was given to silk culture, and lands were granted settlers upon condition that they planted one hundred white mulberry trees on every ten acres when cleared, and the colonial government set aside a nursery plantation to grow white mulberry trees.

In May, 1733, Mr. Nicholas Amatis, a native of Piedmont, and his servant came out to the colony to make silk for the

trustees. For a little while the work went on well. Eggs were hatched, worms were raised, and silk was spun "as fine as any from France or Italy," and in June, 1734, General Oglethorpe carried eight pounds of raw silk, the first produced in Georgia, to England, and the next year a small trunkful was sent out from Savannah.

Sir Thomas Lombe, the great silk manufacturer of England, had this woven on his looms, and the next summer, when the trustees of Georgia came over, they, with Sir Thomas, waited on Her Majesty Queen Caroline and exhibited to her the elegant silk. The Queen was so pleased that the colony had produced anything so beautiful in such a short time that she selected a portion of the silk and had a court dress made, and "on His Majesty's next birthday she appeared at the levee in a full robe of Georgia silk." General Oglethorpe was so desirous to promote the silk industry that in March, 1736, he presented to each of the inhabitants of the settlement at Ebenezer a mulberry tree, and such was their rapid growth in the mild climate that within ten years some of them measured nearly four feet in circumference. In 1749 the British Parliament passed an act exempting from duty all raw silk certified to be the product of Georgia or Carolina.

There seems to have been a lessening of interest in the culture in Georgia, and in reply to an inquiry regarding it the statement was made: "The fundamental cause of its [silk industry] stagnation is the unaccountable backwardness of some of our dames and damsels to employ themselves in attendance to the worms during the time of feeding, and it cannot be imputed to the want of leaves."

Now, according to those old historians, the silkworms had an uncomfortable way of hatching out about the 6th of March each year and had to be fed incessantly for six weeks, which is just the period, as any one knows, when women want to clean house and make new clothes and plant flowers; so perhaps the worms were tiresome.

That the trustees acted in a very diplomatic manner to these dilatory dames and damsels is shown by the offer made by them in 1749 of £2 to every woman who should make herself mistress of the art of "winding silk" in one year.

The quality of the silk sent from the colony of Georgia to London was such that it commanded from two to three shillings sterling per pound more than any other country; but the experiment proved a costly one, and after 1759 it fell off greatly. When the trustees surrendered their charter, they had been at an expense of £1,500 and had not succeeded in raising one thousand pounds of raw silk, "showing the airiness of that dream in which they expected to save £500,000 to England and employ forty thousand of her subjects. They looked for much, and, lo! it came to little." Some French families who had settled at New Bordeaux, about seventy miles above Augusta, made sewing silk during the Revolutionary War for the inhabitants of the upcountry.

From the close of the Revolutionary War to about 1825 but little silk was made except on the plantations. Later came a revival of silk culture all over the United States, and the South again took an active part. A magazine called the *Southern Silk Manual and Farmers' Magazine* was published in Baltimore in 1838, and in it was the statement that no climate was more congenial for both the mulberry and the worm than the Southern States and Florida. A clergyman writing from North Carolina that year urges the legislature to put the State "ahead" in silk culture and believes that in a few years "this culture will take the place of cotton, now scarcely paying the cost of raising."

In December, 1838, Georgia passed an act to promote the culture of silk and promised a premium of fifty cents for each and every pound of cocoons raised. Silkworms were all the rage again, and ladies vied with each other in showing their skill in raising them. There was a cocoonery on almost every well-regulated plantation, and groves of mulberry trees were planted.

A young lady of Charleston, S. C., sent to England in 1839 enough raw silk she had grown to be woven into a length of twenty-five yards to make herself a fashionable dress (gowns were full then) of Gro de Naples silk, which she had dyed "a beautiful ashes color."

In Kentucky the Shakers at Pleasant Hill were making dresses from silk of their own growing, "of the finest texture, lustrous and beautiful."

Near Petersburg, Va., a mulberry nursery was started which was to be worked entirely by widows and female orphans, "affording a means of respectable sustenance," and on a plantation near Brunswick, Va., a gentleman manufactured a piece of silk nine and a half yards long. The worms had been raised, silk reeled, and cloth woven on the place.

Near Mobile, Ala., and St. Augustine, Fla., were mulberry farms from which every tree was sold that could be spared, and thousands of dollars were made.

And now came on the mulberry mania, which resembled the tulip craze. Mulberry trees were sold in Richmond, Va., for \$25 apiece, small ones for planting. Near Edenton, N. C., two planters sent on one ship to Baltimore mulberry switches valued at \$45,000. The culture of the Chinese mulberry tree, known as *Morus Multicaulis*, became so enthusiastic that speculators arose, and many who had engaged in the project were ruined financially. In 1844 a blight affected all the mulberry trees in the United States. There were easier ways of making money, and silk culture came to an untimely end.

Some of the silk thread made at that time was used in the Confederacy when the South was cut off from the outside world. In my cabinet is a little spool of this homemade thread which was grown, reeled, and dyed a lovely corn color at Roseland, in Tennessee. The little boys who fed the worms were all of them afterwards Confederate soldiers. We used to love to hear their stories of the happy days before the war; but they always detested the greedy worms, which ate voraciously and required so much attention when the boys wanted to run and play. I never look at the little spool of silk and remember how much labor it took to make it that I do not recall an old song and feel that each mortal must, like

"Every worm beneath the moon,
Spin, toiling out its own cocoon."

Authorities:

1. Beverly's History of Virginia.
2. Ramsey's History of South Carolina.
3. Stevens's History of Georgia.
4. "Narratives of Early Virginia."
5. The *Silk Grower and Farmers' Manual*, 1838.
6. Bruce's "Economic History of Virginia."

THE ANTE-BELLUM SOUTH.—Neither in inventive genius, in mechanical skill, nor in abundance of material for manufacturing; neither in ability to plan and to carry out large railroad undertakings, nor in appreciation of the value of home and foreign trade and in the knowledge of the best methods of promoting it, was the ante-bellum South lacking.—*Edward Ingle.*

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
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VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Rej

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, ATLANTA, GA.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association was ably represented by its President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, at the General Conference of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which convened at Louisville, Ky., the first week in April. Mrs. Wilson went as a State officer of the U. D. C., for she holds the office of Vice President of the Georgia Division.

The subject of the attack made in Susan B. Anthony's book on suffrage on one of the South's noblest generals and gentlemen, Robert E. Lee, was brought before the delegates, and it was stated that many of the Chapters in the organization had taken action in refuting the unwarranted statements made in the book.

* * *

Mrs. Wilson has appointed Mrs. Bryan Collier as official biographer for the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Mrs. Collier is a resident of College Park, Ga., and was largely instrumental in inspiring the organization of a College Park Ladies' Memorial Association. She is a Southern woman of broad vision, and her life has been spent in preserving the sentiments and traditions that have thrown a glamour around the history of the South. Her work has been along constructive lines, and her future work will be acceptable to those who wish to keep Southern history true in its running. Mrs. Collier is President of the College Park Chapter, U. D. C.

* * *

There is a new Ladies' Memorial Association in a state of embryonic development at Charlotte, N. C. The leader in the organization of the Chapter is Mrs. Ike Henderson, a young Southern woman whose family has provided many heroes in the great battles that have been fought for democracy and freedom, and she is a niece of Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan, one of three women who organized the Ladies' Memorial Association in Atlanta in 1866, this being the second Memorial Association organized in the great chain of similar associations that have come under the head of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

* * *

In response to a call from the President General for names and addresses of Confederate mothers, three eligibles have replied. One, Mrs. Virginia Everette Ricketts, of Huntington, W. Va., is the widow of Dr. G. C. Ricketts, who died the last year of the war, and whose eldest son, Albert Gallatin Ricketts, joined the Confederate army at the age of sixteen years. This young soldier was killed at Cedar Ford, Tenn., and his body was buried on the spot where it fell, from which resting place it was removed after the war and reinterred in Spring

Hill Cemetery at Huntington, W. Va. Albert Gallatin Ricketts served under Albert Gallatin Jenkins, 8th Virginia Cavalry, and his captain was Henry Everette, his uncle.

Another son of Mrs. Ricketts was just fourteen years of age when he ran away from Marshall Academy, where he was a student, and, accompanied by his young friend, E. Stannard Buffington, secured mules from the pasture of Colonel Buffington and rode South, where they joined Colonel Jenkins's command. On account of the youth of the two boys they were sent to the Virginia Military Academy, from which place they were enlisted for the battle of New Market, in which they had a part. This young son of a Confederate mother was named Lucien C. Ricketts.

On one occasion Colonel Jenkins sent Lucien through the lines to Cincinnati, Ohio, for small arms. Having fulfilled his mission, Lucien was returning when a Federal spy followed him, and at Credo he was confronted by a group of Yankees, who ordered him to halt. Being so young and boyish in manner, they let him pass when he informed them that he carried toys for the children in his saddlebags and that the rain which was falling would ruin them if he opened the bags. This young hero died several years ago a brilliant lawyer.

Mrs. Ricketts is ninety-three years old, her natal day being April 23. She resides with her three unmarried sons at Huntington, where she spends her time happily, knitting for the Red Cross and keeping her heart young and kind toward the world.

• Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey, of Huntington, W. Va., was kind enough to send in the name and interesting facts concerning this Confederate mother.

* * *

Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson was elected President of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association at the annual meeting held in New Orleans at Memorial Hall in March. Miss Hodgson is a charter and life member of the Association, which was organized in 1866, having been made a member with her mother, who was a splendid Southern woman and loyal to the cause to the time of her death, in 1894. Miss Hodgson served the L. C. M. A. as Recording Secretary for seven years during the presidency of Mrs. Sarah Polk Blake, daughter of Gen. Leonidas Polk. She has been an active member, serving as chairman for eighteen years. Another office of responsibility that this gifted woman has filled for twenty-five years is that of Recording Secretary for the Roydeas Asylum, an institution for orphan girls. She has been State Treasurer for the King's Daughters and Sons of Louisiana for eighteen years and a charter member. She is Vice President of the New Orleans Home for Incurables and a charter member, an earnest Church worker, and a mem-

THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

[Continued from page 172.]

ber of many local clubs. Miss Hodgson is a native of New Orleans and is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Hodgson.

* * *

Since the big conference at Tulsa, Okla., a new impetus has been put in the work of the C. S. M. A. A Memorial Association has been organized at Tulsa, which resulted in an election of the following officers: President, Mrs. Ona E. Upp; Vice President, Mrs. W. H. Crowder; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. K. Francis; Treasurer, Mrs. F. W. Purdy; Historian, Mrs. Ned Rigsbee.

This branch of the work was established March 5, 1919, and its plans promise a live and active organization.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association in Louisiana was held in Memorial Hall at New Orleans, where the sacred relics of President and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, of Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," and other loved heroes of the sixties are kept. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Sumpter Turner, acting President. Reports were read by Mrs. Frederick Waltz, Recording Secretary *pro tem*; Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. John B. Richardson, Treasurer; and Miss Delphine Points, Historian. The Chairman on Resolutions read a paper on the death of Mrs. W. J. Behan, the President, whose faithful services were ended only by death.

Mrs. Bessie Behan Lewis, daughter of Mrs. W. J. Behan, who has carried on the work of the Red Cross Branch, No. 8, before and since her mother's death, made an interesting report as follows: Garments furnished by the members, 1,092, which were sent to the Belgians; socks knitted, 185 pairs; sweaters, 452; coverlids for hospital wards, 4; members enrolled for the Red Cross, 186. The Association has bought four liberty bonds and \$100 worth of war savings stamps. The office of Treasurer was made vacant by the ill health of Mrs. Richardson, and her resignation was accepted with regret. The officers elected for the ensuing official year are: President, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson; First Vice President, Mrs. Sumpter Turner; Second Vice President, Mrs. Joseph Garcia; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frederick Waltz; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Benjamin Ory; Treasurer, Mrs. Hickey Friedrichs; Historian, Miss Delphine Points.

At this meeting the death of three service men was reported, and the stars of blue on the service flag were changed to gold. The stars represent Lieut. Harold A. Gleason, Lieut. Robert Walker Nolte, and Lieut. John E. Burgoyne.

During the past year the Association enrolled six new members, and the death of five members was recorded. There are about two hundred members in the Association.

FOUR RAGGED REBELS.—After the surrender at Appomattox four of us Rebels started for Richmond. Crossing the James River at Bent Creek Bridge, we marched down the canal to Columbia, Va., where we traded a pony (no matter where we got him) for a ride on a canal boat to Richmond. When we arrived there we were arrested and taken to the Capitol, where we were given passes and instructions to report back in thirty days, the officer saying, "Too many d— Rebels getting in town." I have that pass yet. If any of those "boys" with me see this, please address

W. T. ARMISTEAD, CORINTH, MISS.

on his own selected ground and also thereby have shortened his much-berated line of supply.

Of Sheridan as a commander Kennon says: "He had penetrated far into the enemy's country and was close upon his most important lines of supply with a large and victorious army in a country abounding in supplies, food, and forage." This point is all wrong, as he had in September destroyed all there was, "with no obstacle to overcome but a beaten, demoralized, and scattered enemy of less than one-fifth his strength." Far less than that, for Lee had called Kershaw's Division and Cavalry to the Petersburg defenses. It is indeed difficult to understand Sheridan's nonaction, which practically nullified his victories won in the field. No wonder Daniel writes: "Sheridan seems to me to have been weighed down by a spirit of timidity and distrust, when a bold push, in the light of facts as we now perceive them and as he then should have been able to know them, would have been as nearly sure of success as any operation in war could be. Beyond the éclat of victory Sheridan accomplished little by the campaigns, and beyond the repression of repulse the Confederates lost little by comparison. The net result of so great an army and outlay did not pan out commensurately. The Union general seemed too content with the name of victory without gathering its fruits."

I do not think that Sheridan can be counted as an aggressive or enterprising general. Truly it is remarkable that a campaign of so many "victories in the field" should be so barren of decisive results. How can it be accounted for? Only on the assumption of his faulty strategy or lack of it, as well as lack of general ability. Viewing his chances and what he actually accomplished, I could never understand on what foundation he has been so glorified, while other Union generals of far superior abilities and actual results accomplished have been relegated to comparative obscurity.

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF MONTGOMERY, ALA.

George W. Hails, Adjutant Camp Lomax, Montgomery, Ala.: "I have been a subscriber since the beginning of the VETERAN, and I thank you for the good work done for the Old South. You have done more for the cause of true history than any other. I was fourteen and one month old the day that Mr. Davis was inaugurated here in Montgomery. Our schoolboys of from fourteen to eighteen formed a company of sixty for the occasion, and we were armed with flintlock muskets, the same that our fathers fought with in the Seminole War, forming then the Montgomery True Blues, which company volunteered for the Mexican War, Civil War, Spanish-American War, and then again for the present war. I volunteered in the spring of 1863 (sixteen years and three months old) with a company of university cadets, and toward the latter part of the war I was with Rucker's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry. The average age of this company when we entered was less than eighteen years. After being placed in Rucker's Brigade he took us as his escort, and I was with him in a hand-to-hand fight on the Granny White Pike, Nashville, when he lost his arm and was captured. I have never been in Nashville except for a little bit, as two days after the battle of Franklin we had a fight in the suburbs on the Hillsboro Pike and drove the enemy for half a mile, and then they drove us out."

A TRIBUTE.

DEDICATED TO JAMES A. BETHUNE, OF THE SIGNAL CORPS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY MARY C. MILLAN.

I saw a host with banners gay
And steps so light and free,
I heard the songs of welcome
For our men from o'er the sea.

I heard the beating of the drums,
I heard the shouts and cheers,
And sadly turned my eyes away
To hide the falling tears.

For there amid the welcome home
For men from o'er the sea
I saw the gray-clad veterans,
The men who marched with Lee.

So few there were of all that band,
The band that followed Lee,
The men who bore the Stars and Bars
By mountain, hill, and sea.

And marching in that little band,
With coat and hat of gray,
I saw our dear old veteran
Who cheers us every day—

The dear old man who works with us
Among the dusty files
And often cheers our weary hours
With patient words and smiles.

They're passing down the valley,
These men who wore the gray;
The heroes of another war
Full soon will pass away.

Men of the South, in brown or gray,
You've won a glorious name
On Europe's plains or Southern hills;
Yours is a deathless fame.

R. J. Tabor represents the VETERAN at Bernice, La., and writes of having found it a helpful publication as well as an interesting historical journal: "How I would like to see every veteran and their families read the VETERAN! It is their duty to subscribe for and read it. I had been trying for six months to secure a pension for a worthy old veteran, and he couldn't name any living comrade. A notice in the VETERAN brought response from an old comrade of Tacoma, Wash., whose letter was placed before the Pension Board and secured the pension."

Mrs. Edward Carter, Carter Hall, Warrenton, Va., writes that all contributions to the Mosby monument must be sent in by May 15, 1919, as after that date the work begins. It is hoped that a liberal response will be given to this appeal for funds to place a monument over the grave of the famous leader of the Partisan Rangers, which is as yet unmarked by any stone.

BOOKS.

REVIEWED BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY.

HISTORY OF COMPANY C, 14TH REGIMENT, NORTH CAROLINA
VOLUNTEERS, A. N. V. By Maj. W. A. Smith.

From the day of the battle of the Alamance to the final day at Appomattox, whenever the principles of liberty and right were to be defended, North Carolina's sons have ever been in the forefront of the battle, pouring their blood like festal wine a libation on the altars of freedom. In this history of one company of a splendid regiment is the almost daily record of the campaigns, marches, battles of that command through the four years of strenuous warfare from 1861 to 1865. It is also necessarily an account of the regiment, the brigade, the division, the corps, the Army of Northern Virginia, of which the company was a unit. It is largely the diary of Thomas J. Watkins, a member of the company, which was known as the Anson Guards, and it is remarkable for the intelligent account of the activities of the great army of which it was a part. But its value is especially in the vivid portrayal of the life of the private soldiers who won the battles of that incomparable army. It is such books as this that will be of value to the historian who shall write an accurate history of the War between the States.

LEE—AN EPIC. By Flora Ellice Stevens.

No character in history furnishes a grander subject for an epic story than the character and career of Gen. Robert Edward Lee, with its mighty achievements, its tragic defeat, its splendid and heroic endurance, and final noble victory over adverse conditions, until in the years now passing he is regarded as the real hero of the great War between the States. This is the story worthily told in stately, measured verse by Flora Ellice Stevens, of Kansas City, Mo., and brings before us the great chieftain not only as a peerless soldier, but as a man, generous, loving, and true to every relation of life. Doubtless there will be many inspired by this example who will put in ringing verse the poetry of one of the noblest lives ever lived on earth.

CHANGE IN PENSION LAW WANTED.—B. F. Farabee, of San Francisco, Cal., suggests that a change in Tennessee's pension law would be beneficial to the veterans generally. He says: "There is one thing the VETERAN could do to benefit the old Tennessee soldiers, and that is try to abolish that most iniquitous law now existing by which a soldier when he leaves the State forfeits his pension. It is unfair to the old soldiers. I was wounded in front of Franklin and in front of Nashville. Is it a reward for all I have undergone and suffered—made a cripple for life—thus to be deprived of this small pittance? Evidently when the pension law was created it was for the benefit of Tennessee soldiers. Now who gets it?" It does seem rather unfair that a pensioner should have to forfeit his pension by leaving the State, but the law was evidently created through the necessity of keeping in touch with the State's beneficiaries, which could not be done if they were allowed to remove to distant States.

J. F. Butler writes from Wylie, Tex.: "I do not want to miss a copy of the VETERAN. The March issue is worth many times the price of a year's subscription. Every veteran and the sons and daughters of veterans should take an interest in keeping it going. It is a legacy that should interest every Southern man and woman."

NUXATED IRON

INSIST
UPON THE
GENUINE

**Helps Make Strong
Sturdy Men and
Beautiful Healthy
Women—Used By
Over 3,000,000
People Annually As
a Tonic, Strength
and Blood Builder.
Ask Your Doctor
or Druggist.**



Mrs. L. B. Sanders, of Brooksville, Fla., asks that any one who fought with her father, Jacob W. Whisenant, captain of Company C, 2d Alabama Cavalry, under Forrest, will kindly write to her at the above address.

W. G. Mooley, of Alexandria, La., would be glad to hear from any of the surviving members of the Tensas Cavalry, and especially any survivor of the original company, which was mustered into the service of the C. S. A. at Memphis, Tenn., for three years, or during the war, on August 29, 1861. He desires to use such names in a history of the company which he is preparing for publication. Address him at Box 569, Alexandria, La.

LEE --- AN EPIC

Every Chapter and Camp in the nation, each High School, College, University and Public Library in the South should buy a copy of *Lee—An Epic*, by Flora Ellice Stevens. One critic pronounces this book "the finest long American poem since Lowell's *Sir Launfal*," and it is nearly three times as long. Miss Mary Custis Lee wrote the author, calling it "your precious volume, with its beautiful tributes to my father and mother and our old home at Arlington." Printed on high-grade paper, bound in gray boards.—Contains a portrait of G. n. Lee. Price one dollar, postpaid. Address the author, 2824 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo. May be ordered wholesale through A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

VICTORY LOAN.

The following poem, entitled "The Victory Liberty Loan," was written by Mr. Joseph McInrath, of Kansas City, Mo.:

"Drink deep the draught of loyalty,
As four times done with fealty
To country and to honor's cause;
Let not enthusiasm pause
At gates of sluggish aim;
Enjoy the fruits of victory's game,
Yet forward to the needed goal,
America, land with a soul!"

Leon Hozier, of Norfolk, Va., writes: "It is my earnest desire to subscribe to the VETERAN as long as I live, and I hope my children will continue to subscribe for it after me."

Mrs. William C. Lane, 2775 Montana Street, Oakland, Cal., asks if any of the VETERAN's readers remember Dr. A. G. Lane, surgeon of Winder Hospital, Richmond, Va., and if so she would be glad to hear from them. She is the widow of Dr. Lane.

J. S. Downs, of Chickasha, Okla., who served in Company F, 45th North Carolina Regiment, wants to know of any surviving members of his regiment. He says he has attended eighteen general Reunions, U. C. V., and he was the only man of the 45th Regiment to register. He would be glad to hear from any of the survivors.

Inquiry has been made as to whether Bishop R. W. Elliott, of Western Tex., and Bishop Henry M. Jackson, of Alabama, were in the Confederate army and, if so, whether as chaplains or in active service and in what branch of the army. Response may be sent to the VETERAN.

Mrs. R. C. Smith, widow of T. L. Smith, a Confederate soldier, to whom she was married in 1866 near Gadsden, Tenn., wishes to apply for a pension, but does not remember the Mississippi regiment with which he served nor the letter of his company. This company was formed at Saltillo, Miss. He was badly wounded and discharged and afterwards joined Roddy's company of cavalry, which engaged in scouting and guard service. Any one who can testify to his service will please communicate with H. D. Patterson, No. 8 North Sixth Street, Temple, Tex.

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A. N. Snipes, of Hillsboro, Tex., who served with Company B, 2d Mississippi Cavalry, Ashcraft's Battalion, Gholson's Brigade, and was later a member of Tom Mays's company (A), on detached service during the latter part of the war, desires to hear from any survivors of either of these commands. Mr. Snipes is needy and is trying to get a pension from the State of Texas, and any comrade who remembers him as a soldier of the Confederacy will kindly address him at Hillsboro, Tex.

"LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE."

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., has written a book on the life of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army, which also gives all the Confederate history of the Indian Territory. The book should be of great interest to all Southerners and to the lovers of history as well. Price, 55 cents, postpaid. Send all orders to the author.

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I pay cash for U. S. and Foreign Stamps suitable for collection. Confederate or original envelope especially desired.

HARRY B. MASON

Room 21, 1413 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

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"Out of Print"



WITH the sale of the few sets now on hand, the Confederate Military History passes into the list of books "out of print." The VETERAN purchased the last of the large edition of this work, and only a very few sets are now offered.

¶ Of the edition in cloth, only some damaged sets are left. The bindings are a little discolored, but the reading matter is perfect. These sets are offered at \$12 net. Order early to get one. A few sets in half leather at \$25 net.

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The Confederate Veteran

Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXVII.

JUNE, 1919

NO. 6



BUST OF GEN. A. P. STEWART UNVEILED AT CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
ON APRIL 22, 1919. (See page 207.)

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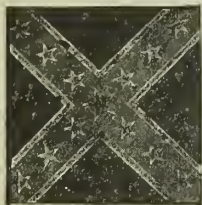
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Mrs. William Maxwell, of Tallahassee, Fla., would appreciate information from any comrade of William Maxwell, of Company I, 13th Georgia Regiment. If any member of that company sees this or any other veteran who was in the detail early in 1862 to blockade the Savannah, she will appreciate an early reply to this inquiry. Address Mrs. William Maxwell, care J. H. Cason, Tallahassee, Fla.

Mrs. M. A. Brazzell, of Frisco, Tex., wants to correspond with some one who knew her husband, Elijah V. Brazzell, who lived in Miller County, Ark., at the time of enlistment in the Confederate army. He was under command of Capt. Joe Crews. She wishes to apply for a pension, and needs the testimony of some comrade as to his service.

Money for Old Relics

I wish to buy Confederate stamps—paper money—any old pistols or revolvers—prehistoric Indian relics—rare coins. Write fully what you have. Why not turn them into cash? F. E. ELLIS, Webster Groves, Mo.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVE.

The swallows build beneath the eaves
As in the days ago;
The wheaten fields are all ablaze
And in and out the west wind plays
Amid the tasseled corn.

The sunshine falls as warm and bright,
The clover fields are red;
The wild bird wakes his simple song
As joyfully the whole day long
As if he were not dead.

The thoughtful skies with mother care
Their rain and sunshine send;
And, standing in the farmhouse door,
I see, dotting the landscape o'er,
The flocks he used to tend.

The wild rose and the jasmine blow
Beside the window sill;
Their tender moan is in the air,
For the dear hands that placed them
there
Are lying crossed and still.

About the hills the summer folds
Her wealth of golden light;
And past the willow's silvery gleam
I catch the glimmer of the stream
And lilies cool and white.

But O! a shadow darkens all
The sunshine and the bloom;
The voice whose kind and loving words
Were sweeter than the song of birds
Is silent in the tomb.

How can the summer fall so gay
About our farmhouse door
When all the quiet ways he trod,
Through leafy wood or bloomy sod,
Shall know him nevermore?

T. L. McMillan, of Waelder, Tex., son of a Confederate veteran, writes of his continued enjoyment of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. His father, S. W. McMillan, is still living, now in his ninetieth year; and his Uncle Hugh, who was also a Confederate soldier, died recently in his eighty-seventh year. Another uncle, James E. McMillan, died of a wound received in the battle of the Wilderness.

Mrs. Eliza Swift, widow of Tom Swift, who served in the Confederate army under Capt. J. W. Carroll, wishes to obtain a pension, and any one who served with him will please communicate with J. W. Bratcher, No. 1202 Magnolia Avenue, Mena, Ark., who is helping her secure her husband's record as a soldier. She was a member of the Austin family, living near Scott's Hill, Tenn.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
Desecration of the Wirz Monument. By Matthew Page Andrews	203
The Alamo. (Poem.) By Anne Bachman Hyde	204
Service with Pick and Shovel	205
Memorial Trees. (Poem.)	205
In Memoriam. By Col. Hilary A. Herbert	206
Memorial to Gen. A. P. Stewart	207
Early Confederate War Days. By James H. McNeilly, D.D.	208
Heroes and Heroines of the Confederacy. By Col. Magnus S. Thompson	209
Southern Poets: Henry Timrod. By Dr. Henry E. Shepherd	212
President Davis and General Johnston. By Mrs. M. H. Houston	216
"After Whistler's Carlyle: A Revised Census." By Howard Meriwether Lovett	218
Viewpoints of Kentucky History. By Mrs. Sophie Fox Sea	220
Heavy Regimental Losses. By J. M. Doubleday	223
In the Years of War. By John M. Stiles	225
Departments: Last Roll	226
U. D. C.	230
C. S. M. A.	234
S. C. V.	236

Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1919.

No. 6. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
FOUNDER.

DESECRATION OF THE WIRZ MONUMENT.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE, MD.

The Georgia press has lately carried reports of the desecration of the monument at Andersonville to Maj. Henry Wirz, commandant of the prison there during the war between the sections. This monument, the reports state, was defaced by three soldiers from the neighboring military encampment, who painted it in the German colors doubtless on the basis that Henry Wirz was the villainous character described in Northern histories of some years since and more recently taken up in the Northern press for purposes of comparison with Prussia of to-day. In regard to this incident, I should like to express the thought that, while these soldiers of the United States army of to-day should be brought to trial for their act, one who is familiar with the writing of American history cannot help feeling toward these men in somewhat the same way one feels toward the small culprit who may be caught and punished while the ones higher up, who are chiefly responsible, go scot-free.

It is entirely possible that these soldiers thought they were doing a more or less patriotic act in defacing the Wirz monument as they did. They learned their American history from sources which, with some liberal exceptions, have from 1865 to the present time depicted the Southern officials and authorities connected with the prison question in the blackest colors. It seems a pity, therefore, that punishment cannot be meted out to those who misled these possibly highly patriotic Americans. If they were sincere in their act, however underhanded it may have been, they were justified in their own minds by what they had read on the prison subject through so many of the historians of their section of our common country. It would, therefore, be a just retribution if these writers should, in the trial of these three soldiers, be also brought to account for defamation of the character of innocent people, their fellow Americans.

It may interest your readers to know that I was in the neighborhood of Andersonville some two years ago, and while there I read an editorial article in *Collier's Weekly* which held up to public execration Capt. Henry Wirz and compared him and also the Confederate authorities, by inference at least, if not by name, with the Prussians in Belgium and France. It may have been this editorial which led to a campaign of

denunciation against this innocent man. Upon reading the editorial article in question I wrote to my friend Julian Street, author of that most attractive volume on the South, "American Adventures," who at once took up the matter with *Collier's Weekly*. The editors of that publication, however, never made any reparation for the additional injury they had done to the character of this innocent man of Swiss parentage and birth, who happened to be one of the comparatively few foreign-born soldiers of the Confederate army, a soldier who was as innocent of intentional barbarity toward prisoners of war as those American-born Confederate officials in whose name Captain Wirz was convicted by a partisan prosecution and court-martialed as the "underling" or the instrument of their cruelty.

It has come to be generally recognized by all that the contemporary execution of Mrs. Surratt was a crime against an innocent woman, and some day it will be recognized that a worse crime was perpetrated in the execution of Henry Wirz. If the soldiers who desecrated the shaft erected to the memory of Wirz had been informed only in regard to the comparative death rate in Northern or Southern prisons, that fact alone would have caused them to think twice before committing this deed. Their history texts are ultimately responsible for the trouble in which they now find themselves, and the judge-advocate of the tribunal which condemned Captain Wirz is still living in the State where these men have their homes. Doubtless they have read his volume attempting to defend this offense, which has a partial parallel perhaps only in the conviction of Dreyfus in later years. These soldiers are, therefore, not so much to blame for their act as those who falsely taught them. The facts should now be laid before them, and if they themselves will help to convict the historians who first misled them they should be treated leniently; for in that case would they not in a sense be "turning State's evidence" and thereby serving a public end?

[It is a satisfaction to know that the military authorities immediately investigated this matter and meted out punishment to the offender still in the service; but two of them had been discharged and returned to their home in California before their guilt was known.—ED.]

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE ALAMO.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

Thermopylae,
In distant day,
The end courageously did meet,
Not all bereft,
For one was left
To tell his story of defeat.

Our Alamo,
So long ago,
Gave all, nor kept one glorious name.
Not one was there
To answer, "Here!"
Their silence won immortal fame.

THE LESSON WELL LEARNED.

In the following a "Student" directs attention to the source of some of Germany's "inspiration" in the late war:

"In reading the rather ponderous and discursive volume by our former Minister to Denmark, Maurice Francis Egan, entitled 'Ten Years Near the German Frontier,' I came across the statement made to Mr. Egan by Count Henckel-Donnersmarck to this effect: 'Yes, we learned some lessons even from your Civil War, though you are not a military people. Your country is full of our citizens.'

"Unhappily the Germans may have well modeled some of their methods after those of General Sherman, who is reported to have said that 'war is hell' and who did everything possible to make his way of waging war live up to what he said it was, in sharp contradistinction to the ideas and ideals of men like General McClellan and General Thomas. Had these men and others like them been in control of the Northern forces, outrages would not have been committed which are still a stain on the American flag. How many of these outrages may have been actually carried out by the German element in the Northern armies one can best imagine. In the past two years we have not heard so much about how the Germans of 1861 'saved the Union.'

"One of the remarkable things that Sherman's 'bummers' did was to pour molasses upon furniture and into pianos, exactly what the Huns did in France in the recent war. Truly this is a remarkable coincidence, if it be a coincidence, because we know of no other invading forces who resorted to this form of vandalism.

"Again it may be remembered as a record of fact that at a dinner at German headquarters at Rheims on September 8, 1870, in expressing his views on the conduct of war (note the author, the time, the place, and the audience), General Sheridan said: 'The proper strategy consists, in the first place, in inflicting as telling blows as possible upon the enemy's army and then in causing the inhabitants so much suffering

that they must long for peace and force their government to demand it. The people must be left nothing but their eyes to weep with over the war.'

"The above is quoted in Busch's 'Life of Bismarck.' Could the Germans of a later time have better instructions than this? And when will the North begin to realize the nature of the War of Secession and its conduct and realize that the South has a right to resent the innumerable comparisons made between what is termed the 'slaveocracy' of the Old South and the autocracy of the Germany that has just been overthrown?

"The truth alone will set us free from prejudice, passion, and error. When these truths are recognized by the North, there will be no further effort to misrepresent the South in the way to which reference has herein been made."

A DAY FOR THE VETERAN.

The VETERAN has lately received some very cheering letters from friends interested in building up its subscription list, and their success from a little individual effort shows how easily its patronage might be largely increased. The splendid list of eighty-four subscriptions secured at Little Rock by Capt. A. L. Smith and Judge A. Park had an addition of ten later through the efforts of Judge Park and A. J. Snodgrass, the latter securing eight of them in an hour and a half. So the Little Rock list has been increased by almost one hundred. Shortly following came a report of twenty-one new subscriptions from George Bourland, of McLean, Tex., who got most of them in one afternoon. He writes: "I've been promising to help you out on subscriptions, and now I'm merely beginning." Then our friend and representative at Amarillo, Tex., Comrade H. R. Airheart, concluded he would make an extra effort at that place, and he sends in fifty subscriptions, forty of which were given by Sons of Veterans; and he challenges any county in that State to make a better showing of representative men than is shown by his list. See this letter of page 237 of this number. Soon after came a letter from L. J. Bailey, of Marietta, Okla., with a list of eighteen of the best citizens of that place—judges, bankers, school superintendents, etc.—and he writes that the splendid work of the friends at Little Rock prompted him to make an effort; "and while my list is small as compared with theirs," he says, "I believe I can break even with them when it comes to representative citizenship. . . . If some one from each Camp would give the VETERAN one or two days soliciting new subscribers, the present list could be doubled in a short time."

What about it, comrades? Can't you give a day during the month of June to boost the VETERAN a bit? It would be a day well spent. During the year J. S. Downs has reported sixty new subscriptions from Chickasha, Okla., and he wrote: "I am crippled and can't do much, but I am going to have the CONFEDERATE VETERAN read."

Col. J. A. Watrous, now Commandant of the Wisconsin Veterans' Home, renews his subscription for two years and says: "Of course I want to continue getting the VETERAN. Best wishes for yourself and the survivors of that heroic old army of the South whose sons and grandsons gave heroic service in teaching Germany and her allies a lesson they never will forget—service to the nation and to the world that never should be forgotten."

SERVICE WITH PICK AND SHOVEL.

[This letter from Col. John Baker Thompson to a sister shows the feeling toward trench work in those days of the sixties. Colonel Fagan commanded the 1st Arkansas Regiment, called the "Magnificent 1st Arkansas," of which Thompson was lieutenant colonel. He was educated at the University of Virginia, a son of Judge J. Powell Thompson, of Staunton, Va., and through his mother was a kinsman of General Washington. Colonel Thompson fell while leading his men at Shiloh. His sister, Mrs. Hull, of Baltimore, is the author of a book on "Boy Heroes of the Confederacy," which tells of many brave deeds. A nephew, Philip Carroll, grandson of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, took over the 1st Aero Squadron of New York to France as captain and came back as a lieutenant colonel. As a descendant of Virginia and Maryland heroes he has done honor to both and confirmed the old saying, "Good blood cannot be false."]

"CAMP HOLMES, 28, 1861.

"Last Saturday I went down to Brooke Station to see General Holmes in consequence of a letter he had written Colonel Fagan, in which he stated that he was extremely unwilling to ride a willing horse too hard and therefore desired to know if he wished a change. After an interview with him, he promised to take us to Brooke Station to winter as soon as the great battle expected on Wednesday was over. To-day we received a letter as follows:

"BROOKE STATION, November 27, 1861.

"*My Dear Fagan:* General French is in a terrible stew about losing the 1st Arkansas and shows conclusively that, so far from any other regiment being half as good, the safety of the fort will be jeopardized by relieving you. I have accordingly written him that no change will be made until the present promise of a hard fight is passed. So, my friend, your great merit and your regiment's great merit will keep you still for a time at Evansport. I know you will not object to this, for you have already suffered for the cause hardships enough to convince the most skeptical that you and your regiment are laboring for it and not for yourself.

"Your friend, T. H. HOLMES."

"Still for a time,' after what passed between the General and myself! That means all the winter. It is undoubtedly hard that when there are plenty of regiments to relieve us we should be kept 'digging up dirt and watching it' for three months together and yet never a broth of a battle.

"I am discontented for the first time since I entered the service, for General Holmes has constantly held out to us hopes of wintering elsewhere and discouraged us from building winter quarters; and now, because men who were bred gentlemen have done cheerfully some good digging and shoveling for their country, they must dig their term out.

"This is a grievous cross to us. God help us! I have to put on a cheerful face before the men. Poor fellows! They idolized General Holmes, and he always had something to say to them, such as: 'Never mind, boys, cutting those stumps so smooth; we won't be here long.'

"Well, perchance I may get a furlough to come to see you. Expect me when you see me. We still expect an attack on our right wing, and there is nothing we desire so much for the country's sake as a general engagement.

"To-night the George Page, alias Richmond, has gone out to capture prizes. Her crew was thirty volunteers from our

regiment. They always send to us for men to volunteer on such service, and it gives the field officers trouble to keep the whole regiment from going. I believe if our men ever get a chance at the enemy they will do noble work. They are a noble set of men to lead, and I heavily feel my responsibility to them."

MEMORIAL TREES.

[A part of the program at the planting of two memorial trees at Vernon Hall, Kinston, N. C., by the A. M. Waddell Chapter, U. D. C., was the reading of these two poems.]

TO A VICTORY OAK.

(Planted in memory of Americans who fought in France.)

Strike deep thy roots, memorial oak—
Deep as our love for those who broke
The hated spell of brutish might,
That earth might glow forever bright,
Immersed in freedom's holy light.

Like our dear dead in Flanders field,
Thy body to the grave we yield,
That loftily the soul of thee,
Branching heav'nward, flow'ring free,
May point to immortality,

And tell with every rustling breath
Of life that springs from seeming death,
Of joy that finds its root in pain,
Of dead who have not died in vain
If earth be cleansed of war's dark stain.

So stand ye here; grow strong and tall,
To bless the great and guard the small:
Fit emblem of our victory,
Deep rooted in democracy,
Which offers all earth liberty.

TO A CHAPTER OAK.

(Dedicated to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.)

Here, too, we plant a sister tree,
Symbolic of the U. D. C.,
That keeps e'er fresh from age to age
Our verdant spot on history's page.

It tells of those who wore the gray,
Who fought like heroes day by day
Until before the whelming horde
Reluctantly they sheathed the sword.

Alas! they're passing fast away,
Our men who wore the tattered gray;
But these will live, this Chapter tree,
And Daughters of the Confederacy.

Throughout the years they'll grow and thrive
To keep this precious thought alive—
This noble oak and the U. D. C.,
Stanch guardians of memory.

IN MEMORIAM—COL. HILARY A. HERBERT.

Whereas our comrade and former Commander, Hilary A. Herbert, has been taken from us by the stroke of death—

Resolved that we, the officers and members of Camp No. 171 of Confederate Veterans, hereby place on record our profound sense of the irreparable loss we have sustained in the death of Col. Hilary A. Herbert, so long one of the most highly esteemed, admired, and beloved members. During all the years of his membership with us he was a faithful and loyal comrade and shared a deep and unfailing interest in the welfare of the Camp. He gave his time and energy without reserve to our service and endeared himself to us all by his readiness to help in time of need. We looked up to him as one of our wisest counselors and felt it a privilege to follow his leadership. Upon occasions not a few he stood forth as our honored and trusted representative, whom we delighted to honor and of whose name and reputation our Camp was justly proud. Honored and trusted by the government of these United States, in whose service he had so greatly distinguished himself, his advocacy of any measure which the Confederates had at heart lent great weight to our cause and often insured success. To him it was largely due that the President and Secretary of War set apart in the year 1900 a section in Arlington National Cemetery for the burial of the Confederate soldiers who had fallen in battle or died in prisons near Washington. And, again, it was to his initiative and to his energy that we owe the successful issue of the effort to memorialize our dead and our Confederate cause by a monument in the same cemetery, that bronze of exceptional dignity and beauty of which we are all so justly proud and which was the work of the genius of a Confederate soldier, Sir Moses Ezekiel.

Colonel Herbert's career was a remarkable one. He was distinguished in various fields of activity—as a soldier, as a lawyer, as a statesman, and as an author. He served, as we all knew, during the whole of the War between the States, from 1861 to 1865, and was distinguished for gallantry and skill on many of the bloody fields of that great struggle. Entering as a captain in the 8th Alabama, he was promoted to major and ultimately to colonel of the regiment. He took an active part in many of the greatest battles in Virginia—at Seven Pines, in 1862; at Second Manassas, the same year; at the capture of Harper's Ferry; at Sharpsburg, where, owing to the terrible losses of officers, he at one time commanded the brigade; at Fredericksburg; and at the Wilderness, where he was so severely wounded that he was not able to return to the Army of Northern Virginia.

He was several times wounded, once at Seven Pines, where he fell into the hands of the enemy and served a term of captivity in Fort Delaware, and again, as mentioned, in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. He bore a particularly conspicuous and important part in the battle of Salem Church, in the Chancellorsville campaign, and struck Sedgwick such a blow that he prevented his falling on Lee's rear with his thirty thousand men. Again at Gettysburg, in participating in Wilcox's charge, meant to support Pickett's Division, he showed not only heroic courage and coolness, but great strategic skill in executing the movement of changing front forward into line under fire. At a later date he was again taken prisoner. Colonel Herbert was at all times a most gallant soldier and a cool and capable commander. In that desperate battle of Sharpsburg the colors of the regiment

were three times shot down. At the third time the Colonel himself sprang forward and seized them.

In the Congress of the United States Colonel Herbert had a long and successful career. He served on the Ways and Means Committee with Tom Reed and William McKinley. He became Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs and may be justly credited as one of the men who laid the foundation of the new navy, of which to-day every American is so proud, inasmuch as he put over what was at that period an unprecedented appropriation (\$20,000,000) in face of a strong opposition.

In 1893 he was appointed by President Cleveland as Secretary of the Navy against the protest of many Northern Democrats. But this ex-Confederate colonel made such an admirable chief that the older naval officers yielded him the palm as the father of the new navy. During his term as Secretary he made that remarkable speech which demonstrated for all time the important historical fact that it was not the army of the United States which defeated the Southern Confederacy, but the action of the navy in blockading its ports.

Of his work as an author we invite attention to two valuable books, the one called "Why the Solid South," published in 1890, and the other entitled "The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences," published by the Scribners in 1912. The former was a collection of essays by Southern members of Congress under the Herbert editorship, giving the history of Reconstruction in the States of the Confederacy and explaining thereby the reasons why the South remained politically solid. Three of these essays were from Colonel Herbert's pen. The other book, "The Abolition Crusade," was a work of permanent historical value, tracing the history of slavery in the South, the widespread sentiment there in favor of emancipation, and the fanatical abolition crusade and its dolcful consequences, which culminated in the War between the States in 1861-65. The book is written in a temperate spirit and with much ability and is characterized throughout by a fine patriotic spirit.

But more important than all the public activities to which we have called attention was the moral fiber of the man. Hilary Herbert was as true as steel to his friends, loyal as the pole star to the truth as he understood it, and as brave in the council chamber as he was on the field of battle. The story of how diligently he sought out and rewarded, many years after the war, the Federal soldier who saved his life on the battle field illustrates the statement often made that he never forgot an obligation. His moral courage shines like a beacon for the public men of our day in his refusal to obey the instructions of the Alabama Legislature to vote for a measure which he regarded as an act of corrupt legislation.

We bear our testimony that he was a man of high ideals, strong convictions, and great moral courage. He was unflinchingly loyal to the Southern Confederacy, and he was never ashamed of the part he took as a Southern soldier; he never apologized for the glorious fight we made. But, following the great leader, Robert E. Lee, he became a loyal citizen of the United States and gave his energy and his devotion to the limit to the service of the United States and its flag, the Stars and Stripes.

One word more we must say in praise of our deceased comrade and Commander. Like Lee and Jackson, he was a true Christian, an humble follower of the Nazarene, a faithful soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ in his great battle against sin and Satan in this world of ours. His religion was a part of his patriotism. He felt that he could

not do his best for his country without loyalty to the Captain of his salvation.

In honoring his memory we honor ourselves as Confederate soldiers, the cause of the South for which he fought so bravely, and our now united country, to whose service he gave his loyal devotion and the best energies of his later manhood.

RANDOLPH H. MCKIM,
JOSEPH BAUMER,
DAVID C. GRAYSON,
H. H. MARMADUKE,
W. W. CHAMBERLAINE,
Committee.

CAMP No. 171, U. C. V., WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEMORIAL TO GEN. A. P. STEWART.

A handsome bronze bust of Gen. A. P. Stewart was unveiled at Chattanooga, Tenn., on the 22d of April, the gift of the A. P. Stewart Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to the city of Chattanooga. The movement for this memorial began in the Chapter during the presidency of Mrs. Frances Fort Brown and was finished with Mrs. Ed Watkins as President, and she presided during the exercises. Mrs. C. A. Lyerly has been at the head of the Monument Committee from the beginning of this movement, and to her untiring efforts is due its completion. To Miss Mollie Kavanaugh is due credit for the wonderfully beautiful ceremonial for the

dedication, each feature of which had its meaning in relation to the cause for which General Stewart fought. The statue stands on the courthouse lawn, near the front entrance of the courthouse, which had been transformed into a bower for the speakers of the occasion. Above its portals floated the Stars and Stripes with the battle flag of the Confederacy and the flag of Tennessee, while other decorations added beauty and color to the scene.

"We give to-day to the city of Chattanooga, to the county of Hamilton, to the State of Tennessee, and to the world this statue of a true Christian, scholar, and soldier," said Mrs. Watkins in calling the assemblage to order, and she paid tribute to the splendid efforts of Mrs. C. A. Lyerly in making possible the unveiling of this memorial to the great soldier whose name stands at the head of Chapter No. 81, U. C. V. At her signal Master John Park Kruesi, with the little flag bearers—William Hooper Dayton carrying the United States flag, Gordon McFarland with the Confederate flag, and James Polk Smartt with the flag of Tennessee—marched down the steps and took position facing the statue. Following them came the guard of honor, composed of prominent Confederate veterans, who were grouped on either side of the monument. Then came Miss Gloria Lamb to draw the veil. She wore a costume representing Spring, which was also suggestive of those old days of the sixties. In her hand she carried a wreath of red and white carnations built upon a foundation of galax leaves and tied with red ribbon, the tribute of the Chapter to the memory of General Stewart, which was placed upon the statue. With her came the flower girls, clad in white and carrying baskets laden with blossoms to scatter about the statue, and two small girls followed with wreaths of white flowers, which were placed upon the pedestal below the bust.

Following the invocation by Dr. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V., the speakers' program was carried out, many sincere tributes being paid to the character of General Stewart. In presenting the memorial to the county, Capt. H. A. Chambers spoke of General Stewart as a God-fearing man, like unto Robert E. Lee, and how, though a great soldier, he often conducted religious services for his men. In his acceptance Judge Sam Conners, son of a Federal veteran, paid tribute to the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy and expressed the hope that the future might see other memorials to Chattanooga's patriotic dead. Hon. T. C. Thompson, former Mayor of Chattanooga, made an eloquent address on the life and character of General Stewart, stressing his courage, telling how he stood on the front line in battle, oblivious of danger, yet had received only a slight wound during the war; and he spoke of the fitness of this memorial in that General Stewart was in all the military engagements at Chattanooga and that city was his home for many years before his death. L. G. Walker, son of Col. Francis M. Walker, of the 19th Tennessee Infantry, also referred to General Stewart as "a man with no guile in his heart, but with the courage of a lion." Maj. Phil Whitaker, representing the soldiers of today, stressed the value of monuments because they hold ideals from which the younger generation seems to have strayed; and he stated his belief that, sooner or later, all will stand for what the heroes of the Confederacy stood. Dr. I. D. Steele pronounced the benediction, and the audience dispersed to the music of "Dixie."

This statue is the work of Miss Belle Kinney and represents General Stewart in the fullness of life as a man and soldier.



MISS GLORIA LAMB, OF CHATTANOOGA, WHO UNVEILED THE
STATUE OF GENERAL STEWART.

EARLY CONFEDERATE WAR DAYS.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The year 1861 was a time of earnest debate, of eager questioning, of intense activities, of high enthusiasms, of brilliant hopes that were to be tested in the fiery furnace of war.

At that period I was a young Presbyterian preacher, just out of the theological seminary. I spent the spring and summer in preaching on Sundays in churches, and the rest of the week I was helping to raise troops for the Confederate army. In the fall I went to Fort Donelson, an unfinished fortification on the Cumberland River, near the Kentucky line, to preach to soldiers. There was then no regimental nor brigade organization, only a number of companies from various counties of Tennessee and Alabama. The senior officer was Capt. Thomas F. Beaumont, of Clarksville, Tenn. I messed with him and his first lieutenant, C. W. Robertson. They afterwards became colonel and lieutenant colonel of the 50th Tennessee Infantry and were killed in the battle of Chickamauga. Everybody was busy drilling, hauling supplies, building fortifications, and placing batteries at the river front.

We lived, all of us, luxuriously in comfortable tents. Some had their trunks and abundance of clothing and could dress up for occasional social functions. Many of the officers were attended by their servants. Our cook belonged to Lieutenant Robertson and was an excellent cook, and our supplies were abundant. Not only did the government furnish the usual ration of flour, fresh and cured meats, sugar and coffee, but every boat brought great boxes from home filled with all the good things that farm or store could furnish or mother love suggest for our comfort. It was just a big picnic. What a contrast with conditions two or three years later, when our rags scarce concealed our nakedness, when the little corn dodger and the scant slice of fat bacon only emphasized the emptiness of our stomachs and stimulated our hunger! But this very starvation was also a stimulant to arouse the fighting spirit, and these boys, whether in luxury or half famished, were true to their cause and through sufferings, privations, wounds, and death stood like a wall of steel and of fire about that cause until it went down in defeat.

There were things both amusing and pathetic in those early days, especially pathetic in view of those following days of strenuous endeavor, of sacrifice and failure. For we felt that it was only a matter of a few months until we would win our independence. It was only a short while after our victory in the first battle of Manassas, and we were confident that we could whip the Yankees. As an example: I was called to a Church in Louisiana offering fine opportunities for my work as a preacher. I was asked to visit the Church, and if we were mutually pleased I was to return to my service in the army, and at the end of the war, or in six months, I was to take charge of this work in Louisiana. Captain Beaumont urged me to make the visit, which I did in January, 1862. But, alas for "best-laid schemes o' mice and men"! Fort Donelson fell in the next month, and I was cut off from my regiment until it was exchanged in September, 1862. Meantime I went to Vicksburg, which was about thirty miles south of the church, and offered my services, but there was no place for me there. So I remained in Louisiana, learning that we had a far bigger job to whip the Yankees than we thought.

Fort Henry was situated on the Tennessee River only a few miles from Fort Donelson, and there was daily communication between the forts, and ridiculous things were done that illustrated the willingness of the boys to fight and also

their crude ideas of how fighting should be done. At Fort Henry the 10th Tennessee Infantry was stationed. They were Irishmen, afterwards known as the "Bloody Tenth." Their commander was a German, Colonel Heiman. The regiment had not been supplied with ammunition. It was reported that a Yankee gunboat was coming up the river. They ran to the colonel, who knew that no gunboat could reach the fort, and asked in great excitement: "Colonel, what shall we do?" He answered: "O, shust take 'em mit de bayonet." Half an hour afterwards, when he had forgotten the incident, he walked down to the river and found the 10th drawn up on the bank with fixed bayonets, ready to charge the gunboat when it should come.

At Fort Donelson I heard my first battle order. Although there were constant rumors that the gunboats were coming up the Cumberland to bombard us, yet we undressed and went to bed every night at the regulation hour. About two o'clock one morning the long roll was sounded from the camp on the river, and the cry was: "The gunboats are coming!" Everybody at once sprang to arms. Captain Beaumont was perfectly cool and dressed himself in full uniform. Drawing his sword as he stepped out of his tent to take command, this was the sight that greeted him: A hundred men in their night clothes, grasping their muskets and shivering in the cold night air. Then came this first battle order in stormy tones: "Confound your fool souls, go back and put on your breeches!" By the time they got into their breeches the alarm proved to be false, and we all went back to bed. But they would have charged a gunboat *en dishabille* if it had come up.

At one time a number of negroes were impressed from the neighboring counties to work on the fortifications. As they got off the boat, under the impression that the Yankees were "just over there in the woods" and that the negroes were sent for to charge the Yankees and drive them out, they presented an almost ghastly appearance, as if in the very presence of death. After the officer in charge relieved their fears, one of them was asked: "Allen, were you much scared when you were expecting to charge the Yankees?" His answer was: "Well, Marster, I wasn't expecting to charge no Yankees while my legs would hold out to run. You give a nigger a knife or a stick or a rock, an' he ain't afraid to fight, but he can't stan' 'fore no gun. When we got off dat boat an' stood in line an' dey told us we got to go ag'in' dem Yankees, you could hear dem niggers a-swallerin' all long de line, an' I was a-swallerin' too so's I couldn't hardly get my breath." When they learned that they were not to fight "wid guns," they became the same careless, jolly, happy, easy-going set they were at home.

Then we were all boys with the confidence of youth and inexperience, and we soon became military experts, who could instruct the folks at home in strategy and tactics. We had an eye for strong and impregnable positions. We were sure that when we got our fort finished we could successfully defy any Yankee army that might attack us.

How soon did General Grant destroy our confidence, blast our hopes, and demolish all our theories! And most of those boys spent months in Yankee prisons. It is a good thing that our generals were not so enthusiastic and saw farther than we did. Still, when confronted by overwhelming numbers they put up a grand fight. And, after all, in war the greatest asset of a nation is not generals nor tactics nor strategy, but men, true, brave, conscientious men, willing to die for right, "who know their rights and, knowing, dare maintain."

Among those whom I first saw at Fort Donelson, and who made good by virtue of their high, true manhood, was a young cavalry officer who one day rode in at the head of his company. I thought he was one of the handsomest men and most graceful figures I had ever seen. A mere youth, yet his face indicated very marked intellect and very great determination, with eyes brilliant and penetrating. I was told that he was a young Methodist preacher. I felt that he would make his mark, and he did, for D. C. Kelley became General Forrest's closest friend and a commander of Forrest's old regiment, frequently commanding a brigade. He ought to have worn a general's stars, but he was a victim of the prejudice in high places that so long failed to give deserved promotion to this great commander. In after years we were both pastors of Nashville Churches and became intimate personal friends, he in Methodist and I in Presbyterian Churches. His portrait is one of my cherished possessions.

HEROES AND HEROINES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ADDRESS BY COL. MAGNUS S. THOMPSON BEFORE CAMP NO. 171,
U. C. V., AND DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY OF
WASHINGTON, D. C.

I would be false to the promptings of my heart and the admiration I cherish for the women of the South did I not give expression to the views I entertain regarding the value of their services not only during the war, but unceasingly ever since. Hence I will attempt to prove that they have richly won the title of "Heroines" as associated with our heroes.

First of all, I will review some of the noble achievements and patriotism of the women of the South who have richly won that title. They not only gave the heroes to the cause, but contributed largely toward keeping them at the post of duty. They suffered untold hardships, privations, sickness, and even death in unprotected homes through weeks, months, and years of agonizing suspense and watchful waiting for tidings from loved ones far away in battle. They experienced the gnawing need of food, fire, and clothing. They saved many a Confederate from capture and were the means of many captures of the enemy by their adroitness. They shared the dangers of the battle field. They served as couriers and guides. They shared the agony of the suffering and the heart-rending scenes of the hospital and soothed the last moments of the dying. In fact, they occupied every position of trust and danger. They were angels of mercy whose ministration and loyalty have never ceased. In every sphere of life, both in peace and war, they richly won the title of heroines. The reverberation of hostile guns had hardly ceased, our prostrated and devastated country had hardly awakened from its stunning blow, before these heroines began the work of marking graves, erecting monuments, and strewing flowers over their fallen loved ones. No parallel can be found in history. Not a cemetery or a county seat in the entire South that does not bear witness to their noble work. Hence we owe them a debt of gratitude illimitable as space and enduring as time.

They proved by their gentle and patriotic spirit the power that held our armies together and thereby often led them to victory. To their energy and devotion we are indebted for the monuments that adorn our cemeteries and the garlands that bedeck the graves.

Yes, first at the cradle and last to leave the grave, their

errand of mercy only ceases with their life; and could our departed heroes rise to-day, they would with one voice chant their praise and call them blessed. The most recent and conspicuous evidence of their devotion to the memory of our departed comrades was realized in the completion and dedication of the grandest monument in the country placed in the National Cemetery at Arlington almost within the shadow of the dome of the nation's Capitol, perpetuating in heroic bronze the heroism, the patriotism, and the sacrifice of our people. It has become the admiration and wonder of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world; and now, after the lapse of half a century, these noble women have undertaken the gigantic work of a memorial on the face of Stone Mountain, in Georgia, the proportion of which staggers the mind of man. They propose to have chiseled in the indestructible granite a column of Confederate troops in marching order, headed by Lee, Jackson, and others of our distinguished leaders, covering a space one thousand feet high and one mile in length, each figure to be fifty feet high and discernible for a distance of two miles. They not only conceived the idea, but they have formulated the details and placed them in the hands of the sculptor for early execution. The remarkable achievements of the world's most famous sculptors that have won the admiration of the world pale into insignificance in comparison with this prodigious undertaking.

This evidence of their love and loyalty to the cause is the climax of their earthly labors; it is the capstone to the innumerable memorials they have erected, and it is safe to predict that the memory of these noble heroines will be perpetuated far beyond their achievements. Hence I say that if heroes have received exalted recognition at their hands these heroines have richly merited the highest niche in the Temple of Fame, more resplendent and more enduring than any evidence we mortals can bestow.

I will now take up the subject "Our Heroes," comprising two types, "Battle Field" and "Prison" heroes. From time immemorial the pages of history have been radiant with the deeds and skill of victorious leaders. Their names and deeds are known to all men, and each household cherishes upon its walls a richly uniformed picture of their beloved chieftain. With a heart overflowing with admiration for the brilliant leaders under whom it was our privilege to serve, and appreciating to the fullest their skill and valor, which richly deserves to live in history through all time, I am, nevertheless, cognizant of the fact that to the humble private belongs a share of glory no less brilliant than to his leader, and it is to be hoped that the future historian will in gathering the facts arrange them in such manner as will entwine the musket and saber of the private with the stars of the general, that they may be one and inseparable, for, in the language of the poet, they are "useless each without the other."

It may be asked: "Who was the private? What has he done that deserves recognition? He is but a tattered atom, plodding along in that moving column of living souls with no rank, no recognition, no future save hope of success. Why notice him?"

I reply by saying: "He was the eye and the ear, the arm and the body of the service. He was the first to hear, to see, to meet, and the last to leave the enemy. The value of his service was first heard upon the outpost. With lightning speed it was taken up by the skirmish line and ceased only when victory took his place. His breast bore the shock of battle, while his strong arm planted the colors upon parapets

shot-raked, shell-sown, and reached only by hearts of gold and nerves of steel. It was the private that carried the general's plans to success, from which was woven an additional star to adorn his uniform and thus brighten his history. It was the private that kept watch while his commander slept, and it is he who occupies the mounds that mark the spot where contending armies met. He rests where he fell, his face to the foe, in an unknown grave on the field his valor had won. In the language of the poet-priest, Father Ryan, he 'has the comforting assurance that every wearer of the gray inherits an imperishable crown of glory in the world beyond the sky.' Love and patriotism have embalmed him, while the marble and bronze only serve to keep him before the eye."

From the general commanding the army down to company commanders the private soldier was looked to and relied upon for information regarding the location, numbers, and movements of the enemy. His alertness, endurance, and nerve were put to the test. The forced march, sleepless hours, scant rations, the summer's heat and winter's cold, the roar of guns, the shriek of shells, the rattle of musketry, and the groans of the dying were his constant companions.

The private soldier represents the noblest type of patriotism. He enters the service with no higher aspiration than loyal service to home and country; he freely casts his life in the scale of hardships and danger with unflinching courage and, staring fate in the face, prepares to stand or fall for his honest convictions. No alluring promotion prompted or tempted him to deeds of valor; patriotism and pride in the cause stimulated and encouraged him. Half starved, half clothed, barefooted, with nothing but a full cartridge box, a trusted rifle, a brave heart, and a steady nerve fully describes the Confederate soldier.

Some of our soldiers came from sections deep within the enemy's lines, and were conscious of the fact that they would be deprived of hearing from or seeing the dear ones during the struggle, perhaps forever, yet they risked their lives in the effort to reach the lines. Occasionally this was only accomplished in disguise, some even traveling in the garb of the opposite sex.

Some of my comrades no doubt can recall instances when, under peculiar circumstances, officers and men stood motionless in the face of the enemy unable for the instant to comprehend the situation, and some humble private at the critical moment seized the colors and rushed to the front, shouting, "Follow the flag!" The electrifying act proved an inspiration, and a resolute charge swept the field.

It is true that many of our officers won their spurs and commissions by deeds of daring while serving in the ranks, and their names will live for all time in history. Among them may be mentioned Col. E. V. White, Col. John S. Mosby, Maj. Harry Gilmore, Captain McNeill, and others whose exploits as scouts were confined to operations with the Army of Northern Virginia. They richly deserve the praise bestowed; but they form only a fraction of the number of those who as privates rendered similar service throughout the entire war and upon whom the leaders of our armies depended for information, the securing of which involved the risk of life at every turn, as their duty not only required entrance within the enemy's lines, but a close investigation of their surroundings, numbers, and plans.

You will pardon me for mentioning a few of those with whom I was familiar, for they justly merit it: Stringfellow, General Lee's chief of scouts; Shadburne, General Hampton's

chief of scouts; Russell, Mosby's dependence; Moberly, White's irrepressible Comanche; Burke, Ashby's ever-faithful; Vandevender and Fay, McNeill's sleepless eyes; while Underwood, Orrick, Hurst, Atwell, Angelo, and Parr, of our Camp, composed a galaxy of stars unsurpassed for brilliancy in the field of danger. They were but a few from the ranks of our army, which was filled with similar material. Hence one can readily appreciate the remarkable achievements of the Confederate soldier when one contemplates the extent and value of his service in the face of such fearful odds. Although occupying the humblest sphere, he indirectly was the instrument through which armies were moved, battles planned, and victories won. It may be said that he entered the service panoplied with the helmet of patriotism, the armor of courage, the shield of duty, and the sword of right.

No one not actually a participant in prison life can form any idea of what was endured. Sickness, torture, starvation, and death were the penalty thousands paid for their unflinching loyalty to the cause they espoused. Solitary confinement in a dungeon on bread and water was the portion of some who indignantly refused to take the oath of allegiance which would have entitled them to comfortable quarters, plenty of food, and an early freedom; but, true to their cause and their country, they calmly and courageously with a heroism surpassing the dangers of the battle field closed their eyes in an immortal death.

"Our heroes" were without number or State distinction. They measured up to the highest standard of chivalry. No matter from what section or under what circumstances they were placed, the honor of their country was fully sustained, and the glory and courage of that immortal host will live and brighten with the coming ages.

We survivors of the war are inseparably bound by ties that nothing can sever. Our brotherly love was born of circumstances that try men's souls. Were we other than brothers, we would be unworthy the cause for which our comrades gave their lives. Their memories will live when the marble sentinels that silently watch their dreamless sleep will have crumbled into dust finer than the ashes they now guard.

The private soldier emerged from that struggle only to return to desolate and destroyed homes. Yet with a heart of gold and nerve of steel he turned his spear into a pruning hook, his sword into the plowshares, and, without unbuttoning his ragged jacket of gray, he began cutting down the rank weeds of desolation and sowing in their stead the seeds of prosperity and plenty. He stepped from the trenches into the furrow, and fields that were red with the blood of patriots in April were golden with the harvest of June.

The never-to-be-forgotten yell of our troops as they charged the panic-stricken enemy on countless fields still echoes in our ears. Its inspiring music that rose above the battle storm of First Manassas resounded down the bloody four years' struggle to the fields of Appomattox, where its shrill notes were heard as the last charge was made. No tongue can ever describe the electrifying and the heart-stirring impulse it aroused. The cycle of time will never silence or the notes of the Æolian harp supplant it.

Memory withdraws the veil that shrouds the past and reveals a picture replete with glory and with woe. To every sympathetic Southern heart she whispers a story of sublime patriotism and matchless courage. Before our mental vision there pass in review scenes of heroic daring and marvelous achievements that were doomed to be crowned with the willow at last. We recall the dawn of that struggle when the golden

days of sunlight shone not upon a fairer land nor lovelier homes, and we remember its close when, like grim and silent sentinels guarding the ashes of their beloved dead, charred and blackened chimneys alone remained to tell a tale of sadness and of woe; when a baptism of blood and fire had changed the landscape to a wilderness of desolation over which the moaning breezes swept as if they felt the agony with which our country groaned. But time, the magical physician, has healed the scars and cicatrized the wounds, and to-day the South has become a Golconda of untold wealth. She has burst the bands of adverse fortune and, like the gorgeous rose after winter's frost, blooms forth with more than her quondam charms and regal beauty.

God chastens those he loves, and more than ever before were we made to realize this truth. He permitted the settlement of our war other than we hoped for, and with crushed spirits and a ruined country the outlook was most distressing. But turn to-day and see the change. Capital and industries have arisen from the ashes of that struggle. Our energies and talents were put to the test, and buried within our mountains and vales were found illimitable treasures hidden by God's hands, only to help in time of greatest need. There is centered all that can please and prosper mankind. "A perfect climate above a fertile soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. There are mountains stored with inexhaustible treasures, forests vast and primeval, and rivers that run wanton to the sea."

I have seen the light that streamed from a giant engine as it rushed onward through the darkness fearless of danger, and I thought it grand.

I have seen the light streaming over the eastern hills in all its glory, driving the lazy darkness like mist before a gale till leaf and tree and blade of grass glittered like myriad diamonds in the morning, and I thought it grand.

I have seen the light that flashed at midnight athwart a storm-tossed sky, shivering angry clouds and turning darkness into midday splendor, and I knew that was grand. But grandest of all is the halo of glory that crowns the achievements of the heroes and heroines of the Confederacy. Monuments may rise and the cycle of time may reduce them to dust, but unborn centuries will bear upon their rolls the imperishable history of that righteous cause.

In conclusion, my comrades, Sons, and Daughters, let me say that the greatest privilege and pleasure bequeathed us is a holy reverence for the lives and memories of our fallen braves. We are fast leaving the stage of this transitory existence for that shore beyond.

The army of martyrs who long since crossed the dark chasm are to-day parading the streets of the celestial city amidst the strains of ecstatic music and the hallelujahs of the combined host.

Keep ever before you the lives of Lee and Jackson. Emulate their exalted example. No greater can be found. Their lives were wrapped in the cause we espoused, and to-day the world honors them. Be true to their memory, and then, whatever fate betide, however dark the clouds of adverse fortune may become, I ween through it all the rainbow of a peaceful and happy conscience will dispel the gloom and span the sky.

"Alas for the broken and battered host,

Frail wrecks from a gory sea!

Though pale as a band from the realm of ghosts,

Salute them! They fought with Lee."

THE OLD CANNON AT BISHOPVILLE, S. C.

On Courthouse Square at Bishopville, S. C., guarding the Confederate monument erected to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of Lee County, there is an old cannon with an interesting history. This was written some years ago by Mrs. H. G. Reid, of Bishopville, for the Lottie Green Chapter, U. D. C., and from that little history these facts are taken.

When Col. Charles Jones Colcock, commanding a regiment of cavalry, was stationed at the mouth of the ford leading across Lynch's River from Darlington to Sumter County, at DuBose's Crossing, his purpose seemed to be to prevent General Potter from crossing at this point if he should attempt it. General Potter, commanding a force of white and negro soldiers, had shortly before fought a battle at Dingle's Mill, three miles below Sumter, overcoming the small force opposed, composed principally of old men and boys, and he had reached the town of Sumter. It was believed that his object was to march toward Bishopville, cross Lynch's River at DuBose's Crossing, and join Sherman's army, then on the way to Greensboro, N. C.

Hearing that Potter was marching toward Camden instead by way of Boykin's Mill, Colonel Colcock hurriedly left with the purpose of intercepting him and, probably for want of horses, left this gun where it was afterwards found, in the edge of a swamp. The cannon was trained to fire down the road leading across the river and probably was loaded with shrapnel, an iron shell loaded with small balls and powder and so constructed as to burst at a certain distance from the mouth of the gun. Such a missile would have carried death and destruction to many of the enemy in their attempt to cross this narrow defile. Some who remember those stirring times say this gun must have been fired off before Colonel Colcock left the place, for the marks of the balls could be seen on trees in the swamp for years afterwards. It lay silent in the woods for eleven years, and then in 1867 some boys went over the river with a wagon and hauled the gun to Bishopville. It was first used in firing salutes when any good news was received regarding General Hampton's election as Governor, signaling the redemption of South Carolina from carpetbag rule.

The events connected with the gun must have occurred about the 12th or 13th of April, 1865, for General Lee had surrendered on the 9th. Nothing more is known of General Potter's movements after reaching Boykin's Mill Pond.

WAR RECORD OF BISHOP ELLIOTT.

John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., replying to the inquiry in the May VETERAN as to whether Bishop Elliott did war service as a chaplain or otherwise, says: "I can state that he was assistant adjutant general to Generals Lawton, Gilmer, and McLaws, with the rank of captain, and served gallantly throughout the entire war. As a volunteer aid to General Ewell he was mentioned by the General for efficient services in the battle of Gettysburg. The Bishop was a cousin of mine, and my recollections of him were of course more in the light of a man of God than in that of a warrior, but the fighting blood ran strong in his veins. His oldest son and two grandsons are graduates of West Point, and the latter are now in the service."

SOUTHERN POETS—HENRY TIMROD.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

A new type of poet confronts us as we come face to face with Henry Timrod. Unlike Lanier, no theory of the relation of music to verse dominated his art. None of the esoteric subtlety of his contemporary ran through his work. Like Tennyson's linnet, he sang because he must; his note was rich in its outflow of spontaneity, as free and affluent as the matin strain of Shakespeare's lark that sang at the gate of heaven. Still Timrod's native exuberance in no sense implies the lack of artistic endowment or an innate perception of the charms of form in which the glory of his craft enfolds itself as in a vesture of light. No one of all the long array of American lyrists has excelled him in the mastery of measures. He is never a mere imitator or echoist of the harmonies of others, but whatever passes under his hand is touched by the breath of a new life.

Timrod's own soul passes into the numbers. As a notable illustration, take his "Carmen Triumphale," with a single exception the highest achievement of our hero in the sphere of poetry evoked or inspired by the supreme drama of the War between the States. This poem is cast in the stanza which is associated with Lord Tennyson's sovereign elegiac creation, "In Memoriam." The peculiar form, or quatrain, may be traced in the history of our metrical evolution as far back as Sidney's version of the Thirty-Seventh Psalm and Shakespeare's "Phenix and the Turtle," which finds its proper place among the earliest heirs of his invention. It asserts itself from time to time as we move from the germinal age of Elizabeth into the more complex literary development of the modern day. Ben Jonson, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Herbert of Cherburg—all were drawn by the fascination of the harmonious blend which is characteristic of the measure. With the advent of Tennyson and Rossetti in the preceding century the stanza asserted its ancient sway and resumed its olden charm. Yet in the hands of our Carolina lyrist it was thrilled with the breath of a new and unsuspected life. Like the sonnet under the touch of Milton,

"The thing became a trumpet whence he blew
Soul-animating strains, alas! too few."

Timrod's earthly career extends over a period of years almost coincident with that of Poe and Lanier, one of whom died at forty, the other at thirty-nine. Timrod had nearly attained his thirty-ninth year as he passed from us at Columbia, S. C., in October, 1857. As with Lanier and Poe, his life was an unresisting grapple against malignant fate. Tuberculosis marked him for its own at a comparatively early stage of life, as it had done Keats, his predecessor, and was preparing to do in the case of Lanier. Poverty, even in the most harrowing form, was his normal condition. Nothing in literary records is more fraught with pathos than his agonized cry to a friend: "I would consign all that I have written to oblivion for one hundred dollars cash in hand."

The work of Timrod is not marked by the range and versatility which is characteristic of Poe and Lanier. Criticism, romance, essays in fiction—none of these he took as his province. His heart flowed out into poetry. Only fragments of his prose survive, one of these being a lecture upon modern masters, notably Wordsworth, delivered during the most critical period of our national conflict. It is from the standpoint of the poet that we shall have occasion to consider him,

to reveal the sources of his strength, as well as to portray the bounteous graces that blended in the harmonies of this acknowledged master of the purely Southern lyrists. Yet his inspiration was not drawn exclusively from associations that are Southern in origin and character, whether physical or material, patriotic or spiritual. There is a field which may be justly described as Timrod's peculiar sphere, in which his inner self shines out in no dim or flickering light. Every true artist at times must retire into retreat or solitude, as does the devotee of the religious or ecclesiastical life, when he withdraws himself from all communion with the streaming roar and thrilling energy of the great world currents which environ him.

It was under the influence of moods such as these that Timrod's "Dreams" leaped into being and assumed that blending of harmony of form with subtlety of divination which place it in the forefront of creations in this fascinating sphere of poetic development. Not unnaturally it evoked the spontaneous tributes of critical oracles in the centers of European culture, one of whom, whose name is familiar as a household word in all the enlightened circles of our own land, recently referred to it as "this remarkable poem." The ranges and fantasies of the dream world have been traversed by poets from age to age and by none more deftly than those of our English speech. Still none of those who have entered the lists in this world of shadows and illusions has so successfully plucked out the heart of its mystery as our Carolina poet. Not even Lanier, nor those who explored the dream-land long before him, so keenly laid bare its significance and unfolded its rarest allegories, its richest and most fruitful parables. Many are they who have dreamed dreams and seen visions, but the interpretation thereof is reserved for that goodly company of whom our poet is an eminent type. The length of the poem forbids its reproduction in full. Certain stanzas are marked by so masterful a grace, as well as such intensity of revealing power, that they cannot be passed over even in the most inadequate endeavor to portray the art or the inner vision of our Carolina lyrist:

"Who first said 'false as dreams'? Not one who saw
Into the wild and wondrous world they sway;
No thinker who has read their mystic law,
No poet who has weaved them in his lay.

Else had he known that through the human breast
Cross and recross a thousand fleeting gleams
That, passed unnoticed in the day's unrest,
Come out at night like stars in shining dreams:

That minds too busy or too dull to mark
The dim suggestion of the noisier hours
By dreams in the deep silence of the dark
Are roused at midnight with their folded powers.

.
Each has its lessons, for our dreams, in sooth,
Come they in shape of demons, gods, or elves,
Are allegories with deep hearts of truth
That tell us solemn secrets of ourselves."

Let us turn now to some other phases of Timrod's work, selecting as fancy or inclination may suggest, turning first to the "Address Delivered at the Opening of the New Theater at Richmond—A Prize Poem." The Confederate capital was compassed about with armies, and the South was moving into

the most critical phase of the great drama, the War between the States. Yet while the agony of desolation brooded over the land, the mimicry of the stage was a congenial recreation for the beleaguered city at whose gates war was holding high carnival. The storm beat pitilessly against our stronghold, but the plays held their course. As a mere lad in my teens I was present at a production of "Romeo and Juliet" in the new theater not long after the time that Timrod's prize poem had conferred upon it the luster of a more abiding fame than all the actors and actresses who strutted and fretted their parts upon its boards. The address, or ode, is a dissertation upon the origin and development of the drama, with special reference to its Elizabethan or Shakespearean type. In felicity of style and skill of characterization Timrod's comments upon the several phases of dramatic evolution, as well as the personages who have rendered each memorable in the grand process of unfolding, broadening art, have never been excelled in the complex achievements of modern criticism. Rarely has the interpretative gift of commentator more happily linked itself with the grace and divination of the poet. Especially marked by vigor of execution as well as delicacy and purity of conception are the introductory passages. They break upon us like the note of a clarion tempered and toned by the milder air of some accompanying instrument:

"Drawn in the crimson of a battle-plain—
From whose weird circle every loathsome thing
And sight and sound of pain
Are banished, while about it in the air,
And from the ground, and from the low-hung skies,
Throng, in a vision fair
As ever lit a prophet's dying eyes,
Gleams of that unseen world
That lies about us, rainbow-tinted shapes
With starry wings unfurled,
Poised for a moment on such airy capes
As pierce the golden foam
Of sunset's silent main—
Would image what in this enchanted dome,
Amid the night of war and death
In which the armed city draws its breath,
We have built up!
For though no wizard wand or magic cup
The spell hath wrought,
Within this charmed fane, we ope the gates
Of that divinest Fairy-land,
Where under loftier fates
Than rule the vulgar earth on which we stand,
Move the bright creatures of the realm of thought.
Shut for one happy evening from the flood
That roars around us, here you may behold—
As if a desert way
Could blossom and unfold
A garden fresh with May—
Substantialized in breathing flesh and blood,
Souls that upon the poet's page
Have lived from age to age,
And yet have never donned this mortal clay."

There is a flavor of Dryden pervading this superb prelude which is unmistakable. Despite the interval of ages and the contrast of subjects, no discerning reader of the Carolina poet can fail to trace the influence of the sovereign odes of the seventeenth-century master, that on "St. Cecilia's Day" and the

other scarcely less worthy of commemoration, the ode known as "Alexander's Feast." This touch of the elder artist revealing itself in contemporary times is perhaps to be attributed to the literary conservatism which was so marked a characteristic of the ancient South. The cultured Carolina or Virginia gentleman of the colonial era and of the period extending to the advent of the War between the States was a diligent student of Pope and Dryden, of Addison, Steele, Swift, and the earlier school of English novelists. Conspicuously does this feature of our vanished intellectual life assert itself in the personal correspondence of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, one of the most accomplished gentlemen of our Revolutionary day, as well as in the "Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia, 1782," a truthful and fascinating revelation of the higher life of the time when Washingtons and Lees were lords of the social as well as the political and intellectual sphere.

Timrod in his boyhood had read the odes of Dryden, for they were in every ancient library in Charleston, the city of his birth and the home of his early years, and their music lingered in his memory like an echo from the great past of our English poetry. At a later stage of his artistic unfolding the broadening power of Tennyson's genius is reflected in his work; but during all of Timrod's boyhood it is more than probable that not a score of copies of Tennyson had found their way into the entire region of country south of the Potomac. Then pass in review different types of the Shakespearean drama, Miranda, Juliet, Lear, Othello, Desdemona, Hamlet. Each is touched by a muse of fire, each stands out in novel beauty and undreamed-of radiance. No finer characterization has been accomplished. Subtlety blends with grace; sweetness is tempered by light. The long-drawn controversy in regard to the aim or meaning of the dramatist in creating the rôle of Hamlet is summed up in accordance with the older or Coleridgean point of view. Its conciseness of form is inimitable, its clearness of vision not only persuasive, but almost resistless in its appealing power:

"Then through a hush like death
Stalks Denmark's mailed ghost!
And Hamlet enters with that thoughtful breath
Which is the trumpet to a countless host
Of reasons, but which wakes no deed from sleep;
For while it calls to strife,
He pauses on the very brink of fact
To toy as with the shadow of an act,
And utter those wise saws that cut so deep
Into the core of life."

In "The Arctic Voyager" we see Timrod as he reveals the Tennysonian influence that grew upon him as he moved through the increasing years of his brief earthly period. No special faculty of discernment is requisite to follow the traces of "Ulysses," which Tennyson drew from the "Inferno" of Dante, as Dante in his turn had derived from "the Ionian father of the rest." "To seek beyond the ice which guards the pole" is the very voice of the antique hero conveyed to the lips of Sir John Franklin and all the goodly company who preceded or followed him in the baffling and barren quest. That Timrod, unsurpassed in his pure lyric vein, as he followed the counsel of the Muse and looked in his own heart for inspiration, sank beneath his high level when he essayed the rôle of imitator is the suggestive lesson incul-

cated by "The Arctic Voyager." Let us see him in his native strength, not the echo of a distant or even a deeper voice.

Our poet flits from grave to gay, from lively to severe; his moods vary and at times display sharp and severely drawn contrasts. Still in his brightest strains there is a flavor of sadness apparently underlying the utterance. It may have been an unconscious trace of his own heart sorrow, for of none of the fellowship was it more intensely true that he "learned in suffering what he taught in song." His "Second Love" is fraught with this characteristic sadness, touched with characteristic grace. Is it ever entirely lacking in the note of Timrod? His blithesome and gaysome outbursts still reveal this underflow of sorrow, this reminiscence of melancholy, this brooding over some grief, it may be, of the dream world or the realm of fantasy. Timrod in his brightest vein never sang like Shakespeare's lark in his morning flight toward the gate of heaven. Observe this mark of our poet's inner self in the fascinating stanzas which follow:

"Could I reveal the secret joy
Thy presence always with it brings,
The memories so strangely waked
Of long-forgotten things—

The love, the hope, the fear, the grief,
Which with that voice come back to me—
Thou wouldst forgive the impassioned gaze
So often turned on thee.

It was indeed that early love,
But foretaste of this second one,
The soft light of the morning star
Before the morning sun."

No purer or more effective metaphor has been added to the wealth of our American poetry than the two closing lines of the third stanza. It may claim rank with the noblest conceptions of Tennyson or Keats in the same rich region of creative art, notably with Tennyson in the "Dream of Fair Women":

"The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue."

In this power of framing golden phrases the foremost poets of the South have rarely been surpassed in any age of literary development. Their words, winged with flame, have not yet sunk into the heart of our speech; but they will in the end assert their innate power and become the fruitful quarry whence the artists of the future age may draw inspiration and suggestion, affluence of verbal melody, exuberance of rhythmic cadence. This same distinctive faculty of the master of form discovers itself in Timrod's "Ode Sung on the Occasion of Decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867":

"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years

Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay."

The gift of the masterful phrase is illustrated in the final lines of the second stanza:

"And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!"

The passage recalls the comment of Michelangelo, who, upon seeing a mass of crude, unshapen marble lying in the street, remarked: "I discern the angel in the block."

"Ethnogenesis" was written during the dawning period of the Southern Confederacy, February, 1861, while the capital of the nascent nation was still at Montgomery, Ala. The word was probably fashioned by Timrod himself and died with the great national crisis that called it into life. By an almost plaintive irony of verbal fate no trace of the term survives in the long array of dictionaries and lexicons which are the accredited guardians and repositories of the wealth that is concentrated in the "word-hoard" of our mother speech. The poem is not lacking in the fine filed phrases that at times follow Timrod like a trail of light; but the general tone and temper of the work, in our judgment, by no means represent the highest achievement in melody or in conception of which our poet was capable. The ideal of the nation which had just leaped to life was pure, lofty, the very essence of a rising millennium in the sphere of States and empires. Still it is not Timrod in his finest creative mood. The best was yet to be; the struggle grew on apace. While he was musing the fire burned; then spake he with lips that were touched by live coals from off the Muse's altar as we hear the new note in "Charleston," "Carolina," and "Carmen Triumphale," or follow the plaintive strain that breathes through "Christmas," passion, fervor, piety all blending in the complex harmony of grim-visaged war. With the exception of Randall's two noble creations in this sphere, "My Maryland" and "At Arlington," Timrod bears the palm as the sovereign lyrist of the American conflict. We write this untempered eulogy in full remembrance of Dr. Ticknor's "Little Giffen of Tennessee," which in pathos and power of appeal might almost be placed in the same rank with Tennyson's "In the Children's Hospital."

When he ventured into that prison house of the poet, the classical sonnet, Timrod at times attained a success more marked than that accomplished by the great company of his colleagues and co-mates in this delicate and subtle sphere of his art. More than once he "unlocked his heart" with this mystic key; the form is not always in accord with the Italian model, but the plaintive tone and the melancholy grace are never lacking. In his sixth sonnet the image of Keats reveals itself in clear light, all the more noteworthy from the fact that Timrod is not an imitator in mode of thought or in the metric vesture which bodies forth the overflowing dreams. When he adopted or appropriated the raiment or the fantasy of those that had gone before him, he breathed upon the cold conventional type, and it sprang into renewed life like the dry bones in the prophet's vision at the clarion call of the vitalizing spirit.

The sonnet to which we have referred, the sixth, is marked by some of the finest touches that characterize his art, so often touched to the finest issues:

"I scarcely grieve, O Nature! at the lot
That pent my life within a city's bounds,
And shut me from my sweetest sights and sounds.
Perhaps I had not learned, if some lone cot

Had nursed a dreamy childhood, what the mart
Taught me amidst its turmoil; so my youth
Had missed full many a stern but wholesome truth.
Here, too, O Nature! in this haunt of Art,

Thy power is on me, and I own thy thrall.
There is no unimpressive spot on earth!
The beauty of the stars is over all,
And Day and Darkness visit every hearth.
Clouds do not scorn us; yonder factory's smoke
Looked like a golden mist when morning broke."

Rarely in the range of our sonnet literature, from Wyatt to Wordsworth, has a purer fantasy voiced itself through this overwrought medium of song than the lines:

"There is no unimpressive spot on earth!
The beauty of the stars is over all."

We have in Timrod's tenth sonnet a quaint expression of his own consciousness in reference to the rigid limitations imposed by the sonnet form. Would that Timrod and Robert Browning could have discussed face to face the merits, potentialities, and arbitrary requirements of this most uncongenial to the English poetic temperament of all the types through which the inner soul has sought a means of adequate expression!

We have called attention to Timrod's faculty of vitalizing with his renewing power whatever verse or rhythmic model he saw fit to appropriate to his own ends. However remote its origin, it was a flame with new life as it passed under his hand. The "Carmen Triumphale" affords a notable and impressive illustration. We have the iambic tetrameter, or "In Memoriam," stanza, which can be easily traced through our metrical history to the advent of Sir Philip Sidney and the earlier rhyming verse of Shakespeare as it is set before us in that subtle and mystic creation of his golden dawn, "The Phenix and the Turtle." The form is adopted by such masters as Ben Jonson, Lord Herbert of Cherburg, Sir Walter Raleigh, and maintains a recognized rank in our language, examples of its use occurring even during the classical and conventional ascendancy which prevailed during the eighteenth century. With the rise of Tennyson the measure bloomed into new and luxuriant life:

"Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

Still, with its ample recognition in America as well as in England, the measure in Timrod's hands became a trumpet; the "Carmen Triumphale" is the old form thrilled with strange and undiscovered life. In its preceding stages it had breathed the elegiac or amatory strain; now it is radiant with the fervor of a conflict unique in world records. The touch of the Southern lyrist has advanced it from its grave and reflective moods into a new sphere; it glows and burns, light as well as heat, the flash mingling with the blaze. Note the fire and passion which envelop these stanzas:

"They came with many a haughty boast;
Their threats were heard on every breeze;
They darkened half the neighboring seas,
And swooped like vultures on the coast.

False recreants in all knightly strife,
Their way was wet with woman's tears;
Behind them flamed the toil of years,
And bloodshed stained the sheaves of life."

No one in the long array of our lyric masters was happier in rich and rare conceits, the word being used in its older and purer sense, than Henry Timrod. He could have claimed fellowship with the seventeenth-century school, to whose glory Crashaw and Donne, each in his measure, contributed. Yet the shadow of the poet's omnipresent sadness steals over his brightest excursions into the ecie realms of fancy. He is never unreservedly or wholly gay. Bright as he may be, there is always the rift within the lute; there is ever the touch of winter in his song.

Let us turn to his "Flower-Life." The theory to which the poet commits himself assumes an additional interest even to the unscientific mind in view of the recent deliverances of the younger Darwin in regard to the floral world. It is more than probable that the existence of Timrod was unknown to the naturalist, but their apparent coincidence of view is not merely suggestive; it is almost startling in its harmony of aim and unity of purpose. The day is perhaps not in the remote future when the divination of the poet will elucidate and illustrate the broadening visions of the researcher in science. Note the exquisite fantasy—or is it merely a fantasy?

"I think that next to your sweet eyes,
And pleasant books, and starry skies,
I love the world of flowers;
Less for their beauty of a day
Than for the tender things they say,
And for a creed I've held alway
That they are sentient powers.

It may be matter for a smile—
And I laugh secretly the while
I speak the fancy out—
But that they love, and that they woo,
And that they often marry too,
And do as noisier creatures do,
I've not the faintest doubt.

And so, I cannot deem it right
To take them from the glad sunlight,
As I have sometimes dared;
Though not without an anxious sigh
Lest this should break some gentle tie,
Some covenant of friendship I
Had better far have spared.

And when, in wild or thoughtless hours,
My hands hath crushed the tiniest flowers,
I ne'er could shut from sight
The corpses of the tender things,
With other drear imaginings,
And little angel-flowers with wings
Would haunt me through the night."

In this inimitable vein our poet dallies with the floral world. Nothing rarer can be plucked from the anthology of seven-

teenth-century lyrists, from the garlands wrought by Carew and Herrick. Then, too, the inspiration is purely his own. He had no model or prototype in this phase of conceit, for it is hardly probable that Timrod had ever opened the pages of Erasmus Darwin. There may be a future in reserve for this sphere of poesy which he has revealed simply as a flash of fleeting humor tempered by that graver suggestion or touch of melancholy which seldom fails to assert its presence. The biologists of the coming age may herald Timrod as one of their seers and prophets.

[Concluded in July number.]

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND GENERAL JOHNSTON.

BY MRS. MOLLIE H. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Previous to 1860 the 1st Regiment of United States Cavalry was officered as follows: Colonel, Edwin V. Sumner; Lieutenant Colonel, Joseph E. Johnston; the 2d Cavalry, Col. Albert Sidney Johnston, Lieut. Col. R. E. Lee. In 1860 Lieut. Col. J. E. Johnston was an applicant for the position of quartermaster of the United States army. Mr. Davis, as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, reported the name of Lieut. Col. J. F. Johnston to the Senate, with the recommendation that the appointment be confirmed. Now, the office of quartermaster general carried with it the rank, title, and emoluments of brigadier general, but the incumbent was by law forbidden to command troops. The nomination of Colonel Johnston met with serious opposition in the Senate, and Mr. Davis exerted all his power and influence to prevent its rejection, making a strong speech which resulted in the confirmation of Colonel Johnston as quartermaster general. In a letter written to Hon. James Lyons, of Virginia in 1878 Mr. Davis writes: "In that contest I had no help from the Senators of Virginia, perhaps because of their want of confidence in Mr. Floyd. If Mason were living, he could tell more of this than I am disposed to tell."

In 1861 Lieut. Col. J. E. Johnston was made a general and placed in command of the Virginia Army of the Confederacy, which position he retained until he was so severely wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, in May, 1862, that he was compelled to retire from the service until the first of the following year. He was in command in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, which was probably the most complete victory ever achieved by Confederate arms. Gen. R. E. Lee was then at Richmond as military assistant to the President. On July 24, 1861, Gen. J. E. Johnston wrote as follows to Adjutant General Cooper: "*General*—Lieutenant Colonel Maury reported to me this morning as assistant adjutant general, being assigned to that place by General Lee. I had already selected Major Rhett for the position in question, who had entered upon its duties, and can admit the power of no officer of the army to amend my order on the subject; nor can I admit the claim of any officer to the command of 'the forces,' being myself the ranking general of the Confederate army. Let me add that I have a high opinion of Colonel Maury as an officer," etc.

On July 29 General Johnston wrote again to General Cooper: "*General*—I had the honor to write to you on the 24th inst. on the subject of my rank compared with that of other officers of the Confederate army. Since then I have received daily orders purporting to come from the 'head-quarters of the forces,' some of them in relation to the in-

ternal affairs of this army, and such orders I cannot regard, because they are illegal."

On August 1, 1861, President Davis wrote to General Johnston at Manassas as follows:

"We are anxiously looking for official reports of the battle of Manassas and have present need to know what supplies and wagons were captured. I wish you would have prepared a statement of your wants in transportation and supplies of all kinds to put your army on a proper footing for active operations. I am, as ever,

"Your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS."

On September 12 General Johnston wrote the President a letter of many pages setting forth the reasons, etc., for his dissatisfaction. Replying on the 14th, Mr. Davis wrote: "I have just received and read your letter of the 12th inst. Its language is, as you say, unusual, its arguments and statements utterly one-sided, and its insinuations as unfounded as they are unbecoming." Mrs. Davis writes as follows on page 150, Volume II., of her "Memoirs": "In a letter from the President in answer to one of mine regretting that General Johnston should feel annoyed, as he was a friend and his wife was very dear to me, I find this remark: 'General Johnston does not remember that he did not leave the United States army to enter the Confederate army, but that he entered the Army of Virginia, and when Virginia joined the Confederacy he came to the Confederate States; also that in the Virginia Army he was the subordinate of Lee and that they were nominated to our Provisional Congress at the same time and with the same relative rank they had in Virginia. The quartermaster general had only assimilated or protective rank and from it derived no right to command, but by law was prohibited from exercising command of troops.'"

After the great battle of Manassas there was a period of inactivity, during which there arose complaints that the enemy had not been pursued after the victory, as seemed to have been practicable. But this latter was only apparent. Whatever the possible absence of obstructions, the various commands of General Johnston's army were scattered over many miles of a rough and difficult field. Many of the soldiers had gone into action without food after hard marching, owing to unexpected but necessary movements of the army. Mr. Davis writes: "Weary, hungry, and without shelter, night closed around them where they stood, the blood-stained victors on a hard-fought field."

Being present during the latter part of the battle, the President made several addresses to the different commands, telling them that their present position was best adapted to a pursuit of the enemy and promising that he would direct supplies to be sent to them promptly. "A rainfall, extraordinary for its violence and duration," occurred on the morning of the following day. Thus it was impossible to pursue the enemy, although the expectation of doing so had been at first entertained. Mr. Davis writes of the difficulties under which his brave forces were placed: "The senior general (Johnston) had so recently arrived that he had no opportunity minutely to learn the ground, and the troops he brought were both unacquainted with the field and with those with whom they had to coöperate." And the enemy attacked from the opposite side from the place prepared for them. Further, Mr. Davis says: "The promptitude with which the troops moved and the readiness with which our generals modified their preconceived plans to meet the necessities as they were developed entitled them to the commendation so liberally be-

stowed at the time by their countrymen at large." Mr. Davis, in conference with Generals Johnston and Beauregard, on the night of July 21 dictated an order for the immediate pursuit of the enemy; but, upon other information, the order was not sent, although Mr. Davis says that he did not know of the failure to send it until much later. Gen. T. J. Jordan, General Beauregard's adjutant general, who was present and wrote the orders, says of this: "It is proper to add that, so far as I am aware (and I had the opportunity of knowing what occurred), this was the only instance during Mr. Davis's stay at Manassas in which he exercised any voice as to the movements of the troops. Profoundly pleased by the junction of the two Confederate armies on the very field of battle, his bearing toward the generals who commanded them was eminently proper, * * * and, I repeat, he certainly expressed or manifested no opposition to a forward movement, nor did he display any disposition to interfere by opinion or authority touching what the Confederate forces should or should not do. * * * General Johnston was that night in chief command. He was decidedly averse to an immediate offensive and emphatically denounced it as impracticable."

General Lee, being consulted as to the criticisms, on November 24, 1861, wrote to Mr. Davis in part as follows: "The union of the armies of the Potomac had been more than once the subject of discussion by you, and I do not recollect that at the interview in question [between Generals Cooper and Lee and Colonel Chestnut] they were less apparent. * * * You decided that the movements of the enemy in and about Alexandria were not sufficiently demonstrative to warrant the withdrawal of any of the forces from the Shenandoah Valley. A few days afterwards (I think three or four) the reports from General Beauregard showed so clearly the enemy's purpose that you ordered General Johnston with his effective force to march at once to the support of General Beauregard and directed General Holmes * * * to move upon Manassas. The successful combination was made, and the glorious victory of July 21 resulted."

General Johnston, being in position at Centerville, in an interview at Richmond February 18, 1862, declared that he must withdraw before McClellan's threatened invasion. On the 28th of February Mr. Davis wrote him as follows: "Your opinion that your position may be turned whenever the enemy may choose to advance * * * clearly indicates prompt effort to disencumber yourself of everything which would interfere with your movement when necessary. * * * The subsistence stores should when removed be placed in positions to answer your future plans. This cannot be done until you have furnished definite information as to your plans. * * * I need not urge on your consideration the value to our country of arms and munitions; you know the difficulty with which we obtained our small supply. * * * I rely upon your special knowledge and high ability to effect whatever is practicable in this our hour of need. * * * Recent disasters have depressed the weak and are depriving us of the aid of the wavering. At such an hour the wisdom of the trained and the steadiness of the brave possess a double value. * * * The engineers for whom you asked have been ordered to report to you."

McClellan did not follow the retreat of General Johnston, which commenced on March 7, 1862. The troops suffered much from excessive cold. General Early wrote of the loss of stores, etc., that "a very large amount of stores and provisions had been abandoned and a very large quantity of clothing, blankets, etc., which had been provided by the States

south of Virginia for their own troops"; and that an appalling pile of trunks was consigned to the flames. General Early again says: "I believe that all might have been carried off from Manassas if the railroads had been energetically operated."

On March 10, not knowing of the retreat, Mr. Davis telegraphed General Johnston: "Further assurances given me this day that you shall be promptly reinforced so as to enable you to maintain your position."

General Johnston was assigned to the command of that department as soon as it was known that General McClellan was on the Peninsula. After reconnoissance General Johnston recommended the abandonment of the Peninsula for a position nearer Richmond. The recommendation was considered by President Davis in conference with Secretary of War George Randolph, Generals Lee, Longstreet, and G. W. Smith, the two latter at General Johnston's special request. It was decided to resist the enemy on the Peninsula, to hold Norfolk, and keep command of the James River. The Virginia Army of the Confederacy now numbered fifty thousand. A battle was fought at Warwick on April 16 in which the Federals were repulsed with great loss. In April the weather was cold and rainy, but the boys in gray labored hard to perfect the defenses of the Peninsula. On May 1 Mr. Davis telegraphed General Johnston: "Accepting your conclusion that you must soon retire, arrangements are commenced for the abandonment of the navy yard and removal of public property both from Norfolk and the Peninsula. Your announcement to-day that you would withdraw to-morrow night takes us by surprise and must involve enormous losses, including unfinished gunboats. Will the safety of your army allow more time?"

After the battle of Williamsburg General Johnston retired to the vicinity of Richmond, McClellan soon drawing his lines nearer. Mrs. Davis writes: "Mr. Davis's anxieties were greatly increased by the evacuation of the Peninsula and the consequent losses that he saw no speedy means to repair. He thought it could have been held and yet had much faith in General Johnston's military opinions and more in his patriotism."

General Johnston's army now numbered 62,090 effective men. On May 19 Mr. Davis wrote to Mrs. Davis: "General Johnston has brought his army back to the suburbs of Richmond, and I have been waiting all day for him to communicate his plans." On May 28 Mr. Davis wrote again: "Seeing no preparation to keep the enemy at a distance and kept in ignorance of any plan for such purpose, I sent for Gen. R. E. Lee, then at Richmond in charge of military operations, and told him how and why I was dissatisfied with the condition of affairs." President Davis and General Lee consulted together, and after their agreement was evident General Lee said: "General Johnston should, of course, advise you of what he expects or proposes to do. Let me go and see him." After General Lee's return a plan was matured "from which best results were hoped by both of us," in the language of Mr. Davis. But from some unknown cause the plan was not carried out. Relating the failure, Mr. Davis writes: "Thus ended the offensive-defensive program, from which Lee expected much and of which I was hopeful."

As before referred to, in the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, General Johnston was wounded. Writing on June 2 to Mrs. Davis, Mr. Davis says: "Gen. J. E. Johnston is severely wounded. The poor fellow bore his sufferings most heroically. When he was about to be put into the ambulance

to be removed from the field, I dismounted to speak to him. He opened his eyes and gave me his hand; said he did not know how seriously he was hurt, but feared a fragment of a shell had injured his spine. * * * I saw him yesterday evening. His breathing was labored, but he was free from fever and seemed unshaken in his nervous system. Mrs. Johnston is deeply distressed and very watchful. They are at Mr. Crenshaw's house, on Church Hill. I offered to share our house with him, but his staff had obtained a whole house and seemed to desire such arrangement. General Lee is in the field commanding." And to quote again from Mr. Davis on June 3: "General Johnston is improving; and though his confinement must be long, it is confidently believed that his wounds will not prove fatal." On June 23, 1862, during the Seven Days' Battle, when the President was "on the field every day and slept on it every night," he wrote thus to Mrs. Davis: "Gen. J. E. Johnston is steadily and rapidly improving. I wish he were able to take the field. Despite the critics who know military affairs by instinct, he is a good soldier, never brags of what he did do, and could at this time render most valuable service." Mrs. Davis writes: "In the whole period of his (Mr. Davis) official relation to General Johnston, in the confidence of family intercourse, I never heard him utter a word in derogation of General Johnston, though he often differed from him in his views of military strategy."

General Lee was now in command of the Virginia Army. On his recovery, about six months later, General Johnston was assigned to a command including the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina. Mrs. Davis writes: "Mrs. Johnston and I were very intimate friends, and the day before his departure I went to see them. * * * In answer to a hope expressed by me that he might have a brilliant campaign he said, 'I might if I had Lee's chances with the Army of Virginia,' from which I inferred that he was averse to leaving Virginia."

The above quotations are from Mrs. Davis's "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," in which she often makes free use of the language in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." Other facts in this article are from authentic sources.

"AFTER WHISTLER'S CARLYLE—A REVISED CENSUS."

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

"My friend, brag not to me of our American cousins. Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry, and resources I believe to be almost unspeakable, but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great, noble thing that one could worship or loyally admire has yet been produced there? None! * * * Eighteen million of the greatest bores ever seen in the world before—that hitherto is their feat in history." (Latter-Day Pamphlet, February 1, 1850.)

The good prophet Thomas Carlyle, always a good prophet for his own people, was innocently a false chronicler of the above "feat in history." The census for eighteen million bores was based on American history and literature as promulgated by a section of the United States more provincial than the Scotch hamlet from which came Carlyle. While he was doing apprentice work at Craigenputtoch another genius across the Atlantic was writing, for the amusement of his friends in a charming old Southern town, the first American

dialect stories, faultless in form and inimitable in humor. Here Carlyle would have found in Judge Longstreet's preface to one of his "Georgia Scenes" a definition of "bore" delightfully exact. Such a perfect delineation of the bore shows the master touch of literary craft. It is "Little Ben," a monologue in which the monotony of senseless reiteration, like drops of rain falling on a platform from the eaves of a house, makes a tale of torment: "One big drop and four or five little ones descend in rapid succession; then a momentary pause, and six or eight follow in the same order; then a like pause, then fifteen or twenty roll on the ear in like manner—so fell Little Ben's words and sentences." And so on over and over to the excruciating boring of the victim, in whom Carlyle would have recognized a fellow sufferer; for with just such monotony had come to him the Yankee exploiting of so-called American history and literature to the tune: Plymouth Rock (one big drop), Boston Tea Party, Lexington, Bunker Hill (pause), the Concord Circle (little drops). Then repeat over and over. How true the parallel! This is the argument: New England is America; North and East are the only desirable points of the compass; no West, no South. The effect in pseudo literature makes up the census for bores. Yet in one of the Southern States, even in that early day, when Carlyle was still a stranger in London, was a master in character delineation, one, alas! unknown to the good prophet Carlyle—Longstreet, worthy contemporary of Poe, two Americans to offset that census in the matter of literary art. "Great human souls," both of them.

"What great thought, what great, noble thing that one could worship or loyally admire?" asks Carlyle.

In a Virginia magazine of 1847, edited by B. B. Minor, was the announcement of a new edition of "Sartor Resartus" and "French Revolution," already known to the cultured South: also a notice of an American publication unknown to the good prophet Carlyle, or he could have answered his own query about the great, noble thing. This work was entitled "Astronomical Observations Made Under the Direction of M. F. Maury, Lieutenant U. S. N., the Year 1845, at the United States Naval Observatory, Washington. Vol. I. Published by Authority of the Secretary of the Navy." The review of this work outlines the plan devised by the superintendent of the National Observatory for an American nautical almanac and chart of the Atlantic Ocean, etc., for which unexcelled labors Lieutenant Maury received exactly the same salary as his assisting corps—namely, \$1,500 per annum. The superintendent, in his liberal spirit toward all his coadjutors in the published report, "frankly acknowledged their assistance, accrediting to each the part performed by him and boldly assuming all the errors and imperfections of the published volume." The liberal reviewer adds: "We earnestly hope that Congress may multiply their facilities and suitably reward their services, that science may have one worthy temple erected in her honor." Alas that the tedious monotony of Yankee American history could not have been broken into happy harmony of recognition of the one international achievement that made Maury the greatest benefactor of his day! Carlyle and the world at large would have bowed to this humanitarian and known that in that first American temple of science Maury was master.

There is no more inspiring study for ordinary mortals than the education of a master mind such as Carlyle's, as it grasps every fact within reach and welds them into truth with unerring discrimination. The sincerity and breadth of his thought was limited only by ignorance of certain facts, and

curious indeed was the manner in which richer knowledge came to him. The very year (1834) Carlyle went from Craigenputtock to London to receive his crowning fame as the first mind of Europe there was born yet another American, of Southern blood, who was destined to do vastly more to revise that census of bores than any other individual. When Carlyle was writing with all fervor of soul and to the limit of his present knowledge the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," an old-fashioned, pious Southern mother,¹ a lady of Wilmington, N. C., widow of Major Whistler, U. S. A.,² was devoting her life to the training of her two sons, "Jimmy and Willie,"³ reading the Bible with them and teaching a verse before breakfast. Two charming boys, judging from their pictures. Jimmy, the elder, is described as "tall and slight, with pensive, delicate face, shaded by soft brown curls, one lock of which fell over his forehead." Both were nurtured in Old South ideals. No tale of adventure can be more marvelous than the record of Whistler's life, how this Southerner came to be "the most distinguished American who ever lived in London," and who, critics now say, as etcher had only one rival in his day (Seymour Hayden, his brother-in-law) and only one peer in the past (Rembrandt), whose works are priceless, one portrait ("Lady Meux") recently selling for \$200,000. The gayest, wittiest, most chivalric master, he taught the spirit and principle of art as Poe had taught of poetry. Carlyle, the philosopher, had gained much knowledge and education by way of "Latter-Day Pamphlets." Perhaps other Americans had become known to him, among them that brilliant young Virginian, John Daniel, who reprinted in his periodical, the *Examiner*, the one pamphlet, "The Nigger Question," that Yankee publishers had excluded from American editions of Carlyle's works. Then there was the poet, John R. Thompson, who came and talked long and earnestly with the Carlyles, telling of the Southern Confederacy until the honest hand of Carlyle was moved with a gesture of sympathetic understanding to write yet another pamphlet in defense of Jefferson Davis, "Poor Davis!" But no pen could save him now.

I can but delight in that international episode when the great, free, fearless, kinglike peasant met Whistler, the Confederate, who said of Jefferson Davis, "A Southern gentleman, he had the code," a code of ethics that Whistler kept through all his patient battle for art. "The Mother," the masterpiece of a son's reverent love, was enough introduction for Carlyle; and while sitter to Whistler he may well have pondered of divers things that "tone could worship or loyalty admire," among them the loyalty of Whistler to the Confederacy and the loyalty of the Confederates to those principles and beliefs that make the gentleness and devotion and purity of Whistler's "Mother" a portraiture of all that is noblest in the mothers of our race.

We Southerners are proud beyond words that this Confederate "Mother" hangs to-day of all days in the Luxembourg, ambassadress from our past civilization, a type and a model. Believing in the exact justice of the good prophet Carlyle, I fancy he might have pondered over certain passages in a "Latter-Day Pamphlet" and, after knowing more, have revised with this note: "Millions of bores and some masters."

NOTE 1.—Anna Mathilda McNeill, daughter of Dr. Charles Donald McNeill, of Wilmington, N. C., and sister of William Gibbs McNeill, a West Point classmate and associate in Major Whistler's engineering work. The McNeills were descended from the McNeills of Skye. Their chief, Donald, emigrated, with sixty of his clan, to North Carolina in 1746 and bought land on the Cape

Fear River. Charles Donald McNeill was his grandson and was twice married. His second wife, Martha Kingsley, was the mother of Anna Mathilda McNeill, who became Mrs. George Washington Whistler. The McNeills were related by marriage to the Fairfaxes and other Virginia families, and Whistler, on his mother's side, was the Southerner he loved to call himself.

NOTE 2.—George Washington Whistler, the distinguished father of the artist, was appointed to West Point from Kentucky when a little over fourteen. He graduated on July 1, 1819. He was appointed second lieutenant in the 1st Artillery, and in 1829 first lieutenant in the 2d Artillery. He served on topographical duty and was for a few months assistant professor in the Academy. He was employed as civil engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio, Baltimore and Susquehanna, and Paterson and Hudson River Railroads. For the Baltimore and Ohio he went to England in 1828 to examine the railway system. He was building the line from Stonington, Conn., to Providence, R. I., when, in 1833, he resigned from the army with the rank of major to carry on his work as civil engineer. In 1842 Nicholas I. of Russia sent a commission under Colonel Melnikoff around Europe and America to find the best man to build a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and they chose for this work the American, George Washington Whistler. The honor was great, and the salary was large, \$12,000 a year. He went to Russia in 1842. He was decorated by the emperor with the Order of St. Anne in 1847. He was employed or consulted also in the building of the iron roof of the riding house in St. Petersburg, the iron bridge over the Neva, in the improvement of the Dvina at Archangel, and the fortification, the arsenals, and docks at Cronstadt. He died in 1849.

These notes are from "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by E. R. and J. Pennell. Published by William Heineman, London.

NOTE 3.—The other son, William Gibbs McNeill Whistler, became a Confederate soldier, and his record is thus given in "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by E. R. and J. Pennell: "In the spring of 1865 Whistler was joined in London by his younger brother. Dr. Whistler had distinguished himself in the Confederate army as a surgeon and by bravery in the field. He had served in Richmond hospitals and in Libby Prison; he had been assistant surgeon at Drewry's Bluff; and in 1864, when Grant made his move against Richmond, he had been assigned to Orr's Rifles, a celebrated South Carolina regiment. In the early winter of 1865 a few months' furlough was given him, and he was intrusted by the Confederate government with important dispatches to England. Sherman's advance prevented his running the blockade from Charleston, nor was there any passing through the lines from Wilmington by sea. He was obliged to go North through Maryland, which meant making his way around Grant's lines. The difficulties and dangers were endless. He had to get rid of his Confederate uniform, and in the state of Confederate finance the most modest suit of clothes cost fourteen hundred dollars. For a seat in a wagon he had to pay five hundred. The trains were crowded with officials and soldiers, and he could get a ride in them only by stealth. The roads were abominable for riding or driving or walking. Often he was alone, and his own companion toward the North was a fellow soldier who lost a leg at Antietam and was trying to get to Philadelphia for repairs to an artificial one. Stanton's expedition filled the country near the Rappahannock with snares and pitfalls. To cross Chesapeake Bay was to take one's life in one's hands, and north of the bay were the enrolling officers of the Union in search of conscripts. However, Philadelphia was at last reached and a ticket for New York bought at the railway depot, where two sentries, with bayonets fixed, guarded the ticket office and might, for all Dr. Whistler knew, have seen him in Libby Prison. In New York he took passage on the City of Manchester, and from Liverpool he hurried to London. One week later came news of the fall of Richmond and the Confederacy. The furlough was over. There was no going back. It was probably about this time, from the costume and the technical resemblance to Mr. Luke Ionides's portrait, that Whistler painted a head of Dr. Whistler, "Portrait of My Brother," now owned by Mr. Burton Mansfield, though it should and might have been in the National Gallery at Washington.

"The Sun swings farthest toward his love, the South,
To kiss her glowing mouth;
And Death, who steals among the purpling bowers,
Is deeply hid in flowers."

VIEWPOINTS OF KENTUCKY HISTORY.

ADDRESS BY MRS. SOPHIE IRVINE FOX SEA, OF KENTUCKY, BEFORE
THE U. D. C. CONVENTION IN LOUISVILLE, KY., APRIL, 1919.

Madam President and Daughters of the Confederacy: I am not here to-night to welcome you officially. That will be done later by tongues far more eloquent than mine. But I claim the privilege of welcoming you in my own way, of bestowing upon you a proud title and one wholly deserved, that of "The Guardians of Our History," to whom we are indebted for the preservation of historical records of events and personalities and service that but for you would have been forgotten, consigned to oblivion. There are vast stores of unwritten history; there are vast stores of misleading history. The unseeing, the unthinking, the prejudiced, whose vision is bounded by one viewpoint only, are easily misled. Historical truths need to be jealously guarded and conscientiously defended. Daughters, you have nobly guarded the truths of Confederate history, and you have demonstrated that there is no such problem as adverse fate; that adverse conditions which have the underlying principles of justice and right can be overcome by faith in God and persistent effort. And by faith in God's overruling Providence and persistent effort you have evolved from disaster a recompense satisfying to the demands of justice and right, and you have evolved from the shadows of defeat the halo of victory.

"Heard you e'er of a vanquished army
Whose brows wear the victor's crown?
Heard you e'er of a conquered banner
Resplendent with earth's renown?
Heard you e'er of a lost cause
Illumined by the light of undying deeds?
'Tis thus on the scroll of the ages
The tribute of justice reads?"

And you have done a great and glorious work for God and humanity during our recent war. Hearts, souls, and minds were coöperative. Such wonderful results could not have been achieved without unity of purpose. And for your splendid service, reaching back through long years to the present time and forecasting the service of the yet untrodden ways, your award shall be that your names will go down the rolls of time and be on the lips of angels in eternity.

When I speak of the viewpoints of Kentucky history, I mean also Southern history. Our Kentucky pioneers were largely of Southern birth and association. Strong has been the bond, and still is, between Kentucky and her sister States of the South. I recall the words of Gov. Beriah Magoffin when ordered by the government to send troops and money to carry on the war against the South: "Not one dollar, not one man shall Kentucky send to wage war against her sister States of the South." That reply was sent under conditions of extreme danger to himself personally, menacing his liberty, even life itself. For in those days of intense feeling the terms "patriot and traitor" were often misapplied.

There is one viewpoint of Kentucky history that is not generally accredited to Kentucky. But it is true that Kentucky passed the ordinance of secession in November, 1861, at Russellville, Ky. There were sixty-five counties represented and over two hundred delegates present. One who was there told me he had never witnessed such enthusiasm, such heartfelt coöperation. A Provisional Governor was elected, George W. Johnson, who was killed at Shiloh, and

other representatives, among them Judge T. L. Burnett, long a loved and honored resident of this city. That was in November. In December following the Confederate Congress by a special act admitted Kentucky into the Confederate States Union and accorded her representation. And there were between fifty and sixty thousand Kentuckians in the Confederate army, volunteer troops, of course.

They need no word of praise from me. The services they rendered and the names of their leaders are blazoned on the pages of history. Their fame is immortal; it cannot be effaced by time nor dimmed by earth shadows. It is safe in God's keeping. Would that the service of the Confederate Kentucky women could be recognized as it deserves as examples of courage, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty. Incidents connected with them are like the incidents handed down from the days of border warfare between Scotland and England hundreds of years ago. The same racial traits are in evidence. They were known to have disguised Confederate spies in the garb and coloring of domestic servants and with marvelous ingenuity and courage to have gotten them out of hostile lines, without suspicion being directed toward them, into conditions of safety. This feat was performed several times by Mrs. Mary Bowman, of Danville, Ky. And they have been known to face mobs, risking their lives in defense of wounded paroled Confederate prisoners. Mrs. Hamilton, of Montgomery County, Ky., standing on the second step from the bottom of a flight of stairs, with solemnly uplifted hand, faced a masked mob who had come to arrest a paroled wounded Confederate prisoner in her house. Recognizing two of the leaders from some familiarity of contour, she seized hold of the hair of one and the beard of the other and sternly admonished them concerning the crime they had come to commit. "If you arrest him," she said, "you will arrest him over my dead body, and woe be unto you if you do it!" The mob, awed by her solemnly uplifted hand and stern words, gave up the pursuit and left her in control of the situation. Mrs. Hamilton was afterwards the wife of Gen. Cerro Gordo Williams, of Mexican and Confederate distinction.

And who has not heard of Mrs. Waller and Mrs. Judge Morris, of Chicago, two Kentucky women who ministered unto the Confederate prisoners at Chicago? Mrs. Morris was a Blackburn. She had six brothers and a brother-in-law, General Flournoy, in the Confederate army. So high they stood as Christian gentlewomen that the government, even in those days of suspicion, trusted these ladies to go in and out among the prisoners and do all that was possible to ameliorate their condition. They nursed the sick and the wounded, they fed the hungry and clothed the naked, they gave liberally of their own means, they saved hundreds of lives. They were called the "Florence Nightingales of America." Their service should never be forgotten. Mrs. Blackburn, of Bowling Green, Ky., also rendered most efficient service. There were many others who did what they could to help the Confederate cause, and since the war these Confederate women and their descendants have been largely instrumental in the erection of between forty and fifty Confederate monuments on Kentucky soil to perpetuate the heroism of "the men who wore the gray." They are living testimonials to the loyalty of Kentucky to the Confederate cause.

This age in which we live is literally pulsating with vitalized requisitioned patriotism. The word "American" means more to us than it ever did. It has a deeper, more sacred significance. Involuntarily we recall Washington's command the

night before the battle of Trenton: "Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

And Americans are on guard to-day through God's directing providence. I do not believe that any element of chance enters into any event bearing upon the development of life and character. It was not chance that gave our fathers courage to seek these shores and brave the dangers of an unknown sea and the menace of savage foes on land that they might found here a commonwealth where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and a commonwealth that would be a refuge for the oppressed of all countries. No, it was God's plan, and they were his agents to carry out his purpose. This country has been called a "melting pot." More justly it should be called a haven of refuge. For where the races have not been assimilated they have been given protection and industrial opportunity.

The following aphorism has been accredited to Lincoln: "A government by the people, for the people, and of the people shall not perish from the earth." But Lincoln was not the author of this truth. It was uttered centuries ago by our English Wycliffe in the very dawn of individualism, before the heart throbs of humanity were as generally and sensibly felt as now. Lincoln caught the echo because his soul was in touch with its meaning. Jefferson said: "All men are born free and equal." Other leaders have uttered sentiments along the same lines. The patriotism that vitalizes us now is an inheritance. Historic patriotism is the sap that gives virility to modern service. A grain of wheat lay for two thousand years in a catacomb in Egypt. When taken out and planted as an experiment it threw out a vigorous shoot. So it is with the undying principles transmitted to us by our fathers; and lest in the enthusiasm of the present we forget some influences we should remember, I will remind you of the fact that the first republic in America was established in 1772 in the Wautauga region, bordering upon Carolina and East Tennessee. This movement was inaugurated by a band of independent settlers called Regulators, who, in order to throw off the yoke of the rich trading official class of the coast, crossed the Appalachian mountains and built their cabins in the Wautauga region. This republic was based upon a written constitution, the first ever adopted by a community of free-born American citizens. From these independent settlers in organized movement Boone doubtless received his inspiration, for in 1775 he began to colonize Kentucky in the face of a menacing proclamation from the royal Governor of North Carolina and in open defiance of the British government. Four days after the battle of Lexington the flag of the new State of Transylvania, meaning Kentucky, was run up on the fort at Boonesborough, and it was not until the following August that the Kentucky pioneers heard of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and they celebrated the event with war whoops around a fire built in their stockade. Kephart says Boone took the initiative in declaring independence of the British government.

Do you know that George Rogers Clark, Virginian by birth, Kentuckian by adoption, acquired nearly the whole of the Northwestern territory—Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and a part of Minnesota—for Virginia when Kentucky was a county of Virginia and represented in the Virginia Legislature? And Virginia ceded all this territory to the United States government, one of the stipulations in the articles of agreement being that slavery should not exist within its confines. So it was not owing to the men who wrote the con-

stitutions of those States that they were free States, but to Virginia's instrumentality. In order to reach Vincennes, where he fought a decisive battle against the British and Indians, George Rogers Clark and his soldiers were fixed to wade the swollen waters of the Wabash River in the month of February when it was filled with floating blocks of ice, and it was almost impossible to find ground high and dry enough on which to build a fire to cook food to sustain life in their chilled, almost frozen, bodies. Scorn of discouraging conditions was one of George Rogers Clark's characteristics. He was a man of wonderful military skill and courage and of strong religious convictions. He deserves all the honors that can be accorded his memory.

Do you know that General Shelby, Kentucky's first Governor, with his intrepid Kentuckians, won the battle of the Thames, thereby putting a stop to the encroachments of the British and Indians on United States territory? General Shelby was one of the seven Presbyterian elders who commanded regiments in the battle of King's Mountain, the result of which drove Cornwallis's army from the Southern country. Do you know that Jefferson Davis won the battle of Buena Vista? At the moment when the United States troops were retreating in disorder before overwhelming numbers he seized hold of the situation and by his personal magnetism and his splendid military skill and judgment rallied the retreating forces and turned the tide of battle. That night General Taylor sent for him (he had never recognized him as a son-in-law) and stretched out his hand. "Davis," said he, "you won that fight; hereafter you are my son." And afterwards in the United States Senate when he had failed, after repeated efforts, to bring about an amicable settlement between representatives of different contending sections he sorrowfully gave up the fight, withdrew from the Senate, and took his stand with his people. A Massachusetts Senator said of him: "Davis honestly tried to make peace, to avert hostilities. The responsibility lies with the Northern Senators." And now the second highest monument in the world is being erected on Kentucky soil to perpetuate his memory.

Do you know the doctrine of State rights—the doctrine that lays a restraining hand on the interference of one State with the internal affairs of another State, that says to the general government, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," that has been called a visible manifestation of God's directing providence in the preservation of peace between the States—was promulgated first by a legislature of Kentucky in 1798? The resolution was written by Thomas Jefferson and sent by him to John Breckinridge with the request that he would introduce it in the Kentucky Legislature, which was done, and the resolution was formally adopted. This famous resolution, embodying the wisdom and forethought of old Virginia's leading statesman, was put in practical effect through young Kentucky's progressive legislation.

Life seems to be a panorama of widening points of view and clearing visions. Do you know that no Southern man ever owned and operated a slave ship that brought in a cargo of Africans for sale? The slave trade was carried on exclusively through the commercial greed of Northern slave traders. During eighteen months of the years 1859-60 eighty-five slave ships, belonging to New York merchants, brought in cargoes of thousands of slaves, sold principally in Brazil, owing to new industries springing up there. Large fortunes were amassed in the North through the slave traffic. The names of the eighty-five slave ships can be found in Volume

III., page 733, of the Encyclopedia of Political Economy and United States history of that date.

God overruled the commercial greed of Northern slave traders by placing thousands of slaves in Southern homes, where they were cared for, instructed in the industrial arts, spinning, weaving, knitting, and other branches of domestic service. Many of the women were experts at the loom and spinning wheel. Many of us can hear in memory the hum of the spinning wheels and "clank" of the loom and see the turbaned head bent over its task. One black woman told me with much pride that she could carry seven shuttles when she was younger and showed me a white cotton counterpane she had woven with the figure of the American eagle surrounded by thirteen stars in the center. The Southern master and mistress were the real evangelists of the negro race. When the War between the States began there were 400,000 negroes in connection with the different Protestant denominations in the South.

Strong indeed was the bond between the slaves and their owners. This was fully demonstrated when put to the test during the War between the States. Many touching incidents showing their devotion and loyalty were handed down. In the year 1800-01, about the time that slaves by the hundreds were being driven out of Massachusetts simply because of the prejudice against their color, one John Chavis, a full-blooded negro, was being educated at Princeton under the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon by the Hanover Presbytery of North Carolina. John Chavis, a man of brains and spirituality, afterwards rode as a missionary in North Carolina, preaching to whites and blacks alike. After his death the Hanover Presbytery supported his widow. In the wake of the departure of the institution of slavery there lingers a phenomenally beautiful light, a light that shall never be seen again, for old things are passed away.

The patriotism that vitalizes us to-day has adjusted many conflicting interests, for there will be conflicting interests until Christ comes with his angels; and hidebound sentiments, the result of prejudice and misleading history, under its influence have vanished like mists before the morning sun. Take, for instance, our attitude toward England. Once we considered England our foe. Now we know that the people of England were never inimical to the people of the colonies. Many of their leading citizens were pronounced in their opposition to the war upon the colonies. Thirty of the officers in the regular army resigned rather than fight the colonies, so strong were the ties of blood and association. We read of Charles James Fox, with a company of his followers, parading the streets of London clad in the Continental uniform and singing our national airs. Private Peat speaks of the spirit of comradeship between the British and American soldiers. That is just what should be. We are fundamentally alike—the same ideals, the same stock, the same history. When I read of General Haig's conscientious observance of the Sabbath day and his religious duties and the example he sets before his soldiers, when I read of General Allenby's stopping at Cairo and holding an old-fashioned prayer meeting, with his staff around him, before he would enter Jerusalem, and then entering the city barefooted, his gun sheathed, not allowing a shot to be fired, and singing "Holy City, Eternal City," involuntarily I think of Washington, Jackson, and Lee. "Pray God the bond between Great Britain and the United States shall be eternal!"

"The abyss that long yawned between our souls
Has been bridged by the hand divine.
The soul of old England has crossed to us
And has asked our soul for a sign.
We are allied by the blood of heroes,
Heirs of the same ancient renown.
Our fathers through service akin to ours
Won from God their immortal crown;
Now over the tumult of the conflict
In the ways by demon feet trod
A voice responds to our souls' earnest call,
'Be ye still and know I am God.'
And the sign we will give you, old England,
We have tested and proved your worth,
Is our pledge of racial unity
To the outmost bounds of the earth,
And the limit that is decreed to time,
Our unity in service aim—
The uplift of downtrodden man and the
Glory of the eternal name."

God has made use of the Anglo-Saxon race to carry out his purpose for the uplift of man through the betterment of human conditions. He is making use of our race to-day. It has been like a "lighted city on a hill" in the midst of surrounding darkness, darkness so dense that it can be felt, and angry waters of unrest and menacing pitfalls from which come cries for help from enslaved, entrapped, and perishing humanity. The meaning of the Anglo-Saxon is mercy, and the race has given significance to this meaning during our late war. Spiritual truth, the inspiration of mercy and justice, is the subconscious influence in this life for good. At present human passion is trampling underfoot justice and mercy. This is the result of the upheaval, of the emancipation from the thralldom of the centuries. The germ of spiritual truth is virile. It is eternal. It is the witness left by God of himself in every human soul, however misunderstood. It is like the star in the east that led the wise men to the manger at Bethlehem in Judea that they might worship the infant Christ. It is leading the world to Christ, the only solution of the problem of unrest that confronts us. We must return to the faith of our fathers—the faith that quailed not in the flames and the torture chamber and the faith that pioneered the earth for Christ.

The slogan is ringing:

"Trumpeter, sound for the glory of God.
Sound for the heights by our fathers trod!
When truth was truth and love was love,
There was woe beneath, but heaven above."

Who can doubt the spiritual influences at work in the world to-day when we hear of the experiences of men and women engaged in war relief and evangelistic services? And who can doubt that the spiritual has been brought in touch with the material when we read of the incident that occurred in the battle of the Mons, the supernatural interposition vouched for by persons in high authority, that saved the British army from disastrous defeat, perhaps annihilation, and caused the Germans, even the horses they rode, to flee terror-stricken, many of the Germans falling on their knees and calling on God for mercy? Yes, in the words of Mrs. Browning, "The earth is crammed with heaven, and every bush on fire with God, but only he who sees takes off his shoes." We believe

the Anglo-Saxon has a clear vision of accountability to God and its remedial opportunity for and responsibility to man.

But lest in the proud consciousness of the moment (and there is much to give us soul elation) we forget we are simply instruments in God's hands to carry out his purposes, will you pardon a few words of admonition?

"Anglo-Saxons, on your front
Streams the searchlight of the world,
On your mail-clad arm of might,
On your banner never furled.
There are ancient wrongs to right,
There are ancient needs to meet.
Darkness, æons in its fold,
Staying helpless driven feet.
All the teaching of the years
Lie before ye like a scroll;
From the misted quests of years
Beaten sunny ways unroll.
Learn from these God's will that ye
Shall be gentle, shall be strong,
Shall be humble in your might.
Ye can never right the wrong
Till within your souls the fire
Of Evangel burneth clear;
Ye can never meet the needs
Till all men to ye are dear."

HEAVY REGIMENTAL LOSSES.

[The following statistics were furnished by J. M. Doubleday, Caldwell, Kans.]

The official records of the Civil War show that the following Union regiments sustained losses of fifty per cent or more in killed and wounded in single engagements.

The 2d Wisconsin, 5th New Hampshire, 15th Massachusetts, and 19th Indiana sustained such losses in two separate engagements.

FORT DONELSON, TENN.

11th Illinois Regiment, McClernand's Division, 50 per cent.

SHILOH, TENN.

9th Illinois Regiment, W. H. Wallace's Division, 62 per cent.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN, VA.

7th Ohio Regiment, Augur's Division, 58 per cent.

MANASSAS, VA.

101st New York Regiment, Birney's Division, 3d Corps, 63 per cent.

19th Indiana Regiment, Hatch's Division, 1st Corps, 50 per cent.

5th New York Regiment, Sykes's Division, 5th Corps, 50 per cent.

2d Wisconsin Regiment, Hatch's Division, 1st Corps, 52 per cent.

ANTIETAM, MD.

12th Massachusetts Regiment, Rickett's Division, 1st Corps, 64 per cent.

9th New York Regiment, Rodman's Division, 9th Corps, 59 per cent.

69th New York Regiment, Richardson's Division, 2d Corps, 61 per cent.

63d New York Regiment, Richardson's Division, 2d Corps, 58 per cent.

3d Wisconsin Regiment, Williams's Division, 12th Corps, 58 per cent.

59th New York Regiment, Sedgwick's Division, 2d Corps, 50 per cent.

15th Massachusetts Regiment, Sedgwick's Division, 2d Corps, 52 per cent.

14th Indiana Regiment, French's Division, 2d Corps, 51 per cent.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

20th Massachusetts Regiment, Howard's Division, 2d Corps, 68 per cent.

81st Pennsylvania Regiment, Hancock's Division, 2d Corps, 59 per cent.

5th New York Regiment, Hancock's Division, 2d Corps, 57 per cent.

26th New York Regiment, Gibbon's Division, 1st Corps, 53 per cent.

GETTYSBURG, PA. (FIRST DAY).

147th New York Regiment, Wadsworth's Division, 1st Corps, 60 per cent.

24th Michigan Regiment, Wadsworth's Division, 1st Corps, 60 per cent.

19th Indiana Regiment, Wadsworth's Division, 1st Corps, 56 per cent.

2d Wisconsin Regiment, Wadsworth's Division, 1st Corps, 59 per cent.

149th Pennsylvania Regiment, Doubleday's Division, 1st Corps, 50 per cent.

150th Pennsylvania Regiment, Doubleday's Division, 1st Corps, 50 per cent.

80th New York Regiment, Doubleday's Division, 1st Corps, 50 per cent.

151st Pennsylvania Regiment, Doubleday's Division, 1st Corps, 56 per cent.

75th Pennsylvania Regiment, Schurz's Division, 11th Corps, 56 per cent.

GETTYSBURG, PA. (SECOND DAY).

26th Pennsylvania Regiment, Humphrey's Division, 3d Corps, 56 per cent.

11th New Jersey Regiment, Humphrey's Division, 3d Corps, 51 per cent.

141st Pennsylvania Regiment, Birney's Division, 3d Corps, 64 per cent.

20th Indiana Regiment, Birney's Division, 3d Corps, 54 per cent.

17th United States Regiment, Ayres's Division, 5th Corps, 65 per cent.

10th United States Regiment, Ayres's Division, 5th Corps, 50 per cent.

5th New Hampshire Regiment, Caldwell's Division, 2d Corps, 50 per cent.

111th New York Regiment, A. Hayes's Division, 2d Corps, 71 per cent.

15th Massachusetts Regiment, Gibbon's Division, 2d Corps, 60 per cent.

82d New York Regiment, Gibbon's Division, 2d Corps, 50 per cent.

126th New York Regiment, A. Hayes's Division, 2d Corps, 55 per cent.

1st Minnesota Regiment, Gibbon's Division, 2d Corps, 82 per cent.

69th Pennsylvania Regiment, Gibbon's Division, 2d Corps, 50 per cent.

148th Pennsylvania Regiment, Caldwell's Division, 2d Corps, 57 per cent.

53d Pennsylvania Regiment, Caldwell's Division, 2d Corps, 54 per cent.

OPEQUON, VA.

114th New York Regiment, Dwights's Division, 19th Corps, 50 per cent.

MISSIONARY RIDGE, TENN.

15th Indiana Regiment, Sheridan's Division, 14th Corps, 50 per cent.

CHICKAMAUGA, GA.

51st Illinois Regiment, Sheridan's Division, 20th Corps, 52 per cent.

25th Illinois Regiment, Wood's Division, 20th Corps, 52 per cent.

WILDERNESS, VA.

93d New York Regiment, Birney's Division, 58 per cent.

SPOTSYLVANIA, VA.

15th New Jersey Regiment, Wright's Division, 6th Corps, 54 per cent.

COLD HARBOR, VA.

45th Pennsylvania Regiment, Potter's Division, 9th Corps, 50 per cent.

25th Massachusetts Regiment, Martindale's Division, 18th Corps, 51 per cent.

12th New Hampshire Regiment, Brooks's Division, 18th Corps, 50 per cent.

CHAFFIN'S FARM, VA.

6th United States Regiment, Paine's Division, 18th Corps, 54 per cent.

PETERSBURG, VA.

1st Maine Regiment, Birney's Division, 63 per cent.

BETHESDA CHURCH, VA.

36th Wisconsin Regiment, Gibbon's Division, 2d Corps, 53 per cent.

CEDAR CREEK, FLA.

8th Vermont Regiment, Dwight's Division, 19th Corps, 53 per cent.

The number of regiments that sustained this loss in different battles is as follows: Gettysburg, 24; Antietam, 8; Manassas, 4; Fredericksburg, 4; Cold Harbor, 3; Chickamauga, 2. Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, Cedar Mountain, Opequon, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Chaffin's Farm, Petersburg, Bethesda Church, and Cedar Creek sustained one each.

ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN AMERICA.—That spot on Jamestown Island, marked to-day by a ruined, ivy-clad church tower and a group of moss-covered tombstones, is the sacred ground whence sprang that stream of genius and power which contributed most to the achievement of American independence and to the organization of American liberty.—*Dr. Randolph H. McKim.*

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

Scarcity of Ammunition in Confederate Army at Gettysburg.—General Hancock, U. S. A., in his report of this battle, said: "The enemy must have been short of ammunition, as I was shot with a tenpenny nail." The "superb" one does not say whether this missile tip-tilted and lambasted him broadside, but I judge that he was aware when it arrived.

Batteries Tested.—Colonel Hall, of the 7th Michigan, says of the battle of Gettysburg: "The experience of the terrible grandeur of that rain of missiles and that chaos of strange and terror-spreading sounds, unexampled perhaps in history, must ever remain undescribed, but can never be forgotten. Never before during this war were so many batteries subjected to so terrible a test."

Hardest Cavalry Fight Ever Known in America.—Major Beaumont, 1st New Jersey Cavalry, in his report of the Gettysburg fight, says: "The enemy were armed principally with pistol and carbine, our men using generally the saber. Then began the most spirited and hardest-fought cavalry fight ever known in this country. For several hours the conflict was carried on until, the enemy outnumbering us two to one, we were obliged to retire." They never retired unless it was two to one against.

The Confederates at Gettysburg.—The following extracts from the reports of various Union commanders, which, I can assure you, were not exaggerated, show that the battle of Gettysburg was not lost to us on account of our laying down on the job:

"The enemy's advance was most splendid."

"It cannot be denied that the enemy behaved courageously."

"The attack was made by the enemy in strong force and with great spirit and determination."

"The enemy's lines were formed with a steadiness and precision that extorted the admiration of the witnesses of that memorable scene."

"Notwithstanding the destructive fire under which they were placed, the enemy continued to advance with a degree of ardor, coolness, and bravery worthy of a better cause."

"The line moved steadily to the front in a way to excite the admiration of every one and was followed by a second and third, extending all along our front as far as the eye could reach. As the front line came up it was met with such a withering fire of canister and musketry that they soon melted away, but still on they came from behind, pressing forward to the wall."

"Onward they came, and it would seem as if no power could hold them in check. Our troops, with few exceptions, met them bravely; but still they came, and as they advanced to the right of our regiment they turned by the right flank and literally came right in on top of our men."

"Their advance was not checked, and they came on, yelling like demons."

"At three o'clock exactly the fire of the enemy slackened, and his first line of battle advanced from the woods in front and in beautiful order. Their rapid advance called forth praise from our troops, but gave their line an appearance of being fearfully irresistible."

"Their march was as steady as if impelled by machinery, unbroken by our artillery, which played upon them a storm of missiles."

"The Rebel lines advanced slowly but surely and steadily approached. They had gained the crest, and all seemed lost, and the enemy, exultant, rushed on."

"Our battalion opened fire. The gaps made by them seemed to have no effect in checking the onward progress of the enemy. Still his line advanced steadily, gaining ground gradually."

But all in vain.

Only Thing Needed to Finish the War.—On July 18 one C. A. Davis wrote Secretary Stanton, U. S. A.: "As for the rebellion, we have now only to secure Charleston and Mobile and then let the 'C. S. A. fools' stew in their own gravy, and in a brief period that government will be as difficult to find as the source of the Nile has been and perhaps of as little practical value after being found." Charleston and Mobile certainly were the keystones, but that "only" took some time to be realized.

Condemning His Own Regiment.—Colonel Wickham, 4th Virginia Cavalry, in his report of the Gettysburg campaign, says: "I wheeled my column by fours and ineffectually endeavored to get my men to meet the charge; but the rush of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry utterly demoralized them, and they broke and fled in confusion. After going some third of a mile, I succeeded in stopping some men and again attempted to charge the enemy, who, upon seeing my stand, had halted and were forming line; but although the line wavered at the approach of only six who went forward, the others would not follow, but again fled; nor for the next mile could all my efforts obtain the slightest halt in my fleeing squadrons. I regard the conduct of my regiment, in which I have heretofore had perfect confidence, as so disgraceful in this instance that I have been minute in my report that the major general may have the facts on which to base any inquiry he may see fit to institute." No further steps were taken that I can find, and this regiment was all right after this event.

Faith in God and the Saber.—Gen. J. E. B. Stuart issued an order on June 13 in which he said: "With an abiding faith in the God of battles and a firm reliance on the saber, your success will continue." He was a firm believer in the saber, but some experts to-day say a club would answer the same purpose.

First Gun Stuart Ever Lost.—In his report of the Gettysburg campaign General Stuart says: "In retiring from Middleburg one of our guns had the axle broken by one of the enemy's shots, and the piece had to be abandoned. This is the first piece of my horse artillery which has ever fallen into the enemy's hands."

Artillery Fire at Gettysburg.—General Pendleton, C. S. A., said: "About 1 P.M. our guns, nearly one hundred and fifty, opened fire, and the enemy replied with their full force. So mighty an artillery contest has perhaps never been waged, estimating together the number and character of guns and the duration of the conflict."

Confederate Artillery at Gettysburg.—Captain Brunson, C. S. A., says: "The artillery fight was one of the most terrific on record. Never were guns served more splendidly, and never did men behave more heroically than the artillerymen

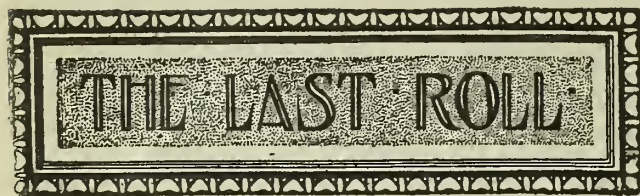
did in that memorable battle on the 3d. Had the result of that day's fight on the luckless heights around Gettysburg been dependent upon the heroic conduct of the artillery, we might now read upon the resplendent roll of victories, that have heretofore marked the career of the Army of Northern Virginia, that of the battle of Gettysburg." My uncle, Robert H. Couper, who was in this battle as a lieutenant in Fraser's Georgia Battery and who was wounded and left on the field, has often described the part taken by our artillery, or at least his battery, in this affair, and there is no doubt in the world that all of them did a man's part. And so did the infantry, but not some of the leaders.

Barefooted Men.—General Rodes, C. S. A., says in his Gettysburg report: "In concluding this report I beg leave to call attention to the heroes of it; the men who day by day sacrificed self on the altar of freedom; those barefooted North Carolinians, Georgians, and Alabamians, who, with bloody and swollen feet, kept to their ranks day after day for weeks. When the division reached Darksville, nearly half of the men and many officers were barefooted, and fully one-fourth had been since we crossed the Blue Ridge. These poor fellows had kept up with the column and in ranks during the most rapid march of the war, over the worst of roads for footmen—the turnpike. These are the heroes of the campaign." This division must have consisted of men from the three States mentioned, as the whole army was in the same fix.

Charge of the Light Brigade.—Captain Ferguson, 12th New York Cavalry, reported: "We had arrived within one mile of Nichols Mill when we discovered men running toward us. I halted my men and asked twice, 'What regiment are you?' and, receiving no answer, formed my troop by fours and gave the command to charge. Four of my men followed me. Shots were exchanged on both sides. I then found out that my supposed enemy was Colonel Cullens's command, of our own army." What was fortunate for the 12th, at any rate.

Contributing to the Confederacy.—General Early said: "I made a requisition on the authorities of York, Pa., for 2,000 pairs of shoes, 1,000 hats, 1,000 pairs of socks, \$100,000 in money, and three days' rations. Subsequently about 1,500 pairs of shoes and the hats, socks, and rations were furnished, but only \$28,000 in money was furnished." But it was all they had, and General Early said so.

Burning Done by Confederates in the Gettysburg Campaign.—General Ewell says: "The little town of Wrightsville caught fire from the bridge, and General Gordon, setting his brigade to work, succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Yet he is accused by the Federal press of having set fire to the place." General Early said: "I am informed that the Yankee papers charge Gordon's command with firing the town of Wrightsville, whereas the exertions of his men saved the place from utter destruction." Gen. J. B. Gordon reported: "It may not be improper in this connection, as evidence of the base ingratitude of our enemies, to state that the Yankee press has attributed to my brigade the burning of the town of Wrightsville. In his retreat across the bridge the enemy fired it with the most inflammable material. Every effort was made to save the bridge, but it was impossible. From this the town was fired. I formed my men in line around the burning buildings and resisted the progress of the flames until they were checked."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

IN MEMORIAM.

GEN. ANDREW J. WEST, 1844-1917.

The world's great epics sing of men
That with the ages grow;
The classic deeds of heroes know
In history's afterglow.
When Fame makes up her honor roll
And writes, "For duty done,"
Man hath no brighter triumph gained
Nor greater guerdon won.

No less in war, where battling fronts
Flamed through the tragic day,
Than in the scenes of busy life,
Where peaceful arts held sway,
He was our patriot-hero still,
Whose life its message told,
And man shall write him honor-crowned,
And Fame his record hold.

—Ossian D. Gorman, Atlanta, Ga.

J. TAYLOR ELLYSON.

From Special Orders No. 10, issued from the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, March 18, 1919, the following brief sketch is taken:

"The General commanding is pained to make announcement of the death of another leading member of our Association, Brig. Gen. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Richmond, Va., Assistant Adjutant General on his staff, who, after a brief illness, passed away on yesterday. He was born May 20, 1847.

"On the breaking out of the war young Ellyson left college to join the Richmond Howitzers, and he shared in all the glories, dangers, and triumphs of that distinguished command. He surrendered with his company at Appomattox.

"After the war he resumed his studies and graduated from the University of Virginia in 1869. He held many positions of importance in his State. He was mayor of the city of Richmond, member of the State Senate, Chairman State Democratic Committee, and Lieutenant Governor for three terms, besides holding other important positions. He was an officer in his Church and led a consistent Christian life.

"He was Chairman of the Battle Abbey Committee, and it is due in no small degree to his zealous efforts that this great work was completed. He loved the work with a peculiar fondness and gave much time and unwearied labor to the enterprise. In all that pertained to the Confederate cause he was prominent, and he will be missed in all gatherings of the U. C. V.

"By command of

K. M. VAN ZANDT,
General Commanding.

"WM. E. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

W. B. SMITH.

At his home, Solitude Plantation, in West Feliciana Parish, La., W. D. Smith died on February 25, 1919, at the age of seventy-three years. His was one of the oldest families of that parish, dating back to early in the nineteenth century. He was a grand-nephew of Jefferson Davis, his paternal grandmother being a sister of the beloved President of the Southern Confederacy. It will be remembered that it was at the Smith family home, Locust Grove, in West Feliciana Parish, that the first wife of Jefferson Davis, the daughter of President Zachary Taylor, died and was buried in the cemetery on this plantation. The great statesman was always very fond of his West Feliciana kindred and therefore of young W. B. Smith, who was educated in Germany after his service in the Confederate army. He was a private in Capt. James L. Bradford's company of scouts and within a few weeks followed his old commander into the silent land. He was intensely devoted to the cause of the South and to his comrades in arms and was Adjutant of West Feliciana Camp, No. 798, U. C. V.

Comrade Smith spent most of his life as a planter, in addition to practicing his profession as a civil engineer. He was a devoted member of Bayou Sara Lodge, No. 15, Knights of Pythias, and for a long time was in charge of its insurance department. The last rites at the grave were conducted by the Pythian brotherhood. A large family mourns his passing. He is survived by his wife, four daughters, five sons, and many grandchildren.

CAPT. G. B. HARRIS.

On Sunday, April 27, 1919, at his home, in Jackson, Tenn., Capt. Gideon Blackburn Harris, a faithful Confederate soldier, answered the call of the Great Commander and passed to join his comrades where "beyond these voices there is peace." He was born in Bedford County, Tenn., January 15, 1829, and so had lived over ninety years.

By the death of his father he was left at fourteen years of age to care for his mother and younger children, which he did with courage and energy, working on a farm until 1855. He then entered the service of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad as a conductor, and thenceforth the remainder of his active life was spent as a railroad conductor on the Nashville and Chattanooga or the Illinois Central Railroad except the period of the War between the States and a few years thereafter. He retired from service in 1896 and served for twenty years as Secretary of the local division, Order of Railway Conductors. He was a man absolutely trusted in every business position for his integrity, efficiency, and faithfulness. His war record was without a flaw for courage, constancy, and ability as an officer. All his traditions as a descendant of Scotch Highlanders urged him to fight for his principles. When seventeen years old he volunteered for the war with Mexico, but was not taken because the State's quota was full. In 1861 he volunteered for the War between the States and was made captain of a Bedford County company of cavalry in the Confederate army, and for four years, under Generals Bragg, Johnston, and Hood in the Western Army, he did his fully duty in that splendid and efficient arm of the service. For a part of the time, on account of his railroad experience, he was detailed in the quartermaster's department until he was paroled at Meridian, Miss., in May, 1865. There was no blot on his escutcheon—a true Confederate soldier.

On November 3, 1867, Captain Harris was married in Florida to Miss Mary Sealy, the lovely seventeen-year-old daughter of a Methodist minister, with whom he lived happily until 1885, when her death brought to him the great and enduring sorrow of his life.

Captain Harris was a Mason of the highest standing for over sixty years. His religious life was distinct and positive. Descended from Scotch Covenanters, he was an earnest and intelligent Presbyterian from his youth, for nearly forty years a consistent member of the Jackson Presbyterian Church. The funeral services were simple, and his body was followed to the grave by a guard of honor of Confederate veterans, and he was buried according to the ritual of the Masonic order. His body was clothed with the suit in which he was married. His hands held a small Confederate battle flag, and on the breast of his coat was a small flag, the Stars and Bars. He is survived by four daughters—Mrs. Goodloe Cockrill and Miss Janie Harris, of Nashville, and Misses Ruth and Grace Harris, of Jackson—and one son—Rev. G. B. Harris, of Tullahoma, Tenn.

A brave soldier, a good citizen, and a sincere Christian has gone to his reward. Old comrade, farewell till we meet again.

[J. H. McNeilly.]

SAMUEL T. SAUNDERS.

Samuel T. Saunders, who served in Company D, 18th Virginia Infantry, died March 16, 1919, aged eighty-three years. He was born and reared in Prince Edward County, Va., and was a member of the Prospect Rifle Guards, under Capt. E. G. Wall. His company entered the Confederate army thoroughly equipped, having been State Guards for more than twelve months before the secession of Virginia. They were called to Richmond on April 21, 1861, and he was in the first battle of Manassas and all the important battles in Virginia. Being a tall man and on the right of his company, he and four of his comrades were wounded at Gettysburg just before the order was given for Pickett's charge. Out of thirty-six of his company who went into that battle, fourteen answered the roll call next morning. Seven of those were wounded, the rest killed or captured or left wounded on the field of battle. He was recommended by all of his field officers for promotion for bravery on the field of battle. At Gaines's Mill two of the flag bearers were shot down, and, being a flag guard, he picked up the flag, running some ten feet in front of the regiment, which followed; he placed it on the enemy's battery, turning the guns on them. It was said that he saved the day. Young Saunders was wounded on the retreat from Petersburg, being shot just below the knee. The ball was hanging to a piece of skin, so he cut it off and brought it home with him. It was at Sailor's Creek that he was wounded, and he was carried to a Mrs. Hillman's house, where he was captured and taken to the hospital at Baltimore. He was then paroled and returned to his home, near Prospect, Va., in June, 1865. He removed to Christian County, Ky., in 1872 and was a member of the Ned Meriweather Camp, U. C. V., Hopkinsville, Ky. He had been a constant reader of the *VETERAN* for many years. He was married to Miss Eliza J. Ballard in 1879, and she survives him. He is also survived by one brother, J. E. Saunders, with whom he lived, and three sisters. He was a member of the Methodist Church and one of its trustees at his death.

No truer heart ever beat for the cause of the Southern Confederacy, and through the long years of his life he adhered to his allegiance.

COMRADES OF J. E. B. STUART CAMP.

Vic Reinhardt, Adjutant of J. E. B. Stuart Camp, No. 45, U. C. V., Terrell, Tex., reports the following deaths in that membership during 1918:

Joe S. Savage, fourth corporal, Company K, 13th Alabama Infantry.

Y. H. Barton, Company I, Randall's Texas Regiment.

F. A. Bonnett, Company C, 8th Confederate Cavalry.

Edwin L. Taffer, Company B, 16th Virginia Infantry.

L. J. Ledbetter, Company D, 21st Georgia Infantry.

R. T. Turner, fifth corporal, Company D, 8th Alabama Cavalry.

STONEWALL JACKSON CAMP, STAUNTON, VA.

One by one the names on the roster of Stonewall Jackson Camp at Staunton, Va., are being checked off as another of the fast-thinning line of those who wore the gray answers the last roll call.

Since August, 1910, Capt. James W. Blackburn, Commander of the Camp, has kept an accurate record of the deaths of his comrades who were members of the Camp. This past year the grim reaper seems to have made exceeding progress in his work.

Since January 1, 1919, Stonewall Jackson Camp has lost seven members, as follows: Capt. C. Benton Coiner, R. N. Silling, Logan Turner, J. H. Rowley, W. Frank Weller, Dr. O. F. Gregory, and Edwin C. (Pat) Kinney.

The record kept by Captain Blackburn since 1910 shows the following losses: 1910, ten deaths; 1911, nineteen deaths; 1912, ten deaths; 1913, eighteen deaths; 1914, thirteen deaths; 1915, twelve deaths; 1916, twenty-one deaths; 1917, nine deaths; 1918, fifteen deaths; total deaths in past nine years, one hundred and twenty-seven; total to date, one hundred and thirty-four.

W. A. JONES.

W. A. Jones, a gallant Confederate soldier, answered the last call in Memphis, Tenn., January 19, 1919. He was born near Holly Springs, Miss., December 21, 1844. When the call came to arms he left as a member of Company B, 17th Mississippi Regiment, May 28, 1861. This regiment was one of the four that composed Barksdale's Brigade of Mississippians, Army of Northern Virginia. His baptism of fire was received July 21, 1861, followed by Leesburg, October 21, 1861. This command was in the Seven Days' Battles in front of Richmond the latter days of June, 1862.

Comrade Jones was discharged and returned to Mississippi late in August, 1862. Soon after, regaining his health, he enlisted in a company of Mississippians to join the noted cavalry leader, John H. Morgan, under whom he served with Company F, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, until the end came. He was on the famous Ohio raid. A wound received September 4, 1864, at Cythiana, Ky., impaired his health and finally caused his death.

Through a long and useful life Mr. Jones had been one of the most prominent, respected, and valued citizens of his native county, a tender-hearted, loving husband, and affectionate father. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, filling the offices of deacon and elder efficiently. Next to his Church and home, he loved the U. C. V. and was always loyal and enthusiastic to all its causes. He was a member of Camp Kit Mott, U. C. V., and attended a number of reunions. He had been a subscriber to the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* since its establishment.

[E. Q. Withers.]

WILLIAM YANDELL WILLIAMSON.

Another Confederate veteran has crossed the boundary line of this life and of never-ending life in the great domain of eternity in the person of William Yandell Williamson, of Milan, Tenn. At the beginning of hostilities between the two sections Mr. Williamson was teaching a school near Grenada, Miss., but he closed it and immediately returned to Milan, soon thereafter joining the 47th Tennessee Regiment, with which he remained up to and after its consolidation with the 12th Tennessee, both being of Gibson County. He was a first-class soldier and performed the duties assigned him intelligently and to the satisfaction of his officers and his comrades. He was in the battles of Richmond, Ky., Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and perhaps was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in his campaign from Dalton, Ga., to beyond the Chattahoochee River. He was with Hood in his disastrous campaign and was captured near Nashville in December, 1864. After the war he returned to his home in Milan, Tenn., and for a long stretch of years was in active and remunerative employment, and he had the confidence and respect of those who knew him as long as he lived.

Mr. Williamson was born on the 31st of January, 1834, in Rutherford County, Tenn., and was reared at Milan from the time of his seventh year. He died there on the 14th of February, 1919, having passed his eighty-fifth year. He married Miss Mary Frances Moore in 1875 and is survived by his wife, five boys, and one girl, his death being the first in the family circle. This sketch of his life would be incomplete if I failed to state that I knew him both as a soldier and as a citizen and recognized his ability and influence in both capacities. For many years he was a member of the Methodist Church, having professed religion in the early eighties, and lived the life of a Christian since without a break. We were warm personal friends.

[Walter S. Chapman, Indianola, Miss.]

CAPT. JACK HARRELL.

Capt. James Jackson Harrell departed this life April 1, 1919, in his ninety-sixth year, having been born on the 6th of September, 1823. He was a good man and a good citizen.

Many important events have occurred during the long years since his birth. At that time only one of our twenty-eight Presidents—Washington—had died. Captain Harrell was born during the administration of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States; he was a young man when John Quincy Adams died; Tennessee had been admitted as a State only twenty-seven years, and Claiborne County, his home, had been organized only twenty-two years. Captain Harrell's father served under General Jackson in all of his campaigns against the Indians, and he and his brother Rodman both enlisted and served in the Mexican War as members of Company A, 5th Tennessee Volunteers, commanded by Colonel McClelland, of Sullivan County. This company was loaded on a house flatboat and floated down the Clinch, Holston, Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans. Our soldiers could cross the Atlantic and be in France in less time than it took then to get to New Orleans. And think of the hardships of that journey!

When the War between the States came on, Captain Harrell raised a company and joined the regiment commanded by Col. Moses White, of Knoxville. Soon afterwards he raised a cavalry company which was assigned to the 12th

Battalion, commanded by Majors Adrian, Arnold, and Day. A short time before the war closed he was severely wounded, captured, and sent as a prisoner to Johnson's Island, where he remained to the end. He was born and spent his life on the banks of the Pellissippi, now called Clinch River.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN ASSOCIATION, SAVANNAH, GA.

Within two weeks our Camp has lost three members. In the latter part of March Jacob Gardner, for a number of years the honored Secretary of Camp 756, U. C. V. (Confederate Veteran Association), passed away. He was an active business man in this city for years and up to his last sickness could be seen daily riding his bicycle to and from his place of business. He will be sadly missed. Having a store in the business thoroughfare of the city, it was convenient for our people to drop in and select a book; and when an old book was desired, an authority on the War between the States, his store was sought, and generally the book was found. Strangers and tourists from the North and East, as well as from foreign climes, would wander in and seek information; and Jake Gardner, with his suave, pleasant manner, was generally able to accommodate them.

Comrade Gardner was born in Celle, Germany, seventy-six years ago, November 28, 1842; and in the year 1849 his parents moved to America, settling in Savannah, Ga. When the Minutemen of 1860 were organized, he was living at Fernandina, Fla. He joined them, and after Lincoln's election as President he joined the Fernandina Volunteers. This company sent twenty-five of its number (of which young Gardner was one) to take possession of Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, which they did, and removed part of the cannon and ammunition to Fernandina. The Volunteers disbanded after a few months' service, and Jacob Gardner joined Company K, 2d Florida Cavalry, and was later transferred to the Milton Light Artillery, Capt. J. L. Durham, serving in this command till the close of the war. He was paroled at Tallahassee, Fla., May 17, 1865.

On April 2 our comrade Dr. William Henry Elliott died at the age of eighty-two years. A coughing spell caused the bursting of a blood vessel and consequent hemorrhage, and he passed peacefully away. Shortly before his death he called his aged wife to his bedside and said he wanted her to know that he was dying peacefully and quietly in full recognition of God's love and mercy.

For two years of the War between the States Dr. Elliott served with the Savannah Volunteer Guards Battalion and later became assistant surgeon in the 1st Georgia Regiment of Infantry, serving under Generals Johnston and Hood. At the end of the war he returned to Savannah and resumed his practice, becoming one of the foremost practitioners there both in medicine and surgery. For a number of years he had retired from active practice, spending his time quietly among his family, books, and friends. He was an active Christian worker and was buried from the old Christ Church, of which he had so long been a communicant.

John Barclay Withers, another member, passed away on April 3. He had been an invalid for a number of years, having retired from business several years ago. While not confined to his bed, he was not active; yet up to a month before his death he had attended the meetings of his Camp, taking active interest therein. He was laid to rest in beautiful Bonaventure Cemetery, and his old comrades there paid his memory their last tribute.

[D. B. Morgan, Past Commander.]

COL. J. G. HAMILTON.

Col. J. G. Hamilton, who died in Pueblo, Colo., on February 22, 1919, was a native of Mississippi and a resident of Durant. He had been spending his time alternately with his daughters, Mrs. Minnie Hoyt, of South Pasadena, Cal., and Miss Alice Hamilton, Cincinnati, Ohio, and was visiting at the home of William Detrick, in Pueblo, Colo., when death came, Mr. Detrick being the son of his first wife. Colonel Hamilton had never recovered from a fall which broke his hip while visiting his daughter in California. He is survived by these two daughters.

F. A. Howell, Adjutant of Camp No. 398, U. C. V., of Durant, Miss., Colonel Hamilton's old home and to which place his body was taken for burial, writes that he was an officer in Company D, 1st Mississippi Light Infantry, and was in the siege of Vicksburg. For twenty years he represented Holmes County in both houses of the State legislature, and he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1890. He was a true soldier of the South and a faithful soldier of Christ, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was a descendant of Alexander Hamilton and a type of the old-time Southern gentleman.

COL. XENOPHON HAWKINS.

Col. Xenophon Hawkins, of Springfield, Mo., thought to be the last officer of Morgan's famous cavalymen, died at his home in that city on May 5, 1919, at the age of seventy-nine years.

Colonel Hawkins was born at Georgetown, Ky., and spent his younger days in the South. He removed to Springfield, Mo., in 1881, and that had since been his home. During his long residence there he had been identified with many civic movements and was active in charity work. He was also actively interested in the Camp of Confederate Veterans, Campbell Camp, U. C. V.

As a soldier young Hawkins had a most daring career. Enlisting as a private in the 1st Regiment of the Kentucky Volunteers, C. S. A., he was one of the first men to join the famous body of cavalymen known as Morgan's Raiders. Because of his ability to lead, he was soon advanced from the ranks and given the title of ranking lieutenant. He served with this command to the close of the war.

Surviving him are his wife and four sons: Richard B. and John M., of Springfield; W. W. Hawkins, Vice President of the United Press, New York; and Frank X., who recently returned from service in France, for which he had been decorated.

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

William P. Graham, who died at Elida, N. Mex., on October 8, 1918, was born in the South and spent most of his life in Alabama. He removed to New Mexico in 1902 and took up a claim near Elida on which he spent the rest of his days. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-five years, having been born May 13, 1833.

In 1862 William Graham became a member of Company C, 33d Alabama Regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Perryville, and, being too badly disabled to continue active service, he was made orderly sergeant. It was a great pleasure for him to mingle with his comrades of the gray, and he had returned from the Reunion at Tulsa only a few days when he passed away. He was one of the oldest veterans attending that Reunion. No citizen was more loyal to his country in the recent great war.

Mr. Graham was married in 1858 to Miss Louise M. Thomas, and to them were born eleven children, five of whom, two daughters and three sons, survive him. His life was a benediction to his community, an inspiration to his children and friends. At an early age he became a member of the Methodist Church, South, in which he lived a consistent member to his death. He was also a member of the Masonic Order for some fifty years, a charter member of the Elida Lodge, to which he was ever loyal.

COL. OTHO S. LEE.

Col. Otho S. Lee, one of the oldest members of the Harford County bar, died suddenly at his home, in Belair, Md., on August 28, 1918.

Colonel Lee was born near Belair in 1840, the son of Richard Dallam and Hannah B. Lee. His paternal grandfather, Parker Hall Lee, made a record in the War of 1776 as a brave and dauntless officer. Colonel Lee's education was largely received in the Blair Academy. When the War between the States began he was studying law, but immediately abandoned his books and joined Stuart's Confederate Cavalry, serving under Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia and participating in all the important campaigns. In recognition of his meritorious conduct he was promoted to sergeant major and attached to Johnson's Battalion, Stuart's Horse Artillery.

Upon his return from the South he took up the practice of law in Harford County and soon became one of the strong members of the war. His interests spread to politics, and in 1876 he was a member of the House of Delegates. Gov. John Lee Carroll, who went into office the same year, appointed him a member of his military staff, whence came his title of colonel. He also was active in business affairs. In 1893 he organized and became the first President of the Belair Water Company, and for many years he was President of the Farmers and Merchants' National Bank of Belair. He was an examiner in chancery continuously since 1867 and counsel to the Harford County Board of School Commissioners. He always took great interest in the militia and was captain of two companies raised in this county. He was a prominent Mason, at one time serving as Past Master of Mount Ararat Lodge of Belair.

Colonel Lee was married twice, his first wife being Miss Sallie R. Griffith, and of this union he is survived by five daughters. Some fifteen years ago Colonel Lee married Miss Helen Bradshaw, who survives with two children, a son and a daughter.

JOSEPH F. PANGLE.

Joseph F. Pangle, Commander of Burnet County Camp, No. 1805, U. C. V., Burnet, Tex., passed away on February 2, 1919, aged seventy-four years. He enlisted in the 5th Tennessee Cavalry the first year of the War between the States as a mere boy and was at Chickamauga and many other battles under the gallant Joe Wheeler. Comrade Pangle was born in East Tennessee, but soon after the surrender went to Texas and was so much thought of by the people of Burnet County that he was elected successively sheriff and tax collector and assessor of taxes for an almost continuous period of twenty-five or thirty years. He was one of the most popular men that ever lived in his community, for he was big-hearted and true to his friends.

[Tribute by James A. Stevens.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark.....*Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.....*Historian General*
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va...*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Your President General wrote you last from Washington City, where she was representing you officially at the opening session of the twenty-eighth Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution Monday, April 14, by formal invitation of the President General D. A. R. In my official capacity as your representative I was given a seat on the platform at this session and the use of one of the stage boxes during the Congress. I felt it incumbent on my office to make this journey in your behalf in recognition of the fraternal spirit expressed by the invitation from this elder sister patriotic society, as I consider such interchange of courtesies for the benefit of both Associations, whose aims are patriotism. I enjoyed the opportunity of seeing and comparing the personnel of our two societies and was gratified to meet and greet many of the U. D. C. who were also active in the D. A. R., as the membership naturally overlaps to a very marked degree.

While in Washington, April 14, 15, and 16, I was the recipient of many gracious courtesies from the President of the District of Columbia Division, U. D. C., Mrs. Gibson Fahnestoch, beginning with a formal luncheon on April 14 in her beautiful home on Massachusetts Avenue, where I had the opportunity of meeting a group of her Division officers, several prominent Southern women, and, best of all, her distinguished and beautiful mother, the crowning glory of her home. In conference with Mrs. Wallace Streater, the Corresponding Secretary General, and Mrs. Fahnestoch, the District President, I took steps toward the incorporation of the U. D. C. according to your instructions given at Louisville. As there are several signatures yet to be secured before the work is completed, I will merely mention the fact that the work has been begun at this time under legal advice of the Hon. J. J. Darlington, of Washington, who gives us his personal services gratuitously, expressing it a pleasure and a privilege to serve the U. D. C. in this endeavor.

The Victory Loan.—Everything was done by your President General, your Treasurer General, and the Treasurer of the Hero Fund to collect as large a sum as possible for the Hero Fund investment in the victory loan on May 7. I was fortunate enough to secure a personal interview with the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Carter Glass, in Charleston, S. C., on May 2, whereby I was able to arrange to have the General U. D. C. make their purchase of the victory bonds directly from the Secretary of the Treasury; so no State was especially credited with our purchase, and thus I succeeded in having our purchase recorded in Washington direct. On May

7 the Treasurer General, Mrs. Little, mailed to Secretary Glass the General U. D. C. check for \$12,350 to be exchanged for that amount of registered victory bonds, which now are the property of our Hero Fund, the interest to be used, when paid, for gift scholarships to men who have served the United States in the world war and wish to continue their education after being honorably discharged from the service. Miss Moses, the Treasurer of the Hero Fund, will give the list of contributors to this fund, as invested so patriotically in victory bonds during the great drive for their sale, in the July VETERAN. Look out for this honor list.

Annual Dues.—Let me impress upon Division and Chapter Treasurers the imperative necessity of sending to the Treasurer General as soon as possible their *per capita* tax for 1919. The increased expense caused by a postponed convention and extra Board meeting and the increased cost of printing, stenographic work, and postage (fifty per cent) are all being felt by our treasury, and only by the prompt and full payment of our entire *per capita* tax can we hope to discharge these obligations commensurate with the dignity of our Association. Our *per capita* tax of ten cents is so small in comparison with other societies and our recent splendid efforts for patriotic service in a war emergency have been so extensive that the strain on our resources has been great. Please bear this in mind and before you adjourn for the summer let your *per capita* tax in full be in the hands of our Treasurer General.

State Conventions.—April 22 to 25 I spent with the South Carolina Division in convention assembled at Darlington, S. C., making an address on our "General U. D. C. Coöperative Endeavors" and taking part in all business sessions. The report from this Division will show great activity in behalf of the Hero Fund and the sale of the entire taking of the Division of the one hundred books, "Southern Women in War Work."

April 29 to May 1 I spent with the North Carolina Division in convention at Wilson, N. C., where I enjoyed the privilege of seeing the wonderful enthusiasm and capable work expressed in the Division by its convention activities. Your President General was the recipient of many courtesies from the hospitable people of Wilson. A formal luncheon by Mrs. Walter Woodard, President of the hostess Chapter, at the Country Club to the North Carolina Executive Board and the President General, a beautiful dinner at Mrs. P. T. Woodard's, and a reception by the Commonwealth Club enabled me to know many North Carolina U. D. C. more intimately. I gave an address on the "Work of the General U. D. C." on their opening evening, which was crowded to a "standing-room-only" house. Mrs. Thrash, the North Caro-

"May 3, 1919.

"My Dear Miss Poppenheim: Your letter of April 28 has been received, together with your report to the twenty-fifth Convention held in Louisville April 1-5. I want to thank you for sending me this report, which shows a year of inspiring work. Those seventy beds at Neuilly Hospital must make you very happy, to say nothing of the millions of garments for the Red Cross which your Chapters have made.

"May I take the liberty of saying how much your closing paragraph means to me? If the war through which the world has just been passing should have accomplished no other thing, it has surely knit closer than ever before the great ties of union in our land; and the way you, as the head of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, have expressed this in your report must have found response in every one who read and heard it given. Please keep me on your list for everything of interest you may issue.

"Sincerely yours,

CHARLES SEARS TAYLOR,
Director Educational Division."

In closing let me urge the same enthusiasm and energy in peace that you have displayed in war service. Your position is now so conspicuous among the women's patriotic societies of America that you must maintain the standards you have set for yourselves far out into the future.

Faithfully and lovingly yours, MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

DIVISION NOTES.

[On account of the lengthy report of the Louisville convention several items from the Divisions were omitted from the last issue for want of space.]

North Carolina.—Notwithstanding the convention of the North Carolina Division was postponed from October, 1918, to April, 1919, on account of the influenza epidemic, the year has been a busy one, with all pledges met and much war work done, especially for the American hospital at Neuilly, France, and in the third liberty loan drive, when the members of Cape Fear Chapter, of Wilmington, as individuals purchased the largest per cent of bonds taken of this issue—\$98,000.

The Historical Department is working hard to complete this year the records of all soldiers of North Carolina serving in the world war who are of Confederate lineage. Noticeable among them is the 119th Infantry of the 30th Division, under command of Col. Van B. Metts, of Wilmington, son of a Confederate soldier, who is "credited with having gone the farthest at St. Quentin on September 29, 1918." Wilmington and Raleigh are preparing to do all honor to the State's returning heroes, and the Daughters of the Confederacy are to assist in every way possible.

On the morning of March 1 the members of the A. M. Waddell Chapter, of Kinston, gathered at Vernon Hall, the colonial home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Felix Harvey, and participated in the planting of two trees, one in memory of the boys who served in the European war, known as the "Victory Oak"; the other to the memory of the Confederate soldier and called the "Chapter Oak." The ceremonies were impressive, besides the music and address by Mrs. Anna Turnley, President. At the close of the program Mrs. Harvey was hostess to the Chapter and led the way over the beautiful historic grounds, pointing out many notable spots of historic interest and giving facts connected with the war of the sixties.

lina President, displayed wonderful tact and capability as a presiding officer. Having seen the inside of a North Carolina U. D. C. convention, I know now how North Carolina can do so much work for the General Association. The Hero Fund received special consideration, and \$1,250 was pledged on the floor for a North Carolina special scholarship in the Hero Fund.

May 6-9 I spent with the Florida Division in convention in Jacksonville, being the guest of the three Jacksonville Chapters. Here my heart was made glad by the beautiful harmony and spirit of coöperation displayed in all sessions. Mrs. Norris, the Division President, is a most gracious and fair-minded presiding officer, and the enthusiasm expressed at the prospect of meeting with the General Convention in Tampa, Fla., in November assured me of the wisdom the Louisville Convention had displayed in accepting the cordial invitation "to go to Florida for the next Convention." Jacksonville's hospitality was unbounded; all the delegates were entertained at the comfortable Seminole Hotel, where all business and social sessions were held. The President General was entertained by Mrs. Fleming, ex-Regent of Florida Room in the Confederate Museum, at a beautiful luncheon at the Seminole Club; by Mrs. Medlin, who included among her other guests the Florida Division officers, at a formal dinner in her charming home; by Mrs. Landrum, President of the Martha Reid Chapter, at a beautiful luncheon, including among her guests the President of the Florida Division, many of the State officials, and both local Chapter Presidents; by Mrs. R. C. Cooley, ex-Corresponding Secretary General U. D. C., at a lovely afternoon tea at the Mason, where a group of old and new workers in Florida in behalf of the U. D. C. discussed past and future problems for our beloved work. Your President General made an address on Historical Evening on "Present-Day Historical and Educational Endeavors of the U. D. C." before a large and sympathetic audience; and as the Florida U. C. V. and S. C. V. were also in annual convention in Jacksonville, they added to the pleasure of the evening by being on the stage and in the audience. Your President General accepted the invitation to speak to the Florida U. C. V. in convention on Thursday afternoon, and it was an inspiration to look into the faces of those splendid gray warriors and to assure them that their past services to the South would be held in perpetual remembrance by the U. D. C., which was gaining in strength and influence as the years lengthen into the future.

At all three of these Conventions the reports and the results of the Louisville Convention were referred to as inspiring and directing to each Division, and personally I received such encouragement that any further efforts I may be able to make to advance the interests of our General Association are already more than rewarded by the spirit of these meetings I have been privileged to attend. I regretted that lack of time and strength prevented my accepting the cordial invitations of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana to be with them in their Conventions; but the necessity to push forward as rapidly as possible the issuance of your Louisville Convention minutes and the general increased correspondence because of the broad policies you adopted at Louisville require my presence in Charleston at my desk.

Official Recognition.—The appended letter from the United States Department of Labor, Information, and Education at Washington, which has constantly asked for reports of the U. D. C. work as an association, will interest you all:

Arkansas.—The Arkansas Division is taking special interest in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN this year, having appointed the Division Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. E. Massey, of Hot Springs, the official correspondent for the VETERAN, and Mrs. George H. Hughes, of Benton, as special representative of the VETERAN in Arkansas. This Division reports all lines of the work as moving steadily forward.

Maryland.—The annual meeting of the Maryland Division was held at the Emerson Hotel, Baltimore, on Wednesday, March 12. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Charles E. Parr, President. Delegates and alternates were present from the following Chapters: Baltimore, Ridgely Brown, of Rockville, E. V. White, of Poolesville, and John F. Hickey, of Hyattsville. The morning session was devoted to the presentation of credentials and reports of officers and Chapter Presidents. At noon a delicious luncheon was served, the county officers and delegates being the guests of the Executive Committee of the State. At the afternoon session the following officers were elected, Mrs. James H. Loughborough, Second Vice President, presiding: President, Mrs. Charles E. Parr; First Vice President, Mrs. John P. Poe; Second Vice President, Mrs. James H. Loughborough; Third Vice President, Mrs. J. Frank Wilson; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. William M. Buchanan; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John M. Harrison, in place of Mrs. William H. Talbott, who resigned; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Edward H. Bash; Treasurer, Mrs. Winfield Peters; Registrar, Mrs. I. P. Gough; Historian, Mrs. R. Corbin Maupin; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Jed Gittings; State Editor, Mrs. Edward J. Croker; Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. J. P. Powers; State Recorder of Crosses of Honor, Miss Florence Brown; Directors, Mrs. James D. Iglehart, Mrs. William H. Talbott, and Mrs. Webb Peplor.

When committee reports were called for, Mrs. Joseph H. Branham gave a very interesting report of the educational work. Three amendments to the constitution and by-laws were adopted. The Division voted \$25 for the Armenian Relief Fund. The President announced that an open meeting of the Division would be held the first Wednesday of each month and urged that steps be taken to arrange for a Historical Evening at least three times a year.

The Red Cross Circle, Baltimore Chapter, presented Mrs. Parr with a beautiful silver loving cup in recognition of her faithful and efficient services as their chairman.

Tennessee.—The Tennessee Division will hold its annual convention in the delightful city of Knoxville May 14-16, when a new State President will be chosen. Mrs. Birdie Askew Owen, the retiring President, has sent these notes on the Division work during her administration. The five branches of the work have been emphasized, and there has been a decided increase in membership. The first care has been, as always, the dear Confederate veterans, and every aid possible has been rendered to the Confederate women of Tennessee.

War officials report Tennessee women second only to the women of Delaware in war work, and Delaware led the whole nation. The Daughters of the Confederacy had a large part in this, and yet the Chapters, not realizing the importance, made very incomplete reports of their war work, some reporting none of their war work. Tennessee Division sent both ambulance and kitchen trailer fully equipped to France and invested \$3,600 in liberty bonds. The bonds bought and sold by Chapters and members totaled \$320,702;

war savings stamps, \$77,295; contributed to the Red Cross and other war relief work, \$10,101; to the support of French and Belgian orphans, \$13,443; and endowed four hospital beds in the American hospital at Neuilly, France, at a cost of \$2,400. They made 2,712,220 hospital garments, 411,060 surgical dressings, and 10,944 knitted articles.

In the fifth branch of service—education—a plan has been formulated whereby a noble monument, the Tennessee Division Educational Endowment Fund, to Tennessee boys who are returning victorious from over the seas will prove an untold blessing to the many boys and girls who will share the benefits of its scholarships in the years to come.

The Division has been asked to raise \$350 to put a marker in Tennessee Circle in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg, Miss. This marker will complete the record of Tennessee organizations engaged in Vicksburg operations, and it is expected this sum will be raised before the May convention.

The Tennessee Division sustained a great loss in the death of its Honorary President, Mrs. John C. Brown, of Nashville.

The Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, of Paris, will observe Memorial Day June 3, the birthday of President Jefferson Davis, in honor of both the veterans of the sixties and the veterans of 1917-18. Believing the War between the States is in no way excelled by the world war except in the numbers engaged and the vastness of the undertakings and the armaments, and believing that as great deeds of heroism and acts as thrilling were performed in one war as in the other, they have asked the world war boys to tell the most thrilling thing coming under their own observation and have asked the Confederate veterans to match it or overmatch it with some event they know about. Relics and souvenirs of the two wars will be on exhibition at the meeting at the courthouse to show the difference in the armament of the two armies. After the program the graves of Confederates in the two cemeteries will be decorated.

Virginia.—Mrs. C. W. Sumter, former President, is again serving as President of the Hamilton-Wade Chapter, of Christiansburg, as Mrs. I. R. B. Harless, recently elected, cannot serve on account of ill health requiring a change of residence.

THE HERO FUND.

RECEIPTS FOR THE 1917-18 HERO FUND FOR APRIL.

Alabama: Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw.....	\$ 5 00
California: Mrs. W. T. Lucas.....	5 00
Florida: Annie Coleman Chapter, \$25; Wade Hampton Chapter, \$5	30 00
Georgia: Margaret A. Wilson, Children of the Confederacy, \$5; John B. Gordon Chapter, \$15.....	20 00
Illinois Division	25 00
Kentucky: Children of the Confederacy of Louisville, \$5; Mrs. L. E. Williams, \$5.....	10 00
Louisiana: Bunkie Chapter.....	2 00
Maryland Division, \$150; Children of the Confederacy, \$5; Miss Bright, \$25.....	180 00
Massachusetts: Boston Chapter.....	5 00
Mississippi: Claiborne County Chapter.....	5 00
Missouri: Mrs. R. A. Gerard.....	5 00
New York: Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, \$25; Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, in honor of Mrs. Barbour Walker, \$10.....	35 00

North Carolina Division, \$259.47; Bethel Heroes, Children of the Confederacy, \$25.....	\$ 284 47
Oklahoma: Ida Harris Culbertson Chapter, \$5; Shawnee Chapter, \$700.....	705 00
Ohio Division, \$35; Dixie Chapter, \$50; Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, \$25; Mrs. E. T. Sells, \$10; Mrs. J. B. Doan, \$5.....	125 00
Pennsylvania: Pittsburg Chapter.....	5 00
South Carolina: Francis Marion Bamberg Chapter, \$10; Chester Chapter, \$3; Williamsburg Chapter, \$5; Secessionville Chapter, \$15; St. Matthews Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Sallie Wade Rives, in memoriam of Capt. Wade H. Rives, \$50; Mrs. John Cart, \$10; Mrs. J. R. Vandiver, \$10; Mrs. E. J. Burch, \$5; Mrs. Lucy Thompson, \$5; Mrs. J. Whitman Smith, \$5 Mrs. E. H. Rodgers, \$5; Miss Julia T. Ragsdale, \$5.....	133 00
Tennessee: Miss Virginia O. Claybrook.....	5 00
Texas: Barnard E. Bee Chapter, \$10; Tom Green Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Ledford, \$1; Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, \$5; Mrs. C. B. Stone, \$10.....	31 00
Virginia Division, \$50; Anna Eliza Johns Chapter, \$25; Sally Tompkins Chapter, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, \$5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, \$5; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, 50.....	140 00
West Virginia Division.....	50 00
Total	\$1,805 47

REPORTED RECEIVED BY MRS. R. E. LITTLE, TREASURER GENERAL, FOR APRIL.

Florida: Pensacola Chapter.....	5 00
Georgia: Fort Valley, \$10; Millen, \$5; Thomson \$1; Quitman, \$10; Washington, \$5; Dalton, \$10; Social Circle, \$2; McDonough, \$5; Milledgeville, \$8	56 00
Illinois Division	4 12
North Carolina: No list, \$61.25; Gastonia, \$25.....	86 25
Ohio: Dixie Chapter, \$5; Southern States Chapter, \$10; Joe Wheeler Chapter, \$10.....	25 00
Pennsylvania: Philadelphia Chapter.....	10 00
Texas: Wade Hampton Chapter, El Paso, \$100; Hood's Texas Brigade, Children of the Confederacy, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Houston, \$25; Mrs. E. C. Bryan, \$50.....	180 00
Total	\$ 366 37
Total for April, 1919.....	\$2,171 84

Next month there will be published the amounts turned over to this fund from the hospital bed funds in the various Divisions.

Although the victory liberty loan campaign has passed, bonds of this issue are still to be purchased from the government; so Chapters are urged to send contributions to the Treasurer of the fund without further delay.

ARMIDA MOSES, *Treasurer.*

TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.—Other leaders have had their triumphs. Conquerors have won crowns, and honors have been piled on the victors of earth's great battles. But never, sir, came man to more loving people.—*Henry W. Grady.*

Historical Department, H. B. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower the Rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

FOREWORD.

In addition to the study of the program on "Early Abolition," let us try to begin at once a careful collection of the individual records of bravery of our young Confederate descendants in the world war, but only such as can be absolutely substantiated. If each Chapter will collect such incidents now about the boys whose stars shine on its flag, we will have a truthful and radiant record to hand down to those who will succeed us.

I shall be so glad if each State Historian will take pains to see how many of the descendants of the Confederate leaders, both civil and military, were engaged in the world war.

With appreciation of your faithful efforts, I am, sincerely,
ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

A NEW PRIZE OFFERED.

Dear Children of the Confederacy: In 1917 Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Kentucky, offered to give a new prize to the Historical Department wherever most needed. On account of the vast amount of war work to be done, in which even the children's services were required, we thought it wise to make the historical work as light as possible. After looking carefully over the field, it has been decided to offer the new prize for the best individual work done by one of the Children of the Confederacy. Hence the Florence Golder Faris prize, which bears the maiden name of Mrs. McKinney's mother, is offered to the member of the Children of the Confederacy writing the best essay on the subject of Miss Mildred Rutherford's pamphlet, "The Civilization of the Old South." All correspondence concerning this prize should be with Miss Jennie Price, of Lewisburg, W. Va., Third Vice President General U. D. C., who directs the Children's work.

In addition to Miss Rutherford's pamphlet, I would suggest two books which give interesting side lights upon the subject. One, the Southern classic for children, "Diddie, Dumps, and Tot," by Louise Clark Pynelle, published by Harper and Brothers, New York, and the other a very interesting new book called "When I Was a Little Girl," by Anna Hardeman Meade, published by the Fred S. Lang Company, Los Angeles, Cal. This book gives a beautiful picture of life before the war on a Mississippi plantation.

Wishing that we may be able to award this prize at the November Convention and with kind wishes for your success, I am, your faithful friend,

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

The Robin laughed in the orange tree:

"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!"

While breasts are red and wings are bold

And green trees wave us globes of gold,

Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—

Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MAKY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilkes
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Rep

POSTPONEMENT OF BOARD MEETING.

To the Memorial Women: Combinations of unforeseen circumstances have made it necessary to defer the meeting of the Executive Board of the C. S. M. A. from May 15 to a later date, possibly just preceding the convention.

A cordial invitation has been extended by the mayor and civic bodies of Savannah, Ga., to the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to meet in Savannah, Ga., which will probably carry the convention to that city, and the conference planned to meet in Atlanta will be held a day or two in advance of the convention.

Regretting the delay, but looking forward with pleasurable anticipation for a larger attendance than would have been possible at the former date, I am,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
President General C. S. M. A.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

There seemed to be a blended sentiment for the "old" and the "new" in the Memorial Day exercises all over the country this year—a holy, sweet sentiment for the dead heroes who sleep in our Southern cemeteries and for the brave lads who fell in Flanders field or are sleeping in No Man's Land. And it is right that thoughts of the Confederate soldiers and the world war soldiers should be as one, for it was as much the blood and heroism of the Southern descendants of Southern heroes of the war of the sixties as anything else that won peace to the world.

All over the land on Memorial Day long processions wound through busy streets, thronged with teary-eyed people, until they came to the sacred plot of ground where they laid their beautiful wreaths of flowers on grassy graves, and many in those processions were khaki-clad men who have returned from overseas; men who with broader vision, with clearer understanding of what their forefathers stood for, added their tribute of love and reverence for the unconquered heroes of a war that has no comparison for bravery and strength of purpose.

Memorial Day is over, and it was one of the memorable and beautiful days to be recorded in the great book of the world's passing events.

* * *

At a meeting of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association, held in Atlanta recently, Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, of Rome, prominently identified with the Ladies' Memorial Association and Past President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, was elected President.

Mrs. Rounsaville was head of the Arlington and Jefferson Davis Monument Associations in Georgia.

It has been decided by the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association to incorporate in the wonderful story of the war which is to be carved on the sheer side of Stone Mountain, the largest granite rock in the world, the thought of what the South has done in all the wars fought for freedom in America. The central story, however, will be of the War between the States and will have Gens. R. E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson as the principal figures in the picture, which is to cover the thousand by three thousand feet of flat surface of the mountain. The change of the original plan, which was to keep the memorial exclusively for the Confederate heroes, was made in order to embody the great thought of heroism shown in the recent war in the monument as a tribute to the six hundred thousand sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans who were in service in the Allied army. The idea of making a monument of Stone Mountain originated with William H. Terrell, a well-known lawyer in Atlanta. It will take eight to ten years to complete the work, which Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, has been empowered to handle.

A distinguished visitor to Atlanta for Memorial Day was Mrs. M. E. Batts, of Pensacola, Fla. Mrs. Batts is prominent in the Memorial Association work and had a seat of honor in the Memorial Day parade as a guest of the Ladies' Memorial Association. She is otherwise connected with club work in her home State and is an interesting woman.

* * *

The following poem, by Agnes Neville Davis, of Mobile, Ala., was written for Memorial Day as a tribute to Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, the President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Mrs. Davis is well known for poems of the Confederacy and Confederate heroes, and her poem written last year called "America, to Thee—My Boy" was widely copied.

MEMORIAL WREATHS.

"Dost thou not know the beauty of the flowers
That bloom within the heart,
As year by year life's sweetest chords are touched
By tender, loving thought?

Dost thou inhale the fragrance pure and sweet
That lingers in the air,
Knowing 'tis but the language of the flowers
That whisper everywhere?

If thou dost not, thou hast not then a soul
To link thee with the past;
Thy memory doth not prove thee true, but false,
With nothing sweet to last.

'Tis sweet to hold communion with the dead
And twine memorial wreaths
From flowers that know the secrets of our hearts,
Where sacred memory breathes.

Memorial wreaths, O sweet memorial wreaths
Shall ever twine above
The graves of all our heroes of the past
To whisper words of love."

MEMORIAL DAY.

Miss Anna Benning, Vice President for Georgia C. S. M. A., pays the following tribute to the beautiful sentiments which have been part of the patriotic life of the South for over half a century:

"Memorial Day was observed throughout Georgia, the State of its birth. In places where there are Memorial Associations that organization took the lead, often assisted by the Daughters of the Confederacy of their local Chapter. In towns where there is no Memorial Association the Daughters of the Confederacy in love and dutiful remembrance kept April 26 as inaugurated by their patriotic mothers.

"This year a double memorial was solemnized. Everywhere, from the Florida glades to the Tennessee mountains, orange and pine sang their song of Southern bravery. The Savannah River, on the east, and the Chattahoochee, on the west, called to every stream in the State to lend its voice to swell the chorus of exultation for the boys who wore the gray and for the boys who wore khaki.

"Side by side under the grasses and flowers of their native land sleep the heroes of Dixie; under the scarlet poppies of France lie the heroes who broke the Hindenburg line. Grand-sire and grandson, their fathers made our America. They have writ her valor large on the scroll of fame, and as that scroll unwinds the names of children and children's children will be set there like stars to guide the way to glory."

"WHAT FLAG WAS THIS?"

In response to this inquiry in the VETERAN for February, Capt. Joseph Boyce (Company D, St. Louis Grays, 1st Missouri Infantry), of St. Louis, Mo., writes that he remembers the incident during the siege of Vicksburg, and in the following, taken from a paper he read several years ago before the Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis, he tells of what occurred in front of his regiment:

"Early in the afternoon of the 22d of May, 1863, the enemy was seen massing in front of our position, and about three o'clock the grand charge was made. They came out of the timber with a cheer and full of confidence. Their front looked like a large blue wave surging toward us. We were waiting for them, every man in his place, and the enemy got the warmest reception we could offer. Our batteries opened a tremendous fire of canister, and their first line seemed to melt away under our artillery fire and musketry. Their second line advanced gallantly, and some reached the ditch of our works. They were General Blair's troops, mostly from Missouri. I cannot recall the number of the regiment that planted the flag on our works, and if I could at this late day name it I have too much respect for the memory of those brave Western men who fell in our front and for those now living who planned their standard in that bloody assault to remind them of their loss. The color sergeant and guard were shot

down, while some of the men of that regiment tried to save the colors. Robert Busch, a young German boy, a member of my company, sprang out of the works, seized the flag, and, waving it defiantly at them, cried out: 'Come and get your flag. The Camp Jackson boys are here. Don't you want to take us to the arsenal again? It's our time now.' The brave fellow had to be dragged into the works by his comrades, carrying the flag with him. He escaped without a scratch, but, poor fellow! he was afterwards killed at New Hope, Ga. The flag was taken to General Pemberton's headquarters, and its captor was complimented and offered promotion, which he modestly declined.

"This young boy had been captured with our regiment at Camp Jackson in St. Louis May 10, 1861, by Generals Lyon and Blair, whose troops were composed almost entirely of St. Louis Germans. This capture was never forgiven and shall never be forgotten or condoned by those who were humiliated by this outrage. We were legally in our annual encampment by order of Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson as Missouri State troops and acting under the laws of the United States government. Our command at that time numbered about seven hundred muskets. Lyon and Blair surrounded our camp with over four thousand, and it was impossible to offer any resistance to their demand; so of course our commander, Gen. D. M. Frost, and his officers decided to comply with this shameful order. We were marched, guarded by our captors, to the St. Louis arsenal and held there until the next day, when we were paroled and set free. During the preliminaries we were fired upon, and several of our comrades were killed and several wounded. Many citizens, lookers on, men, women, and children were shot down. A babe in its mother's arms was killed. Such a scene of brutality and murder resulted that to this day it is called the 'Massacre of Camp Jackson.'

"Thus came about the organization of the 1st Missouri Confederate Infantry, Col. John S. Bowen, a former United States army officer, its founder and organizer, who called us to Memphis, Tenn., to complete its organization and to avenge the atrocity of our capture. Our battle cry in every engagement—at Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, in all of the battles under Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Hood in Georgia and about Atlanta, Franklin, Tenn., etc.) was, 'Remember Camp Jackson!'"

GALLANT CAPTAIN RIDGELY.

Capt. Randolph Ridgely, of Baltimore, was born November 21, 1844; and although he had received an appointment to West Point, he came South immediately upon the beginning of the war, April, 1861, and joined a Virginia regiment. In a short time he was promoted to staff duty and served with Gen. J. M. Jones, of North Carolina, and others. He followed Generals Lee and Jackson and was in all of the active fighting of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was upon General Ramseur's staff when he was desperately wounded at Winchester July 20, 1864. His life was saved by the heroic action of Miss Tillie Russell, whose history is well known. For many months he was devotedly cared for at the home of Mr. Robert Y. Conrad. At the close of the war Captain Ridgely, still on crutches, came to Georgia, his mother's native State, and settled in Burke County, where he did faithful duty in the dark days of Reconstruction. He was proud to have three sons in the world war, all of whom have done active duty overseas. These were: Capt. Randolph

[Continued on page 238.]

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1917-18.

Commander in Chief, Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

CONFEDERATION NOTES.

With great regret announcement is made of the death of Dr. R. F. McConnell, of Attalla, Ala., Commander of the Alabama Division, S. C. V. Dr. McConnell was one of the most loyal and best-beloved members of our organization, and in his death the Confederation has lost one of its most valuable members. He was the Commander of the John T. Morgan Camp at Attalla, Ala., for a number of years, and it was through his influence that that Camp there has the largest membership of any S. C. V. Camp in the State. He was serving his second term as Commander of the Alabama Division at the time of his death.

Letters have been received recently from Past Commander in Chief Ernest G. Baldwin, who for the past year has been in active service in France as first lieutenant of the 112th Machine Gun Company. Comrade Baldwin was all through the fight at Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne Forest, but fortunately escaped without injury, although he was badly gassed. He has been promoted to the general staff and is now stationed at Bourbonne les Bains. Comrade Baldwin has proved that he has not lost his deep interest in the Sons' organization, as he reports the organization of a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans at Verdun, the Camp being composed of Sons who were stationed at that point. This Camp has been named Camp Verdun. Comrade Baldwin advises that he expects to be at the next annual reunion of the Confederation and asks to be remembered to all the comrades.

The many friends of Commander in Chief Hinton will be interested to learn of his marriage on April 28 to Miss Elizabeth Ranson, of Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Hinton is of Confederate lineage and was an active member of the U. D. C. Chapter at Kansas City. They will make their home in Denver, Colo.

STATE REUNIONS.

Dates of the following State reunions are announced: Alabama, Mobile, May 14 and 15; Florida, Jacksonville, May 7-10; Mississippi, Brookhaven, July 9-11; South Carolina, Greenwood, July 22 and 23.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

B. A. Lincoln, of Columbus, Miss., Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, announces the appointment of his staff as follows:

Department Adjutant, V. S. Imes, Columbus, Miss.
Department Inspector, D. S. Etheridge, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Department Quartermaster, W. T. Andrews, Opelika, Ala.
Department Commissary, J. H. Watkins, Monroe, La.
Department Advocate, D. S. Sanford, Milledgeville, Ga.
Department Surgeon, Dr. H. E. Palmer, Tallahassee, Fla.
Department Chaplain, Rev. W. S. Slack, Alexandria, La.
Department Historian, Dr. Dunbar Rowland, Jackson, Miss.
James F. Tatem, of Norfolk, Va., and Steve H. King, of Tulsa, Okla., Commanders of the Army of Virginia and Trans-Mississippi Departments, are both actively at work and expect to have a splendid representation from their departments at the next reunion.

DIVISIONS

R. E. Johnston, of Mayfield, Ky., Commander of the Kentucky Division, announces the appointment of the following Brigade and staff officers:

First Kentucky Brigade, Pelham H. Johnston, Lexington.
Second Kentucky Brigade, Wade H. Lail, Cynthiana.
Third Kentucky Brigade, Baylor Landrum, Louisville.
Fourth Kentucky Brigade, J. B. Wickliffe, Wickliffe.
Fifth Kentucky Brigade, R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green.
Division Adjutant, M. B. Holifield, Mayfield.
Department Inspector, Thomas R. Morgan, Covington.
Department Quartermaster, Ote Jackson, Clinton.
Division Judge Advocate, R. W. Bingham, Louisville.
Division Surgeon, Dr. J. L. Dismukes, Mayfield.

MISSOURI DIVISION.

Todd M. George, Commander of the Missouri Division, reports a large increase in the membership of the John B. Gordon Camp of Kansas City. He is working hard to organize the State.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

Frank R. Fravel, of Washington, D. C., has been appointed Commander of the District of Columbia Division. Comrade Fravel has been a member of the Executive Council and has served on the staff of the Commander in Chief at different times. He has been one of the most active members of the Confederation for many years and never misses a reunion.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Capt. H. D. Patterson, of Temple, Tex., Commander of the Texas Division, is both a veteran and son of a veteran. He is Adjutant of the Veterans' Camp at Temple and Adjutant of the Sons' Camp. Under his administration the Sons' Camp has increased from ten members to over one hundred, and he states that he expects to report several hundred more



MRS. CARL HINTON.

at the next reunion. This is now the largest Camp in the State. Captain Patterson is working hard to organize Camps of Sons throughout his Division.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Commander Hinton announces the apointment of the following Division Commanders:

Alabama, Dr. W. E. Quin, Fort Payne.
Arkansas, A. D. Pope, Magnolia.
Colorado, H. W. Lowrie, Denver.
District of Columbia, F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.
Kentucky, R. E. Johnston, Mayfield.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, Henry Hollyday, Jr., Easton.
Missouri, Todd M. George, Independence.
North Carolina, Charles A. Hincs, Greensboro.
Oklahoma, George W. Bruce, Muskogee.
Southwest, C. R. Brice, Roswell, N. Mex.
Texas, H. D. Patterson, Temple.
West Virginia, Ralph Darden, Elkins.

RELIEF COMMITTEE.

Dt. W. C. Galloway, of Wilmington, N. C., Chairman of the Relief Committee, S. C. V., is actively at work securing information regarding the amount of pensions paid the Confederate soldiers and their widows in the various States, the number on the pension roll, the location of the Confederate Home in each State, and the amount that the State appropriates for the maintenance of the Home.

GRAY BOOK COMMITTEE.

Owing to the increase in the cost of printing caused by the war, it was decided to defer the printing of the S. C. V. Gray Book until better arrangements could be made. The committee in charge hopes to be able to get this book out by fall, as it is badly needed in our schools and colleges. The scope of this committee has been enlarged, and Comrade Arthur H. Jennings, the Chairman, with the assistance of Comrade Matthew Page Andrews and Adjutant Forrest, have been keeping a close watch upon all articles published in the newspapers and magazines and have been able to make many corrections in same.

WIRZ AND THE KAISER.

Adjutant Forrest has made a formal protest in behalf of the Sons of Confederate Veterans against using the trial and execution of Henry Wirz as a precedent for the trial and punishment of the Kaiser. A reference to the Wirz trial was made before the Peace Tribunal by Leon Bourgeois, former French Premier. Copies of this protest are being forwarded to the American Ambassador at Paris, to the Swiss embassy at Washington, and to Leon Bourgeois.

TEXTBOOKS ON HISTORY.

Adjutant Forrest is compiling a list of histories now being taught in the schools and colleges of the South, so that a systematic effort may be made by all the Confederate organizations to eliminate those that are sectional and unfair to the South. A report will be made giving a list of the books that are recommended by the Sons, and the list of objectionable histories will also be published.

Adjutant in Chief Forrest has recently visited the Camps at Savannah, Ga., and also Jacksonville, Ocala, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Micanopy, Gainesville, and Tallahassee, Fla. Recently he visited the Camps at Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., Norfolk, Berkley, Portsmouth, Petersburg, and Lynchburg, and also at Louisville and Memphis.

MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATES.

All Camps are urged to send in their orders at once for the new membership certificates that have been printed by general headquarters. These certificates were gotten up to fill the demand of the Camps, which wanted some form that could be given to the members. These certificates are to be signed by the Commander and Adjutant of the Camp and provide for the name of the member and also for the name and war record of the father or grandfather upon which he bases his claim for admittance to the Camp, thereby constituting a valuable record. These certificates are supplied to the Camps at cost, ten cents each.

PER CAPITA TAX.

All Camps are urged to collect and send in their dues for this year to general headquarters as soon as possible. The time and place of our annual will be decided in a few days, and due notice will be sent to all Camps and officers.

IN THE TEXAS PANHANDLE.

An interesting letter comes from H. R. Airheart, representative of the VETERAN at Amarillo, Tex., with which he sends report of fifty subscribers. Forty of these are Sons of Confederate Veterans, representing the most prominent men of that city, among them being judges, lawyers, merchants, etc., and Comrade Airheart challenges any county in the State to make a better showing of the Sons of Veterans. Ten subscribers of the list are Confederate veterans, a goodly proportion of the small number left in that section. His letter gives a vision of the splendid future for that western section of the great State of Texas, whose people are among the most industrious and progressive of this country. The letter is given in full:

"I have been a reader of this, the official organ of the boys who wore the gray, for about twelve years of the twenty-six that the publication has been issued. I find it of such value and interest that I have never to be without it again. I have frequently sent in small lists of subscribers, but am particularly proud of the list of fifty which you will find inclosed. All of the district officers and all of the county officers, with but few exceptions, are included along with city officers and many attorneys and other prominent professional and business men.

"I am serving my second term as justice of the peace in this loyal, progressive Western city and will be glad to receive a line from any of my old comrades in arms, particularly those whom I have not seen for thirty, forty, or fifty years. I was a member of Company H, of the 9th Missouri Cavalry, having joined in October, 1863, at the age of fourteen years.

"As I do not recall ever having seen anything in our official paper about the Texas Panhandle, I hope it will not be an imposition for me to say a few things about this the greatest and newest section of the Lone Star State. This is the center of the greatest cattle country on earth, and it is sometimes said that more stock cattle change hands in Amarillo than in any other city in the United States outside the big packing house centers. The Panhandle is the home of the white-faced Hereford, and perhaps in no other country on earth is there such a wide extent of territory occupied so nearly exclusively by this one well-known breed of cattle. Our Hereford cattle exhibit at the last annual Panhandle State Fair was one of the best in the entire country, ranking along with, if not surpassing, the famous Royal Stock Show at

Kansas City. Hundreds of thoroughbreds from the Middle West, Western, and Southern States find their way to Amarillo, and at the auction sale of thoroughbred Herefords held in connection with the fair and also in connection with the Buyers' and Sellers' Convention, which meets at Amarillo every year in the early spring, many of the favorites bring prices well up in the four figures.

"Not only is this a great cattle country, but the hogs from this section seldom fail to top the market at Fort Worth market. Dry-farming crops are raised here in abundance, as well as millions of bushels of a very fine grade of wheat. Four years ago our wheat crop broke all previous records, much of it making a yield of from thirty to forty bushels per acre after it had helped to condition great herds of pure-bred Herefords. The outlook for the present year is even better than four years ago. New railroads are being promoted and built almost continually, and several roads and extensions are contemplated for the near future. Amarillo increased in population about five hundred and ninety-three per cent during the last decade, or a greater per cent than any other city in the United States, with the single exception of Long Beach, Cal. At a conservative estimate it is said that our population has increased another forty per cent since the last census, and the outlook was never better than at present. Many of the country's successful and leading cattlemen, who have made their money by the millions in this enterprise, have located in Amarillo and are helping us to make this one of the most progressive cities in the Southwest.

"We still have about twenty old Confederates in Plemons Camp, No. 1451, and meet every Sunday afternoon when the weather is favorable. If there are any other old Confederates who want to join us in this goodly land, come on out. The lathstring is always out, and you will be given a hearty welcome."

THE WILD TEXAS RANGERS.

In the leaflet sent out by the Sons of Veterans for the purpose of exposing the false history, etc., that is taught by partisan writers, the following paragraph is given as a quotation from Miss Cheney's "Young Folks' History of the Civil War." On page 133 she gives a description of the Texas Rangers that is doubtless most pleasing. She says: "Under a different name Texas suffered from the same class of people. They called themselves 'Texas Rangers,' and a prominent leader, Col. Henry H. Sibley, who had once belonged to the United States army, was their leader. These people were of the worst sort. They did not kill their prey so much for the love of the Rebel cause as for plunder. Some of them were frightful creatures, half wild, carrying a rifle, a tomahawk, a Bowie knife, a revolver, and a lasso for catching and throwing an enemy's horse. They looked as shaggy as the mustang ponies which they rode. Col. E. R. S. Canby did much to rid Texas and New Mexico of these people, who were far worse to meet in ambush than an army of Rebel soldiers face to face. Nevertheless, both he and the famous Kit Carson were put to rout by a thousand Rangers, who charged down upon them like an avalanche. So wild was the panic of the nationals before an attack of these ferocious, half-human beings that they ran away in terror, incapable of firing a shot or of obeying an order. For months skirmishing continued, the nationals usually getting beaten, although so many battles crippled the guerrillas. At last, however, Colonel Canby pressed them so hard that they were glad to get over the mountains into Mexico, and Canby did not follow them."

GALLANT CAPTAIN RIDGELY.

[Continued from page 235.]

Ridgely, Jr., of the coast guard service; Lieut. Commander Conrad Ridgely, who was with the mining fleet in the North Sea; First Lieut. M. R. Ridgely, infantry, who went to the border, then to France, and is still there.

Captain Ridgely died December 9, 1918. He was the son of Capt. Randolph Ridgely, who was killed in the Mexican War.

THE MONUMENT AT MONTEREY, VA.

The 4th of July will be a very special occasion at Monterey, Va., this year, for on that day the monument erected by the Highland Chapter, U. D. C., to the Confederate soldiers of Highland County will be unveiled with fitting ceremonies; and it will also be a day of welcome to the soldiers returning from their service in the late war in Europe. Prominent men will be the speakers, and other features of the program will make the occasion most enjoyable. All who can attend are invited to do so. Mrs. J. C. Matheny is Chairman of the Monument and Program Committee.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Following a precedent of many years past, the Robert Lee Chapter of Columbus, Ohio, is busy making preparations for the memorial service at Camp Chase Cemetery which will be held on Saturday, June 28. Donations of flowers and money from friends everywhere will be gratefully received.

Send money to Mrs. L. H. Rose, No. 729 Oakwood Avenue and flowers to Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, No. 56 S. Warren Street, Columbus, Ohio.

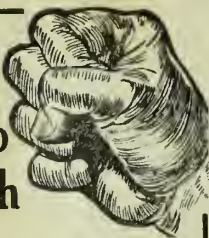
By request of Mrs. W. B. McCleskey, President Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.

CELEBRATING THE 4TH OF JULY.—There will be quite a celebration at Lewisville, Ark., on the 4th of July, and invitations have been sent out to all Confederate veterans, all Union veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, soldiers of the recent world war, and all Master Masons and their families, to be the guests of that city for the day, with the Sam H. Dill Camp U. C. V., the W. D. Trotter Chapter U. D. C., and Lodge No. 14 A. F. and A. M. as special hosts of the occasion. Frank Brame, Adjutant of Sam H. Dill Camp, is also Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, and will be glad to hear from those who can be there.

Request is made for a copy of the old poem of which the following is one stanza:

"Our Southern boys are brave and true,
And, joining heart and hand,
Are flocking to the Stars and Bars,
As they are floating o'er the land.
And all are standing ready, with their
Rifles in their hands,
And invite the North to open graves
Down South in Dixie land."

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Your Grip
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KEEPING FIT.—The Y. M. C. A. has designated the State secretaries in twenty-four States as supervisors in their territory to cooperate in the physical fitness campaign for boys being conducted throughout America by the Public Health Service and the State boards of health. In six other States the campaign is being pushed through the various branches. Experts of the United States Public Health Service worked one year preparing the exhibits and literature with which to carry on the campaign. When finished it won the approval of the leading educators and is proving a valuable adjunct in Association work.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on Tuesday, May 6, 1919, in the directors' room of the Louisville National Banking Company, Gen. William B. Haldeman was unanimously elected President of the Jefferson Davis Home Association to succeed the late Gen. Bennett H. Young.

LEE --- AN EPIC

Every Chapter and Camp in the nation, each High School, College, University and Public Library in the South should buy a copy of *Lee—An Epic*, by Flora Ellice Stevens. One critic pronounces this book "the finest long American poem since Lowell's *Sir Launfal*," and it is nearly three times as long. Miss Mary Custis Lee wrote the author, calling it "your precious volume, with its beautiful tributes to my father and mother and our old home at Arlington." Printed on high-grade paper, bound in gray boards. Contains a portrait of Gen. Lee. Price one dollar, postpaid. Address the author, 2824 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo. May be ordered wholesale through A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"THE WOMEN OF '61."

A toast responded to by Mrs. J. R. Bozarth, of Hannibal, Mo., in these lines:

"Our mothers dear, who are not here.
Were the women of '61,
With rose and curl and flowered gown
And dainty air, as the story goes.
They changed in a night from ladies
of ease

To Spartan women of spirit true,
Who were strength and comfort too
To the boys in gray and the boys in blue.

They beat, spun, and wove the cotton
and flax

For bandages and uniforms gay.
What war workers of to-day did more
in any way?

Did they give up sugar? O, yes, and
coffee and home.

For the war was here, and the fight
was on.

But a kindly providence guides us all
in what is best;

Though States' rights lost, the South
has prospered and stood the test.

Now our country is solid and strong
and brave and merry.

Our women of '61 made possible the
victory of Chateau-Thierry."

From Fresno, Cal., comes this letter from R. G. Harrell, renewing subscription for himself and another: "I do not know how to get along without the **VETERAN**. This far out West it enables us to keep in touch with the boys who were our comrades in the sixties and also refreshes our minds with what we passed through in our youthful days. May the **VETERAN** continue to meet with all prosperity! It ought to be on the reading table of every lover of the South, and especially of all who assisted in making history in our beloved South."

The March edition of the **VETERAN** was exhausted so quickly that there is now special need of some copies to fill orders. Any subscribers willing to part with their copies are asked to send them to this office, with name and address plainly given on wrapper, so credit may be given. Only copies in good condition are wanted.

E. T. Hassell, Erin, Tenn., Route No. 1, Box 46, makes inquiry for Henry W. Miller, his comrade in the War between the States, who was in Jacksonville, Fla., when last heard of. He would be very glad to get in communication with this comrade.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved



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H. F. Staey, No. 500 Courthouse, El Paso, Tex., reports having in his possession a badge which he would like to return to the owner. On it is inscribed: "J. L. Spinks, Gen. Loring's Escort, C. S. A., War 1861-1865." The badge was found by a friend and turned over to him to locate the owner.

Who knows where a copy of "Rebel's Recollections," by G. C. Eggleston, can be procured, and the price? Information will be appreciated. Address the **VETERAN**.

"LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE."

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., has written a book on the life of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army, which also gives all the Confederate history of the Indian Territory. The book should be of great interest to all Southerners and to the lovers of history as well. Price, 55 cents, postpaid. Send all orders to the author.

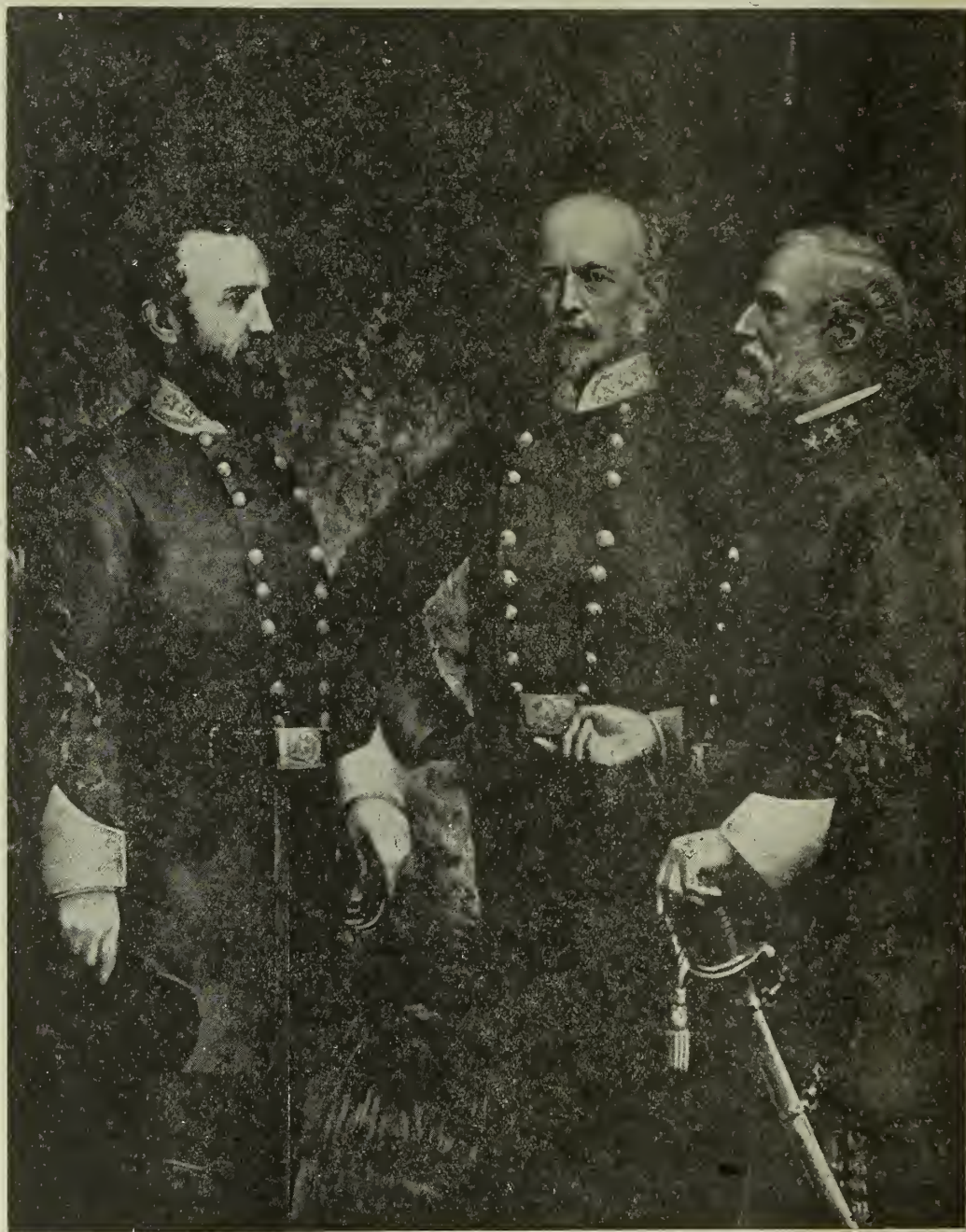
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HARRY B. MASON

Room 21, 1413 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

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The title of this picture is distinctive. This splendid grouping of the three greatest generals this country has produced is offered as a handsome steel engraving 18x23½ inches. The price is \$7.50, postpaid. Order from the VETERAN

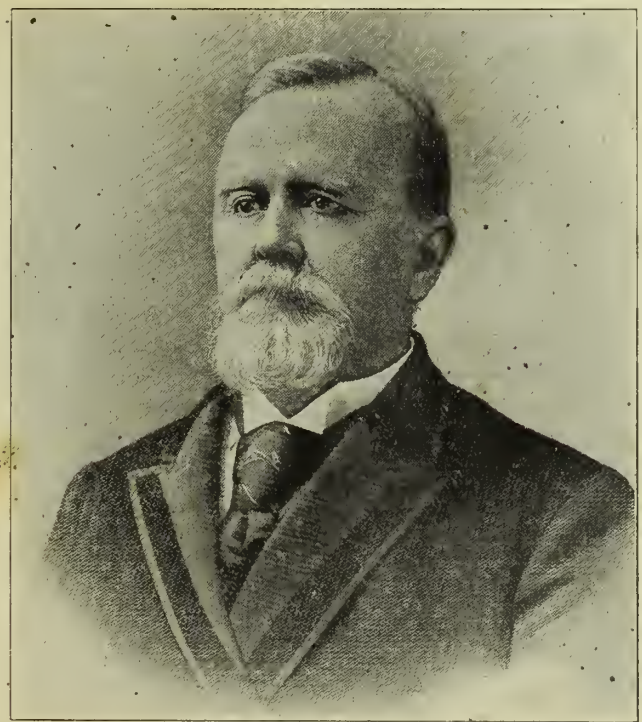
Confederate Veteran

C. L. Willoughby
Lakeland
Aug

VOL. XXVII.

JULY, 1919


NO. 7



COL. HILARY A. HERBERT
(See page 246)

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Headquarters for U. C. V. Uniforms
Established 50 Years

L. C. Tobin, of Karnes City, Tex., has some copies of the VETERAN from 1893 to 1918 which he will dispose of and awaits an offer.

Mrs. Bettie Stacey, of Tunnel Springs, Ala., Route No. 1, wishes to obtain the following old books: "Marston Hall," "Rena, or the Snow Bird"; the music and words or just the words of "Lily Dale," "Belle Brandon," "Daisy Deane," and "Gold Fever Gallop"; *Peterson's Magazine* of the eighties; *Courier-Journal* from October, 1883, to May, 1884. She will pay a liberal price for any or all of these.

Baldwin Bradford, 95 Prospect Place, Rutherford, N. J., is anxious to learn something of Lieut. Holmes Erwin, of the 3d Maryland Artillery, of whom he says: "He came from around Jonesboro, East Tennessee, and brought a number of recruits into the battery. I was a member of the 3d Maryland Artillery, and the only member I have ever heard from is Capt. William L. Ritter, who resides in Baltimore."

WARS THEN AND NOW.

In times past, when the country was in danger and wars had to be fought, the United States army was recruited almost entirely from volunteers. The brave and the patriotic rushed to the colors to do whatever task was needed for the defense of the flag and then go home. The American Revolution was successfully fought by volunteers who went back to the farms for their spring plowing. These had dropped their occupations only when their own firesides were threatened, but it took the United States eight years to win the American Revolution.

This war was fought on a different basis. The people of the United States decided to organize to win the war in the shortest possible time. Through Congress and the President the people of the United States established the draft and universal military service for the duration of the war. An army of four million men was mobilized by the government, trained and equipped, and sent to France. We won the war sooner than we expected, about three years sooner.

And now that the great army is being demobilized at the rate of 200,000 to 300,000 a month, the soldiers cannot be left to drift back into jobs. The work of getting jobs for the soldiers and sailors who have lately served the United States has been organized. The United States government is guiding this work. Under the guidance of Col. Arthur Woods, former police commissioner of the city of New York and now assistant to the Secretary of War, all the Federal departments, the governors of all the States, and the mayors of the principal cities are coöperating to give soldierless jobs to the jobless soldiers.

"CARRY ON."

In the last two years the War Department has had two jobs to perform. The first was to win the war. A hard job, but the War Department came through on record time.

It has another job now. It is to get employment for the discharged soldiers and sailors, who are being demobilized at the rate of fourteen thousand a day.

The War Department, through Col. Arthur Woods, Assistant to the Secretary of War, is again "carrying on." It has secured the coöperation of the entire country in connecting up the employers who want soldiers with the soldiers who want employers.

This job too will be finished on record time. But in the meantime let us help the War Department "carry on."

SOME BEST WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. Jefferson Davis. Two volumes. Cloth. Net	\$ 7 50
Confederate Military History. Twelve volumes. Half morocco	25 00
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Half leather	2 75
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Life of Forrest. Dr. John A. Wyeth. Cloth. Illustrated	4 00
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Life of Robert E. Lee. Dr. Henry E. Shepherd	2 20
Morgan's Cavalry. Gen. Basil Duke	2 20
Scharff's History of the Confederate Navy	3 25
The Immortal Six Hundred. Maj. J. Ogden Murray	1 50
Father Ryan's Poems	1 50
Life of Gen. Richard H. Anderson. By Gen. C. Irvine Walker	2 50

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
The Confederate Cause. (Poem.) By Charles Edgeworth Jones	243
"Is There Still a Dixie?" By George M. Bailey	243
To End All War	243
Pilgrims Not First English Colonists. By James H. McNeilly, D.D.	244
Federalism and Local Sovereignty. By Dr. A. W. Littlefield	245
Thomas Carlyle—A Critical Comment. By J. A. Osgoode	245
Personal Recollections of a Noble Man. By Emma Frances Lee Smith	246
The South and the Constitution. By Salem Dutcher	249
The South's Crucifixion. By Hon. Leigh Robinson	252
"That Boy" Joins the Army. By E. Polk Johnson	253
Last Days of the First Maryland Cavalry. By Frank Dorsey	254
President Davis and Gen. J. E. Johnston. By Mrs. M. H. Houston	256
Southern Poets—Henry Timrod. By Dr. Henry E. Shepherd	259
The Woman of the Old South. By Dr. R. A. Webb	263
In the Years of War. By John C. Stiles	264
Departments: Last Roll	266
U. D. C.	270
C. S. M. A.	274
Readjustment in Good Time. By C. H. White	276
Mount Vernon. (Poem.) By Capitola McCollum	278

Confederate Veteran.

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CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1919.

No. 7. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE CONFEDERATE CAUSE.

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES.

For in our cause, let us not forget,
Were Right and Truth conjointly met.
The hallowed luster of our creed
Is heightened as the ages speed.

"IS THERE STILL A DIXIE?"

GEORGE M. BAILEY, IN HOUSTON POST.

"Is there still a Dixie?" asks *Life* in its "Dixie Number." Yes, there still is a Dixie—a Dixie in the hearts of some of us older ones, and in that realm of the spirit fancy may summon visions of the most beautiful of scenes, the loveliest of faces, and days of cloudless blue. Dixie, the East to which those of us who stand on the rim of the fading day turn in devotion while the shadows creep! Dixie, the glory land of the past, the golden bourne of memory's silent rambles, the hallowed solitude in whose cool depths the lost chords of life breathe their music into the soul! Dixie, love's shadow land, peopled with the unfettered spirits of the noble and the great, redolent of memories that do not die because they cluster about things immortal, templed with the dream fabrics of a nation that drew from out God's boundless deep and after four years of romance, poetry, and glory turned again home! Dixie, the beautiful and glorious, the sweetest chapter of history, the noblest epic of the ages, the light of yesteryear whose effulgence gilds the crest of time's swift onward tide! Dixie, the stainless mother of the nation, the indestructible Kingdom of the Twilight! Dixie, the incomparable South of our dreams! Yes, there still is a Dixie.

And

"For Dixie's Land we'll take our stand
To live or die for Dixie."

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.—I do not suppose that there is the slightest doubt that Maury was the greatest man America has ever produced.—*Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, Boston.*

TO END ALL WAR.

The effort that is now being made to insure a lasting peace throughout the world through the medium of a League of Nations is doubtless largely the result of different propositions along that line during the past. Very similarly this idea was presented in a resolution before the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tex., which was published in the *VETERAN* for December, 1910. A special committee was appointed to draft the resolution, and the Adjutant was instructed to send copies to the Texas Senators and Representatives. The resolution is as follows:

A MEMORIAL TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Whereas the fundamental principle of the Christian religion is peace, and Jesus commanded Peter to put up his sword, telling him that 'my kingdom is not of this world'; and whereas the people of the United States and most of the civilized nations of both continents claim to be Christian nations following in the footsteps of Jesus of Nazareth; and whereas war is the reverse of Christianity, sanctions every form of crime, from theft, robbery, arson, and murder, and necessarily overthrows civilization and Christianity; and whereas all difficulties and differences between nations can be easily settled by a congress of nations without loss of life, honor, or property; and even if not settled justly, the loser would not lose the life of one good citizen, to say nothing of the loss of thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property by war and the inexpressible suffering on battle fields, in loathsome prisons, and the heartbreaking desolation of the widows and orphans of the slain; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we respectfully petition your honorable body to take immediate and decisive action for the cessation of war throughout the civilized world by securing the co-operation of all civilized nations willing to join the United States in establishing a congress of nations, fully empowered to adjudicate all national and international differences and difficulties, and finally and permanently settle the same.

"Committee: E. L. Dohoney, W. B. Berry, H. O. Brown."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PILGRIMS NOT FIRST ENGLISH COLONISTS.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

It is unfortunate for the fair proportions of the history of our country that it should have been largely written by New Englanders, especially by the descendants of the Pilgrims. And this holds particularly of the histories of the United States for schools. So our young people are taught that the origin and success of every good thing in our government and institutions is to be credited to New England, and the other States are ignored or misrepresented. Now, I believe in giving credit to New England for all the excellencies of character and achievement which she may justly claim; yet she has never been accused of modesty in pressing her claims to the fullest and often at the expense of the South, which was considered as at least uncivilized.

It was a Knickerbocker, not a Southerner, who said that the Mayflower was loaded with Pilgrims and horns and that for nearly three hundred years the Pilgrim descendant had been blowing these horns to the glory of New England.

It was not a Southerner, but Joseph Choate, of Massachusetts, who gave as a toast at an annual New England dinner: "The Pilgrim mothers—they endured all the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers and endured the Pilgrim Fathers too."

It was a New Englander who said that the Pilgrim Fathers on landing declared that "the Lord gave this land to his people, and we are his people." Then in thankfulness to God they fell upon their knees and then, rising up, fell upon the aborigines.

Now, this editorial from the Nashville *Banner* of June 2, 1919, contains so much of truth of history and so well told that it ought to be placed in front of all the histories of the United States taught in our schools. This editor always knows what he is talking about:

THE PILGRIM MYTH.

"The myth that 'the Pilgrim Fathers' who landed on 'the bleak New England shores' in the early years of the seventeenth century were the founders of America, the progenitors of all Americans, and that all that is good in the country's institutions, its literature and its marked progress, came from them and their descendants has long existed in a considerable portion of this country, and it appears to have found some lodgment abroad. The Mayor of Plymouth, England, in his welcome to the heroic crew of the *NC-4*, who had crossed the ocean in a seaplane, said: 'Out of a small beginning here in 1620 sprung a mighty people. To-day in the most dramatic fashion their descendants crossed back in a way undreamed of by their forefathers.'

"Before the Pilgrim Fathers had left Plymouth, England, for Holland and several years before they had landed on Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts, there was a colony of very representative Englishmen at Jamestown, Va. Virginia at the

time of the Revolution was by far the most extensive of the colonies in territory and was greater in wealth and population than Massachusetts. Out of Virginia's gift to the Union was made the great States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Kentucky also was originally part of its dominion. The commander of the Revolutionary army was a Virginian, and four of the first five Presidents of the country came from the same State.

"Later English colonies were founded with which the Pilgrim Fathers had nothing to do, and even in Massachusetts they were not 'the whole thing.' The Mayor of Plymouth, England, needs to know something of his fellow countrymen who were active in American colonization; of William Penn, of Oglethorpe, Lord de la Ware and Sir Cecil Calvert, later Lord Baltimore; also of the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam and the first settlements in New Jersey and the Carolinas.

"These Pilgrim Fathers did a great work and in a marked degree stamped their impress on the country's progress; but no other people were ever more expert advertisers or more successful in assuming credit for achievement in which they either had no part or were but a small factor than were their alleged descendants of a later day. These succeeded to some extent in fixing everywhere the impression that this English Mayor seems to entertain that the original Pilgrims were all that was worth while in the making of America.

"Even in the South, whenever a bunch of good citizens get together for any patriotic purpose, they piously sing to the tune of England's anthem:

"Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride."

"Even in Massachusetts to-day there are few of the descendants of the Pilgrims left. In Boston the Irish Catholics are one of the strongest elements of the population where the original white settlers forbade a Catholic to come. Italians of the same faith are also numerous there, and people from all the new States of Europe that the Paris Peace Conference has created—Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, as well as many Russians, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, and all the rest—are among the numerous factory workers of that region.

"It is a great part of the country up there, abounding in wealth. The rest of the country pays it tribute in interest on money representing many bonds issued for various purposes, in insurance premiums and otherwise. But the story that the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth founded and built the country, that it is all a monument to their energy, wisdom, and superior virtues, is pure and unadulterated myth that the Mayor of an English city should not credit.

"There have been and are mayors in this part of the world whom it would not be safe to bet could tell where Plymouth Rock is or its history or why so called, but in England there is supposed to be a higher standard of official intelligence."

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, held in Louisville, Ky., on May 6, 1919, Gen. William B. Haldeman, of Louisville, was unanimously elected President of the Association to succeed the late Gen. Bennett H. Young. Under his wise direction the successful completion of the great undertaking as quickly as possible is assured.

FEDERALISM AND LOCAL SOVEREIGNTY, POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC.

BY A. W. LITTLEFIELD, NEEDHAM, MASS.

One interested in "the truth of history" and its bearing upon the development of the new League of Nations might well consider the following statement of the relation of enlarged political units to the aggressions of economic interests.

As political units enlarge (meaning by political units those territorial groups brought under one government), economic units tend to increase in scope and power. In short, the territorial enlargement and centralization of government is almost inevitably followed by the extension and centralization of economics.

When the Federal Union was formed, certain States and groups of States early manifested a disposition to encroach upon the liberties of other States of the Union; and when the steam engine and the railway were invented and the factory system evolved, great strides were made in this direction.

As the nation differentiated itself into two opposing political organizations—the Federalist, centralizing, high-protection party, and the Republican-Democratic, decentralizing, free-trade party—the more Northern of these two parties, controlling the region better adapted for manufacturing than for agriculture, soon dominated the whole nation. The partisan struggle brought on the Civil War, the War between the States. The party concerned with finished products conquered the party concerned with raw materials. Doctrines of loose construction, implied powers, and the centralization of political authority in the Federal government triumphed over the doctrines of strict construction, definite powers, and the curtailing of Federal authority. National sovereignty was set over against State sovereignty, centralization over against local autonomy. The formation and development of the late German Empire is essentially parallel. Prussia became supreme over the other German States, and power was centralized in Berlin. In both instances economic centralization followed closely upon political centralization, politics and economics supported each other, the invariable tendency wherever political units are enlarged.

What of the new League of Nations in this connection? The same tendency will probably manifest itself. Hence each nation must see to it that its local interests are not encroached upon, first politically, then economically.

America to-day is in precisely the same situation, relatively, to this new world union as were the Southern States to the Federal government and as later South Germany found itself when Prussia federalized, then imperialized the German States into the German Empire. America as a member of the world federation will insist upon national sovereignty exactly and for the same reasons as the South insisted upon State sovereignty. Only this time guided, let us hope, by experience in the forming of a world federation, we have taken care to safeguard both sovereignty and the right of secession, also as well, probably, the matter of strict construction. For unless we do so the struggle between conflicting, centralizing, politico-economic interests, on the one hand, and centers (national) of local autonomy, on the other hand, will lead inevitably to world civil war—that is, war between the nations composing the world federation.

Let us "watch out," then. And if great economic interests, such as shipping, banking, trading, manufacturing, etc., show signs of undue centralizing in London, New York, Paris, Rome, Berlin, experience ought to counsel defensive action. That

such politico-economic centralizations of power and wealth will be attempted goes almost without saying. And then we shall be addressed as aforetime, upon the "patriotic duty of maintaining the (world) union and nipping local sovereignty, strict construction, and secession in the bud." A powerful world party of centralization will be sure to arise as the advocate of this principle, precisely as Federalist, Whig, and Republican parties sprang up among us here in America for the same reason—to use political power to foster wealth. The real patriots, however, will be those who insist that the world union has but one function, and that not economic or political, but governmental—namely, to preserve peace and order and equity among the nations forming the new world federation. That is what the Federal Union of the American States was formed to establish; but partisan imperialists and centralizers, both political and economic, got the upper hand in our government and later became conquerors. We ought to have learned by this time the true principle: local government for the home and economics; Federal government for peace, order, and equity among the units forming a union and also defense against foreign aggression, military or economic. Have we learned the lesson? Or shall we continue to cry out against local autonomy and self-government, lauding Federalism until it becomes both political and economic imperialism? Did Jefferson and Calhoun and Lee live and work in vain?

Most of us approve the League of Nations, for it is a concrete manifestation of the Federal principle, necessary to defense, order, equity, and peace, applied to the nations of the world. But some of us are perfectly aware of its inherent dangers, and we shall not ignore "the truth of history" concerning our own national attempt to harmonize the Federal principle with that of local sovereignty and the moral equities and rights of freemen. Patriots will revolt against any tendency, political or economic, of the world federation to become world empire.

THOMAS CARLYLE—A CRITICAL COMMENT.

BY J. A. OSGOOD, LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

In the June number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN appeared a most interesting article entitled "After Whistler's Carlyle—A Revised Census." In the light of recent events it is well to consider certain generally unconsidered facts concerning the subject with which this instructive article deals.

Like other mortals, Carlyle had his inspired and his uninspired moments. Is it too much to say that, on the whole, the latter predominated; that he was, after all, less a prophet than a literary demagogue; that, despite all his oracular solemnity, more chaff than wheat went forth from his mill? There is something in the judgment passed on him by one American critic, that he "railed at impostors because he hated a rival." And it is hard to sincerely dissent from Leigh Hunt's protest: "How could he [Carlyle] exculpate this style in which he denounces so many shams from being itself a sham; of being affected, unnecessary, ostentatious; a jargon got up to confound pretension with performance and reproduce endless German talk under the guise of novelty?"

One can hardly think of Carlyle's haranguing without recalling Poe's "Imp of the Perverse." Himself a writer and not a man of action, he forever decried speech and glorified work, quite unconscious apparently of the ridiculous inconsistency which he thus exhibited. He described the English as "stupidest in speech, wisest in action" of all peoples. How

fortunate for the countrymen of Shakespeare, Milton, Hooker, Clarendon, Dryden, Addison, Pitt, Reynolds, Horne-Tooke, Keats, Shelley, Dickens, Tennyson, and Swinbourne that the Sage of Craigenputtock took up his abode in London to teach them their own language!

It was surely under the influence of Poe's "Imp of the Perverse" that Carlyle wrote his "Life of Frederick the Great," with all its loving description of Prussian hypocrisy, treachery, and brutality as exemplified in that Paladin of political piracy and his insane father. He afterwards regretted that the time spent in writing the life of Frederick had not been devoted to some work on the more truly heroic early kings of Norway. To-day what are we to think of his rejoicing in the triumph of Germany over France in 1870, which he hailed as the most hopeful event of his own times? And where throughout all his many volumes shall we find anything worthy of a place beside Whistler's "Ten O'Clock Lecture"?

To the statement that Carlyle was "a good prophet for his own people," though perhaps it is not always easy to say whom he considered his own people, we may add that he was also occasionally a bad prophet, of the tribe of Balaam, for other peoples, "lesser breeds without the law," as Kipling most Scripturally terms them. The same may be said of Kipling himself, of Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Goldwin Smith, and various other British literati, each of whom in his own way was bent on establishing the ascendancy of his own insular school of thought throughout the English-speaking world and, quite incidentally, of "knocking" everything and everybody opposed or indifferent to them. Thus Carlyle saw no merit in Cooper's novels. Kipling is disgusted with "the American pirate Paul Jones" and strangely omits Toronto, the Mecca of Canadian imperialism, from the "Songs of the Cities" in his "Song of the English," though Quebec and Montreal are included in these ballads of empire. Neither in "Modern Painters" nor elsewhere did Ruskin mention any French painters of his own time except where he spoke with contempt of Millet. In one of his "Discourses in America" Matthew Arnold foreboded the passing of France because of the decline of the German element in the French race. Goldwin Smith proclaimed that the genius of all English-speaking peoples overseas was necessarily inferior to that of the mother country.

Returning to Carlyle, a conspicuous instance of the same sort of thing is found in his inaugural address as rector of Edinburgh University, in which he assured the students of that institution that the recreant opportunist Phocion was superior to the patriot Demosthenes, that Greece and Rome produced no such hero as Oliver Cromwell, and that no Oliver Cromwell could have risen in England had John Knox not appeared in Scotland. For this last oracular statement he offered no explanation whatever, and it did not suit his purpose to do so, for such statements are as absurd to cool reason as they are grateful to credulous vanity. Much of Carlyle's so-called "Hero Worship" was really "bully worship."

Whistler's portrait of Carlyle is sufficient proof that the greater of the two men truly estimated the lesser. But what Carlyle thought of Whistler and his art we do not well know and need not greatly care, for Carlyle knew nothing of painting. Every man has his foibles, and it is not impossible that Whistler's "table palette," by suggesting perhaps a mortar board to Carlyle's Pictish imagination, more decidedly impressed him with the idea that the American artist was, as he said, "a workman" than anything that Whistler put on canvas before him.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A NOBLE MAN.

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A man may not be "a hero to his valet," but some men may very easily be heroes to their office assistants. A timid young person, fresh from the country and unused to city or official life, it was my good fortune some twenty years ago to start a business career in Washington in the law offices of the late Hon. Hilary A. Herbert. I went to work one Monday morning for a week's trial, and without any exchange of comment as to "efficiency" or "fitness" that week lengthened itself to almost twenty years' service. And now that the benignant head of the firm has gone to make his appearance in that final court before whose Judge he had no cause for fear in making his last appeal, I wish to add a few memories in words of appreciation, if less eloquent than the many that have gone forth from other sources, at least as loving and heartfelt. Let others tell of the sagacity and wisdom that marked the career of this good man. History will attest that he bore no small part in shaping the destiny of our country in many times of struggle and upheaval, and his name will go down upon its pages as one of America's best and sanest statesmen. It is my purpose only to dwell upon those qualities which came under my observation from day to day during many years of the intimate association of office life.

The first few weeks of my association with the "Colonel," as everybody called him, are somewhat vague in my memory, as I had things to learn in order to familiarize myself with my new work; but it did not take me long to learn that my new "boss" was a man to arouse my ready enthusiasm. A hero worshiper of the most ardent type, a Southerner by birth and training, I shall never forget the thrills that ran up and down my spine whenever I was called in to take dictation from the Colonel. As you all know, the wound he received in the battle of the Wilderness rendered his left arm powerless to such a degree that he could not use it freely. Whenever in the course of his work he wished to handle a paper on the desk with his left hand, he had to place that hand in position with his right; and as I sat close by his side ready to take down his words, my eyes would actually burn with quick tears at the sight of that touching maneuver. I was all excitement to think that it was my good fortune to be so closely associated with a real Confederate veteran. He, good, kindly, gentle soul, had no notion that he was the object of such soulful enthusiasm.

Colonel Herbert was at that time in the prime of life—a handsome, genial, cultivated, and very popular gentleman, fond of society and a favorite guest at every function of importance that Washington offered in those days, which were far gayer and more fashionable than at present. He went everywhere—to dances, theaters, card parties, weddings, teas, receptions. I used to say to him later on when I had become well acquainted with his manner of life: "I wish I could enjoy life as you do, Colonel. You like everything." And that was so. He must have been a joy to every hostess in the city, for he seemed to go to each entertainment with the desire to have a good time, and therefore he had it. "I had a delightful time" was always his report. "A delightful time," with no "morning after" tempers to take out on his innocent secretary. No matter what fashionable function had interested him during the evening hours of one day, the next day saw him at his desk almost invariably by nine o'clock, his nerves steady, his temper unruffled, his kind heart just as kind, his smile as genial as though he had never lost an

hour's sleep or been diverted for a moment from his pressing business cares.

When I went into his office I had never been brought in contact with "Honorables" (my walk in life having been along the unworldly paths of a country parsonage), and an ex-Secretary of the Navy might have been very awe-inspiring had I been made to feel the necessity for such awe. But our ex-Secretary was just as easy "as an old shoe." He never overawed me in the least, and it was not long before he was simply "the Colonel" to me, a title I grew to love because he bore it.

I think the first incident that served to make the Colonel and his unsophisticated young clerk quite good friends was when I had to undergo the annoyance of vaccination against a smallpox scare in the city. I was very ill for two weeks, and when I went back to work I carried my left arm in a sling and found it hard to put on and remove my jacket without assistance. Now, I am "from Missouri" and have even yet "to be shown" the reason for conventionality, a thing I scarcely thought of in those days. So it never occurred to me that a gentleman of the Colonel's prominence might not be approached without ceremony on any occasion. One morning I walked into the office and found no one at hand to help me with the inconvenient jacket sleeve, so I sauntered calmly into the Colonel's private room. "I can't get my jacket off, Colonel. Won't you please help me?" I asked somewhat plaintively, as my arm was still painful. The Colonel looked up, a little surprised, no doubt. As he reached out to render the necessary aid he began to smile, then to laugh, and with that hearty, unceremonious laughter was cemented a long friendship that has lasted to the end.

He was always courteous (and a business woman alone can testify to the heights of perfection comprehended in that simple term), always affable, always serene, so far as our relations were concerned. I recall his gentleness of manner whenever anything went wrong with my work or my tired nerves gave way under an unexpected task at the eleventh hour of a busy day, and it is something to relate with pride that during all the years of our association he never gave me a harsh or an unjust criticism, a record that is not the least among the many he made along other lines.

And he was the least snobbish of men, having no disposition whatever to assume any high and mighty air of superiority over his fellow men, and least of all over his office dependents. Accustomed, by virtue of his position in government, political, and social circles, to a degree of adulation and respect that falls but seldom to the lot of man, he was entirely free from the stain of worldliness. He liked the good things of the world, but was never contaminated by unworthy ambitions. He was so temperate in the indulgence of the pleasures that came his way that they had no chance to fasten upon his mind or heart to do him wrong. Being human, he could not have been ignorant of his general popularity, but nothing could make him vain or proud. Fresh from the scene of some fashionable function, where he no doubt had been the center of many a pleasant group, he would come to his desk and concentrate his attention upon the varied correspondence before him, and nothing there found was too poor or humble to be considered. How often have I seen him read and reread some letter, perhaps, from an old comrade in arms who had some pitiful tale to tell, some plea to make for help in a crisis of sorrow, and with what ready sympathy was his kind heart moved! Those old comrades held him in such veneration and were so sure that he could

and would aid them, no matter what the demand, that it sometimes hampered the good Colonel to know how to proceed. But he always did what he could. His time, his money, his influence, his untiring energy—all were "on tap" for the benefit of his beloved friends of the olden days. As he grew older he used often to speak of this feeling of loyalty to his old friends, the friends of his youth and young manhood, the comrades of his battle days of stress and pain. And we know that they repaid him in the stanch devotion and love that followed him through all his life, even to the verge of the grave, where the tears and laments of his beloved South bore eloquent witness to their devotion.

His was a genial soul, fond of a good joke and a good story, ever ready to laugh even at his own expense. I remember he was once writing to an eminent scholar in the North, a gentleman who proposed to spend some time in Washington and desired to meet the Colonel and have a good old literary chat with him. The Colonel was eager to seize this opportunity and at once wrote in reply, saying, among other things: "I am glad that we are to have the pleasure of seeing you in Washington this winter. *I shall waste no time in calling upon you.*" (The italics I put in to indicate his eagerness.) When I began to type the letter that phrase struck me as being somewhat equivocal; so, as it was the custom of the office that I was free to make any comment I saw fit upon any subject whatsoever, I carried the letter to him and showed him the sentence in cold print. The spirit of the joke struck him at once, and how he did laugh! It was a stock joke for some time between us, and thus the erudite Massachusetts historian was saved the shock of his life. But some men might have made it plain to poor me that I had no business tampering with my chief's dictations.

His connection with the various Southern societies and Confederate associations brought many pleasant breaks in the monotony of legal life. The veterans and "Daughters" were devoted to the Colonel, and everybody knows his work along those lines. There were numberless meetings in our offices, and many were the family squabbles that were smoothed out, the jealousies and quarrels and heartburnings that were made "all right" by the tactful and diplomatic turn the Colonel knew so well to give them. I often wondered that he could stand the strain and, above all, how he could bring order out of seeming chaos and yet retain the affection of all parties. But he seemed to have a special gift for arbitration. I can see him now seated in his old office chair, his head thrown back, his eyes closed, his hands clasped finger to finger, in his favorite attitude of thought and attention, his face as serene as a cloudless sky. A period of intense thought, then, swinging around in his chair, he was ready for action, and quick action at that. It was a subject of quiet amusement to me to see how deftly he led the most rebellious comrade or "Daughter" to see things in the light of his experience and wisdom without any suspicion of superiority or anger. A meeting of the veterans was an occasion of great pleasure to me, for I was sure to be called in for some purpose, either to find a paper, take a letter, or perform some service. It was a beautiful sight—that group of gentle-faced veterans, some with hair even then white with years of care and trouble; some were old and feeble; some were lame and bent; but every man of them would spring to his feet upon my appearance and scurry around to find a chair or offer some courtesy. I grew to be fond of them all—"Captain" Hickey, "John" Callahan, "Joe" Baumer, and our own "Captain" Marmaduke. Some of them have passed away, but the others

are still with us to remind us of the wonderful past and the part they bore in matchless achievements that are so dear to the Southern heart.

The daughter of ardent Virginians, it was no task for the Colonel to make me his disciple when it came to things pertaining to the South. His voluminous writing and speaking on that subject gave me training that was invaluable. From him I learned many lessons of patience and hope and endurance. The reiteration of those virtues, so constantly voiced in his literary work for the South, inspired me with a deeper and more abiding loyalty than even I had inherited. The history of his war experiences caused me many tears. From him I learned to cherish the ideals of the Old South, while at the same time trying to bridge the chasm between the two sections.

Our office was a gathering place for Southerners. I shall never forget my excitement when I saw on one occasion an elderly gentleman, tall and thin, with bright, keen eyes and an alert, sharp old face, pass into the Colonel's private office. Some one passed the word along: "Mosby; that is Colonel Mosby." I could not wait for him to come out, but ran at once to the door and employed the time-honored trick of peeping through the keyhole, the sooner to see with my own eyes the form of the famous warrior. But I had good luck that day, for I had occasion to go into the room just as the old gentleman was leaving, and I officiously offered to hold his overcoat for him, a service that had by then become my sacred duty, so far as the Colonel was concerned. I held that coat very tenderly, receiving the while the gallant thanks of the old soldier; and I made quite a tale of wonder out of the incident when I gave my usual account of the day's happenings for the benefit of my interested family that night.

And so the years passed on, peaceful and yet full of variety and interest. Many of the most important events connected with Confederate history had been consummated, in all of which the Colonel bore his part. The planning and erection of the splendid monument at Arlington was not the least of these. The immense amount of clerical work connected with the monument occupied much of his time, and there was a constant whirl of excitement and interest as the work grew to a close. Of course we were all eager and proud to be "in it," and I remember how we all laughed when the express agent called at the office one morning with a bill of lading in his hand and asked in the most casual manner where he should deliver "one monument addressed to Col. H. A. Herbert" and awaiting instructions. We rather thought he would do well to hold it where it was for a while at least.

The story of the monument, like that of the great Reunion here in Washington, is too well known to need comment here. But I well remember the impression made upon me by the events of those two eventful occasions. My heart still stirs with reverence and pride at the recollection of those wonderful times, and I have many pretty and touching memories of the Colonel's connection with them. I shall never forget the rush and excitement of those memorable days. The Colonel was supremely happy. Nothing escaped him that seemed necessary to the welfare of his beloved comrades. Early and late he was at his post, and woe to the less energetic person who failed to report on time! His usual morning greeting about that time seemed to be: "Where's Bob Lee? Hasn't he come yet? I told him to be here at nine o'clock sharp." (Colonel Lee was aid-de-camp, I think.) Military orders were more or less strict, but sometimes the youthful "Sons" ran great risks by their laxness. It would have taken a very

agile "Son" or "Daughter" to have kept the pace had not the doctor very promptly and emphatically vetoed some of the many schemes that were in the mind of the Colonel, now, however, a general, a title I never could remember to use. I used to feel a disposition to weep from sheer excited sympathy at the sight of those eager old men all working like boys in their desire to make the Reunion the success it proved to be. Of course we humble civilians couldn't do much except to "keep an eye out" to prevent overexertion, to find misplaced hats and canes and important papers that had a way of getting out of sight, even though in plain view to less excited eyes, and generally proving the truth of the poetic generalization, "He also serves who only stands and waits."

Yet all was not gladness and sunshine in this successful and happy life. Bereavement and tragedy and disappointed hopes, sorrows more desolating than many of us are called upon to bear, cast their dark shadows across his pathway. But our Colonel was withal a true Christian; his steadfast and constant nature was able to rise triumphant from every blast of calamity that swept over his life. Trials and griefs served but to render him more sympathetic, more ready to respond to every call of distress that came to him from his fellow men. When death had robbed him of his lovely wife and darling children, he clung the closer to the remaining dear one, his "Little Lel, the great joy of my life," as he tenderly spoke of her.

I think the quality of mind that most impressed me, looking back upon the many admirable traits of character of our beloved Colonel, was his enthusiasm, his undying faith in the best in men and times, even when the world seemed to have reached its last stage of madness and despair. Amid the shock and terror of the world war he held fast to his confidence in the might of right, and when others counseled vengeance and still more vengeance he held to his ideals of justice for all; even for the Germans, red-handed in criminality, he could see some ray of hope. When he embraced a cause, he stood ready to fight for it. Whatever he liked he liked with enthusiasm; the young, unafraid, unconquerable enthusiasm of youth shone in his eyes and radiated from his face, giving hope and courage to many who were unable of themselves to visualize the ideal.

I could wish no better thing for the boys of the Southland, for the boys of our great country indeed, than to realize, reading and hearing of this noble life, that it is men of this splendid type for whom the whole world waits. In the Church, in political life, in business, in every trade and profession it is the man of pure heart and serene, unwavering temperament who is especially needed to-day, when there seems to be a longing to return to those high-hearted yet simple virtues that peculiarly marked the days to which the Colonel belonged. His long, honorable, and successful career demonstrates the fact that those old-fashioned qualities can be cultivated in all walks of life until character, like a beautiful flower, grows and buds and blossoms and dies, leaving behind a fragrance that is deathless. And we can well say of such a one: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Would that thy streams were Lethe and might flow
Where lotus blossoms blow,
And all the sweets wherewith thy riches bless
Might hold no bitterness! —John Charles McNeill.

THE SOUTH AND THE CONSTITUTION.

[The following address was delivered by Capt. Salem Dutcher, of Augusta, Ga., Commander of the Confederate Survivors' Association, Camp 435, United Confederate Veterans, at Augusta, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1898.]

Few of the Confederate soldiers who lie in this cemetery were killed in battle. Those who are shot dead are ordinarily buried where they fall; and though their sepulture be scanty, their death is instantaneous and, so far as we can judge, painless; but the men who lie here died in lingering agony. They were smitten with fever and gangrene; they were shot and stabbed with every instrument of warfare; they were mangled and mutilated with every form of wound and suffered excruciating torture until exhausted nature succumbed.

On each Memorial Day we meet to commemorate those who now molder in the thickets and on the hillsides where they fell and to commemorate also those who languished in the hospitals till death came as a welcome relief. It is the dead Confederate soldier we recall, whether he sleep where the wild bird warbles his requiem or whether he lie interred in a cemetery, with every rite of civilized burial and every customary mark of funeral respect.

And as often as we meet to honor his memory the question recurs: For what did he face instant death, for what did he endure prolonged and unutterable agonies? All admit he was not a mercenary, that fought for gold; not an invader, that fought for conquest; not a professional soldier, that fought for promotion and renown. For what, then, did he contend?

There are many erroneous impressions abroad relative to the Confederate soldier. For many years the powers of the Federal government and the talents of the Northern people have been assiduously employed to create the impression that he was an enemy to liberty and progress and that his overthrow was a blessing to the world. Their poets, their orators, their historians, their statesmen, their journalists, their jurists, each in their way represent him in this light. They do full justice to his martial vigor, but insist that it was wasted in a bad cause. They depict him as an unflinching bulldog, a superb game cock; but they say that he fought to maintain slavery and to tear down the Constitution and that he plunged the country into war by striking the first blow.

The constant iteration and reiteration of these things have led many to accept them as true. A moment's reflection ought to satisfy any one that the victor is never a fair judge of the character and motives of the vanquished, and therefore what the triumphant North says of the subjugated South should be received with the utmost caution. In the very nature of things the North cannot speak as a disinterested and dispassionate judge; in the very nature of things its voice must necessarily be that of the ruler in Scripture, "willing to justify himself."

The charges against the Southern soldier, then, are of suspicious origin. Let us now consider the charges themselves.

It is said that the Confederate soldier fought to maintain slavery. The truth is that the North repeatedly offered to recognize slavery if the South would lay down its arms. At one time it remanded back into bondage the slaves of three States whom one of its generals had declared free, at another it offered to pay the South for its slaves if it would voluntarily emancipate them, and on still another occasion made the formal offer that the South might retain its slaves if it would renounce its struggle for independence. The authority for these statements none can question; it is in the statute book of the United States published during the war. In this volume you will find these facts:

On May 9, 1862, a Federal general named Hunter, who had effected a lodgment on the South Carolina coast, issued a general order wherein he declared all the slaves in Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida to be "forever free." Ten days thereafter Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, issued his proclamation in which he declared this general order "altogether void" and said: "Neither General Hunter nor any other commander or person has been authorized by the government of the United States to make proclamations declaring the slaves of any State free." You will find this in "Statutes at Large of the United States for 1861-62," Appendix, page 3.

On April 10, 1862, the Federal Congress adopted and President Lincoln approved this resolution: "That the United States ought to coöperate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system." You will find this in the same volume, page 617. It is an unequivocal declaration that the North was not seeking to abolish slavery by force of arms, but, upon the contrary, recognized a property right in slaves and was willing to pay for the slaves of any State that might see fit to emancipate them.

On September 22, 1862, Mr. Lincoln issued another proclamation in which he declared that the object of the war was to restore the Union and that in all the Southern States which might reënter the Union by January 1, 1863, the institution of slavery should remain under the control of those States and be retained or relinquished, as they might see fit. "But," said the proclamation, "if you do not reënter the Union by that date, I will then declare your slaves free." You will find this in "Statutes at Large of the United States for 1862-63," Appendix, page 1. It is an express and unmistakable offer that if the South would renounce independence it might retain slavery.

The South declined the offer. It was fighting for independence and not for slavery, and it would not renounce independence. Then Mr. Lincoln carried out his threat and issued his famous Emancipation Proclamation. This has been glowingly represented as the sun of righteousness arising as the genius of liberty, shattering every fetter, and so on and so on, in many a high-flown platitude, but the proclamation speaks for itself. Mr. Lincoln never claimed to be doing a philanthropic or benevolent thing. He was a plain, direct man, and he blurted out the real truth of the matter in a blunt, unvarnished, honest way. He said he issued the proclamation "by virtue of the power in me vested as commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion," and then he proceeded to justify his act as one warranted "upon military necessity."

The "military necessity" was that at that time the Confederate forces stood before him invincible, a serried wall of steel. His best commanders had been outgeneraled; his finest armies had been overcome; the roar of the Southern guns, the rattle of the Southern saber, the tramp of the Southern infantry were resonant upon the air. Behind these magnificent troops were millions of contented slaves who tilled the fields and furnished them food and forage. The slave must be roused to mutiny and turned loose upon the rear of the Southern army, just as in the Revolutionary War Great Britain had stirred up the Indian and then launched him on the back of

the colonists. The fields must remain fallow, so the armies should remain unfed. The internal peace of the South must be broken, so that troops must be withdrawn from the front to restore order. This was the "military necessity" which led to the Emancipation Proclamation. It was a shrewdly devised thunderbolt of war, but, to the credit of the Southern slave, it failed. He remained quietly at home, tilling the field and supporting the soldier, the happiest, the most contented, the best-fed and longest-lived laboring class the world has ever known. By the terms of this celebrated proclamation, emancipation was specifically restricted to so much of the South as was in arms. The slaves of Maryland, of Delaware, of West Virginia, of Kentucky, of Tennessee, of Missouri, of Tidewater Virginia, and of half of Louisiana were to remain slaves or, as the document itself puts it, were "left 'precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.'"

When any one hereafter tells you that the Confederate soldier died in an effort to maintain slavery, point to the Federal statute book and say: "Here is the proof that he fought for independence and not slavery, for here is the promise that if he would renounce independence he might retain slavery."

It is said that the Confederate soldier was a foe to republican institutions and fought to tear down the Constitution.

The military glory of the Southern Confederacy has so far overshadowed its civic renown that few, very few know anything of the principles upon which the government of the Confederate States of America was based. The Confederate Constitution was framed amid the mutterings of impending war, and after a brief and stormy existence ceased to be operative. It was never well known and is now almost forgotten. Desuetude and oblivion have been its portion, but for all that its history and principles are worthy of the most careful consideration at the present day. It lies upon the shelf, as it were, unnoticed and unregarded, like a jewel long overlooked; but when we brush off the dust and let in the sunlight, the diamond will be found a diamond still.

The Confederate Constitution was modeled on that of the United States, and so modeled because the *ante-bellum* South loved the organic law of its fathers. It was framed by deputies chosen by the Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Texas Secession Conventions, and from the journals of these bodies it abundantly appears that the South revered the Constitution of the United States and never would have seceded if the North had in good faith respected and conformed to that sacred instrument.

When the South Carolina convention adopted its ordinance of secession, it issued an address in justification of that step and in this address said: "The one great evil, from which all other evils have flowed, is the overthrow of the Constitution of the United States." (Journal, page 467.) And, following up this, it resolved: "That, in the opinion of this convention, the Constitution of the United States should constitute the basis of the confederation of such States as shall withdraw their connection with the government of the United States." (Journal, page 143.)

The Mississippi ordinance of secession contained a special section: "That the people of the State of Mississippi hereby consent to form a Federal Union with such of the States as may have seceded or may secede from the Union of the United States of America upon the basis of the present Constitution of the said United States." (Journal, page 120.)

The Alabama ordinance of secession contained a like clause—to wit: "It is the desire and purpose of the people of Alabama to meet the slaveholding States of the South who may

approve such purpose in order to frame a provisional as well as permanent government upon the principles of the Constitution of the United States." (Debates, page 92.)

The Florida secession convention resolved: "That, in the opinion of this convention, the Constitution of the United States should constitute the basis of the Southern Confederacy." (Journal, page 109.) The Georgia secession convention instructed its deputies "to agree upon a plan of permanent government for the seceding States upon the principles and basis of the Constitution of the United States" (Journal, page 91), and the Louisiana and Texas secession conventions took analogous action (Louisiana Journal, page 241; Texas Ordinances, page 24).

Thus instructed, the deputies of the seceding States met at Montgomery and on March 11, 1861, adopted the Confederate Constitution. Copies of the instrument were at once transmitted to the secession conventions, with a circular letter from Hon. Howell Cobb, President of the Constitutional Convention, in which he says: "It will be seen that the convention here has conformed to the general wish of the people of these States in adopting a Constitution based upon the general principles of the Constitution of the United States." The secession convention at once ratified the new Constitution. In adjourning the Georgia convention Mr. Crawford, its president, said: "True, you have overthrown the Federal Union, but you have preserved the Federal Constitution." In the Alabama convention Mr. Yancey said: "We propose to do as the Israelites did of old under divine guidance, to withdraw our people from under the power that oppresses them and in so doing, like them, to take with us the ark of the covenant of our liberties." And these utterances epitomize the universal sentiment of the *ante-bellum* South.

The Union, which had grown hateful, was to be dissolved, but the Constitution, which remained beloved and respected, was to be retained.

Of the merits of the Confederate Constitution I may speak on some other occasion. Suffice it now to say that it retained ancestral wisdom and supplemented the same with the ripe results of the experience of seventy years. It contains a wise, just, safe, stable form of government, and the best testimony to the sagacity of its framers is that they foresaw and provided against every single one of the great public evils of the present day.

It was for this form of government that the Confederate dead died. But it is said the Confederate soldier struck the first blow. Let us see.

As soon as the Confederate government was organized President Davis sent three ambassadors on to Washington to arrange a treaty of peace and amity between the Confederate States and the United States. These ambassadors were Martin J. Crawford, of Georgia, John Forsyth, of Alabama, and A. B. Roman, of Louisiana. Their credentials read as follows:

"For the purpose of establishing friendly relations between the Confederate States and the United States and reposing special trust, etc., Martin J. Crawford, John Forsyth, and A. B. Roman are appointed special commissioners of the Confederate States to the United States. I have invested them with full and all manner of power and authority for and in the name of the Confederate States to meet and confer with any person or persons duly authorized by the government of the United States being furnished with like power and authority and with them agree, treat, consult, and negotiate of and concerning all matters interesting to both nations and to conclude and sign a treaty or treaties, convention or conven-

tions touching the premises, transmitting the same to the President of the Confederate States for his final ratification by and with the consent of the Congress of the Confederate States.

"Given under my hand at the city of Montgomery this 27th day of February, A.D. 1861, and of the independence of the Confederate States the eighty-fifth. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"ROBERT TOOMBS, *Secretary of State*."

You will find this in Volume LI., Part II., Series I., page 8, of the official "War Records," published by the United States government.

It will be seen that the object of this embassy was twofold: First, to establish friendly relations between the two governments, and, secondly, to arrange certain matters of mutual concern requiring adjustment. For instance, the old Union owed a debt binding on all its members, and one object was to ascertain and settle how much the North should assume and how much the South. Again, there were forts, arsenals, mints, and other public property in the two sections. The North was to retain what was within its territory and account to the South for its proportionate share thereof, and, *vice versa*, the South was to do the same. In other words, the accounts of the dissolved partnership were to be fairly adjusted between the late copartners and a true balance sheet stricken. Nothing could have been more amicable and fair. The South extended the olive branch with one hand and the scales of justice in the other. While the commissioners were in Washington City seeking to effectuate their pacific mission a Federal vessel was dispatched to Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor. By some it is said that the ship carried arms and ammunition, by others it is claimed that she carried only provisions, but it is immaterial what she carried. Rations and cartridges are equally munitions of war, and, whichever the ship carried, the object was the same—to put the Federal garrison in that fort in a position to hold that fort by force. It was a plain rejection of the olive branch; it was an overt act of war and met as such.

Now, in such cases who strikes the first blow? When a man breaks into my house and I fire upon him, who is responsible for that shot? Am I to wait until he has effected his entrance and taken me by the throat before I pull the trigger? The common sense of mankind agrees that when a plain and manifest intent to injure is apparent and there is no peaceable way to avoid the mediated wrong, the menaced person may repel the attempt by force and that this is not an original act of violence, but the right of self-defense pure and simple.

We read in Holy Writ of a case wherein the law of the first blow is expounded by divine authority. When the Lord of glory in human form went out into the garden and there came a great multitude to take him, one of his followers turned at bay upon his Divine Master's assailant and drew his sword and struck, and struck to kill, for it appears that the blow was leveled at the assailant's skull, but by the swerving of the blade only cut off his ear. To the swordsman the Divine Master said: "Put up thy sword. I need it not." And then he turned to the wounded man and in accents of infinite justice said, "Suffer ye thus far," as who should say all that you have received you have deserved, and then, justice being satisfied, Infinite Love healed him.

Who struck the first blow in this case, the myrmidon, who came out to do force, or the disciple, who unsheathed his sword in defense of the One he loved?

Upon a monument in this city erected in honor of the Con-

federate dead is this legend: "These men died in defense of the principles of the Declaration of Independence." This is literally true. The only difference between the old Continental and the old Confederate is that the one succeeded and the other failed.

In the time of the Revolution the British colonies each had a governor and a legislature, as the States have now, and each colony had exclusive charge of its own internal affairs. The common bond of union between the colonies was their allegiance to the crown. The British doctrine was that this tie of allegiance was indissoluble. Once a subject, you were always a subject; and if you attempted to withdraw from the British government and set up a government of your own, you were a rebel and a traitor.

Our Revolutionary fathers denied this doctrine. They said that all just government derived its authority from the consent of the governed, and whenever a people became dissatisfied with their existing form of government they had a right to abolish it and institute another in its stead, fashioning and forming it to suit themselves.

The clash between these two doctrines brought about the Revolutionary War, but after a long struggle our forefathers succeeded in establishing the idea of the Declaration of Independence—namely, that government belongs to the people and not the people to the government.

Some eighty years thereafter a new revolution broke out upon precisely the same question. The people of the North insisted that the governmental connection which then existed between them and the people of the South was an indissoluble connection, and any attempt to withdraw from that connection and set up a separate government would be treason and rebellion.

Per contra, the people of the South insisted that they had the right "to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." The clash between these conflicting opinions brought about another war, and after a sublime struggle the old Confederate went down.

The old Continental had friends. France, Spain, and Holland helped him with fleets and armies and munitions and money, but the old Confederate had no friends; no, not one. He stood alone, but he stood undaunted, and he fell, when he did fall, like a noble lion who succumbs at last not so much to the prowess of his enemies as to his own absolute and utter exhaustion. He fought not to maintain slavery, not to erect an oligarchical form of government, not for gold or conquest or glory! No, no, no! He fought to be free, to govern himself as he himself saw fit, leaving to all others the same privilege.

The men who fell at Monmouth and the men who fell at Manassas fraternize to-day in the spirit world. When we look upon these men, the temple of American liberty rises before us a resplendent edifice, stately column upon column, each a sovereign State, supporting a noble arch, surmounted by fretted pinnacles, the foundation based upon consent, not force, but love, and the entrance to the shrine through a spacious doorway as befits the home of the hope of the human race. And by this doorway two twin figures. On one side the old Continental as he tracked the snow at Valley Forge with his bleeding feet or swarmed over the ramparts of Stony Point, not firing a shot, but trusting alone to the cold steel; and on the other the old "Confed." in his ragged jacket of gray, his face blackened with powder and the blood trickling down

his body, here one comrade already dead, there another dying, and in the midst of it all, amid the roar and the carnage, the man himself, as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, still loading and firing under the tattered folds of the battle flag.

THE SOUTH'S CRUCIFIXION.

[The following notes, taken from the address by Hon. Leigh Robinson, of Washington, D. C., at the dedication of the Virginia monument on the field of Gettysburg, give a strong presentation of the injustice suffered by the South for a sin not hers.]

In 1833 began the conventions which assembled to arraign the South for the sin of slavery and to subordinate to this every tie of interest and tradition. As in the beginning, the slavery for which it was held righteous to crucify Virginia had been forced upon her by the suffrages of New England; so now, twenty-five years after the cessation of the slave trade, her effort to terminate the evil for which she was not responsible was arrested by the others who were. At the very moment of these inflammations there were well-started movements in the border States to perfect schemes of gradual emancipation. In the Virginia House of Delegates the measure lacked only a few votes of a majority. The genial philanthropy of freeing another man's slave was initiated at the time when Virginians were voting to free their own. At the Peace Conference, assembled at the invitation of Virginia in 1861, Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, said of the efforts of Virginia thirty years earlier: "The act for the gradual abolition of slavery was, I believe, lost by a single vote." He was not quite accurate as to this, but the vote was exceedingly close. Mr. Ewing proceeded: "The North has taken this business of emancipation into its hands, and from the day she did so we hear no more of emancipation in Virginia." The Rev. Nehemiah Adams, whose last act before leaving Boston to seek Southern skies for a sick daughter had been to join the remonstrances of New England clergymen against the Kansas and Nebraska bill, wrote later: "The South was on the eve of abolishing slavery. The abolitionists arose and put it back within its innermost entrenchments." As late as 1845 an article appeared in the *Richmond Whig* advocating the abolition of slavery and stating that but for the intemperance of Northern fanatics it would be accomplished."

Whenever the day arrives to break the seal of facts it has been found useful to confine, a striking contrast will be read between the offices of the States which in their own boundaries had ample jurisdiction over the status of the negro race and the ceaseless imprecations hurled by the same States upon others in respect to whose jurisdiction in this matter their own was foreign. In 1865 Oliver P. Morton said in Indiana: "We wholly exclude them [the negroes] from voting; we exclude them from the public schools and make it unlawful and criminal for them to come into the State. No negro who has come into Indiana since 1850 can make a valid contract. He cannot acquire a title to a piece of land, because the law makes the deed void, and every man who gives him employment is liable to prosecution and fine."

It is for his own, not for his neighbor's, sins that the saint who wins our reverence smites his breast. When the negro came with his master's consent, no place could be found for him. He was welcome only when he came without it. From the Delaware to the Oregon prior to the Fifteenth Amendment love for a man and a brother grew great by this example. Plutarch tells of one who in a fit of anger threw a stone at

Lycurgus, knocking out one of his eyes. The horrified Spartan gave the culprit to Lycurgus to be his slave, that he might execute his will upon him. At a subsequent time Lycurgus came to the assembly with his slave and said: "I received this man from your hands a dangerous criminal; I return him to you an honest and useful citizen." After the Fifteenth Amendment, largely by the insistence of Morton, had been added to the record, to New England and to Old England the South might have said: "We received this man from you an ungoverned, if not dangerous, criminal. We return him to the American branch of you as one in your own esteem worthy to make laws for the Federal Union and the States comprising it."

Beyond doubt there were those who honestly felt it their religious duty, without thought of and regardless of existing compact with others, to do all in their power to extirpate African slavery as the shameless sin of Satan. There were others who had thought of reward and saw the political advantage of appropriating this sincerity and identifying themselves with it.

From a New England source comes to us what for this occasion is offered as a working theory of this development. Mr. William Chauncey Fowler in his book, "The Sectional Controversy," published in 1862, narrates this incident, felt at the time by himself to be significant: "Some fifteen or twenty years ago, when Northern petitions signed by men, women, children, and negroes for the abolition of slavery were flooding the floor of the Lower House, as a leading member of Congress, who afterwards was a member of a Presidential cabinet, was coming out from a heated debate, he was asked by the present writer, an old college friend: 'Will you inform me what is the real reason why Northern members encourage these petitions? After considering a moment, he said to me: 'The real reason is that the South will not let us have a tariff, and we touch them where they will feel it.'"

At the breaking out of the war events brought directly home to Lee the virulence with which were assailed principles which by hereditary conviction he felt "in duty bound to maintain." In the fall of 1859 enmity to the South assumed the shape of an armed foray, which in the dead of night came down upon Virginia with intent to redden the skies with the torch of servile insurrection. The leader was tried and hanged. His body was carried North for ovation and homage. In the words of Emerson, he had made "the gallows sacred as the cross." By the year 1860 the apostle of hate had displaced the twelve apostles. The assassin with the knife poised to be driven to the hilt in the heart of Virginia was the saint. In the autumn of 1910 one who had been tenant of the White House rendered his tribute to John Brown as one "who rendered the greatest service ever rendered this country": who "stood for heroic valor, grim energy, fierce fidelity to high ideals"; who "embodied the inspiration of the men of his generation." At Harper's Ferry, confronting this ideal of the North, stood in immortal protest Robert E. Lee. Then and there were brought face to face the opposite ideals—no, the idol versus the ideal.

In the fruit of the spirit which beheld in the sentenced at Harper's Ferry a glory as of a new Sacred Writ, one who shared the blood of the Revolutionary Lees did not have to strive mightily to read signs of a tradition of free government sacrificed to a chimera—the true, irrepressible conflict sacrificed for a sham. For the full fruition of a geographic triumph economic sympathies, which hitherto had prevailed, succumbed to the tempest's breath.

[Continued on page 277.]

"THAT BOY" JOINS THE ARMY.

BY E. FOLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

When the War between the States began, I was just a month or so past my sixteenth birthday, too young, it was determined by my older associates, to be a soldier. So they marched away and left me behind—an act that was not appreciated. Even at that early age it was a fact that I was a first lieutenant in the State forces and had drilled some of the men who so joyously rode away to the South without a thought as to the state of my feelings. I was only "that boy." As though a boy, especially a Kentucky country boy, could not shoot as straight and fight as hard as a man! I knew that he could and later saw and helped them do it. Some one said the boys fought well because they did not know enough to be afraid. The Virginia Military Institute boys disposed of that slander at New Market, as did thousands of gallant boys on other fields of the South.

Being left behind was not a pleasant sensation. But there are more ways than one to get into an army when one's heart is set upon it, and it was not long before I found myself a soldier, performing duties a thousand times more dangerous than those my former comrades were experiencing. They wore uniforms and carried openly the weapons of warfare; I did not. They visited the enemy in his camps and ran him out of them or were themselves run out, as the case might be; I did not. When I visited the enemy camps it was as a youthful patriot, full of curiosity about military affairs and movements and with a heart full of regret that I was too young to enlist and help save the Union. Few men in those camps were more passionately devoted to the cause of the Union than I was, the grandson of a soldier of the Revolution and the nephew of another soldier who had fought with Jackson at New Orleans. How could a boy with such kindred fire a shot at the flag under which they had fought? Perish the thought! I was welcome in all the camps I visited, but it seemed well to bolster up my Union protestations; therefore I soon appeared in the guise of a book agent, with nothing in stock but Union books, chiefly old Parson Brownlow's disreputable story of his experiences with the Confederates of East Tennessee. This was a passport to any camp, and I made the most of my opportunities, picking up here and there information which afterwards reached our army in ways never discovered by the enemy.

In addition to the Federal camps about Louisville and other important points in the State, there were numerous companies of Home Guards who made themselves very annoying to the men who were endeavoring to reach the South and the army. I knew some of these men, but had nothing to do with them. The better they were known, the less use I had for them. Their chief, if not their only, duty was watching for the would-be Confederate recruits, whom they sometimes attacked if their number was much in excess of that of the Southern boys. The State was so honeycombed with Federal troops and the Home Guards that those going south could travel only at night, concealing themselves in the daytime in some thick woodland or in the home of a Southern sympathizer.

There was a rallying point several miles from my home at which the recruits would gather, and when a sufficient number had assembled they would turn their faces southward and trust to luck to get there. On one of my innocent book agency days I fell in with a regiment of Federal cavalry commanded by an officer with whom I had a slight ac-

quaintance. The direction in which he was marching was unsatisfactory to me. He was going toward the rendezvous of my boys. I rode at the head of the column with him for several miles, talked good Union talk, presented him with a Brownlow volume, and finally learned that he was going after our boys at their hidden camp. He inquired of me how best to reach the place, receiving in return a mass of reliable information on how not to get there.

Finally I left the colonel, who thanked me heartily for the information. When out of his sight I swung into a gallop for the camp, four or five miles distant, and beat him to it. When his command finally got there, the place was there, but the boys were not; nor was I anywhere thereabout, being impressed with a belief that the neighborhood was unhealthy for me. I never saw that colonel again until after the war had ended. We talked of the incidents of that day, which he remembered quite well. Finally he was asked what he would have done with the chap who gave the alarm had he caught him.

"I would have hanged him to the limb of a tree in the camp as a reminder."

"I thought you might do something like that," I responded, "and for that reason I went away from there before you arrived."

"Are you the boy who rode with me and gave me a book and many false directions?"

"Same boy."

"Well, I am glad I did not catch you. You knew, of course, what would be your fate if caught."

"Certainly. It was a task full of danger, but with an element of fun too. Nothing has ever pleased me more than fooling a Yankee; he is so blamed sure that it can't be done."

The colonel and I lived in the same city, practiced law in the same courts, and were good friends to the day of his death.

On another occasion it was necessary for me to be in Louisville, and I imagined that there were some good reasons why it was not going to be a comfortable visit. In the peculiar service engaging my attention one sometimes imagines dangers where none exist. This results from the surety of a very disagreeable sort of punishment dispensed to those so unfortunate as to be caught. While waiting and hesitating Providence took a hand, and I rode into Louisville in a buggy with an officer of the United States army. No one was going to suspect me in his company. We stopped at the same hotel, spent the evening pleasantly—that is, he seemed to do so; as for me, I was wondering what was going to happen to me when we separated the next morning, and I was not especially joyous. Nothing did happen. My business was satisfactorily arranged, and I shook the dust of Louisville off my feet and saw it no more for three years. When the fortunes of war subsequently made me a prisoner, that same Federal officer wrote me a letter of sympathy and proffered his aid toward my release. Thanking him for the sympathy, the offer was declined, the price being too high; in other words, an oath of allegiance to the United States when I owed allegiance to the Confederate States. He lived to tell me after the war that he was proud of me for standing by my colors.

Going back to my story, I will state that for some time there had been growing in my mind a great desire to live to be quite an old man, and a survey of the circumstances surrounding me indicated that my desires were not likely to be realized if I continued as I had begun. There seemed to

have grown up in the minds of some people a belief that I was altogether "too numerous" in and about the camps; that the inquisitive bump on my head was growing like unto a high mountain; and, in fact, that it would be a good idea for me to move on, willingly if I would, forcibly if it must be. There was an inclination on my part to agree with those people.

In the summer of 1862 General Bragg, of the Confederate army, marched into Kentucky, turned around at Perryville after winning a battle there, and marched out again. For the reasons hereinbefore hinted at I accompanied that erratic officer and his army on their return to the South, receiving at Clinton, East Tennessee, sometime in October, 1862, an honorable discharge from the Confederate service. On November 12 following I reenlisted for three years or "endurin' of the war," and it is one of the proudest memories of my service that I and my brother Kentuckians kept the faith and served the Confederacy as long as a shred of it held together, surrendering at Washington, Ga., May 9, 1865, one month after Appomattox. When the company which I commanded that day laid down its arms, I was still "that boy," having just passed my twentieth birthday.

Some years afterwards I was a candidate to represent my county in the General Assembly, my opponent being an elderly man, who continually harped upon the impudence of "that boy" in running for office. This gave me the votes of all the young men; I had the Confederate elements, soldiers and sympathizers both, and of course "that boy" was elected. I have not been called "that boy" for some time. I believe it would sound well if heard now.

And now a final word. Though a soldier years ago, and proud of it, the years that have passed have made me a man of peace; but should I hear that any one, after reading this chapter of my youthful career, had even hinted at the word "spy," a new war will break out as full of horrors and slaughters as the world war which has so recently closed. It was secret service, dear reader, and don't you forget it.

LAST DAYS OF THE FIRST MARYLAND CAVALRY.

BY THE LATE FRANK DORSEY, OF BALTIMORE.

Gen. R. E. Lee, in a dispatch to Gen. Jubal A. Early March 27, 1865, states: "I have ordered Dorsey's (Maryland) Cavalry from Gordonsville to Fitz Lee." As soon as the 1st Maryland Cavalry, which was guarding different points, could be assembled Colonel Dorsey started on his march. He reached Richmond April 1 and the next day (Sunday) moved to Petersburg and marched out in the early morning of Monday, the 3d, reaching Amelia C. H. that day. On the 4th Colonel Dorsey joined Fitz Lee's division, which had been commanded since March 30 by Col. Thomas T. Munford. He was assigned to Munford's, or the "Old Brigade," and, with the rest, was continuously engaged in defending General Lee's wagon train from the enemy. At Amelia Springs (5th) there was a severe fight, the Yankee cavalry being defeated and driven several miles. On reaching the vicinity of High Bridge, near Burkesville (6th), a body of the enemy which had made a forced march was found directly in the path. Colonel Munford ordered the command, with the exception of the 1st Maryland, which was sent to the left to cut off retreat, to dismount and attack the enemy, which proved to be a brigade of infantry, 54th Pennsylvania and 123d Ohio, and Companies D, L, and M, of the 4th Massachusetts Cav-

alry, especially selected for the purpose. After a sharp fight, a charge by the dismounted men and by the 1st Maryland Cavalry and Dearing's Brigade of about one hundred and fifty sabers resulted in the defeat and capture of that entire Yankee force.

It was here that Munford, who had so brilliantly commanded a brigade the greater part of the war, received his appointment as brigadier general. Near Farmville he held the Yankee advance in check until Lee's wagon and ordnance train had passed over the bridge, and in a sharp fight a little west of Farmville (7th) a charge of Crook's Division was repulsed with great loss, Brig. Gen. J. Irvin Gregg being among the captured. Such was General Munford's brilliant, daring fighting all the way to Appomattox. Had our great cavalryman, Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, been with his corps instead of, most unfortunately, absent confronting Sherman with Butler's Division, Five Forks, instead of being one of the most disgraceful incidents in the annals of warfare, would have been a glorious victory, and on the 9th the entire corps would have gone through Sheridan's Cavalry, leaving many "good" Yanks in its path. But, as it was, with Maj. Gen. Fitz Lee in temporary command, the three divisions of that corps, commanded respectively by Maj. Gen. "Rooney" Lee, Brig. Gen. Tom Rosser, and Brig. Gen. Tom Munford, acted each on its own hook, and the only division that went out à la Wade Hampton was Fitz Lee's division, with Payne's and Munford's Brigades, under Brig. Gen. Thomas T. Munford.

On the early morning of the 9th the 1st Maryland Cavalry went out in advance and was joined later by the rest of the brigade. After gaining the Lynchburg road and outside of the Yankee lines, General Munford formed line facing the enemy. A column of Yankee cavalry, 8th and 21st Pennsylvania, advancing to attack, when about to ride down the skirmish line of the 1st Virginia Cavalry (Capt. M. J. Billmyer), were charged by Colonel Dorsey, with the 1st Maryland, and driven back with loss. He thus "struck the last blow," making the last charge for Gen. R. E. Lee's army.

General Munford was then notified by the Yanks, under flag of truce, of the surrender of General Lee's army and that he should come in and be included in it. This he most emphatically declined to do, but on account of that information ceased his attack, left a squadron in observation, and retired slowly and unmolested to Lynchburg, reaching there that afternoon, the 1st Maryland crossing the James River about dark and encamping in the Fair Grounds. At sunrise the next morning (10th) it was formed in line, and Colonel Dorsey said: "It was determined at yesterday's conference to disband the cavalry for a short time. Acting upon that agreement, you are free to go where you please until the 25th, when I shall expect every man to meet me at the cattle scales in Augusta County, Va." The color bearer, John Ridgely, stripped the battle flag from its staff and placed it in his haversack, and the men scattered in every direction.

On the 25th nearly every man who had marched to Lynchburg was present when Colonel Dorsey formed them in line and said: "General Munford has ordered me to meet him at Salem, Roanoke County, Va., with my battalion. From there we expect to go south to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. I want every man to feel that he is at liberty to do as he pleases. Those who are willing to accompany me will ride to the right and form in line."

Ridgely had fastened the flag to a crude staff, under which every Marylander present rallied, and, with Colonel Dorsey

at the head of the little band, moved forward, passing through Waynestboro, encamping for the night five miles south of the town. At sunrise the march was resumed and proceeded southward for three days and a half, passing through Greenville, Midway, Fairfield, Lexington, and Springfield, crossing the James River at Buchanan, and reaching Cloverdale about noon April 29, 1865 (this was about fourteen miles north-west of Salem), when the command went into camp. Colonel Dorsey rode to the house to which General Munford was confined by sickness and returned with an address written by General Munford, which he had read to the command, and gave them their discharge.

The flag of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, the most historical flag of Gen. R. E. Lee's army, as it was used in the last charge and was the flag of the last organized body of that army, by a vote of officers and men was given to Colonel Dorsey.

Following is the address written by General Munford:

"To the Gallant Band Who Claim This Song—Soldiers:

"I hear the distant thunder hum—
Maryland, my Maryland—
The old line bugle, fife, and drum—
Maryland, my Maryland.
She is not dead nor deaf nor dumb.
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum;
She breathes, she burns, she'll come, she'll come—
Maryland, my Maryland."

"You, my veteran friends, who have weathered the storm, may now sing your song with proud hearts. It once could be heard on every lip, but after the Maryland campaign it was discarded, and your gallant little band caught up another air:

"Light hearts we bore to Virginia's land;
The shadows fall o'er us fast, my boys.
We'll drain our cup with a steady hand;
We'll smile whate'er our fate, my boys.
Many of us may sleep beneath Virginia's sod,
Many may go back to our homes, boys;
But the hearts that are true to their country and God
Will report at the grand reveille, boys."

"This was the spirit of the Maryland Battalion. Three years ago the chivalrous (Ridgely) Brown joined my old command with twenty-three men—yes, twenty-three Maryland volunteers—with light hearts and full of fight. If they had a care, a trouble, or a wish, it was to whip the Yankees. They increased so rapidly that the captain reminded me of the old woman who lived in a shoe. She had so many children she didn't know what to do, and all she wanted was elbow room. As they grew in numbers their reputation and friends increased. They were soon too numerous to remain with me and were able to take care of themselves. It was here that I learned to admire, respect, and love them for all the qualities which endear soldiers to their officers. I tell you now that when I see you standing high above all other soldiers and alone, my heart swells with pride to think that your career, so bright and glorious, was linked in a small degree with my old regiment. Would that I could see the mothers and sisters of every man of this proud old command and tell them how well you have represented your State and our cause! But the people of Virginia will not forget you. The fame you have won in after years will be guarded by old Virginia with the pride she feels in her own true sons. You

have fought the good fight, and the few remaining members of this old command and of Company K might well say:

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled and garlands dead
And all but him departed."

"But it is enough for them to remember,

"The despot's heel is on the shore—
Maryland, my Maryland;
His torch is at thy temple door—
Maryland, my Maryland."

When they felt it was sweet to know they were striking for loved ones at home, and I trust they have gone to a better and happier one. It becomes us now to separate, but the ties which have so long bound us together will not be forgotten. They will live in memory and in after years will revive amidst our joys and dangers, and whenever we meet we may say this is my old and familiar friend. The cause is not dead. I feel sure the great battle is yet to be fought. I have ordered the 'Old Brigade' to remain at home and be ready, and whenever and wherever we are called I know the gallant Colonel Dorsey and his braves will rally again; and, though Maryland and Virginia are now overpowered, we will yet join hands and fling our glorious battle flags to the breeze as the emblems of their majesty and strength.

"In conclusion let me urge upon you to remain quiet and keep your armor burnished. You, who struck the first blow in Baltimore and the last in Virginia, have done all that could be asked of you. Had the rest of our officers and men adhered to our cause with the same devotion, to-day we would have been free from the Yankees. May the God of battles bless you! With many thanks for your generous support and a hearty God bless you, I bid you farewell.

THOMAS T. MUNFORD,
Brigadier General Commanding Division.

"CLOVERDALE, BOTETOURT COUNTY, VA., April 29, 1865."

Every member of the command was given this paper:

"DISCHARGE.

"CLOVERDALE, BOTETOURT COUNTY, VA.,
April 29, 1865.

"The bearer, —, Company —, 1st Maryland Cavalry, having done his duty faithfully to the present time, is permitted to go where he pleases until called for.

G. W. DORSEY,
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding 1st Maryland Cavalry."

NEWSPAPER GENERALS.—Extract from a letter of General Lee to Mrs. Lee: "I am sorry, as you say, that the movements of the armies cannot keep pace with the expectations of the editors of papers. I know they can regulate matters satisfactorily to themselves on paper; I wish they could do so in the field. No one wishes them more success than I do, and I would be happy to see them have full swing. General Floyd has three editors on his staff. I hope something will be done to please them." (From "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee," by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, his nephew and cavalry commander.)

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON.

SECOND PAPER IN SERIES PREPARED BY MRS. MOLLIE H.
HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S LETTER TO GENERAL JOHNSTON AFTER
THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

RICHMOND, July 15, 1863.

Gen. J. E. Johnston, Commanding, etc.—General: Your dispatch of the 5th instant, stating that you "considered" your "assignment to the immediate command in Mississippi" as giving you "a new position" and as "limiting your authority," being a repetition of a statement which you were informed was a grave error and being persisted in after your failure to point out when requested the letter or dispatch justifying you in such a conclusion, rendered it necessary, as you were informed in my dispatch of the 8th instant, that I should make a more extended reply than could be given in a telegram. That there may be no possible room for further mistake in this matter, I am compelled to recapitulate the substance of all orders and instructions given to you so far as they bear on this question.

On November 24 last you were assigned by Special Order No. 275 to a defined geographical command. The description included a portion of Western North Carolina and Northern Georgia, the States of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, and that portion of the State of Louisiana east of the Mississippi River. The order concluded in the following language: "General Johnston will, for the purpose of correspondence and reports, establish his headquarters at Chattanooga or such other place as, in his judgment, will best secure communication with the troops within the limits of his command, and will repair in person to any part of said command whenever his presence may for the time be necessary or desirable."

This command by its terms embraced the armies under command of General Bragg in Tennessee, of General Pemberton at Vicksburg, as well as those at Port Hudson, Mobile, and the forces in East Tennessee.

This general order has never been changed or modified so as to affect your command in a single particular, nor has your control over it been interfered with. I have as commander in chief given you some orders which will be hereafter noticed, not one of them, however, indicating in any manner that the general control confided to you was restricted or impaired.

You exercised this command by visiting in person the armies of Murfreesboro, Vicksburg, Mobile, and elsewhere, and on January 22 I wrote to you directing that you should repair in person to the army at Tullahoma on account of a reported want of harmony and confidence between General Bragg and his officers and troops. This letter closed with the following passages: "As that army is part of your command, no order will be necessary to give you authority there, as, whether present or absent, you have a right to direct its operations and do whatever belongs to the general commanding."

Language cannot be plainer than this; and although the different armies in your geographical district were ordered to report directly to Richmond as well as to yourself, this was done solely to avoid the evil that would result from reporting through you when your headquarters might be, and it was expected frequently would be, so located as to create delays injurious to the public interest.

While at Tullahoma you did not hesitate to order troops

from General Pemberton's army, and, learning that you had ordered the division of cavalry from North Mississippi to Tennessee, I telegraphed to you that this order left Mississippi exposed to cavalry raids without means of checking them. You did not change your orders; and although I thought them injudicious, I refrained from exercising my authority in deference to your views.

When I learned that prejudice and malignity had so undermined the confidence of the troops at Vicksburg in their commander as to threaten disaster, I deemed the circumstances such as to present the case foreseen in Special Order No. 175, that you should "repair in person to any part of said command whenever your presence might be for the time necessary or desirable."

You were, therefore, ordered on May 9 to "proceed at once to Mississippi and take chief command of the forces, giving to those in the field, as far as practicable, the encouragement and benefit of your personal direction."

Some details were added about reinforcements, but not a word affecting in the remotest degree your authority to command your geographical district.

On June 4 you telegraphed to the Secretary of War in response to his inquiry, saying: "My only plan is to relieve Vicksburg. My force is far too small for the purpose. Tell me if you can increase it and how much." To which he answered on the 5th: "I regret inability to promise more troops, as we have drained resources even to the danger of several points. You know best concerning General Bragg's army, but I fear to withdraw more. We are too far outnumbered in Virginia to spare any," etc.

On June 8 the Secretary was more explicit, if possible. He said: "Do you advise more reinforcements from General Bragg? You, as commandant of the department, have power so to order if you, in view of the whole case, so determine."

On June 10 you answered that it was for the government to determine what department could furnish the reinforcements, that you could not know how General Bragg's wants compared with yours, and that the government could make the comparison. Your statements that the government in Richmond was better able to judge of the relative necessities of the armies under your command than you were and the further statement that you could not know how General Bragg's wants compared with yours were considered extraordinary; but as they were accompanied by the remark that the Secretary's dispatch had been imperfectly deciphered, no observation was made on them till the receipt of your telegram to the Secretary of the 12th instant stating: "I have not considered myself commanding in Tennessee since assignment here and should not have felt authorized to take troops from that department after having been informed by the Executive that no more could be spared."

My surprise at these two statements was extreme. You had never been "assigned to the Mississippi command." You went there under the circumstances and orders already quoted, and no justification whatever is perceived for your abandonment of your duties as commanding general of the geographical district to which you were assigned.

Orders as explicit as those under which you were sent to the West and under which you continued to act up to May 9, when you were directed to repair in person to Mississippi, can only be impaired or set aside by subsequent orders, equally explicit, and your announcement that you had ceased to consider yourself charged with the control of affairs in Tennessee because ordered to repair in person to Mississippi, both

places being within the command to which you were assigned, was too grave to be overlooked; and when to this was added the assertion that you should not have felt authorized to draw troops from that department (Tennessee), "after being informed by the Executive that no more could be spared," I was unable to account for your language, being entirely confident that I had never given you any such information.

I shall now proceed to separate your two statements and begin with that which relates to your "not considering" yourself commanding in Tennessee since assignment "here"—*i. e.*, in Mississippi.

When you received my telegram of June 15 informing you that "the order to go to Mississippi did not diminish your authority in Tennessee, both being in the country placed under your command in original assignment," accompanied by an inquiry about the information said to have been derived from me restricting your authority to transfer troops, your answer on June 16 was: "I meant to tell the Secretary of War that I considered the order directing me to command here as limiting my authority to this department, especially when that order was accompanied by War Department orders transferring troops from Tennessee to Mississippi."

This is, in substance, a repetition of the previous statement without any reason being given for it. The fact of orders being sent to you to transfer some of the troops in your department from one point to another to which you were proceeding in person could give no possible ground for your "considering" that Special Order No. 275 was rescinded or modified. Your command of your geographical district did not make you independent of my orders as your superior officer; and when you were directed by me to take troops with you to Mississippi, your control over the district to which you were assigned was in no way involved. But the statement that troops were transferred from Tennessee to Mississippi by order of the War Department, when you were directed to repair to the latter State, gives but half the fact; for, although you were ordered to take with you three thousand good troops, you were told to replace them by a greater number then on their way to Mississippi and whom you were requested to divert to Tennessee, the purpose being to hasten reinforcements to Pemberton without weakening Bragg. This was in deference to your own opinion that Bragg could not be safely weakened—nay, that he ought even to be reinforced at Pemberton's expense—for you had just ordered troops from Pemberton's command to reinforce Bragg. I differed in opinion from you and thought Vicksburg far more exposed to danger than Bragg and was urging forward reinforcements to that point both from Carolina and Virginia before you were directed to assume command in person in Mississippi.

I find nothing, then, either in your dispatch of June 16 or in any subsequent communication from you giving a justification for your saying that you "had not considered yourself commanding in Tennessee since assignment here"—*i. e.*, in Mississippi. Your dispatch of the 5th instant is again a substantial repetition of the same statement without a word of reason to justify it. You say: "I considered my assignment to the immediate command in Mississippi as giving me a new position and limiting my authority to this department." I have characterized this as a grave error, and in view of all the facts I cannot otherwise regard it. I must add that a review of your correspondence shows a constant desire on your part, beginning early in January, that I should change the order placing Tennessee and Mississippi in one command

under your direction and a constant indication on my part, whenever I wrote on the subject, that, in my judgment, the public service required that the armies should be subject to your control.

I now proceed to your second statement, in your telegram of June 12, that you "should not have felt authorized to take troops from that department (Tennessee) after having been informed by the Executive that no more could be spared."

To my inquiry for the basis of this statement you answered on the 16th by what was, in substance, a reiteration of it.

I again requested on the 17th that you should refer by date to any such communication as that alleged by you. You answered on June 20, apologized for carelessness in your first reply, and referred me to a passage from my telegram to you of May 20 and to one from the Secretary of War of June 5 and then informed me that you considered "Executive" as including the Secretary of War.

Your telegram of June 12 was addressed to the Secretary of War in the second person. It begins, "Your dispatch," and then speaks of the Executive in the third person, and on reading it it was not supposed that the word "Executive" referred to any one but myself; but of course in a matter like this your own explanation of your meaning is conclusive.

The telegram of the Secretary of War of June 5, followed by that of June 8, conveyed unmistakably the very reverse of the meaning you attribute to them, and your reference to them as supporting your position is unintelligible. I revert, therefore, to my telegram of May 28. That telegram was in answer to one from you in which you stated that on the arrival of certain reinforcements then on the way you would have about twenty-three thousand; that Pemberton could be saved only by beating Grant; and you added: "Unless you can promise more troops we must try with that number. The odds against us will be very great. Can you add seven thousand?"

My reply was: "The reinforcements sent to you exceed by, say, seven thousand the estimate of your dispatch of the 27th instant. We have withheld nothing which it was practicable to give you. We cannot hope for numerical quantity, and time will probably increase the disparity."

It is on this language that you rely to support a statement that I informed you no more troops could be spared from Tennessee and as restricting your right to draw troops from that department. It bears no such construction. The reinforcements sent to you, with an exception presently to be noticed, were from points outside of your department. You had in telegrams of May 1, 2, and 7 and others made repeated applications to have troops withdrawn from other departments to your aid. You were informed that we would give all the aid we possibly could. Of your right to order any change made in the distribution of troops in your own district, no doubt had ever been suggested by yourself nor could occur to your superiors here, for they had given you the authority.

The reinforcements which went with you from Tennessee were, as already explained and as was communicated to you at the time, a mere exchange for other troops sent from Virginia.

The troops subsequently sent to you from Bragg were forwarded by him under the following dispatch from me of May 22: "The vital issue of holding the Mississippi at Vicksburg is dependent on the success of General Johnston in an attack on the investing force. The intelligence from there is dis-

couraging. Can you aid him? If so, *and you are without orders from General Johnston, act on your judgment.*"

The words that I now underscore suffice to show how thoroughly your right of command of the troops in Tennessee was recognized. I know from your own orders that you thought it more advisable to draw troops from Mississippi to reinforce Bragg than to send troops from the latter to Pemberton, and one of the reasons which induced the instruction to you to proceed to Mississippi was the conviction that your views on the point would be changed on arrival in Mississippi. Still, although convinced myself that troops might be spared from Bragg's army without very great danger and that Vicksburg was, on the contrary, in imminent peril, I was unwilling to overrule your judgment of the distribution of your troops while you were on the spot and therefore simply left to General Bragg the power to aid you if he could and *if you had not given contrary orders.*

The cavalry sent to you from Tennessee was sent on a similar dispatch from the Secretary of War to General Bragg, informing him of your earnest appeal for cavalry and *asking him if he could spare any.* Your request was for a regiment of cavalry to be sent to you from Georgia. My dispatch of May 18 pointed out to you the delay which a compliance would involve and suggested that cavalry could be drawn from another part of your department, as had been previously indicated.

In no manner, by no act, by no language, either of myself or of the Secretary of War, has your authority to draw troops from one portion of your department to another been withdrawn, restricted, or modified.

Now that Vicksburg has disastrously fallen, this subject would present no pressing demand for attention, and its examination would have been postponed to a future period, had not your dispatch of the 5th instant, with its persistent repetition of statements, which I had informed you were erroneous and without adducing a single fact to sustain them, induced me to terminate the matter at once by a review of all the facts.

The original mistakes in your telegram of June 12 would gladly have been overlooked as accidental if acknowledged when pointed out. The perseverance with which they have been insisted on has not permitted me to pass them by as a mere oversight or, by refraining from an answer, to seem to admit the justice of some of the statements.

Respectfully, etc.,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

TELEGRAMS SENT BY GENERAL JOHNSTON FROM JACKSON,
MISS., TO RICHMOND, VA.

May 28, 1863.

To President Davis: It is reported that the last infantry coming leave Montgomery to-night. When they arrive I shall have about twenty-three thousand.

Pemberton can be saved only by beating Grant. Unless you can promise more troops, we must try with that number.

The odds against us will be very great. Can you add seven thousand? I asked for another major general, Wilcox, or whoever you may prefer. We want good general officers quickly. I have to organize an army and collect ammunition, provisions, and transportation.

June 10, 1863.

To the Secretary of War: Your dispatch of June 8 in cipher received. You do not give orders in regard to the recently appointed general officers. Please do it.

I have not at my disposal half the number of troops neces-

sary. It is for the government to determine what department, if any, can furnish the reinforcements required.

I cannot know General Bragg's wants compared with mine. The government can make such comparison.

June 12, 1863.

To the Secretary of War: Your dispatch of the 8th imperfectly deciphered and partially answered on the 10th. I have not considered myself commanding in Tennessee since assignment here and should not have felt authorized to take troops from that department after having been informed by the Executive that no more could be spared. To take from Bragg a force which would make this army fit to oppose Grant would involve yielding Tennessee.

It is for the government to decide between this State and Tennessee.

June 16, 1863.

To the President: Your dispatch of the 15th is received. I considered the order directing me to command here as limiting my authority to this department. Especially when that order, accompanied by War Department orders transferring troops from Tennessee to Mississippi, and whether commanding there or not, that your reply to my application for more troops that none could be spared, would have made it improper for me to order more from Tennessee.

Permit me to repeat that an officer having a task like mine, far above his abilities, cannot in addition command other remote departments.

June 20, 1863.

To the President: I much regret the carelessness of my reply of the 16th to your telegram of the 15th.

In my dispatch of the 12th to the Secretary of War I referred to the words, "We withheld nothing which it was practicable to give." In your telegram of May 28 and the telegram of the Secretary of War to me of June 5, except the last sentence, I considered "Executive" as including the Secretary of War.

CANDY CREEK CAMP, July 5.

VIA JACKSON, July 7, 1863.

To the President: Your dispatch of June 30 is received. I considered my assignment to the immediate command in Mississippi as giving me a new position and limiting my authority to this department. The ordering of the War Department transferring three separate bodies of troops from General Bragg's army to this, two of them without my knowledge and all of them without consulting me, would have convinced me had I doubted that these orders of the War Department expressed its judgment of the number of troops to be transferred from Tennessee.

I could no more control this judgment by increasing the numbers than by forbidding the transfer.

I regret very much that an impression which seemed to be natural should be regarded as a strange error. I thank Your Excellency for your approval of the several recommendations you mention.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—Just prior to the War between the States a Northern lady in Washington City, in conversation with William L. Yancey, referring to what she considered a lack of culture in the South, asked with a sneer: "Where is your poetry, your fiction, your history?" With a profound bow Yancey replied: "Madam, our poetry is in our lives; our fiction will come when truth ceases to satisfy us; as to history, we have made about all that has glorified these United States."

SOUTHERN POETS—HENRY TIMROD.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

As is characteristic of the true lyricist, Timrod appears in the most winsome light in his shorter creations. Notably is this characteristic illustrated in his "Vision of Poesy." His record tends to confirm the theory of Poe in regard to the impossibility of a long poem. He broke into song "by fits," as Tennyson expressed it in referring to his own outbursts of melody, but the process was not elaborated save by the sacrifice of inspiration; the deep poetic art soon shrank into decadence and was hardly the echo of his purer and nobler voice. Never is Timrod set before us in happier mood than in his "Ode to Spring." Still, to enter thoroughly into its charm one must know the vernal season in our Southern latitude, where nature is prodigal and affluent in her gifts and graces. We do not leap from the rigorous Northern winter into the consuming heat of a brief but prostrating summer. On the contrary, the Southern spring is a clearly defined period rich in its own unique beauty, but still touched by that "nameless pathos" which formed part of the purest visions and most ethereal fancies of our peerless lyricist. To the apprehension of Timrod all created forms, rational or irrational, echoed a plaintive note. Instead of trailing clouds of glory as we come, the whole creation, if it does not cry out together in pain, is reminiscent of sorrow, and its modes of expression, whether in the sphere of the spiritual or the phenomenal, proclaim the burden of the mystery of sorrow. The tuneful echoes of the encompassing world are responsive only to notes of anguish.

Such was the vein that ran through all the utterances of Timrod; the finely phrased line and the golden cadence alike reflect the tinge of darkness, the hue of gloom that betrays itself in his brightsome and blithesome moods as well as in his dreary days, when grief and brooding held their unchecked carnival. In its kind nothing rises to a higher plane than the preluding stanzas of "Spring":

"Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons."

Those who are familiar with the poet's native city and the country adjacent to it and have looked upon them in the maturing glory of the springtide will lay to mind this peerless delineation:

"In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn."

Suggestive is it to compare the idealization of a Northern English spring moving slowly toward its fullness with the fadeless picture of Timrod drawn from the broadening beauty

of a semitropical season. In Tennyson's "In Memoriam" we read:

"Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down;
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
That maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed;
And many a rose carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air."

Timrod's "maple reddening on the lawn" and that of Tennyson's "burning itself away" form a striking and suggestive coincidence of thought as well as expression.

Some of our poet's purest touches are scattered in profusion through the stanzas that follow:

"In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant, and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
'Behold me! I am May!'"

The suggestion of Tennyson's "Maud" comes at once to memory as we read,

"One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet,"

and the strain of the laureate falls upon our ear:

"For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy."

Yet even this vision of nature in the ideal glory of her vernal season is marred by the grim and all-prevailing carnival of war, and the poet in his fine frenzy beholds the daisies, crowned with the blood of heroes, lifted up as if in intercession to God, while spring kneels prostrate on the em-purpled sod.

No purer flash of fancy has marked our modern poetry than Timrod has wrought into the three stanzas of his "Why Silent?" The same melancholy vesture enfolds the thought. Still it is robed in a cloth of gold, even though the array be grave and somber:

"Why am I silent from year to year?
Needs must I sing on these blue March days?
What will you say when I tell you here
That already, I think, for a little praise,
I have paid too dear?"

For I know not why, when I tell my thought,
 It seems as though I fling it away;
 And the charm wherewith a fancy is fraught,
 When secret dies with the fleeting lay
 Into which it is wrought.

So my butterfly dreams their golden wings
 But seldom unfold from their chrysalis;
 And thus I retain my loveliest things,
 While the world in its worldliness does not miss
 What a poet sings."

Surely the literature of our own language would have been conscious of more than an ordinary impoverishment if it had "missed" the rich and exquisite reveries of Henry Timrod. Deeply is it to be deplored that there may have been a treasure house whose doors were never thrown open, a rare mine of verbal gems and jeweled cadences which were "retained" in the heart of their designer and fashioner, rays of imprisoned luster that never burst into the light of common day. The charm wherewith his fancies were fraught in the depths of his personality would have grown into a resistless spell as they were incarnated in the rhythmic vesture and luxuriant grace that marked his nobler achievements in the sphere of melody. For Timrod was an artist in language, as the Southern poets of the first order have been since the days that the ethereal music of "Annabel Lee" and "Lenore" fell upon our crass and unresponsive ears as if the very heavens of song had descended into our fresh occidental world. The gift of speech, the plastic faculty as it relates to the art of welding those combinations of homely words which have held the ages at bay, has been vouchsafed in rich measure to our Southern masters, whether in the realms of poesy or in the other harmony of prose. If we do not hear these or in the other harmony music, it is because our spirits are not attentive or the muddy vesture of decay has dulled our power of apprehension for all save the grosser strains and leaden harmonies of our flat and unprofitable world. We cannot "sit quiring to the young-eyed cherubim" with notes from an earthly lyre with the voice of harps that reflect only the tones struck out by a moldered string. Not Poe nor Lanier nor Timrod alone had been endowed with this shaping spirit; it fell in no scant endowment upon Randall, Wilde, Ticknor, Boner, and upon that young "Lycidas" of our poetry, so early lost, so hopelessly deplored, John Charles McNeill. Each of these had the gift of form, and to none of them was it vouchsafed in more untempered wealth than to Henry Timrod.

Let us pass now to another phase of our poet's art as it asserts itself in those lofty moods when the fiercest joy of battle rested upon him and he seemed compassed about by an avenging cloud. Next to "My Maryland," and second to that alone, "Carolina" takes its place in the foremost file of odes or songs inspired by our national conflict and yet linked with the name or the fortunes of a single commonwealth in the league of political sovereignties which constituted the Southern Confederacy. Of these, "My Maryland" has girdled the earth with its music, though the State with which its fame is associated did not cast in her fortunes with her sisters of the South. Each of these maintains its ascendancy in consequence of the fact that it reveals rare rhythmic and metric power and is, unlike our national anthem, not a blast of sound accompanied by flatulent and sophomoric phrases, devoid of lofty meaning, high intent, grace or harmony of structure, or any one of the vital forces that lie at the heart

of true creative achievement in the realm of poetry. To put the matter in the clearest light, "Carolina" and "My Maryland" convey a definite meaning; they exhibit the concrete purpose and passionate aim that mark the true artist in verse, while an intelligent schoolboy of Macaulay's type can be easily conceived of as writing the "Star-Spangled Banner" as he stood upon the deck of a British man-of-war and gazed upon his own flag, torn but flying, streaming with fresh force against the opposing foe, illumined by the glare of rockets and grandly defiant as it displayed its broadening folds to the dawning morning light. The work of Timrod and of Randall would have leaped to fame by virtue of innate charm and intrinsic vigor had they been wrought into being as mere excursions of fancy, regardless of war, untouched by the passions of the surging hour, the streaming roar and frenzy of April, 1861.

Had Key bodied forth the platitudinous strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" in the piping times of peace rather than at the climax of our second war with England, they would have fallen deeper than ever plummet sounded into the irreclaimable and oblivious abyss. The creation of the elder poet is rescued from dumb forgetfulness by the lucky star which ushered in its birth. The two who wrought "My Maryland" and "Carolina" into the heart of our speech have seen no paling of their ineffectual fires. So far from it, each has ripened into richer fame; their voice has gone out farther and farther even in these calm and passionless days when the great conflict is only a memory, almost a tradition, of "old forgotten far-off things and battles long ago." Certain phases of "Carolina" come home to our hearts with more than the poet's characteristic power of appeal, the fervent note fusing with the unfailing sadness, for even in his most imperial mood the inner soul asserted its energy and the echo of grief never wholly dies away.

"Carolina," "Charleston," "Carmen Triumphale," and "Christmas" stand in the forefront of our Southern poetry, struck into heat and winged with flame by the passionate fervor of war, along with "My Maryland," "Pelham," and "At Arlington." Each of these has the characteristic rarely revealed in the strains that are flashed into life by the untempered frenzy of an all-prevailing strife. Each conveys a definite meaning, each has the essential elements of literary excellence, form, and grace apart from the whirlwind of fury in which it was gendered. It was no easy task to select from a class of works in which so high an order of merit is encountered at every point. The purple patches bewilder by their frequency rather than allure by their rarity and isolation. Still, the fourth section of "Carolina" has always thrilled us with an appealing power that is resistless, somber and plaintive as it is, for it moves like a tidal wave and quickens more than the blast of a trumpet. Unlike "My Maryland," "Carolina" has not circled the globe with its notes of fire; its fame is local and sectional; it was never adapted to music and sung at the head of invading armies as they plunged into the Potomac or stood in the forefront of the battle at Antietam. Its austere sobriety rendered it incapable, perhaps, of passing into current coin upon the lips of countless singers as "My Maryland" has done. Defiant, heroic, inflexible, wrought with the rarest gold of the Muses, the dark, brooding touch comes out in clear light, and its tones have never been assimilated unto the heart of the South so intensely as has the work of Randall. Note the depth and intensity of the stanzas selected:

"I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!"

Fine and clear is the touch which marks the close of the third section:

"Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle blast,
Reechoed from the haunted past,
Carolina!"

Upon a higher poetic plane stands "Charleston," not so "feathered with flame" as "Carmen Triumphale," but marked by a serenity and charm even more potent in its utterances than the passionate strains inspired by some Muse of fire:

"Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds
The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand."

No more discriminating and discerning figure has been drawn from the realm of the classic world and engrafted into modern poetry than Timrod's first line in the third stanza. Naturally enough it has elicited the unqualified praise of masters of the antique age, scholars who blend the literary instinct with a range of acquirement rich with the spoils of the vanished past. Quick and keen to grasp the affluent wealth of the elder time was Timrod, as well as Lanier and Randall. For in the olden South such training as our poets received in school or college was, above all, in the study of the Greek and Roman models as well as the lords of our native speech. The advent of the millennium of physical science was still behind the cloud, and the coming race had not been depersonalized or petrified into a biological symbol or an abstraction deduced from philology. "The beauty of the stars" may be still over us, but the streams of tendency in our contemporary culture have not enhanced their mellow light, if they have not rather obscured their calm and gentle radiance.

Timrod's "Christmas" takes rank among the foremost contributions to the bounteous literature inspired by the season of our Lord's nativity. The note of sadness is struck in no uncertain tone, for war was holding his carnival in Charleston, and the very altars of the sanctuary that he hallows in his solemn and appealing strain were rent by the missiles of the engirdling foe, and its chimes, famed in all lands, were dumb as the graceful and aspiring tower which rose, as if

pointing to heaven, over the beleaguered but defiant stronghold of the South. St. Michael's Church, Charleston, is glorified in history and idealized in song. It dates from 1761 and is modeled upon St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, a creation of Sir Christopher Wren's, which in due time sprang from the ruin and havoc wrought by the great fire of 1666. The church is a civic as well as an ecclesiastical center for all who are imbued with the traditions, aspirations, even the angularities of character that are concentrated around this ancient seventeenth-century city, where every phase of life—social, intellectual, even the very tone and utterance of its historic circles—is reminiscent and suggestive of the motherland beyond the sea. The English tone and touch are reflected in strong light through Timrod's "Katie"; in "Christmas" they are traceable in the overmastering sadness which shrouds the poem as with the very atmosphere of death. The intense conservatism which marks the Southern nature and is preëminently characteristic of Charleston in all stages of her history breaks into exquisite fragrance in the poem before us. Not here nor in "Katie" alone, but in a climax of grace and melancholy entitled "The Past," this same tendency to retrospection and introspection blooms into a very luxury of sorrow couched in almost inimitable song.

To Henry Timrod, typical Charlestonian as he was, the tender grace of a day that is dead was an ever-present, dominating force. For men cast in his mold the dead past never buries its dead. They rarely act in the living present, for in their apprehension the vanished past alone exists as an objective condition of state. Note our poet's words in which he invests with a halo and sacredness the faded and irrevocable time in which his spirit had its walk:

"Not as a distant and a darkened sky,
Through which the stars peep and the moonbeams glow,
But a surrounding atmosphere, whereby
We live and breathe, sustained in pain and woe.

A shadowy land, where joy and sorrow kiss,
Each still to each corrective and relief,
Where dim delights are brightened into bliss,
And nothing wholly perishes but Grief.

Ah, me! not dies, no more than spirit dies;
But in a change like death is clothed with wings;
A serious angel with entranced eyes
Looking to far-off and celestial things."

Let us pass to "Christmas." What a wealth of literature has been lavished upon this one theme, the season of our Lord's nativity! Protestant and Catholic, even those in whose hearts religious faith has lost its youth, join in the far-reaching acclaim. It is in a measure to the poet what the Madonna has proved to the artist. An accurate and comprehensive Christmas anthology would place before the critical researcher every phase of our literary evolution, from Southwell, the Jesuit poet, to the dawning days of Tennyson, Keble, Rossetti, and Timrod. And among the foremost in the long array of masters who have glorified the blessed and the hallowed time stands our Charleston lyrist with notes struck from the harp that still throbbeth with the strains of "Carolina" and the "Carmen Triumphale." With a passionate energy he leaps into the heart of his theme:

"How grace this hallowed day?
Shall happy bells from yonder ancient spire
Send their glad greetings to each Christmas fire
Round which the children play?"

Alas! for many a moon
That tongueless tower hath cleaved the Sabbath air,
Mute as an obelisk of ice aglare
Beneath an arctic noon.

Shame to the foes that drown
Our psalms of worship with their impious drum!
The sweetest chimes in all the land lie dumb
In some far rustic town."

(NOTE.—During the War between the States the famous bells of St. Michael's were removed from the church tower and conveyed to an inland town remote from Charleston.)

In their new home in some distant town, far from their ancient associations and beyond the range of hostile shot and shell, the bells, which were cast in England, are supposed to retain some echoes, even in their silence, of their former Christmastides, when they pealed the advent of the holy morn from the soaring and delicately wrought tower of St. Michael's Church.

"There, let us think, they keep
Of the dead yules which here beside the sea
They've ushered in with Old World, English glee
Some echoes in their sleep.

How shall we grace the day?
With feast, and song, and dance, and antique sports,
And shout of happy children in the courts,
And tales of ghost and fay?

Is there, indeed, a door
Where the old pastimes, with their lawful noise,
And all the merry round of Christmas joys
Could enter as of yore?

Would not some pallid face
Look in upon the banquet, calling up
Dread shapes of battles in the wassail cup
And trouble all the place?

How could we bear the mirth
While some loved reveler of a year ago
Keeps his mute Christmas now beneath the snow
In cold Virginia earth?"

Then follows the prayer for peace, all-embracing in range and character. In order thoroughly to grasp the heart of the appeal, it must be borne in memory that the siege of Charleston was in vigorous progress by land and sea and that projectiles hurled from the adjoining islands were not only falling in the streets of the beleaguered city, but piercing the walls of its sanctuaries and finding a resting place beneath the sacred altars. At times they penetrated the sepulcher and laid bare the secrets of the dead. Such was the inspiration that gendered our poet's Christmas. Then follows the invocation, the agonizing cry that the land might have rest from war and once more enjoy her Sabbaths:

"How shall we grace the day?
Ah! let the thought that on this holy morn
The Prince of Peace—the Prince of Peace was born,
Employ us while we pray?

Pray for the peace which long
Hath left this tortured land, and haply now
Holds its white court on some far mountain's brow,
There hardly safe from wrong?

Let every sacred fane
Call its sad votaries to the shrine of God,
And, with the cloister and the tented sod,
Join in one solemn strain?

With pomp of Roman form,
With the grave ritual brought from England's shore,
And with the simple faith which asks no more
Than that the heart be warm?

He who, till time shall cease,
Will watch that earth where once, not all in vain,
He died to give us peace, may not disdain
A prayer whose theme is—peace.

Perhaps ere yet the Spring
Hath died into the Summer, over all
The land the peace of His vast love shall fall
Like some protecting wing.

O, ponder what it means!
O, turn the rapturous thought in every way!
O, give the vision and the fancy play
And shape the coming scenes!"

The end came with the ripening of the vernal season in April, 1865. It was not peace, however, that came with it, but a condition of anarchy and chaos in some regards more grievous and harder to be borne than the shock of battle, the desolation of armies, the dance of death. Timrod passed to his rest at Columbia, S. C., in October, 1867, as the saturnalian years of the era of Reconstruction were rushing to the maturity of their peerless shame. It is reported by one who stood in intimate relation to our poet that as he drew near the twilight of eternal day his own lines rose to memory, and he repeated the words of his rare and radiant creation entitled "A Common Thought":

"Somewhere on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hist! O, hist!

In a dim and murky chamber
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me
And a whisper, 'He is gone!'

In a certain sense "A Common Thought" sustains a likeness to "Crossing the Bar," "Prospice," and the "Epilogue to Asolando." Still it differs from all in the marked individuality of character which is reflected in every note. For Timrod was rarely an echoist or imitator and is always seen in the palest light when he diffuses a brightness drawn from other orbs, even if they be more brilliant than that in which his own spirit held its walk and ranged with its chosen Muses. The tendency of contemporary criticism is to assign Timrod an almost exclusive rank as a poet of the South

in the restricted significance of incarnating in words touched by golden flame her ideals, aspirations, her unfulfilled longings, her cause that is lost, and her impossible beliefs. The estimate is just; it conveys the truth, but not the whole truth. Those who adhere to it see only in part, and they prophesy only in part. As the Tyrtæus of the Confederacy he stands upon the same plane with Randall and above all save Randall. Poetry gendered by war, nurtured in seasons of blood, and by the inspiration of hate, is in every age prone to malignity of tone, the deadly foe of true artistic expression, whatever the medium through which it is bodied into life. Yet Timrod with characteristic fineness of instinct has avoided this last infirmity of noble minds, even though the hand of the lyrist is impelled by the red riot and rage of a universal conflict. Virulence enters not into his fiercest strain. Though his native city was speaking with the enemy in her gates, the passion of his verse was ever touched by purity of utterance. The "Preface to the Biglow Papers," 1862, though shaped into form in the sequestered remoteness of cultured Cambridge, condensed in a dozen sentences an intensity of malignity surpassing the combined war notes of Timrod, even when they were thrilling with the vital air of the all-embracing and implacable conflict. Let him who cavils or demurs compare in detail and deduce his own results.

Apart from themes originating in seasons of strife when the land was rent by war, Timrod's range is rich and varied. No one of all the goodly company with which he is associated has portrayed with so rare and radiant a touch the natural characteristics of the South, its sweetness of climate, the glory of its vernal days, the affluence of its growth as the land is festooned with moss, laden with the aroma of jasmine and honeysuckle, graced almost with a sea of roses or embosomed with the masses of superincumbent wistaria. The "Ode to Spring" and "The Cotton Boll" are concrete illustrations of our poet's sway over the charms and graces of the land of his nativity. Had the War between the States never developed into a grim reality, Timrod's achievements in other spheres of his far-reaching domain would have assured his rank and his renown as the foremost lyrist of the South. Not in these fields alone, however, does he reveal the glory of his art. In all modern literature no more ethereal and delicate fantasies have been shaped into a fairylike fabric of beauty than his "Dreams" or his "Flower-Life." The same untempered eulogy applies in large measure to his "Second Love" and "The Past." The clarion tone of his lyre struck out during the dismal days of civil discord set forth but a single phase of his versatile power. Under more congenial and inspiring auspices, amid environments in which literature was not merely endured with a contemptuous toleration, he might have discovered and mastered other spheres into which his spirit never penetrated. As with Poe and Lanier, his active life was one unrelenting struggle against untoward and malignant fate. His evil star brooded over him from his hour of dawn until he watched it purpling on the zenith and broadening on the lawn with the coming of the likeness in which he was soon to awake in the transfigured light of a new day.

In pathos, in melancholy, in the abysmal deep of wrong, neglect, and injustice which marked his treatment at the hands of his own countrymen, the story of Timrod's life may almost claim a place with that of Spenser, Otway, Keats, or Poe. The South, which has never failed to stone her poetical prophets and slay every literary oracle that has arisen in her borders, left him to die in indigence, to suffer in unrelieved,

uncheered despair. He would have been willing to commit all that he had written to oblivion "for one hundred dollars cash in hand." Such were his own words, a commentary upon the character of the race among whom his lot was cast, stronger than angels' voices trumpet-tongued. This is written much more in sorrow than in anger, for all our sympathies—personal, social, political—are heart and soul with the South. Yet the blood of her purest singers rests upon her hands, those who had glorified her past, idealized her peerless womanhood, transfigured her sensuous and physical vesture, her floral exuberance, even her seas of cotton until they became "the snow of Southern summers," and her world of flowers quickened into sentient, rational life. It is a vital error to assume that the South has been lacking in literary productivity in any sphere, poetry or the other harmony of prose. If we array our foremost poets, Poe, Lanier, Timrod, and Randall, against the acknowledged masters of New England and the North, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, they do not "pale their uneffectual fires" nor hide their diminished heads; on the contrary, all the distinctive and characteristic excellencies that blend in the creation of the poetic ideal are revealed in stronger and clearer light.

THE WOMAN OF THE OLD SOUTH.

[The following beautiful tribute to the womanhood of the Old South is taken from an address by Dr. R. A. Webb, of Mississippi.]

I plead for the old order which is passing away, for the old society which is fading, for that womanhood which created the gallantry and crowned the chivalry of the land of the South. I hate to see the woman of the Old South go. She was my mother, my sister, my sweetheart. She had the form which the Grecian chisel traced in marble and the character which the Roman orator framed in sentences. She had a face like an opal that had sipped red wine; lips that had been touched by the brush of a pink dipped in the blood of a rose; hands softer than velvet, smoother than satin, and truer than steel. She had the princely graces of a maiden and the royal virtues of a matron—the star of her lover, the pride of her husband, the idol of her children, the model of her slaves. The crimson tides which flowed through her veins were full and bounding, nothing languorous nor lackadaisical, nothing bold nor brazen; not a mere mollusk fattening upon the banks of life for the fishery of death. The ideas which possessed her mind were forceful and intelligent, never stupid, insipid, and insane. The feelings which throbbed in her heart were queenly and radiant, rich and luxuriant. Her speech was as clean as the face of the stream, and her words were like jewels on a purple tray. Refinement and culture, elegance and modesty, charity and kindness, sweetness and courage, piety and devotion waited at the altar where she made the offerings of the best that was in her. The tone of her life was as pure as the liquid note of the woodlark's evening song when she charms her mate in the fragrant gloaming. She loved poetry, music, and art, dancing and laughter and song, riding and boating and frolic and play; but pleasure soiled its shoe and whitened its lip when it crossed the threshold where she stood. To her womanliness each morning emptied a golden goblet and each evening hymned a sacred lay.

She glorified the land where she lived, the home where she dwelt, the land of poetry and pathos, of suffering and heroism, of chivalry and love, of blooming flowers and leafy woods, of

sunny fields and laughing meadows and singing birds; where the tall pines shook their emerald crests in the angry face of the Northern war storm, where the moss-draped oaks are the symbols of her strength hung with the crape of defeat. If, as we are told, the Bard of Avon was created by the witchery of the scenery in which he lived, perhaps the charm of the Southland threw a spell upon the daughter of Dixie like a bridal veil falling upon the maid at the marriage altar. But, however she came, she was like an "apple of gold in a picture of silver."

I hate to see her go, this woman of the Old South, who mothered the sons that followed Lee and Jackson and who brought back from Appomattox an honor stainless enough even for her lips, a fame like the untracked snow on Alpine mountain tops. She laid her hand upon the pots and kettles and sang the song of hope and cheer, while his brave hand created wealth out of poverty and built homes out of ashes and reconstructed society out of chaos. In the halcyon days, before the cannon's broad strokes had trenched the land, she won the brightest star in the Southern sky, in the days of battle and blood she was the inspiration of courage and the angel of mercy, and in the days of defeat and desolation she was the spirit of hope and the helpmate of man.

Conditions are changing, and men and women are changing with men. But I hate to see her go, the woman of the Old South. Before she is entirely gone, before her presence fades from the earth and the luster of her name be committed to the golden urn of history and story, poetry and song, music and art, *morituri salutamus*—"We who are about to die salute you," queen of your sex and the glory of your race.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

Barricade of Dead Yankees.—Colonel Dobke, 45th New York, said that during the battle of Gettysburg, while fighting in the town, "About the middle of the block our column was received by the enemy's fire, when the column headed into an alley. Unfortunately, that alley offered an entrance only to a yard, but no exit, excepting a very narrow doorway, to freedom and heaven; but the enemy's sharpshooters had already piled a barricade of dead Union soldiers in the street in front of this door, and about one hundred only of this regiment extricated themselves from this trap and ran the gauntlet to safety." This was one of the few instances of street fighting during the entire war.

Dead on Dress Parade.—General Iverson, C. S. A., says of the Gettysburg battle: "When I saw white handkerchiefs raised and my line of battle still lying down in position, I characterized the surrender as disgraceful; but I found afterwards that five hundred of my men were left lying dead and wounded on a line as straight as a dress parade, I exonerated, with one or two disgraceful exceptions, the survivors, and claim for the brigade (all North Carolinians) that they nobly fought and died without a man running to the rear. No greater gallantry has been displayed during this war." The casualty report shows his brigade to have had 130 killed and 328 wounded, so he wasn't far off in his claim; but I can't understand how charging men could have been killed and wounded apparently all at the same time and on the same spot.

Stuart's Joy Ride in the Gettysburg Campaign.—Steele's (an Alabamian) "American Campaigns" tells us that Stuart's Confederate Cavalry was out of place at the critical time, and its raid around the Federal army was a fatal mistake, which is a fact, as events turned out. There is no doubt in the world that the march was ordered, but left entirely to Stuart as to the conduct of same, with the result as noted above. On the morning of July 1 Stuart reported: "Reaching Dover, Pa., I was unable to find our forces, and the whereabouts of our army was still a mystery." General Lee said: "The movements of the army preceding the battle of Gettysburg had been much embarrassed by the absence of the cavalry." But Stuart went within a few miles of Washington and captured a wagon train.

Hell-Snorters.—Major Tate, 6th North Carolina, in his report of the battle of Gettysburg, says: "On arriving at our lines I demanded to know why we were not supported and was coolly told that it was not known that we were not in the works. I have no doubt that the major general will report the attack of the works by Hoke's and Hay's Brigades, which could not be taken. Such monstrous injustice and depreciation of our efforts is calculated to be of serious injury, and then always to divide the honor due us among all our division is a liberality which is shown only in certain cases. I look for no special mention of our regiment, while it is the only one in the Army of Northern Virginia which did go in and silence the guns on the heights; and, what is more, if a support of a brigade had been sent to us the slaughter of A. P. Hill's corps would have been saved on the day following. This hasty scrawl I write to you as an act of justice and in compliance with a promise to the men before I pass off, if fall I must. This regiment has had a reputation, you know, and I fear no harm which can come to it while any are left; but it is due to the noble dead as well as the living that these men be noticed in some way. I assure you it is no sensation or fancy picture. Such a fight as they made in front and in the fortifications has never been equaled. Inside the works the enemy were left lying in great heaps and most all with bayonet wounds and many with skulls broken with the breeches of our guns. We left not a living man on the hill of our enemy. I write this now for fear I will not live to write at leisure hereafter. All we ask is, don't let old North Carolina be derided while her sons are doing all the fighting." This report, which should be headed "Alone at Gettysburg," was addressed to the Governor of North Carolina and not to his brigade commander.

Stanton the Sanguine.—The famous Yankee Secretary of War wrote Thurlow Weed on July 15: "Every Rebel army has been captured or in flight; every Rebel stronghold is beleaguered. Gilmore's report shows unexpected success against Charleston. Our success within so brief a period since the first of this month is unexampled in military history. The Rebel disasters are greater than ever befell a belligerent."

One of the Most Gallant Deeds of the War.—Captain Manley, 1st North Carolina Artillery, reported an incident that happened during the battle of Gettysburg: "Private H. E. Thain performed an act of coolness by which many lives were probably saved. While he was adjusting a fuse igniter it accidentally exploded and ignited the fuse already in the shell. He seized the latter and ran with it several yards from the limber, at the same time drawing the burning fuse out with his fingers, thus making it harmless."

Major General Meade, U. S. A.—Thomas J. Patterson wrote Secretary Seward on July 17: "The Union portion of the country is in sackcloth and ashes at the escape of Lee and his army into Virginia. The defeat of Hooker at Chancellorsville was a small disappointment compared to it. When the Rebels escaped, the disappointment was such that if the President had cut off the official head of General Meade and thrown his corps commanders that opposed the attack into the Potomac there would have been general rejoicing." If they had attacked Lee except directly after the repulse on the battle field, that part of the world would surely have been full of dead "blue bellies." They had sense to let "well enough alone."

Patriotism.—Colonel Abbott, of the 67th New York State Guards, who was called out for the Gettysburg emergency, said: "At the time of our arrival at Harrisburg, Pa., all was excitement and consternation; and although the enemy were said to be in the immediate vicinity, I did not see but one company of the citizens of Harrisburg organized and on duty for the defense of their own city, and that was a small company of Americans of African descent drilling under some shade trees in front of the Capitol." Just say *shade*, nothing else necessary, to assure us that these patriots were of the descent mentioned.

Lincoln the Knowing.—President Lincoln said on July 8: "Lee is now passing the Potomac faster than our forces are passing Carlisle. Forces now beyond Carlisle to be joined by those from Harrisburg and to join Prince and the whole to move down the Cumberland Valley will, in my unprofessional opinion, be quite as likely to capture the 'man in the moon' as any part of Lee's army." He knew what he was talking about.

Glad to Turn Lee Loose.—President Lincoln said on July 15: "I would give much to be relieved of the impression that Meade, Couch, Smith, and all since the battle of Gettysburg have striven only to get Lee over the river without any other fight."

Pickett's Charge.—About August 4 General Lee told Pickett: "You and your men have crowned yourselves with glory; but we have the enemy to fight and must carefully at this critical time guard against dissensions which the reflections in your report would create. I will, therefore, suggest that you destroy both copy and original." And very good advice at that, as Pickett has been severely criticized, wrongly I believe, for the part he took in this affair.

Confederate Atrocities in Pennsylvania.—General Rodas, C. S. A., said: "The conduct of the troops of this division while in the enemy's country was one to challenge the admiration of their commanding officers, while it astonished the people along the line of march. These latter very generally expected to be treated by us with the wanton cruelty generally exhibited by their troops when they are upon our soil. As a general rule they apparently expected to see their houses burned down and all their property carried off or destroyed." It is a pity that they were disappointed.

Retaliation.—General Lee said: "I am not in favor of retaliation excepting in very extreme cases, and I think it would be better for us to suffer and be right in our own eyes and in the eyes of the world; we will gain more in the end." Morally, yes, but not materially.

A Lamentable State of Affairs.—General Milroy, U. S. A., reported on June 15: "I left Winchester quietly at one o'clock this morning, but was interrupted by an overwhelming force four miles this side of that place, and after a desperate fight I got through, but my force was badly shattered and scattered." Shattered and scattered is right, and it never got out of that condition as long as he was in command.

Cavalry Charging a Battery.—Col. E. V. White, 35th Virginia Cavalry, reported of the fight at Brandy Station, Va.: "I ordered a charge upon the battery which had been playing upon me the whole time. Such a glorious charge as was then made I have not witnessed during this war. Through the terrible and destructive rain of grape and canister and bullets poured upon them by the battery and the large cavalry force supporting it it dashed fearlessly, fiercely on until it swept like a whirlwind over the battery and into the ranks of the supporting force. It was soon scattered like chaff before the wind, and the battery was ours."

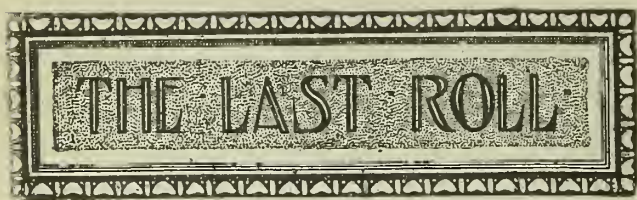
Carbines and Saddles Made in Richmond.—General Lee on June 8 told the chief of ordnance: "My attention was called to the saddles and carbines manufactured in Richmond. I could not examine them myself, but was assured by officers that the former ruined the horses' backs, and the latter were so defective as to be demoralizing to the men." But he mitigated this by saying that he knew they were doing the best they could, considering the material to work on.

Company Q.—Gen. J. E. B. Stuart published an order on July 29 which started as follows: "The nondescript, irregular body of men known as Company Q, which has so long disgraced the cavalry service and degraded the individuals resorting to it, is hereby abolished."

An Elusive Enemy.—General Hooker asked General Tyler on June 17: "Can you give me positive and correct information of any force of any kind and number of the enemy at any particular spot? From all reports here we might conclude that he covered all Western Pennsylvania and Maryland or that he was not there at all. Can you give me any correct information?" General Butterfield replied on the same day: "My impression is that there is not a Rebel, excepting scouts, this side of the Shenandoah Valley; that Lee is in as much uncertainty as to our whereabouts and what we are doing as we are to his." Which was the truth.

West Virginia's Effect on Confederate Generals.—Gen. Sam Jones, C. S. A., said on June 18: "I am well aware that I am spoken against in this department. No one, not even General Lee, has given satisfaction in Western Virginia. How should I expect to?" It is a fact that none of them got anything out of that part of the country but abuse.

Mosby's Worth to the Union.—On June 12 General Pleasanton, U. S. A., wrote the quartermaster-general thus: "Ask the General how much of a bribe he can stand to get Mosby's services. There is a chance for him, and just now he could do valuable service in the way of information as well as humbugging the enemy. The Rebels are like that boy the President tells about who stumped his toe and was too big to cry." To which he got the answer: "Do not hesitate as to the matter of money. Use your own judgment and do precisely what you think best." Mosby must have been dicker-ing with these people for his own purposes, but for no traitorous doings. You can rest assured of that.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders field."

JOHN CALVIN DARR.

John C. Darr, born December 6, 1833, in Lincoln County, N. C., died at his home, in Atkins, Ark., June 3, 1919, having reached the advanced age of eighty-five years. In 1858 he removed his family to Arkansas and settled in Pope County. When the War between the States came on he enlisted in Dodson's company and was in a number of skirmishes in Arkansas. However, he was soon taken sick and received his discharge. Soon after his recovery he joined Company E, Gordon's Regiment, Cabell's Cavalry Brigade, and served in the Trans-Mississippi Department and on outpost duty. He was in several skirmishes in Louisiana, in the battles of Poison Springs and Marksville, at Jenkins's Ferry, and was in nearly all of the engagements of Price's raid through Missouri. He was captured near Pisgah Church, in Pope County, in the winter of 1864, sent to the military prison at Little Rock, and released at General Lee's surrender.

For a year after his return home his health was poor. In 1871 he went to Hot Springs and engaged in the mercantile business for three years. Returning to Atkins in 1874, he formed a partnership with his brother, J. F. Darr, in general merchandise. After seven years the business was dissolved, and Mr. Darr continued the business under his own name and was successful. He was married twice, first to Miss Sarah Danutha Wilson, April 27, 1871. To this union were born six children, four of whom survive him. The second wife was Miss Margaret E. Scarlett.

Comrade Darr was a good citizen, possessing many admirable qualities. He will be missed by many friends.

J. F. MOORE.

J. F. Moore, a member of Camp No. 1555, U. C. V., of Jacksonville, Tex., died at his home in that city on April 26, 1919. Comrade Moore was Chaplain of our Camp and had an enviable record as a Confederate soldier. He was born in Copiah County, Miss., January 12, 1844, and served as a private soldier in the 19th Louisiana Infantry. He was wounded at Shiloh, but promptly returned to his command when sufficiently recovered and fought in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee and was one of the few of his original company who stacked his gun at the final surrender. He was an honest, upright man in private life and leaves an unsullied record as a good citizen in all the walks of life.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555, U. C. V.]

CAPT. JOHN R. RUST.

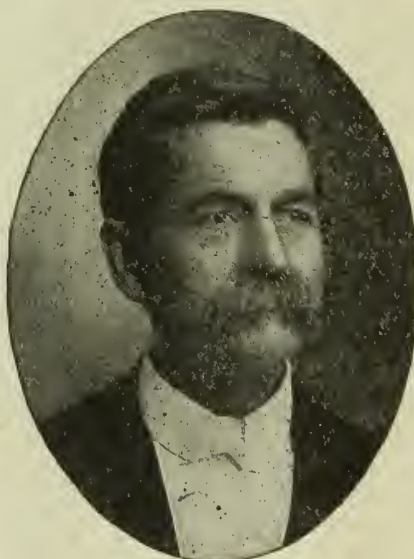
Capt. John R. Rust, a gallant Confederate soldier, died at his home, in Haymarket, Va., on June 1, 1919. His funeral services were held in the Episcopal church at Haymarket on June 3.

He was captain of Company I, 12th Virginia Cavalry, and served with his cousin, Gen. Turner Ashby, until his death. He was wounded twice and had six horses shot under him. Virginia seceded on the 17th of April, 1861, and Captain Rust volunteered on the 18th of April and joined Ashby's Black Horse Cavalry. He served during the entire four years of the war. His father was Charles B. Rust, and his mother was Mary Ann Ashby. He was born and reared in Warren County, Va. He was much loved and respected by all who knew him. His funeral was largely attended. All business was suspended in the town of Haymarket during the funeral, and the school was closed, the school children bringing flowers and placing them upon the grave.

Surviving him are his wife, two daughters, and three sons.

DEWITT BRANSFORD ESTES.

DeWitt B. Estes was born in Wilson County, Tenn., April 23, 1839, and died at Pembroke, Ky., in April, 1919, having reached the age of fourscore years. At the outbreak of the



D. B. ESTES.

War between the States he cast his fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, espoused its cause, and enlisted at once as a soldier with the 18th Tennessee Infantry. He was captured in February, 1862, at Fort Donelson and after a year of prison life was exchanged and immediately returned to his original regiment, thereafter fighting continuously for the cause under whose banner he had

enlisted until the end of the war. No braver or more gallant soldier ever donned the uniform or bore arms of a country or fought nobler her battles. The war over, he adopted as his life work and profession that of teaching. In that high profession he showed the same devotion to duty and splendid enthusiasm which ever characterized the man.

Comrade Estes was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for more than sixty-five years. He was an active Mason for a number of years and also a member of Camp Caldwell, No. 139, U. C. V. He was a devoted reader of the *Christian Advocate* and *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground

His silent tent is spread,

Where glory guards with solemn round

The bivouac of the dead."

[Camp Caldwell, U. C. V., Russellville, Ky.]

AUGUSTUS DOANE HICKS.

Augustus Doane Hicks was born in Duplin County, N. C., near the present town of Mount Olive, November 9, 1842, and departed this earthly life at his home, in Faison, N. C., April 12, 1919. Our brother was a lover of his native State and her people, hence he was never tempted to seek a home elsewhere. His entire life of more than seventy-six years was spent in the county in which he was born, save the months he was serving in the Confederate army and the years during which he was a prisoner of war.

He enlisted in the service of the Confederacy as a soldier at the age of twenty and was a valiant defender of the cause in the various battles preceding Gettysburg. Here he was captured, and he remained a prisoner of war until the great conflict ended in 1865.

At the age of twenty-one, while confined in a Federal prison, he accepted Christ as his Saviour, and during all the succeeding fifty-five years of his life he was faithful to the trust that his Lord had committed to him. Through the years he was a key man, holding positions of trust and responsibility in the Church. For thirty-eight years he was an honored and faithful ruling elder, the last twelve of which he served as clerk of the session. He was actively engaged in charge of Sabbath school work for a quarter of a century, and we have never known a more faithful superintendent nor one more devoted to his work.

Our brother was not of the heroic, but of the gentler type, full of tenderness and love for all with whom he mingled, but especially for the poor and the unfortunate. Encouraging and helping the dependent and those who needed a friend and adviser, all these characteristics are monuments to an unselfish and Christlike life. So good a man needs no eulogy and requires no monument of granite or bronze to perpetuate his memory with those who knew him. A life so filled with the true and good could not fail to meet the last enemy without fear or dismay. Calmly he was found ready and anxious to pass on to that place which had been prepared for him by his Saviour, whom he had so devotedly loved and served, into "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," furnished ready for those who love and obey.

Brother Hicks was twice married, first to Miss Isabel Holmes on May 18, 1882, who died October 20, 1884. Of this union were born Helen Claire and Augustus Doane, Jr., the latter deceased. On June 24, 1908, he was united in marriage with Miss Keturah Witherington, who survives him, together with the daughter, Helen Claire, and five brothers—Albert R., of Faison, N. C.; Rufus W., of Wilmington, N. C.; Hardy R., of Washington, D. C.; Frank Deems, of Adel, Ga.; and Ernest R., of Mount Olive, N. C.

Such is but a bare outline sketch of the life of a good man—a faithful and kind husband, an affectionate and indulgent father, a wise counselor in the councils of the Church which he devotedly loved and faithfully served, and withal a conscientious and devout Christian. Always kind and courteous, gentle under the severest trials and pains, he was justly loved by his devoted family and appreciated by his community and Church.

The funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church at Faison on Sunday afternoon, April 13, conducted by his pastor, the writer. The auditorium and Sabbath school assembly room were packed with representative people of his home town and the surrounding country, with many friends and relatives from distant points. The large number of colored people present, who had asked the privilege of attending

the service, was eloquent testimony of the love of these lowly folk for one who had ever been their friend and counselor.

The mortal part of our brother was tenderly laid to rest in the Faison Cemetery in the midst of those who had preceded him, there to rest until the resurrection morn. We commend the loved ones of our departed brother into the keeping of Him who doeth all things well.

[J. W. Purcell.]

CAPT. Q. S. ADAMS.

Capt. Q. S. Adams passed away at his home, in Linden, Ala., on March 24, 1919. The funeral services were conducted with Masonic ceremonies and were largely attended by members from other towns.

Captain Adams was born at old Athens, Ala., on October 11, 1838. He went to Marengo County when a boy. He enlisted at the first call to arms, joining Company C, 3d Alabama Infantry, as a private under Colonel Gracie at Mobile. Later his father secured his discharge, but soon after he re-enlisted as a private in Company A, 43d Alabama. His merit speedily won him a captain's commission. For the greater part of the war he served in the Army of Northern Virginia, being in almost every important battle in Virginia and Tennessee. He was wounded at Chickamauga and was present at the surrender at Appomattox.

After the surrender he returned to Marengo County and engaged in the mercantile business at McKinley for several years, but later returned to his first home at Octagon. In 1880 he married Miss Laura Vaughan Gholson, and to them were born six children, four sons and two daughters. His first wife died in 1891, and in 1893 he married Miss Elizabeth Benton Gholson, and to this union were born a son and a daughter. He is also survived by a brother and two sisters.

Captain Adams was for many years one of the foremost figures in public life in his county. He was elected tax collector in 1877 and served continuously for thirty-six years, with the exception of one term of two years when he was not a candidate.

He was a member of St. Albans Lodge, No. 22, A. F. and A. M.; and while not a member of any Church, he was a man whose uprightness and integrity commanded the respect and admiration of all who knew him. It would be a grateful task to trace his influence for good in his various capacities of husband and father, of neighbor and friend. He lived nobly and died peacefully at the advanced age of more than eighty years.

LOUIS G. BALFOUR.

Louis G. Balfour died in New Orleans April 28, 1919. He was formerly a resident of Lake Providence, La., where he lived on his cotton plantation, Eyrie, for many years. Mr. Balfour came from one of the wealthiest and most prominent families of Mississippi in *ante-bellum* days and was the last of seven brothers, five of whom were gallant soldiers in the Confederate army. He was finishing his education in Europe at the breaking out of the War between the States. Hastening back to his State, he joined the Madison Rifles at Canton, Miss., that company being organized and commanded by his brother, John W. Balfour, who soon after was made colonel of the 18th Mississippi Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia.

Mrs. Balfour preceded her husband to the grave a year ago. She was a niece of Jefferson Davis, having been Miss Lucy Smith, of St. Francisville, La. Surviving members of the family are their children, Misses Ida and Louise Balfour and Gartley Balfour, all residents of the city of New Orleans.

LEWIS P. KNOEDLER.

Lewis P. Knoedler, late of Chicago, formerly of Augusta, Ky., died on the 3d of February, 1919, at his home, in Chicago, after a short illness, and was laid to rest in Augusta, Ky. He was born in New Jersey in 1839 and removed in boyhood to Kentucky, locating in Augusta. When the crisis came and the War between the States was on, from principle he elected to join with the cause of the South. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of State rights and the right of the State to secede or withdraw from the Union. After entering the Confederate service he became a member of Morgan's Cavalry, and after its capture in the Ohio raid he, having escaped capture with a small remnant of the command, was placed in Forrest's escort, but subsequently was transferred to a Kentucky brigade commanded by Cero Gordo Williams, with whom he served for over a year. Subsequently his battalion was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia and placed in Duke's Brigade. After the close of hostilities his brigade was selected as part of the escort to President Davis to the Gulf.

Having been closely associated with Comrade Knoedler through this trying period of his life, I think I can speak advisedly of him as a man and soldier. He was awarded an honorable and responsible position by his comrades, and during the whole period of our service I can truthfully say that I never saw him deviate from what he believed to be right and just. Gallant and fearless in battle, honorable and just in camp, he merited and received the respect and affection of his comrades. And after the bloody tragedy closed when the Stars and Bars was forever folded, he again took up the duties of citizenship in a reunited country and became a most exemplary citizen and lived a long, useful, and successful life. When I say successful I mean it in its broadest sense—a full-rounded life, a devoted husband, a loving father, and a true friend. In all that makes up good citizenship he was supreme. As a comrade in arms and an associate in peace I gladly pay this tribute to his memory.

[W. H. Robb, Helena Station, Ky.]

COMRADES AT OZAN, ARK.

James W. Ellis reported the following: "Since I wrote before the following comrades have crossed over the river to join Stonewall and Marse Robert 'under the shade of the trees': John W. Phillips, of Washington, Ark.; David M. Goodlett, of Ozan; and George Mike Ellis, of Hope, my brother. They were all good and true soldiers and splendid citizens. Phillips was the County Treasurer of Hempstead County; Goodlett was a wealthy planter and business man; Ellis was an expert painter, paper hanger, and decorator. All three belonged to pioneer families of Southwest, Ark., and made good as soldiers and citizens."

J. L. MANN.

J. L. Mann, a member of Joe Shelby Camp, No. 375, U. C. V., of Chickasha, Okla, died on November 16, 1918, at his home in Chickasha, and was buried by his comrades of the Camp at the Rose Hill Cemetery. "Uncle Joe," as we all knew him, moved to Texas about 1850 and settled in Cook County as a cattleman. He enlisted at Gainesville in 1861 in the 11th Texas Regiment, C. S. A. After the war he moved to Chickasha, where he lived and died. He had reached his eighty-sixth year.

COMRADES AT WYNNE, ARK.

The following deaths in the membership of Marion Cogbill Camp, U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., have been reported by Adjutant W. P. Brown, and of them he says: "They were both noble men."



W. H. COGBILL.

JOHN GRAHAM.

W. H. Cogbill, whose death occurred in the last of December, 1918, was Adjutant of Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316, U. C. V. The Camp was named for his brother, who was killed at Franklin, Tenn. Comrade Cogbill was a member of Company B, 13th Tennessee Regiment, for four years. He was married in 1869 to Miss Hattie Williams, who survives him with two daughters and several grandchildren. "Uncle Sam," as he was commonly called (being tall and resembling the picture of "Uncle Sam"), was a member of the Presbyterian Church, faithful in the discharge of every duty which came to him. A devoted husband, a loving father, a loyal friend, his memory will be cherished by all who knew him.

John Graham died on the 14th of May, 1919, at the home where he had lived since he was seven years old. He was born in Lincoln County, N. C., and enlisted in Company A, McGee's Regiment, when only fifteen years of age. He went with Gen. Sterling Price on the raid through Missouri in 1864; was taken prisoner at West Point and remained in prison until June, 1865. He was Commander of Marion Cogbill Camp for several years and was ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought. In 1870 Comrade Graham was married to Miss Jennie Allen, who died some eight years ago. Two sons and two daughters survive him. The youngest son had returned from France just a few days before his father died.

THOMAS J. WEAVER.

Thomas J. Weaver was born at Fort Republic, Rockingham County, Va., on April 18, 1847, and died at his home, near Shelbina, Mo., on April 26, 1919. He enlisted at the early age of seventeen years in Capt. John C. Woodson's company of Mosby's command and continued an ever-ready and ardent defender of his rights until discharged at Harrisonburg, Va., in April, 1865. With other members of his mother's family, he went to Northeast Missouri, where he soon established a good business, continuing in it until two years ago, when failing health compelled his retirement. In 1886 he was married to Miss Ellen Foster, who, with three sons and one daughter, survives him. As a soldier, so as a citizen, pre-eminently modest and retiring, he never sought preferment, but through life remained the model of a good man and citizen.

JOSEPH THOMAS WYNKOOP.

I wish to pay a humble tribute to one of our most esteemed citizens who passed to his reward on Easter Monday from his home, Woodgrove, Round Hill, Va. Joseph Thomas Wynkoop was the son of William B and Catherine Cleveland Wynkoop and was born April 15, 1840. The high estimation in which he was held by his community was attested by the large crowd that attended his funeral and by the beautiful floral tributes that came from all directions. Among these were two that attracted marked attention. They were the Confederate colors worked in flowers. One was sent by the Blue Ridge Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the other from Wakefield. A touching incident connected with his death was that it happened on the anniversary of his wife's death, which occurred on Easter Monday four years ago. The same beautiful suggestion of the resurrection surrounded both calls into life eternal, and the same hands that laid her to rest under a cloudless April sky placed him by her side to sleep his last long sleep. Their pastor, the Rev. I. B. Lake, D.D., officiated upon both occasions.

Mr. Wynkoop was a gentleman in the truest and noblest sense of the word, for it could be said of him, as was said of the Chevalier Bayard, he was "without fear and without reproach." When in his early youth the war clouds gathered over Virginia, he was among the first to offer his services in her defense. In 1858 he enlisted in a volunteer company under the command of Capt. Welby Carter, that went to the scene of John Brown's raid. When the war came on, this company



JOSEPH T. WYNKOOP.

became part of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, Company H, under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. This regiment did magnificent service in the first battle of Manassas, the Loudoun company coming out with only twenty men. After this battle he served as a courier for Gen. G. W. Smith until the spring of 1862, when

he again entered the regular service. After that the history of the noble Army of Northern Virginia was his life. He actually participated in all the great battles of slaughter through which it passed: Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, Seven Days' fight around Richmond, Bloody Angle, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and the end. Of the four who rode abreast in the mad charge at Manassas, he alone reached the enemy's lines; the other three were literally shot to pieces.

Mr. Wynkoop had a deep vein of sentiment in him, which made him absolutely loyal to an ideal, a cause, and to whatever he loved. His loyalty to the Southern cause never wavered, but to the day of his death he loved to talk with and about his old comrades in arms and the stirring experiences through which they had passed. He came through the great conflict unscathed, having had two horses killed under him and his hat shot from his head. He was near Stonewall Jackson when he received his fatal wound and was by J. E. B. Stuart when he was killed.

A nation is made greater by ever keeping before the young the examples of its noblest citizens. We in Loudoun would select no better life than that of Thomas Wynkoop for our youth to model their lives upon. As he was, so would we have all Virginians and all Americans to be. Great would be America if we could all go to our graves with such a record. As a Christian, as a soldier, as a citizen, as a husband, as a father, as a friend, long may he be remembered, and long from his silent grave may he teach to coming generations a lesson of courage and devotion, of love and faith! In looking back over his life we find it ever a flower of that civilization which we call the Old South, of which the English poet wrote:

"Ah, realm of tears! but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time.
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime."

[James M. Kilgore, Round Hill, Va.]

FELIX C. SMITH.

On March 31, 1919, Felix C. Smith, a gallant Confederate soldier, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F. C. Hunter, near Lawton, Okla. He was born in June, 1839, in Hempstead County, Ark., moving with his parents some years later to Ouachita County. At the call to arms in 1861 he joined the Tennessee Army of the Confederacy and served four years, enduring untold hardships and taking part in some of the bloodiest battles of the war. At Chickamauga he received such a severe wound in the hand that it almost necessitated its amputation. In the latter part of 1864 he was given a detail to take the mail from the army home and had gotten as far as the Mississippi River when he received the news that General Lee had surrendered and that he could not get back to his command.

In November, 1865, he was married to Mrs. Margaret Thompson (*née* Starnes). He removed his family to Texas in 1879, and during the past few years he and his wife had made their home with their daughter at Lawton, Okla. He was nearing his eightieth birthday, and his health had been remarkable up to some six months before his death. His devoted wife and children watched tenderly over him during his last illness, whose sufferings he bore patiently.

Comrade Smith joined the Primitive Baptist Church in early manhood. He was a devoted husband, a kind and loving father, true to his friends and country always.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
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[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: These notes will reach you in July, when your plans for summer work are well under way. Let me remind you to be sure that all Division pledges for the book, "Southern Women in War Work," given at the Louisville Convention, are in the hands of the Treasurer General, Mrs. R. E. Little, of Wadesboro, N. C., by July 1. There were sixteen hundred and sixty copies of this book subscribed for at Louisville, to be delivered to Divisions at seventy-five cents per copy, no Division to dispose of any one copy for less than \$1.50, the prophet to go to the Division treasury, as the book must go to the retail trade at \$1.50. No more copies than the exact number subscribed for at Louisville will be allowed any one Division at seventy-five cents. Additional copies may be ordered, however, at \$1, the Division still to require the retail price of \$1.50. These books will be ready for delivery in the early autumn, and each Division President is requested to send to the President General by August 1 the name of some responsible member of her Division who will receive her Division's quota of books as subscribed for at Louisville, this member to be responsible for the books to her State Division in its distribution of them. Attention to this matter is urged so that this book may be financed and delivered promptly.

Our War Relief Work is gradually receding into the background. However, War Relief Directors are reminded that the tabulations of the U. D. C. takings in the Victory Loan are yet to be made by the War Relief Committee, and each Director is requested to send the sum totals of Victory notes taken by the U. D. C. in her State as Chapters or individuals as soon as possible to Mrs. Rountree for her report, which will be in the book, "Southern Women in War Work."

The recording of the names of descendants of Confederate veterans serving in the world war is still an *unfinished* part of U. D. C. war work. To be able to award the insignia we are planning for these men, these records must be in our U. D. C. files for reference. Therefore it behooves Chapters and Divisions to bend every effort toward making these rosters as complete as possible for their special localities. The Youree prize this year goes again to the Division filing the largest number of these records per U. D. C. member. Remember that last year Indiana won this prize with a record of an average of six names filed by each U. D. C. in Indiana.

The Hero Fund grows. All pledges should be redeemed before the Tampa Convention. Miss Moses, the Treasurer, reports in this issue of the *VETERAN* the receipts for this fund for the month of May.

Books for the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England.—This collection of books on Confederate history is in charge of the Committee on Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books,

and this special work will be managed by the Vice Chairman of this committee, Miss Elizabeth Hanna, of Atlanta, Ga., who has been given a subcommittee of one member from each State to help her secure the special books and pamphlets on the subjects she will stress in this collection.

The following letter to the President General will interest you all:

"BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD, ENGLAND,
October 5, 1919.

"My Dear Madam: We appreciate very deeply the interest exhibited by your Association in this library. Recent events have shown the essential unity of our two countries, and the history of both is the history of our race. We shall gratefully accept your generous offer of books and pamphlets relating to the years 1861-65. Any items of which we already possess copies shall, of course, be returned to you, so that they may be utilized elsewhere. The rest will be carefully preserved here and always accessible to properly accredited readers.

"Please express to the members of the Confederacy our sincere thanks for your offer and my personal gratitude for your good will toward this ancient institution.

"Yours very truly, A. COWLEY, *Acting Librarian.*
"TO MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM."

The defacement of the U. D. C. monument to Major Wirz at Andersonville, Ga., by some United States soldiers stationed in the vicinity caused considerable comment and criticism throughout the Southern press, and the U. D. C. were quite concerned about the matter. Mrs. Franklin, the President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., notifies your President General that the United States government took up the matter at once. One of the offenders has been located and is serving a sentence at Fort McPherson; the other two have not yet been found. The soldier has made a public apology through the newspapers and states that he intended no offense to the South. So this matter may be considered closed as far as the U. D. C. are officially concerned.

New Chapters.—North Carolina claims two new Chapters chartered since the Louisville Convention, the Nash County Chapter, at Middlesex, and Annie Patton Chapter, at Asheville. The District of Columbus claims a new Chapter, with twenty-nine charter members, named in honor of Col. Hilary Herbert. I shall hope to record now each month new Chapters as they are organized in the various Divisions, which are reminded of the Alexander Allen Faris loving cup, offered through the Registrar General's office by Mrs. R. W. McKinney, of Kentucky, to the Division which shall enroll the largest number of new members between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five by the Tampa Convention. In North Carolina they are trying to organize from their ever-growing Children's Chapters young girl U. D. C. Chapters, where membership

DIVISION NOTES.

shall be limited from the ages of eighteen to twenty-five, when demits will be granted to enter older Chapters in the towns, and so keep a young girls' Chapter constantly in the community. The President General commends this plan to the attention of other Divisions.

Taxes.—Each Division is asked in this letter if it has paid its *per capita* tax to the General Treasurer for 1919. Your treasury needs these funds at once. Please remit, so that the obligations which you contracted in your name at Louisville may be properly discharged.

The Louisville Minutes are in the hands of the printers at this writing and should be distributed (D. V.) by the time you receive this copy of the *VETERAN*.

Your President General urges you all to keep up your subscriptions to the *VETERAN*. Your efforts in the past have been splendid, but to be worthy of your inheritance we must press on to even greater efforts and higher ideals of patriotic service.

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE HERO FUND.

Receipts for the 1917-18 Hero Fund for May have been as follows:

Alabama Division: Electra Semmes Colston Chapter..	\$ 10 00
Colorado Division: Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, \$3.50;	
Miss Cathryn Dudley, \$1.....	4 50
District of Columbia Division; Robert E. Lee Chapter,	
\$100; Mrs. Wallace Streater, \$5; Division, \$40.....	145.00
Florida Division: Wade Hampton Chapter.....	5 00
Georgia Division: Abbeville Chapter, \$30; Cordele	
Chapter, \$30; McIntosh County Chapter, \$10; Agnes	
Lee Chapter, \$25; Cedartown Chapter, \$25; Morgan	
County Chapter, \$10; Shorman of Upson Chapter,	
\$10	140 00
Indiana: Evansville Chapter.....	5 00
Ohio Division: Southern States Chapter.....	14 00
South Carolina Division: Batesburg Chapter, \$5;	
Michael Brice Chapter, \$1; John D. Kennedy Chapter	
\$5; Cheraw Chapter, \$5; Margaret Gaston Chapter,	
C. of C., \$4; M. C. Butler Chapter, \$5; Moses Wood	
Chapter, \$8; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, \$10; St.	
George Chapter, \$5; Micah Jenkins Chapter, \$10...	58 00
Total	\$381 50

In the third, fourth, and fifth issues of Liberty bonds:	
District of Columbia. Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, \$150;	
Georgia, Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., of	
Savannah, \$50; Missouri, St. Louis Chapter, \$50;	
Philadelphia Chapter, \$100; South Carolina—Robert	
E. Lee Chapter, \$50; Lancaster Chapter, \$50; Mercer	
Keith Chapter, \$50; William Wallace Chapter, \$50..	550 00

Total for May, 1919.....	\$931 50
AMIDA MOSES, Treasurer.	

"The memory of their proud deeds cannot die.
They may go down to dust in bloody shrouds
And sleep in nameless graves, but for all time
Foundlings of Fame are our beloved lost."

Alabama.—At the convention held in Gadsden in May Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, of Montgomery, was elected President. Other officers elected are as follows: First Vice President, Mrs. W. S. Pugh, Mobile; Second Vice President, Mrs. George Randall, Blocton; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. B. Forman, Attalla; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. T. Northington, Birmingham; Treasurer, Mrs. Joseph McClendon, Dadeville; Historian, Mrs. J. M. Hicks, Talladega; Registrar, Mrs. Terry; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. F. K. Perrow, Anniston; Director of C. of C., Mrs. E. O. McCord, Gadsden; Chaplain, Mrs. Denson, Opelika.

The "Children's Hour" was one of the most interesting sessions of this convention. "Historical Evening" was held at the theater with a large audience. An inspiring talk on "The Lesson of the Stars" was made by Mrs. J. A. Rountree, retiring President, and a brilliant sketch of the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, a former President of the Division and Chairman of the Committee on Education.

The Electra Semmes Colston Chapter, of Mobile, was awarded the President's pin for the prize Chapter report, and the Ozark Chapter was awarded the membership pin. The Historian's pin was awarded to Mrs. Newman, of Dadeville, for having accumulated the largest collection of historical manuscripts for the State archives.

The plan to offer different medals and pins to those Chapters and individuals producing the greatest results originated with Mrs. Rountree, as "it proves an incentive, gives them something to compete for, and gains for them recognition of their efforts and abilities."

A feature of the evening's entertainment which brought the audience to its feet to pay tribute to one of the delegates was the presentation of Mrs. Wyatt, of Cedar Bluff, who as little Emma Williams bore a message to General Forrest from his courier on the occasion of his historic passage through North Alabama.

A new scholarship (value, \$1,250) in the University of Alabama named for Col. Hilary A. Herbert was announced. The funds for the endowment of this gift scholarship represent the balance the War Relief Committee had acquired for the maintenance of beds in the hospital in Neuilly, France, except \$200, which was subscribed by the convention.

Kentucky.—An advisory committee from the Kentucky Division has been appointed to assist the Board of Trustees of the Kentucky Confederate Home, located at Power Valley, Ky. The committee has nine members and has organized with Mrs. R. W. McKinney, of Paducah, as Chairman; Mrs. Harry —, Nicholasville, Vice Chairman; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Louisville, Secretary; Mrs. George R. Mastin, Lexington, Treasurer. The State is divided into six districts, and a member of the committee is in charge of each. The committee has just held a comprehensive linen shower, contributed to by most of the Chapters in the State. This replenished stock which had run low, the commandant of the Home not feeling justified in buying more than necessities at the present time of high prices.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Louisville will have a special day at one of the city amusement parks in June known as Confederate Day for the benefit of the work of the Chapter and the monument to Jefferson Davis at his birth-place.

A historical excursion was made by the Ambrose E. Camp Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy, of Louisville, to

several points of interest in Jefferson County on Saturday, May 24, 1919. The first stop was at the monument of Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President of the United States and the father of the first wife of Jefferson Davis. A sketch of his life was given by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C. Several generations of the Taylor family are buried in the little cemetery, including veterans of all the wars of this country.

The next point of interest was Soldiers' Retreat, home of the Anderson family. An interesting survival of Indian times was the old spring house built of stone over the spring, with a winding flight of stone steps leading down into it.

A few miles farther on, on the Shelbyville Pike, the children saw the monument erected by the Kentucky Legislature to Col. John Floyd, who was ambushed by the Indians and wounded, dying soon afterwards. On this ground during the War between the States an artillery duel took place between some of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry and the Federals. Some shots had lodged in the trees and were imbedded in the bark, and some of the shells had been picked up and placed in a wire basket, still swinging in a tree in one of the homes by the roadside.

At the last two places the talks were made by Col. E. Polk Johnson. Added interest was given to what he told the children by his having been in the fight between Confederates and Federals. He had just enlisted, and the encounter was in sight of his father's house.

The trip was made in automobiles furnished by the mothers, and lunch was eaten at Soldiers' Retreat, as the trip took from about ten in the morning until five in the afternoon.

On Sunday afternoon, June 1, under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a handsome bronze tablet to commemorate Father Abram J. Ryan was unveiled in Louisville. It was placed on St. Boniface Church and bears this inscription below the head of Father Ryan in *altorilievo*; "This tablet marks the site where Father Abram J. Ryan, poet-priest of the Confederacy, died March, 1886." Instrumental music was furnished by the Louisville Industrial School band and the vocal music by the St. Boniface Church choir. Addresses appropriate to the occasion were made by Maj. John H. Leathers, chairman of the committee, Gen. W. B. Haldeman, and Hon. Matthew O'Doherty. The history of the memorial was given by Mrs. John L. Woodbury.

Missouri.—All Chapters of this Division were actively and absorbingly engaged in war work with this fine result: Total money contributed to all branches of war work through camp, mothers, hospital bed, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and thirty-six orphans, \$7,085.10; war sewing, knitted articles, surgical dressings, and hospital garments, 365,217; Liberty bonds and war savings stamps bought and sold, \$3,888,800.66.

North Carolina.—The Division was much gratified to have it announced at its convention on April 29 that it had won the Raines and the Ricks banners for the best historical and children's work, awarded at the general U. D. C. convention held at Louisville, Ky., in April.

Two large tablets were presented to the convention and will be placed on the Gettysburg battle field to mark where Generals Pettigrew and Ramseur died. There will be appropriate ceremonies in which the Governors of North Carolina and Virginia and many distinguished personages will take part.

The convention pledged support to the monument being erected by the Daughters and veterans of the South to President Jefferson Davis at his birthplace at Fairview, Ky. In

height it will be second only to the Washington Monument. The convention also pledged aid to the 1917-18 Hero Fund of \$50,000 now being raised by the general organization for educational work. Assurance was given that Chapters will furnish \$200 for the maintenance of the North Carolina room in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va.

An interesting feature was the unveiling of an oil portrait of Mrs. Hunter Smith, of Fayetteville, a gift of the Division in appreciation of her efforts in establishing the North Carolina Confederate Woman's Home in Fayetteville.

An impressive memorial service for the half a hundred members who had passed away during the past twelve months was held. The Wilson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, dressed in white and bearing beautiful flowers, marched into the Baptist church, where the convention was held, singing as they placed their floral tributes at the altar railing. These flowers were afterwards taken to the cemetery. In the Wilson cemetery rests the body of the woman who made the Stars and Bars after the model designed by Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, of Louisburg, N. C. She was Miss Rebecca Murphy, later Mrs. Windon.

Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, President General U. D. C., and other notables attended the convention. The various organizations of Wilson gave midday luncheons. On Wednesday night the Commonwealth Club gave an elaborate dance at their clubrooms, and on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock the Country Club gave a beautiful reception. The next convention will be held at High Point in October.

South Carolina.—The convention at Darlington on April 24 unanimously indorsed Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Paducah, Ky., for President General U. D. C., the election to take place at Tampa, Fla., in November, 1919.

Tennessee.—At the convention held in Knoxville on May 14 Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, of Gallatin, was elected President of the Division. Three new scholarships were established in the University of Tennessee in accordance with a bill passed by the recent legislature, that for every \$1,666.67 paid into the State treasury by the U. D. C. of Tennessee the State will pay \$100 per annum to the expenses of a student. The money for our scholarship was paid in full, and more than half enough for each of the other two was subscribed, the balance to be raised by July 1, so as to be ready for candidates for the term opening in September, 1919. For the next four years all these scholarships are open to soldiers of 1917-18. Alvin C. York, of Tennessee, America's great hero of the world war, was elected the candidate of the Tennessee U. D. C. for the U. D. C. scholarship in the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

Virginia.—Historical Prize for 1919—A prize of \$60 will be awarded at the next annual meeting of the Virginia Division for the best review of Provessor Minor's book, "The Real Lincoln." The competition is open to any white person teaching United States history in the State of Virginia. Reviews will be judged according to accuracy, terseness, and clearness of treatment, as well as from the standpoint of literary finish, and must be submitted by August 1, 1919. For further information on this subject write to Mrs. Mary D. Carter, Historian Welby-Carter Chapter, U. D. C., Upper-ville, Va.

West Virginia.—The President of the Division has sent the following recognition of faithful service:

"Resolved, That in the death of Minnie Love Wotring the Morgantown Chapter, U. D. C., has lost a most devoted and loyal member.

"Resolved, That by her untiring efforts, her efficient and exacting labors she has done more than any other member to carry out the work of the organization and that the gift of books to the university library recently made by the Chapter be made a memorial to her, since it was so largely due to her tireless work, in spite of many discouragements, that this was made possible."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: A circular regarding the awards to be made in the Historical Department was issued in February, but the VETERAN has kindly agreed to reprint it in the July issue of the magazine. The interim between our convention is so short this year that it will require management to get our reports in on time.

I trust that each Division will enter the contests for the prizes offered for the three historical essays, "The Confederate Navy," "The Founders of American Liberty at Jamestown," and "What the Confederate Organizations Have Done toward Winning the Great War," and have all papers in the hands of the Historian General by September 1.

The reports of the Division Historians are to be sent October 1.

With kind regards,

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

U. D. C. PRIZES AND MEDALS.

OFFERED THROUGH HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

1. The Raines Banner. Awarded annually to Division, or Chapter where no Division exists, which accomplishes most in collecting and compiling historical records. Given in memory of Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Georgia. All reports must be typewritten and sent to the Historian General by October 1, 1919.

2. The Mildred Rutherford Historical Medal. Given by Miss Rutherford, former Historian General, for the best historical work done in the small Divisions. This offer is open to all Divisions numbering less than ten Chapters and to Chapters where no Division exists, but not to be given unless some special effort is made along historical lines. Reports must be sent in typewriting to the Historian General by October 1, 1919.

3. The R. H. Hicks Banner. Offered by the North Carolina Division to the Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy doing the best historical work. Miss Jennie Price, of Lewisburg, W. V., Third Vice President General, U. D. C., will have charge of this department.

4. The Rose Loving Cup. Offered by Clifton Rose, of Mississippi, in memory of his mother, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, a former Historian General. The cup will be awarded for the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "The Confederate Navy."

Rules Governing Contest for the Rose Loving Cup.

(1) Essays must not contain over two thousand words, and number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page and must be typewritten.

(2) It must have fictitious signature attached and have real name and address in a sealed envelope accompanying essay, with fictitious signature on outside of envelope.

(3) Essay will be judged according to historical data and fullness of treatment rather than rhetorical finish.

(4) Essays in each State must be sent to State Historian, and she sends to Historian General.

(5) Only two best essays from each Division or Chapter can be sent to Historian General to compete for the loving cup.

(6) Essays must be sent to Historian General by September 1, 1919.

(7) No winner of this prize may compete for it the second time.

5. The Anna Robinson Andrews Medal. Offered for the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "The Founders of American Liberty at Jamestown," the main thought being to bring out fully and clearly the ideals of the true founders and colonists, who have been overshadowed and neglected. The rules governing this contest are the same as those of the Rose Loving Cup.

The books to be consulted are: "Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America," by Charles Mills Gayley; "A Heritage of Freedom," by Matthew Page Andrews; "A Brief History of the United States," by Matthew Page Andrews; "Virginia under the Stuarts," by Thomas J. Wertenbaker; "The Early History of the Eastern Shore of Virginia," by J. C. Wise. Other books, out of print, but to be found in libraries, are: "English Politics in Early Virginia History," by Alexander Brown; "The First Republic in America," by Alexander Brown; "The Genesis of the United States," by Alexander Brown.

6. A new prize to be known as the Soldier's Prize. An officer of the American Expeditionary Force, now in France, who believes absolutely in the ability of the Daughters of the Confederacy to do anything, offers a prize of twenty dollars for the best essay by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "What the Confederate Organizations Have Done Toward Winning the Great War." The rules governing this contest are the same as those for the Rose Loving Cup.

7. The Youree Prize of twenty dollars, offered by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Louisiana, will again be given to that Division sending in the largest list of lineal descendants of Confederate veterans who were in the service of their country in the great world war from April, 1917, to November, 1918. The award of this prize is placed with the War Relief Committee, U. D. C., of which Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Ala., is Chairman, and all correspondence concerning these roll of honor lists should be with her.

A FRAGMENT.

(From the poem to William Peabody on his great donation to the Southern schools.)

Millions of peace, and its mission was done,
And the dazzle shall cease from the sky with the sun!

We have hymns at our home; we have taught them to bear
On their tremulous pinions the weight of a prayer!

God bless the great gift! God bless the great giver,
With love like a sea, with peace like a river!

—F. O. Ticknor.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....*Mrs. R. P. Dexter*
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....*Mrs. J. Garside Welch*
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....*Mrs. Horace L. Simpson*
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....*Mrs. A. McD. Wilsea*
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....*Mrs. James Dinkins*
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....*Mrs. E. C. Carroll*
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....*Mrs. G. K. Warner*
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....*Mrs. Robert H. Jones*
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....*Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith*
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....*Mrs. Charles W. Frazer*
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....*Mrs. S. M. Davis-Rey*

PRESERVATION OF THE SOUTH'S TRADITIONS.

BY MRS. A. M'D. WILSON, PRESIDENT GENERAL C. S. M. A.

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget."

The attention of the world was instantly caught when the wires flashed across the continent the fact that General Pershing had journeyed to the fields of France, where thousands of white crosses bear mute evidence of the lofty patriotism of the splendid young manhood of America sleeping that sleep unmeasured by the flight of years. The leader who had so gallantly led them through the inferno of modern warfare came on Decoration Day to pay tribute to these heroes who had made the supreme sacrifice in the interest of human harmony and that the world perchance might live evermore in peace; and as he stood with bowed head above the flower-strewn graves, made to blossom in this foreign land through the lofty spirit of the brotherhood of man, he bore testimony to the patriotic sentiment which inspired this custom, so sacred and beautiful, and added a new note of triumph to the glory of Memorial Day, inaugurated in our Southland in loving memory, and the spirit of which was caught up by the survivors of the heroes of the sixties from the border of the Atlantic to the waters of the Pacific—a custom so fraught with tender sentiment, glorious patriotism, and the love of the human tie that binds us which finds ready and eager response wherever our patriotic deeds are treasured.

Let us Memorial women prove ourselves worthy the sacred trust committed to our keeping by our war mothers in preserving and perpetuating this custom. Let it not be said to our shame that by neglect or indifference these Memorial Associations committed to our keeping have failed because of our neglect or indifference. Perish the thought that we should be recreant to the trust that has come to us, a priceless heritage, that our Memorial Day be ever allowed to pass unobserved or our Memorial Associations fail through neglect!

Thousands of sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans sleep their last sleep in the heart of stricken France, where the tender ministry of foreign friends will aid in keeping fresh the new spirit of Decoration Day over there. Thousands of our Southern mothers are bowed in sorrow and anguish over "those who come not again," and to them Decoration Day will take on a new significance and will appeal with a force never before realized.

A new tie is added connecting the Memorial Day of their fathers with the Decoration Day for their sons. A new light is shed upon the custom which their mothers and grandmothers have for more than half a century cherished in testimony of the devotion of the heroes who also made the supreme sacrifice and the custom which through more than half a century has grown with wonderful progress, marking the

historic day with a loyal outpouring of a people "In Memoriam," the parallel of which no country in the world records.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, ATLANTA.

One of the most interesting Memorial Day exercises this year took place in Auburn, Ala., when a tree from a battle field of France was planted on the grounds of the Auburn College, the student body taking part in the exercises. Mrs. R. P. Dexter, President of the Alabama Confederated Southern Memorial Association, gave an interesting address on memorial work.

Mrs. Dexter, in reporting a quickening of interest in the ladies' Memorial work of Alabama, said: "A unique way of observing Memorial Day in Alabama is to have the orator selected from the student body of the college each year and to have a high officer of the United States army as marshal of the day who is appointed to command the college. These grandsons of the veterans of Appomattox and the boys from the Marne united on Memorial Day in the observance of this sweet old ceremony of our mothers and grandmothers. If only the dear Confederate mothers that so lovingly founded this organization could know that after so many years their children with reverence and a loyal recognition of their labor of love still carry on their work in the same spirit!"

There are a number of Ladies' Memorial Associations in Alabama, and this year their work is carried on with additional solemnity and patriotic devotion.

* * *

Among the many interesting people in attendance upon the Southern Baptist Convention, recently held in Atlanta, was Mrs. Westwood Hutchinson, President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Manassas, Va., one of the most active Associations in the country, having taken part in all kinds of Red Cross work, selling liberty bonds, thrift stamps, etc., and in beautifully celebrating Memorial Day. The Manassas Association is planning the organization of a Junior Memorial Association, and it is hoped that many other Associations will do likewise.

* * *

There has been some talk on the part of a few women to the effect that, as the recent war has fallen so heavily on the world, the demands for love and sentiment toward the dead heroes of this generation should take the place of the love and sentiment that had become a part of the life of the South and that the Memorial work which the women of the South had carried on through over half a century and the work the United Daughters of the Confederacy has been doing should be discontinued and the organizations work under the new conditions. In response to a question asked Miss Mattie B.

Sheibley, of Rome, Ga., editor for the Georgia Division, U. D. C., as to what her thought of the question was, she said:

"In 1861, in almost every Southern village and town, the Ladies' Aid Society was formed to render to the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers the gentle ministrations that only a woman's tender hands could give. In 1866, when the War between the States was ended, the beautiful custom was conceived and inaugurated in Columbus, Ga., of Memorial Day, a day set apart for decorating the graves of the South's heroic dead with a wealth of flowers. The tender services of the Ladies' Aid Society no longer being needed, the Society was merged into the Ladies' Memorial Association, and throughout the length and breadth of the Southern States Memorial Day was observed, and the Confederate Memorial Association became the general order.

"Years later, in 1896, the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized of Southern women with a broader field of memorial work described in five points—memorial, benevolent, historical, educational, and social—having for its specific endeavor caring for the living and dead of the Southern Confederacy. And the relation between the two organizations was as mother and daughter, with never a conflict of effort or endeavor. The observance of Memorial Day is, as it will always be, the sacred charge of the Memorial Association, and the Daughters of the Confederacy enter into the spirit of the annual ceremony as bidden guests.

"Each order is the component part of a beautiful whole, each the complement of the other, apart yet united by a service as holy as prayer. 'Old wine, old friends, old orders are best.' Try not to improve what time hath proved best.

"The world war has not diminished the loving task of the Memorial Association, but added scores and scores of fresh mounds for love to watch and tend. So let the Confederate Southern Memorial Association go on to the last syllable of recorded time lovingly burying knee-deep in April blossoms the graves of two generations of Dixie's dead.

"And for the Daughters of the Confederacy, the godchild, the duties which easily beset them day by day are to serve the descendants of the Confederacy as faithfully and unselfishly as they cared for the forbears who wore the gray."

Miss Sheibley is a brilliant woman, and her reply will carry with it a force that should sweep all attempt to create a sentiment disorganizing the two beautiful, vital organizations.

* * *

After serving faithfully for fifteen years and more as President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, Mrs. W. D. Ellis has gone into the great beyond. Her death was a distinct shock to her hundreds of friends, and the Memorial work will feel the loss keenly. She was the wife of Judge W. D. Ellis, a distinguished jurist, and she was one of the most prominent and beloved women in the State. Born in Beaufort, S. C., she came of a fine old Southern family. She was a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Daughters of the American Revolution, a Colonial Dame, and a member of the Huguenot Society of South Carolina. In religion she was a devoted member of the Baptist Church, and in society she was a brilliant member, gathering around her a circle of cultured and wholesome friends who will miss her as the years go by. Mrs. Ellis was in her seventy-first year and had been an invalid for several months. As President of the Ladies' Memorial Association she has carried the work forward successfully.

CONFEDERATE FLAG IN BOSTON HARBOR.

BY MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, PRESIDENT BOSTON CHAPTER, U. D. C.

One of the most interesting Memorial Day exercises ever enacted in Boston took place on May 30 in Boston Harbor, on Deer Island. On a beautiful knoll of this island lies a Confederate soldier, while a short distance from his resting place sleep eighty-two Federal soldiers. The Confederate soldier is Edward J. Johnston, and his grave was decorated this year by the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., and Gen. McKenzie Garrison, of the Army and Navy Union. The Boston Chapter sent a large wreath of flowers tied with the Confederate colors, and as its President I placed a Confederate flag at the head of the grave, while the United States flag was placed by Adjutant Cunningham. The memorial service of the U. D. C. was used, and the members of the Army and Navy Union joined in the service.

The story of Edward J. Johnston is most interesting. He was a prisoner of war in Fort Warren in 1863, and he tried to escape. He was shot by a guard, and his dying request was that they bury him with his head "toward the South," the land he so dearly loved. He was first buried on Governor's Island, and his request was carried out; but two years ago his body and the bodies of eighty-two Federal soldiers were moved to Deer Island by the government. Those in charge, not knowing his sentiment, placed the stone with the head northeast. The Boston Chapter is going to do all that can be done to have his dying request still respected.

Dr. W. M. Flynn, of South Boston, very generously placed a Confederate marker on this grave last year. The stone slab over the grave was placed by his fellow prisoners in Fort Warren, as he was interned with the crew from the Confederate steamship Atlanta. The Confederate flag was placed in the marker at the head of the grave, which raised it higher than the other flags, and as we steamed up the harbor back to Boston it could be seen waving for a long distance.

[This is evidently the first and only Confederate flag that ever waved over Massachusetts's soil, and this decoration of the lone Confederate's grave was brought about by publication in the *VETERAN* of the list of Fort Warren prisoners furnished by Miss Susie Gentry and through her later correspondence with Dr. W. M. Flynn.—Ed.]

J. E. Timberlake, of Strasburg, Va., writes: "I dearly love my *VETERAN* and look forward to its monthly visits with much anxiety and begin to devour its pages as soon as it enters the home. Each number takes me back to the sixties, when I, with my three brothers, fought for all that the Southern heart holds dear. Each of the four was wounded several times, but none was killed or captured. All four stood with Lee when he surrendered; and while our hearts were filled with grief, we had no censure for our noble chieftain, who had no equal. Peace to his ashes and to those of my three brothers, who now sleep beneath the green sod! And peace to my great commander, Stonewall Jackson! When I too shall be called to pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees, may I find him resting there! Long live the *VETERAN* to vindicate the cause for which we fought and to teach our children and all coming generations the truth of that four years' struggle that never caused a blush to mantle a Southern face!"

REAJUSTMENT IN GOOD TIME.

BY C. H. WHITE, BONHAM, TEX.

As a former member of the 16th Alabama Infantry, Lowrey's Brigade, Cleburn's Division, Army of Tennessee, C. S. A., I beg leave to give expression on a matter that has been occupying much space in the press of the country as well as in the conversation of the people and has become a leading topic largely to the exclusion of other matters of interest. As a Confederate soldier I learned much from experience. Coming from an ancestry that helped in the formation of our country and having in this recent war in Europe soldiers of my own blood, together with descendants of my comrades of the past, having joined and acted with every patriotic force and made a full measure of sacrifice according to my ability to show forth my interest and fealty to and for the vindication of a birthright secured by ancestry, I consider that a Confederate soldier can speak and act with all forces to maintain the rights and perpetuity of this land.

There are no human beings who have a greater interest in our boys who have fought and served in this recent war than Confederate veterans, and from their experience they know better how to sympathize with them than those who have not had such experience. The reason of this writing is love for them and our country, for which they fought and served. With other patriotic citizens of this country, we can never forget them, and the day will never come when we will cease to be grateful or lack interest in their welfare.

I write this to approach events now pending which involve much for the future and on matters that the public should seriously consider, for its weal and welfare. Through the press of the country and in general conversation there has been discussed the matter of employment for returning soldiers. All kinds of demoralizing and disquieting remarks have been made concerning the matter from which I have drawn conclusions which are here presented in the hope of doing good to our country.

Fifty-eight years ago there burst forth one of the fiercest and most destructive wars known in history to that time. That war was fought on the soil of the South, which was then dotted with prosperous, independent cities and homes of bounty and plenty and occupied by a people who were chivalrous, independent, and hospitable. They were lovers of liberty, who had pride in an ancestry which had left them precious inheritances and altars upon which they made offerings. And they fought from a conviction of conscience and right. They were inspired by as consecrated patriotism as ever moved the human heart. Their bravery and gallantry were exemplified by their sacrifice and service, which have been recognized by the whole world. Their devotion never failed; they never shirked a duty or faltered in an effort. The South and its armies were blockaded and isolated by overwhelming power, and its people were cut off from all aid and supplies. The country was invaded and despoiled; in a great measure it was made a waste and charnel house of destruction like unto Belgium of this day. Its soldiers fought and served for four long years without pay, destitute often of any comforts, often ragged and footsore and ill provided to combat vast odds. The wounded were often without care, the dead buried in unknown graves. They had no Red Cross to minister, no Y. M. C. A. to give them comfort and service, no organized reliefs of any kind, no fully supplied medical hospital, commissary, quartermaster, or ordnance departments.

At the close of hostilities many of these soldiers had no homes to return to; there were no active industries open through which to obtain employment; there was no commerce, no supplies to issue; the most of the farms were abandoned and destroyed, live stock destroyed or consumed; civil population was nearly all on sufferance; all the male population between the ages of sixteen and sixty had been taken for the war, the duration of which had caused thousands to succumb to wounds or disease. Many of those returning tramped over plains and mountains, across morasses and rivers, some maimed, and many, weak from privations, passing through desolations to reach desolations, often to find no homes and no loved ones to greet them. Many passed through the wreck of whole cities utterly destroyed; many found over a great expanse of territory nothing standing but stark chimneys, the only remaining evidence of once happy homes.

And amid all this wreck and desolation there never came any helping hand to alleviate the tragedy of famine and want, no government to look to, no nation of the whole world to be moved to aid or succor, no beneficent hand was stretched or appeared through the dark clouds of development during all the time when want, hand in hand with destitution, stalked through the crushed and despoiled land.

The grim warriors of the fields of carnage, which had so often reflected their gallantry, faced a fate that then had no parallel, not with whimpering and repining, but with a fortitude that fully set forth the right and distinction to a perfect manhood. On the ashes of destruction they erected their destroyed homes, they rebuilt their churches and schoolhouses, they readjusted all things, and from the form of visible destruction they wrought and fashioned another civilization on the ruins of former days. They so wrought not by outside encouragement nor from the bounty of government, but by the powers of a will inborn as a dominant factor and basic quality of manhood that has and ever will make them predominant for sterling qualities among the best of the earth. Their achievements after their arms were grounded, their drums muffled, and their flags furled were greater than when during the thunders of war they fought on the fields of Mars. The resurrection of their despoiled homes and country was perfected when encouragement and aid were withheld and when protection was withdrawn for eleven long years, and it was accomplished during an attempt to throttle intelligence and enthrone superstition and ignorance.

Amid such surroundings, resting under the ban of disfranchisement and continually menaced by utter confiscation that hung as a pall over the country, the new civilization as fashioned and viewed to-day is an everlasting emblem of the efforts of that host of the long ago and of their descendants. It was the Confederate soldiers who redeemed their homeland and prevented its becoming a desolate waste, and they did it without murmurings or complaint. They provided their own artificial limbs; they paid their own medical bills; they fed, clothed, and furnished themselves; and they stand to-day as the greatest champions of the birthright of man that can be found on the face of the earth. The government for which they fought could provide little more than a righteous cause. In victory and defeat they kept the faith.

I rejoice that in this recent war the glorious soldiers of our grand democracy did not have to pass through the bitter privations that the Confederate soldiers did in the past that is now hidden in the tomb of time. I rejoice that they have been paid as no soldiers were ever paid before; that they were furnished and provided for as were no other sol-

THE SOUTH'S CRUCIFIXION.

[Continued from page 252.]

In 1860 it was fully realized that the way with assurance to make a majority permanent was to make it geographical. When liberty says, "Death to the robbers," what more natural than for the robbers to say, "Then death to liberty"? "Cruel as death and hungry as the grave" is the fate meted out when inequality of taxation is the prize of geographical preponderance. The apple of discord was the golden apple. The idol had conquered the ideal. *Hinc concussa fides et multis utile bellum.*

The tragical situation was that which Jefferson foresaw, "a geographical principle for the election of President." A campaign for power on this basis is of a nature to call on force to fulfill the office of consent. From one high, and justly so, in Federal councils a statement worthy of the name, whose announced intention to withdraw from the Senate will, when the event takes place, create a gap not easily to be filled from this eminent patriot have fallen words which justify attention: "The first seventy years of the republic are gone. They were years in which there were no influences sufficiently strong to prevent the powers of government from operating in the manner in which the fathers expected them to operate. These were years in which there were no influences sufficiently strong to turn the agencies of government into the agencies of particular interests or to wholly private and selfish purposes. But that day is not now."

This version from one so eminent would seem to warrant the assertion: The South did not desert the Union; the Union deserted the South. For the Septuagint of honor so extolled the South stood; for this, fell. St. Paul tells us that the "love of money is the root of all evil." One mightier, speaking through the vicissitudes of human rise and fall, inculcates the love of justice as the root of all virtue. These loves or passions wrestle together for the South—self and duty. Here is the irrepressible conflict. A strange mystery—the soul of man—wherein God and beast incessantly encounter.

The VETERAN is in receipt of a letter from Wright Tarbell, Secretary of the Sons of Veterans of Codrington County, Watertown, S. Dak., in regard to an inquiry made some years ago for the purpose of tracing the family of a Confederate veteran, George W. Ragle, buried in the Watertown Cemetery. The organization was interested in locating some member of his family, but no response was ever received to the inquiry made. It seems that he has since gotten some additional data on this man's service, showing that he was a private of Company B, 50th Alabama Infantry, which is also designated the 26th Alabama Infantry, C. S. A. It is possible that some comrades are yet living who can give some information of this soldier buried so far away from the land for which he fought. Any information that can be given should be sent to Mr. Tarbell at above address.

Dr. R. S. Ward writes from Bowling Green, Ky.: "I began my military career at this place in 1861 under Capt. John H. Morgan, though I was born in Georgia. My father was a captain of artillery, and my oldest brother was captain of infantry, graduating in the West Point class of 1845 with Barnard E. Bee, E. Kirby Smith, Van Dorn, and Gordon Granger on the Yankee side. Both father and brother died before the war came on. Every throb of my heart is for the land of my birth, for its defenders and its glorious women, than whom none better live this side of heaven."

diers. I rejoice in the knowledge that they had the best of attention when sick or wounded; that they were well equipped for comfort and defense. I rejoice that their dependents were provided for in such a way as to relieve them of mental care and solicitude; that if maimed, artificial limbs would be provided; that in case of death, their dependents would receive recompense by pension and insurance. I am proud that the government is arranging to provide homes, is making arrangements for public works to provide employment; that it has provided a land bank to relieve their pressing necessities and give them all needful encouragement in the battle of life. I am glad that they do not have to return to desolation, to intimidation and discouragement, as the Confederates did (who, regarding General Lee's last order, returned to their homes and went to work), but that they return to a land of opportunity, bounty, and gratitude. I am glad that instead of having to return from their field of duty and sacrifice footsore, ragged, and destitute they return with transportation furnished, well-fed, well-clothed, with youth and vigor, unawed and unhindered, and forever enshrined in the hearts of a grateful country.

At this time there is an element in the world that is making an effort to destroy civilization as was done when the Huns of old brought on the Dark Ages and left the world groping in ignorance and darkness. They are attempting to repeat history on a larger scale by overthrowing all government and leaving the world to the mercy of chaos, death, and extinction. Such a fact is evident by world-wide revelation in the evidence adduced at the investigation before a United States senatorial committee and in the speeches thereon before the body of the Senate, through which the fact is clear that there lurks a menace in this country which has appalling strength and development.

Among some of the means used to distract and bring about turmoil and confusion is the agitation about the employment of returning soldiers. The purpose of such base circulation and fabrication is evident. It is born, conceived, and propagated either in ignorance or design and is intended to shake the fabric on which this glorious democracy is built by confusing the people and dissatisfying the soldiers and defenders of our faith and birthright. There has been no provision neglected for the moral or physical health and well-being of our soldier boys; there has been no abatement of appreciation for them; there has not and will not ever be an effort made to deny them anything for their happiness or to withhold any gratitude due them from a grateful country. It takes time to adjust; it takes patience to await the time when all things will be done to show forth in the future, as has been done in the past, by a country that loves them, as do all true Americans. Be assured that God reigns and the republic will live.

[We indorse and accept the foregoing as our own belief and approval: J. H. Whitsett, Shelby's Escort, Missouri Cavalry, C. S. A.; Smith Lipscomb, Company F, 18th South Carolina Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A.; T. J. Carter, Company C, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A.; L. P. Thomas, Company G, 3d Arkansas Cavalry, C. S. A.; M. E. Hartman, 14th Tennessee, Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A.; J. P. Lair, 11th Texas Battery, C. S. A.; A. T. Stutsman, Hudson's Texas Brigade, C. S. A.; M. A. Bridges, 4th Alabama Cavalry, C. S. A.; W. W. Brownlee, Company E, 8th Mississippi, Forrest's Cavalry, Stark's Brigade; W. J. Majors, Company C, 17th Georgia, Benning's Brigade.]

MOUNT VERNON.

BY CAPITOLA M'COLLUM, CHICAGO, ILL.

(Impressions at the home of Washington on the day of President Wilson's speech in which he delivered the "Fourteen Points," July 4, 1918.)

These are the trees, this is the place
Where once he walked with stately grace
When he'd retired from life of state
In valiant service long and great.

These are his fitly chosen flowers
That smile and bloom in balmy hours;
The roses blush and violets nod
To phlox and sunny goldenrod.

The smiling sky of hazy blue
On the Potomac casts its hue;
The breezes from the clover leas
Are wafted through magnolia trees.

He sat upon this portico
In life's autumnal golden glow;
And when his eyes were growing dim,
These tranquil scenes gave cheer to him.

We'll go within the silent hall,
And let our footsteps gently fall,
To pass and see this sacred fane
With ivy creeping at each pane.

'Tis here he ate, and there he slept;
'Tis here he laughed, and there he wept;
From here with thoughts of tenderness
He sent out his Farewell Address.

And here the children in their glee
Made haste to reach grandfather's knee,
And Madame Washington was here
With kindly thoughts and love sincere.

'Tis here he quietly passed away
To see the light of brighter day;
But round this consecrated hill
His spirit seems to linger still.

Beneath these trees is placed his tomb
With creeping vines and many a bloom;
And though we gaze with tearful eye,
We know that he shall never die.

A good word comes from W. A. Callaway, of Atlanta, Ga., who, in sending a new subscription to the *VETERAN*, says: "We old veterans must send in an occasional new subscriber to take the places in our fast-depleting ranks. Just a few more years will wipe out all that are left."

The poems on page 205 of the June *VETERAN*, read at the planting of the memorial trees in North Carolina, were written by Mrs. Lloyd K. Wooten, of Kinston, N. C. By oversight the author's name was not given.

J. L. Singleton, of Murray, Ky., writes: "The more I read and study the *VETERAN*, the more I am convinced that its publication should be continued through future generations."

LETTERS TO THE VETERAN.

Miss Katherine Entler, one of the most active of the U. D. C.'s of Los Angeles, Cal., and who has done much in behalf of the *VETERAN* there, writes of some special work she had inaugurated in her Chapter which she calls the "shut-in work" and which has been the means of giving much pleasure to those unable to attend the Chapter meetings, and it is also a means of keeping them as active members. She is the chairman and calls all the Chapter her committee. She says: "We have a number of old ladies who have been in the Chapter a long time, most of them the widows or wives of veterans, and some of them are over eighty years old. Of course they cannot always get to the monthly meetings, and they dearly love to know what we are doing. I keep a list of these ladies, and I call on one, then another of the active members just after or at a meeting to write a letter to one of the shut-ins, telling of all the important things said and done at the meeting, so they may keep in touch with us. Sometimes we visit them and report all about the meeting or call them over the phone and chat with them. They certainly do enjoy hearing about it. Now we are extending it as far as we can to other Chapter members who are ill or in trouble. In my annual report of the work I reported fifty-six letters sent, about twenty-five visits, and thirty-five phone calls. We did not keep a strict account of the latter, and there may have been more; but we feel that all of our part of the work was appreciated, and it helps to hold the members together. One of our elderly members, going to Nevada for a year, said she would not withdraw from the Chapter, for we would keep her in touch with us."

C. C. Chambers, of Phoenix, Ariz., writes: "I have rounded out my eighty-third year, during eleven of which I have had the pleasure of reading the *VETERAN*. Since 1871 I have been in the West and missed quite a number of the *VETERAN*'s early publications. My children all being born out of touch with Southern society, except father and mother, they think we were 'rebels' truly, therefore they never will know the truth of Southern history. Keep up the good work, that it may yet be known at least to those who read and see things as they are."

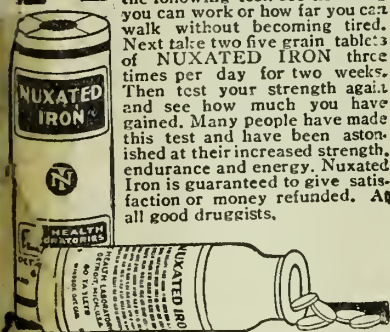
Ben B. Chism, of Fort Smith, Ark., gives his indorsement of the *VETERAN* in the following: "I beg old veterans and the young people too to take the *VETERAN*. I feel deep concern for the continuance and success of the only publication of the kind, and it is not likely that any other periodical will take the place of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* in publishing a defense of the South and her grand army as a journal devoting its entire space to that great work."

Miss Ida F. Powell, President of the Illinois Division, U. D. C., Chicago, Ill., says: "I could not well do without the *VETERAN* and the information it gives in my work for the U. D. C., apart from my intense love and loyalty for the old Southland, whose exponent it is. To my mind, the *VETERAN* is one of the most valuable magazines to which I subscribe."

From Reese Jones, Memphis, Tenn.: "My father was an enthusiastic admirer of your magazine, and in his last years he watched for its coming and enjoyed its contents. * * * Among my most treasured possessions is the tattered gray jacket. All good wishes for the continued success of the *VETERAN*!"

NUXATED IRON

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: see how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of NUXATED IRON three times per day for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Many people have made this test and have been astonished at their increased strength, endurance and energy. Nuxated Iron is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. At all good druggists.



PEDDLING IN UNIFORM.

When you see a man in uniform peddling souvenirs, do not jump to the conclusion that he is a poor soldier in need. In all probability he is an impostor, using the American uniform as a stock in trade for making a living. It is your duty to notify the nearest policeman and have his case investigated.

Col. Arthur Woods, Assistant to the Secretary of War, has written to the chief of police in every city in the United States asking for the coöperation of the police in dealing with the peddler, panhandler, and street fakir in the uniform of the army and navy. The uniform, he says, is as sacred as the flag itself, and the police forces of the country can do no finer thing than "go to any limit to protect it."

J. W. Smith, of Bauxite, Ark., wants to get in touch with some of his old comrades of the war. He served with Joe Shelby in Company A, Captain Lee, of Smith's Regiment. He feels sure these comrades will remember the two Arkansas boys, McDonald and Smith.

Morgan P. Robinson, 113 South Third Street, Richmond, Va., is very anxious to complete his file of the VETERAN and needs January, February, and March, 1893, and January and February, 1894. Any one having those copies for sale will please communicate with him at once.

Money for Old Stamps

I pay cash for U. S. and Foreign Stamps suitable for collections. Confederate original envelope especially desired.

HARRY B. MASON

Room 21, 1413 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

MENU FOR THE RETURNED SOLDIER.

WHAT TO DO TO KEEP HIM HAPPY IN HIS NEW-OLD JOB.

Have you a returned soldier in your home? And would you like him to be happy? To forget those French mademoiselles Toot Sweet? To go back to his new-old job and stick, even though it does seem to be a bit of a bore at first? Then follow this advice, approved by Colonel Woods, Assistant to the Secretary of War.

Feed him well, and you will make him happy. Give him good food, plain cooking and very fancy cooking. But remember that he has acquired certain inalienable hatreds.

Don't give him beans. Green beans are all right. But never give him the comedy beans.

Don't give him salmon, not cooked or smoked or in salad.

Don't give him hash, not even if he liked it before.

Don't give him corned beef, not even in sandwiches or with eggs. When he was "over there" he called it "Corned Willy," "Monkey Meat," and "Bully Beef."

Don't give him bread pudding. He has had a great deal too much of it.

Don't give him rice pudding. It will make him think he is being forcibly fed.

Don't give him condensed milk.

Don't give him Irish stew. He used to call it "slum" in the army. He no longer desires it.

Don't give him horse meat. You wouldn't anyway, but nevertheless don't.

This leaves a number of pleasant dishes which you may serve him. He will welcome chocolate ice cream, thick steak, roast beef, French fried potatoes, salad with Russian dressing, ham and eggs, and other delectable dishes.

If you treat him in accordance with the culinary advice so outlined, he will once more be one of the world's happy workers and stick to his job, be it old or new.

"LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE."

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., has written a book on the life of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army, which also gives all the Confederate history of the Indian Territory. The book should be of great interest to all Southerners and to the lovers of history as well. Price, 55 cents, postpaid. Send all orders to the author.

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Mrs. Eliza Crockett, of Hot Springs, N. C., wishes to apply for a pension and would like to hear from any comrades of her husband, O. P. (Perry) Crockett, who, she thinks, served in a Tennessee regiment under General Johnston, enlisting in May, 1862. In about a year he was taken sick and sent to a hospital, from which he was discharged subject to recall to the army. He remained in the Confederate government work, but was never sent back to the army. He died in September, 1897.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

Reveille at 6, taps at 10. The early-to-bed, early-to-rise habit which has been implanted by the war in the lives of four million of our young men who have been in the national service will not be quickly lost. Employers are learning to utilize the increased economic efficiency of the ex-soldiers and sailors who share this habit. They find that a soldier or sailor who has gone through the mill is much better developed physically and mentally than the man who stayed at home and slacked in the great war.

Thousands of employers have written Colonel Arthur Woods, Assistant to the Secretary of War, that they are ready to grant special privileges to the men of their employ who entered the United States service.

Who Was There That You Knew?



IN the ranks of those who marched to victory or death only a few short months ago was there brother or son or relative of yours? Would you like to have the record of the wonderful things he did? Would you like to keep the story of the splendid fight he made?

If he was in France, if he was one of the gallant lads that stopped the German rush at Chateau-Thierry—that smashed the Hindenburg line—that won through the Argonne Forest to Sedan—you will surely want a permanent record of the things that he did, of all that he saw and heard, of everything that went on around him.

If he was one of those who were unable to get over, but who gave unstintingly of their time, of their effort—who helped the fighters fight—you will want to see how much his efforts contributed to the victory, how his work helped to win the war.

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the conflict—have been glad to contribute their knowledge to and proud to have their names associated with Simonds' "History of the World War."

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General Jan Christian Smuts
Major Ian Hay Beith
Colonel Winston Churchill
Surgeon-General Gorgas
Premier Borden of Canada

General John J. Pershing
Rear Admiral William T. Sims
Rudyard Kipling
Henry Morgenthau
Lord Northcliffe
Premier Hughes of Australia.

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Confederate Veteran.

C L Willoughby
Lakeland
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VOL. XXVII.

AUGUST, 1919

NO. 8

The World's Most Famous Sieges

The following was sent by W. J. Smith, of New Orleans, as taken from the New York Herald, 1905. It gives the city, date of siege, by whom attacked and defended, length of siege, and result:

Constantinople—1453—Turks—Greeks—53 days. Fell.
Gibraltar—1779-83—Spanish and French—English—3½ years. Held out.

Saragossa—1808-09—French—Spanish—4 months. Fell.
Antwerp—1832—French—Dutch—19 days. Fell.
Sebastopol—1854-55—English and French—Russians—4 months. Fell.

Delhi—1857—English—Sepoys—4 months. Fell.
Vicksburg—1862-63—Union army—Confederates—13 months and 16 days. Fell.

Charleston—1862-65—Union army—Confederates—3 years. Fell.

Metz—1870—Germans—French—2 months and 2 days. Fell.

Strasburg—1870—Germans—French—11 months and 17 days. Fell.

Paris—1870-71—Germans—French—4 months and 9 days. Fell.

Khartum—1884-85—Mahdi's forces—English and Egyptians—1 year. Fell.

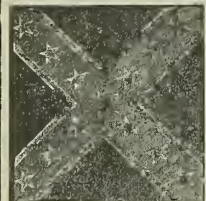
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PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI
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Mrs. Alzena F. Collins, Box 347, Arlington, Tex., wishes to hear from comrades of her husband, John S. Collins, of Company I (also called Company D), of the 4th (also called 34th) Tennessee Infantry; also from fellow prisoners of his in Rock Island, Ill., after August, 1863.

From T. N. Mohon, De Leon, Tex.: "Do not stop the VETERAN till you hear that I am dead, for I love to read its pages. I think it should be in every Southern home. You will find inclosed two dollars to go on my subscription to May, 1921. I always read it through before I stop and then reread it. Long live the CONFEDERATE VETERAN!"

BOOKS WANTED—"The Confederate Mail Carrier," by James Bradley, of Mexico, Mo.; "Belles, Beaux, and Brains of the Sixties," by T. C. De Leon; "The White Rose of Memphis." Any one having any or all of these books for sale will kindly write of condition and prices asked. Address the VETERAN.

SOME BEST WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
Reunion in Atlanta—Reunion Cities.....	283
First White House of the Confederacy. By C. W. Hooper.....	283
Some One Has Blundered.....	284
The Realm of Contrast. By Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.....	285
Injustice to the South. By Dr. Randolph H. McKim.....	286
Down in Louisiana, 1862. By Dr. James H. McNeilly.....	288
The Battle of Corinth. By Dr. W. C. Holmes.....	290
The Soul of Lee. From address by Hon. Leigh Robinson.....	293
The Burning of Wrightsville, Pa. By I. G. Bradwell.....	300
President Davis and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. By Mrs. M. H. Houston.....	302
Operations on the Blackwater River. By C. T. Chaplain and J. M. Keeling....	304
Flag of the 28th Alabama Regiment.....	311
Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.....	316
Departments: Last Roll.....	306
U. D. C.....	312
C. S. M. A.....	315

SOLDIERS THREE.
BY MRS. J. E. ANDREWS, HARRISON, ARK.
Pictures of three soldiers true
Hang over my mantel to-day.
One of them wore the Union blue
And one the Southern gray,

And one is in khaki brown, so tall,
The youngest of the three.
God bless them! I love them all;
They are so dear to me.

From the North came one in blue,
The one to the right you see.
He answered the call, was loyal, true;
A captain brave was he.

The one to the left, in Southern gray,
Heard the call of his dear Southland,
Donned his uniform, and marched away
To join the brave Confederate band.

The one in brown in the center stands.
Out of my home and heart went he
To serve his country in foreign lands,
To fight for world democracy.

The one in gray and the one in blue
Grandfathers were to the one in brown.
Each stood for principles he thought true,
Each is entitled to wear a crown.

The boy who stands between the two
Old veterans of the past
Unites the principles each held true
With a mighty force that will last.

There is no North, no South to-day.
United they will ever be
By the boys in brown who marched away
To free the world from autocracy.

Of these brave soldiers three
Whose pictures hang on my wall,
My soldier lad has come back to me,
Two have answered the higher call.

Mrs. Mamie L. Nunneley, of Temple, Tex., is seeking information of the war record of Lieut. J. J. Lowry, of Company H, 11th Tennessee Cavalry. She wishes to secure the date of his enlistment, his rank when he joined the army, the brigade and division to which his command belonged, engagements in which he participated, and date of his discharge. Any of his comrades who can give this information in full or in part will confer a favor upon his grandchild.

Confederate Veteran.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1919.

No. 8. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

REUNION IN ATLANTA, GA.

The Twenty-Ninth Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in Atlanta, Ga., October 7, 8, 9, 10, 1919, Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Commander in Chief, presiding.

This will be the second time that Atlanta has entertained the Confederate veterans, the first Reunion there having been held in 1898. That the occasion will be a success in every way is assured by that city's ability to entertain. It is hoped that the attendance will equal that of any Reunion in late years, now that smiling peace abounds and plenty is abroad in the land.

REUNION CITIES.

Since the organization of the United Confederate Veteran Association the annual Reunions have been held in the following cities:

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 3-5, 1890.
Jackson, Miss., June 2, 3, 1891.
New Orleans, La., April 8, 9, 1892.
Birmingham, Ala., April 25, 26, 1894.
Houston, Tex., May 22-24, 1895.
Richmond, Va., June 30-July 3, 1896.
Nashville, Tenn., June 22-24, 1897.
Atlanta, Ga., July 20-23, 1898.
Charleston, S. C., May 10-13, 1899.
Louisville, Ky., May 29-31, 1900.
Memphis, Tenn., May 28-30, 1901.
Dallas, Tex., April 22-25, 1902.
New Orleans, La., May 19-21, 1903.
Nashville, Tenn., June 14-16, 1904.
Louisville, Ky., June 14-16, 1905.
New Orleans, La., April 25-27, 1906.
Richmond, Va., May 30-June 3, 1907.
Birmingham, Ala., June 9-11, 1908.
Memphis, Tenn., June 8-10, 1909.
Mobile, Ala., April 25-28, 1910.
Little Rock, Ark., May 16-18, 1911.
Macon, Ga., May 7-9, 1912.
Chattanooga, Tenn., May 27-29, 1913.
Jacksonville, Fla., May 6-8, 1914.
Richmond, Va., June 1-3, 1915.
Birmingham, Ala., May 16-18, 1916.
Washington, D. C., June 5-7, 1917.
Tulsa, Okla., September 24-27, 1918.

FIRST WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In the interest of arousing public sentiment to the importance of preserving the residence occupied by President Davis in Montgomery, Ala., when that city was the capital of the Confederacy, this residence being known as the "first White House of the Confederacy," the following letter was written by C. W. Hooper, Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., to the *Montgomery Advertiser* by request. It is copied here in the hope that general interest may be aroused in this patriotic undertaking. Commander Hooper writes:

"I have thought sometimes that the people of the South were sleeping on their rights. The salvation of the world to-day is due to the principles promulgated by the Southern Confederacy. The South should not hesitate to claim that the cause for which she fought was not and never will be lost. The first White House of the Confederacy, or rather the first home of true democracy, should be saved as a monument to the patriotic wisdom of the noble men of the South, who not only first promulgated the principles of world-wide democracy, but who fought, bled, and died for the same, form of government and the same principles of life, which the world finally saw were just and right. The sons and grandsons of those who died and of those who lived and endured reconstruction rallied as a man.

"The cause for which the Confederacy stood has finally prevailed. The patriotic, freedom-loving men of to-day should save this monument as an inspiration to all those individuals and to all those nations that are willing to sacrifice for the hope of humanity. This first White House was once the home of the greatest martyr the world has ever known, excepting Jesus Christ. This is heresy to the ignorant and to those who still hate the South. Mr. Davis was called unanimously against his will to take charge of a nation without one dollar, not a gun, no army, no ships, no quartermaster's department, no commissary, no hospitals, no Red Cross. He held the confidence and love of all the people. In all the annals of history no one ever accomplished so much with so little.

"When overwhelmed by unnumbered hordes, called largely from foreign countries, principally from Germany, Mr. Davis, 'like the Man of Sorrow,' was crucified for his people.

"If I forget thee, O Southern Confederacy, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED.

Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, Md., directs attention to an error made by the U. D. C. correspondent for North Carolina in the July number of the *VETERAN*, page 272, which, he says, "completely ignores every element of historic truth associated with the death of Generals Pettigrew and Ramseur. Neither of these gifted and heroic men was killed at Gettysburg. Pettigrew was severely wounded there, July 3, 1863, but, despite his weakness, remained with his brigade as Lee retired toward the Potomac; and on July 14 he was wounded a second time during a sudden raid of Federal cavalry near Falling Waters. He died July 17 at the home of Mr. Boyd, in the Valley of Virginia, the place being called Bunker Hill, between Martinsburg and Winchester. Pettigrew was the most cultured and accomplished scholar ever connected with the armies of the Confederacy. There is an admirable tribute to his genius and his character by his kinsman, the late William H. Trescott, 1870.

"General Ramseur was killed in the battle of Cedar Creek during Early's campaign in the Valley of Virginia, October 19, 1864. An excellent sketch of his career may be found in 'The Land We Love,' May, 1868; also in 'The North Carolina Booklet,' written within recent years. General Pender, of North Carolina, one of our foremost soldiers, was killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, but his name is not mentioned in the article referred to. It would be regarded as a lamentable irony to erect memorials on a historic battle field to perpetuate and signalize events which have no shadow of reality and are as devoid of historic foundation as the poet's 'baseless fabric of a vision.'"

A correction also comes from Mrs. Harriot S. Turner, President of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Washington City, and a step-daughter of General Ewell. She was personally acquainted with General Ramseur and saw him frequently during the winter of 1863-64, as he would report to General Ewell on his way to the trenches. She calls attention to the reports made by the Confederate generals on the holding of these trenches as published in the "Official Records," which give a thrilling account of the day in the trenches after the salient had been seized and held by Hancock. McGowan says that the trenches ran blood, which he had never witnessed before. And Ramseur, who held the trenches longest, described with the enthusiasm of a soldier by nature the steadfast way in which his men entered the trenches. After General Ewell was transferred to the Department of Henrico, Ramseur remained with Early and was killed in the Valley of Virginia. He was French by descent and a West Pointer, a strikingly handsome officer of the French type. He was not even wounded at Gettysburg.

Whether this error was made by the U. D. C. correspondent in making her report or whether it was the error of those having the memorial work in charge, the *VETERAN* has not yet learned; but that a blunder was made somewhere is very apparent, and attention is called to it not only for correction, but to impress the importance of having all historical records accurate beyond question. We are all too prone to go by

hearsay and thus get on record much that will not bear the test of close investigation. The *VETERAN* wants to give facts, and contributors are urged to have all statements verified where there is a chance of making a mistake.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

The *VETERAN* is lately in receipt of two communications asking that a protest be published against the general use of the term "Civil War" as a designation for the conflict of the sixties. Both of these communications give resolutions very properly setting forth reasons for the objection to this term, which gives a wrongful idea of that war, and both make suggestions for a name that would be more appropriate. But the trouble is that different names are suggested. One set of resolutions is in favor of calling it the "Confederate War," while the other just as strongly urges the use of the "War of Secession." And the Daughters of the Confederacy went on record years ago as favoring the "War between the States" and sent a petition to Congress asking that this designation be officially recognized. Here, then, are three names for the war in the sixties. Is it not possible for our Confederate organizations to agree on one name and all work together to have that supplant the objectionable term of "Civil War"? Only in union is there strength, and we cannot hope to get anything changed until we have agreed on the substitute.

A REAL FRIEND.

For some years the veterans of the Confederate Home at New Orleans have been the recipients of a kindly courtesy on the part of a veteran of the other side, Gen. Charles H. Taylor, of Boston, Mass. He became a fast friend of the Confederate veterans on the occasion of a visit to the Home, when he was given such a royal reception that in appreciation he established a fund for an annual entertainment in their honor on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. To show their appreciation of this courtesy the veterans of the Home passed the following resolutions after the dinner in June:

"Resolved, That our appreciation of the kindness of our esteemed Union comrade in providing a banquet for us in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill is unbounded, and we desire to express our heartfelt thanks for his generous donation.

"Resolved, That General Taylor has so endeared himself to our veterans for his courtesy that we look upon him as one of us, and his portrait hangs in our halls opposite that of General Lee and is surmounted with the red, white, and blue."

HISTORIC RECORD.—Commander Bartlett Bolling, of John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., Charlottesville, Va., writes that the Camp is preparing to publish a book giving a roster of all the Confederate soldiers furnished by that city and county (Albemarle). It will also give accounts of the memorial exercises held since the close of that war, the intention being to make this a permanent history of the Camp and of all soldiers who went forth to war more than fifty years ago and a record for future generations. Would that every community of every Southern State be as enterprising and thus be able to furnish a full and accurate list of its soldiers when needed for the State archives! This has been too long neglected, and the need of it will yet be sorely felt.

THE REALM OF CONTRAST.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

The drama of a world-embracing war, recently drawn to its final stage, has not been wanting in suggestiveness or inspiration to the student of history, so rich has it proved itself in parallels or analogies presented by the records of preceding ages, more than one of which is reproduced almost in detail during our colossal grapple of light with darkness. As I write this prelude passage the body of Edith Cavell is being conveyed across the silver sea by a British man-of-war to its place of rest, May 12-14. After the memorial service in Westminster Abbey she will be borne to her home, the ancient city of Norwich, with its inspiring memories of Sir Thomas Browne, sovereign master of the golden cadence which crowned like an engirdling grace his creations in English prose. Fidelity to their own heroic types, above all perhaps to those who have been encompassed by misfortune, disaster, or, like Miss Cavell, have confronted the king of terrors by the agency of a brutal and remorseless foe, is eminently characteristic of our ancestral race.

The grave of Miss Cavell will attain almost the sanctity of a shrine. One calls back the fantasy of Milton in his early day and in a far distant connection:

"So sepulchered in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

The words of a later poet rise spontaneously as we contemplate the image of the stately ship bearing the murdered nurse across the narrow intervening waters:

"Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home."

Again the tones of the same lordly elegy are in our ears:

"'Tis well; 'tis something; [they] may stand
Where [she] in English earth is laid,
And from [her] ashes may be made
The violet of [her] native land."

In 1587 the body of Sir Philip Sidney, who had died of wounds received at Zutphen during the preceding year, was conveyed to England across this same sea and laid in St. Paul's with every demonstration of homage and affection. All trace of his remains was lost with the destruction of the cathedral in the great fire of 1666. Eulogy and elegy combined to attest the love of England for her ideal gentleman and image of knightly grace. The eulogist or elegist of Edith Cavell is yet to be revealed.

Let us pass into the realm of contrast as illustrated in the history of our American war drama—1861-65. On July 9, 1865, Mrs. Surratt, in accordance with the decree of a military tribunal, was hanged at the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, upon a charge of complicity in the murder of Mr. Lincoln and laid in a felon's grave, with probably not one mourner following her humble bier. Her life had been admirable and without reproach; the accusation was baseless and groundless, the inspiration of a malignant and remorseless vengeance, blending with an insane rage for a vicarious sufferer as a propitiation to placate an unreasoning and senseless wrath. Two of the most active and conspicuous agents in hounding Mrs. Surratt to her fate laid violent hands upon themselves later. "Done to death" by remorse, their only refuge lay in a self-

inflicted and most cowardly form of retribution. As Mrs. Surratt was ascending the scaffold she called to a friend, "Be sure to look out for Annie," her daughter, who married the well-known chemist, Prof. W. P. Tonry, of Baltimore. This same young lady was refused admission to the White House, whither she had gone to implore the mercy of a recreant Southerner and drunken President in behalf of her own mother. The two self-constituted guardians of Mr. Johnson during his prolonged debaucheries were the same who at a later time thrust themselves unsummoned into the presence of an avenging God. These were Ex-Senator Preston King, of New York, and Senator James H. Lane, of Kansas.

I have referred to the appeal of Mrs. Surratt in behalf of her daughter, uttered as she was ascending to her doom and was confronting death as revealed in its most odious and loathsome aspect. Edith Cavell met the fate of a soldier and has been accorded the homage bestowed upon martyrs and heroines. Both wore the crown of thorns, but for the English nurse it has bloomed into an amaranthine wreath and been transformed into a garland of glory. Lovers of the Elizabethan drama will recall the language attributed by Webster to the Duchess of Malfi as she was awaiting an end even more infamous in character than that reserved for Mrs. Surratt by the agencies of the Federal government in July, 1865. The Duchess, haughty and inflexible until the last stage of her elaborate and prolonged torture had been reached and the final act was awaiting her, invokes kindness and care in behalf of her two young children at the hands of her maid, Cariola, who is rudely thrust from the cell, as Annie Surratt was thrust from the doors of the White House on the morning appointed for the murder of her mother:

"I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep. Now, what you please."

A foremost general of the Union army was in command at the national capital and directed the details or supervised the arrangements marking the ghastly tragedy. This same lord high executioner of an innocent woman was in 1880 a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Can the wildest flight of fantasy conceive of a Confederate commander in a similar attitude or capacity? The episode in its carnival of horror is none the less distinguished by a dramatic unity and logical consistency in the several phases of its evolution from first to closing act, from 1861 to 1865. There is an eminent relevancy or congruity in the reflection that a war waged from its inception upon age and helplessness, upon the grave and the sepulcher, should reveal as its parting or valedictory illustration an honored leader of the hosts of the Union presiding in the rôle of supreme "Jack Ketch" at the official murder of a forlorn and desolate woman.

With what show of reason or plea of justification dare we raise a finger of reproach against Germany for her action in regard to Edith Cavell? The crime of Germany has been expiated in so far as expiation is possible; but the blood of Mrs. Surratt cries out from the earth, and her spirit walks unavenged among us. Students of our national history cannot fail to observe the marked and unvarying absence of any reference or allusion to Mrs. Surratt in works relating to American biography, textbooks, cyclopedias, etc., prepared under the auspices of Northern scholars and controlled by Northern publishers. The typical pupil would never become aware of her existence if dependent upon the authorities to whom he looks for light and guidance. Is this attitude the outcome of

a purpose to efface the truth by a policy of negation, an organized conspiracy of silence, or is its origin to be sought in a consciousness of reviving shame and awakening appreciation of the colossal infamy implicit in the transaction contemplated from every point of view?

At times I saw Mrs. Tonry, whose home after her marriage was in Baltimore. Her brother, Mr. John Surratt, who was pursued unto the ends of the earth by the minions of the government which had consigned his mother to a felon's grave, captured, tried, and acquitted in its own tribunals, died within recent years in this city. Mrs. Surratt was granted an interval of a single day between the decree which sealed her fate and its execution, July 7-9, 1865. Yet by one of those ghastly ironies that mark the drama of human history a nation whose hands are defiled with the blood of an innocent woman cries out in agony of lamentation, invoking the wrath of Heaven upon the murderer of Edith Cavell. The English nurse was received with royal homage in her own land and rests amid the scenes and hallowed memories of her early days. She might have inspired Sir Thomas Browne to enrich our language with another golden reverie upon the nature of death, or Dryden to create another masterful ode like that in memory of Mrs. Killigrew. I trust that we shall some day see a monument reared to her memory in the high places of the capital, the city which records as the darkest episode in all its annals "the deep damnation of her taking off."

College and university heads, "Southern educators," falsely so called, who have abdicated all sense of manly dignity, historic perception, regard for their own peerless past, or even that appreciation of conventional delicacy which reveals the gentleman, are invoked to examine critically the tragedy forever linked with the fate of Mrs. Surratt. The scales may then fall from their eyes and they emerge from the strong delusion enshrouding their vision as they prostrate themselves in abject adoration before the shrine of Abraham Lincoln even on the days hallowed by the nativity of Lee or the occasions rendered sacred by honoring our dead, who seem to greet us from their lowly graves, guarded from decay and effacement by the loving, devoted hands of Southern women. Let me again commend the memory of Mrs. Surratt to the devout perusal of those educational oracles of the South who are unable to control or restrain their eagerness to grovel in the earth at the feet of a triumphant enemy whose crowning garland and wreath of glory was the slaughter of an innocent woman.

INJUSTICE TO THE SOUTH.

BY REV. RANDOLPH H. M'KIM, D.D., LL.D., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, speaking in Paris a year or more ago, described the Southern Confederacy as "a belligerent that was fighting to make slavery a permanent principle on which to establish and maintain national life." A general of the United States army, speaking to the Y. M. C. A. in New York, stated that "the issues at stake between the Allies and the Teutonic powers are the same as those that were contested between the North and South in the American Civil War—the forces of slavery and disunion on the one side and the forces of liberty and freedom on the other." An eminent British statesman in Parliament gave utterance to a similar sentiment, declaring that the struggle on which the United States has now embarked is essentially the same as that on which it embarked nearly sixty years ago in the War between the States. And a great New

York daily (the *Times*) has proclaimed to the world that there is an essential analogy between the spirit of the Hohenzollerns and that of "the slave power with which the United States came to grips in 1861."

These utterances, in my opinion, ought not to be permitted to pass unchallenged, for they embody, first, a contradiction of the facts of history, and, second, a cruel slander against a brave and noble people. I submit that a careful and unbiased study of the history of the epoch of the American Civil War establishes beyond the power of successful contradiction that the soldiers of the Confederacy were not battling for slaves or slavery, but for the right of self-government, for the principle lately asserted by President Wilson, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Neither was the war inaugurated and prosecuted upon the Northern side for the purpose of liberating the slave, but for the preservation of the Union.

In support of my contention I cite, first, the testimony of Abraham Lincoln. In August, 1862, he wrote Mr. Greeley: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union." (*Short Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Nicolay, page 336.)

Mr. Lincoln, then, was waging the war not to free the slaves, but to save the Union, and when he issued his Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863, he did not undertake to free all the slaves, but only "those persons held as slaves within any State the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States." (*Idem.*, page 341.)

Slaves in States not in rebellion were not released from slavery by the Emancipation Proclamation, but by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

Moreover, Mr. Lincoln declared that the freeing of the slaves was a war measure, adopted solely because he deemed that it would further the supreme object of the war—viz., the preservation of the Union.

On the other hand, I maintain that the Southern States did not go to war for the perpetuation of slavery, but for the preservation of the principle of self-government. To say that the battle flag of the Confederacy was the emblem of slave power and that Lee and Jackson and their heroic soldiers fought not for liberty, but for the right to hold their fellow men in bondage, is to contradict the facts of history. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, declared that the South was not fighting for slavery; and, in fact, he embarked on the enterprise of secession believing that he would as a consequence lose his slaves, for he wrote to his wife in February, 1861, "In any case our slave property will eventually be lost"—that is to say, whether successful or not in establishing the Southern Confederacy.

Lee, the foremost soldier of the South, long before the war had emancipated the few slaves that came to him by inheritance; whereas his Union antagonist, General Grant, held on to those that had come to him through marriage with a Southern woman until they were freed by the Thirteenth Amendment. Stonewall Jackson never owned more than two negroes, a man and a woman, whom he bought at their earnest solicitation. He kept account of the wages he would have

paid white labor, and when he considered himself reimbursed for the purchase money (for he was a poor man) he gave them their freedom. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston never owned a slave, nor did Gen. A. P. Hill, nor Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the great cavalry leader, owned but two, and he rid himself of both long prior to the war. (See article by Col. W. Gordon McCabe in the *London Saturday Review* of March 5, 1910.)

To this testimony of the most puissant men engaged in the conflict I add the testimony of the common soldiers of the Confederacy. With one voice then and with one voice now the Southern soldiers avowed that they were not fighting and suffering and dying for slavery, but for the right of self-government.

I was a soldier in Virginia in the campaigns of Lee and Jackson, and I declare I never met a Southern soldier who had drawn his sword to perpetuate slavery. Nor was the dissolution of the Union or the establishment of the Southern Confederacy the supreme issue in the mind of the Southern soldier. What he had chiefly at heart was the preservation of the supreme and sacred right of self-government. The men who made up the Southern armies were not fighting for their slaves when they cast all in the balance—their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor—and endured the hardships of the march and the camp and the perils and sufferings of the battle field. Besides, it was a very small minority of the men who fought in the Southern armies who were financially interested in the institution of slavery.

But the Southern Confederacy is reproached with the fact that it was deliberately built on slavery. Slavery, we are told, was its corner stone. But if slavery was the corner stone of the Southern Confederacy, what are we to say of the Constitution of the United States? That instrument as originally adopted by the thirteen colonies contained three sections which recognized slavery. And whereas the Constitution of the Southern Confederacy prohibited the slave trade, the Constitution of the United States prohibited the abolition of the slave trade for twenty years. And if the men of the South are reproached for denying liberty to three and one-half million of human beings at the same time that they professed to be waging a great war for their own liberty, what are we to say of the revolting colonies of 1776 who rebelled against the British crown to achieve their liberty while slavery existed in every one of the thirteen colonies unpunished?

Cannot these historians who deny that the South fought for liberty because they held the blacks in bondage see that upon the same principle they must impugn the sincerity of the signers of the Declaration of Independence? For while in that famous instrument they affirmed before the whole world that all men were created free and equal and that "governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed," they took no steps whatever to free the slaves which were held in every one of the thirteen colonies. No; if the corner stone of the Constitution of the Southern Confederacy was slavery, the Constitution of 1789—the Constitution of the United States—had a worse corner stone, since it held its ægis of protection over the slave trade itself. We ask the candid historian, then, to answer this question: If the colonists of 1776 were freemen fighting for liberty, though holding men in slavery in every one of the thirteen colonies, why is the tribute of loving liberty denied to the Southern men of 1861 because they too held men in bondage?

If George Washington, a slaveholder, was yet a champion of liberty, how can that title be denied to Robert E. Lee?

Slavery was not abolished in the British dominions until the year 1833. Will any man dare to say that there were no champions of human liberty in England before that time?

It will not be amiss at this point to remind your readers, especially your English readers, that the government of England and not the people of the South was originally responsible for the introduction of slavery. The colony of Virginia again and again and again protested to the British king against sending slaves to her shores, but in vain; they were forced upon her. Nearly one hundred petitions against the introduction of slavery were sent by the colonists of Virginia to the British government.

In 1760 South Carolina passed an act to prevent the further importation of slaves, but England rejected it with indignation. Let it also be remembered that Virginia was the first of all the States in the South to prohibit trade in slaves, and Georgia was the first to put such a prohibition into her organic constitution. In fact, Virginia was in advance of the whole world on this subject. She abolished the slave trade in 1778, nearly thirty years before England did and the same period before New England was willing to consent to its abolition. Again, in the convention which adopted the Federal Constitution Virginia raised her protest against the continuance of that traffic; but New England objected and, uniting her influence with that of South Carolina and Georgia, secured the continuance of the slave trade for twenty years more by constitutional provision. On the other hand, the first statute establishing slavery in America was passed by Massachusetts in December, 1641, in her code entitled "Body of Liberties." The first fugitive slave law was enacted by the same State. She made slaves of her captives in the Pequot War. Thus slavery was an inheritance which the people of the South received from the fathers; and if the States of the North after the Revolution sooner or later abolished the institution, it cannot be claimed that the abolition was dictated by moral considerations, but rather by differences of climate, soil, and industrial interests. It existed in several of the Northern States more than fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution.

I said at the outset that the utterances which I quoted from several prominent persons and from an editorial in a great American daily embodied a cruel slander against a brave and noble people. The comparison of the Southern leaders and soldiers—their motives, their aims, their methods of conducting war—with the Hohenzollern despots and their cruel officers and barbarous hordes of soldiers is truly amazing. To show its untruth and its cruel injustice it would be sufficient to quote the generous words of some of the most distinguished soldiers who fought for the Union in the sixties—such men as Gen. Francis Bartlett, Capt. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Gen. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts.

Captain Holmes, long since an eminent justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, said more than a quarter of a century ago: "We believed in the principle that the Union is indissoluble, but we equally believed that those who stood against us held just as sacred convictions that were the opposite of ours, and we respected them as every man with a heart must respect those who give all for their belief."

And Charles Francis Adams declared that "both the North and the South were right in the great struggle of the Civil War, because each believed itself right."

Mr. Rhodes, perhaps the ablest Northern historian of the war, declared that the time would come when the whole American people "will recognize in Robert E. Lee one of the finest products of American life. As surely as the years go on we shall see that such a life can be judged by no partisan measure, but we shall come to look upon him as the English of our day regard Washington, whom a little more than a century ago they delighted to call rebel."

To compare such a pure and exalted hero as Lee with a tyrant like the Hohenzollern Emperor, or such a Christian soldier as Stonewall Jackson with a heartless commander like Hindenburg or a soulless tyrant like von Bissing, is an outrage upon the human understanding. To compare soldiers such as those who followed Joseph E. Johnston and Albert Sidney Johnston and the two Virginia commanders just named with the brutal and savage legions that have desolated Belgium and France almost passes belief. And yet the conspicuous authorities named at the outset of this article have dared to say that there is an essential analogy between the spirit of the Hohenzollerns and that of the Southern Confederacy. Let them tell us wherein consists the likeness. Did the government of the Southern Confederacy ever ruthlessly violate the freedom of any other State? Did it cherish any ambition to establish its dominion over any other parts of the United States or of the world? Did it violate its plighted faith and scoff at a treaty as a "mere scrap of paper"? Is it not a fact that, with one or two exceptions, during all the four years of war the Confederate soldiers in their conduct of war respected the principles of civilization and humanity? Is it not a fact that when Lee in his offensive-defensive campaign of 1863 invaded the State of Pennsylvania his soldiers not only were not guilty of any barbarity or of any rapine, but so respected private property that in the three weeks they were marching and fighting on the soil of Pennsylvania they left behind them not a single print of the iron hoof of war? And yet men of God and officers high in rank and editors of commanding ability have not hesitated to institute a comparison between the Hohenzollerns and what they are pleased to call "the slave power" of the South! Let me say to them that if they would find a parallel to the spirit of the Hohenzollerns as that spirit has been displayed in this tremendous war against liberty, they will find it in the record of the pillage and rapine and the desolation inflicted by the soldiers of the Union and their camp followers in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia under Sheridan's orders and in the States of South Carolina and Georgia under the orders of General Sherman.

Here is what Gen. Charles Francis Adams says on that subject: "Sherman's advancing army was enveloped and followed by a cloud of irresponsible stragglers * * * known as bummers, who were simply for the time being desperadoes bent on pillage and destruction, subject to no discipline, amenable to no law; * * * in reality a band of Goths. Their existence was a disgrace to the cause they professed to serve."

General Adams continues: "Our own methods during the final stages of the conflict were sufficiently described by General Sheridan when, during the Franco-Prussian War, as the guest of Bismarck, he declared against humanity in warfare, contending that the correct policy was to treat a hostile population with the utmost rigor, leaving them, as he expressed it, 'nothing but their eyes to weep with.' In other words, a veteran of our civil strife, General Sheridan, advocated in an enemy's country the sixteenth-century prac-

tices of Tilly, described by Schiller, and the later devastation of the Palatinate, commemorated by Goethe." ("Military Studies," pages 266, 267.)

Note also that these acts of plunder and cruelty were not practiced by the bummers only, but by officers and soldiers. I have recently read again the description of an eyewitness, that learned and accomplished man, Dr. John Bachman, of South Carolina, honored with membership in various societies in England, France, Germany, Russia, etc., and the narrative reads like a description of the devastation and cruelty and barbarian practices of the soldiers of Van Kluck in Belgium and France. One sentence may suffice here: "A system of torture was practiced toward the weak, unarmed, and defenseless which, so far as I know and believe, was universal throughout the whole course of that invading army." Not only aged men but delicate women were made the subjects of their terrorism. Even the blacks were "tied up and cruelly beaten." Several poor creatures died under the infliction.

There, and not in the armies of the South, will be found a parallel to the spirit of the Hohenzollerns.

DOWN IN LOUISIANA, 1862.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

I spent the spring and summer of 1862 in Louisiana. I had gone there to arrange for taking charge of a Church after six months, or at the end of the war, if that should come sooner. While I was there Fort Donelson fell, and the command with which I served was captured. I did not rejoin them until the exchange of prisoners in September, 1862.

The church I visited was at Pecan Grove, on the Mississippi River, some twenty or twenty-five miles above Vicksburg. My home was with the family of Dr. James G. Carson, an elder in the Church. The plantation embraced a thousand acres of the fertile land reclaimed from the swamp, and there were three or four hundred slaves to work it. The life on the plantation was one of patriarchal simplicity and kindness. The owner looked after the physical and moral welfare of his negroes with conscientious care. He took pains to train them in the principles of Christianity, and the "quarters," in which they lived, were a model of sanitary arrangement. The houses, built around a great grass-carpeted square, shaded by immense water oaks, were whitewashed and kept in perfect repair. Each one had a garden plot in the rear. A large part of the supplies of food was raised on the plantation. The fence corners around the fields were planted with fruit trees, and in season peaches and figs were abundant; also great quantities of melons delighted the hearts of the darkies.

Dr. Carson was intensely Southern in his sympathies. His wife was from Lexington, Ky., closely related to the Breckinridges. They kept open house and welcomed many distinguished Southerners to their home. I remember meeting Gen. John C. Breckinridge there. The wife of the Confederate General McIntosh was on a visit when she received the sad news of her husband's death in the battle of Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, a battle, by the way, about which Northern reports are boastful, exaggerated, and false in many particulars.

At Dr. Carson's I met frequently a cousin of General Buckner, who had been on his staff, but who had escaped capture at Fort Donelson. I had then not been under fire, and I asked him about the feeling of men going into battle. He told me he knew how General Buckner felt. The General was noted for his cool courage and fearless exposure of him-

self in action. I understood that this cousin had the statement from him directly in discussing this very subject. He said that, as he had offered his life for the cause, when he was starting into an engagement he surrendered his life, taking it for granted that he would be killed; then he spent no time considering the dangers. Every minute that he lived was so much gained to strive for victory, and when he came out alive it was a clear gain of his life to still fight for his country. I can see how such a state of mind would leave one free to use all his faculties for the one object. But my after experience and observation taught me that very few start in with this complete surrender of life.

I have heard of men who were absolutely devoid of the sense of fear. I have seen men rush recklessly into the most dangerous places, defying danger. Again I have seen men whose minds were steadied and cleared in the presence of danger, and they deliberately resolved to face it at the risk of life. These seemed to me to have the highest courage. After one is in action, making a charge or repelling an assault, there comes the *gaudium certaminis*, and the scene of danger is swallowed up in the intensity of the struggle. Sometimes I saw men whose hearts failed them as they realized that death was actually staring them in the face, and they would plead sick, and I believe they were really sick with fear. They would stop the assistant surgeon as we were moving into position and ask to be excused from duty. He was a man devoted to duty at any cost; so he treated such requests at such times with scant respect. I felt deeply sorry for these men, for I believe that the man who faces death with no sense of dread, no solemn realization of the sacrifice his country calls for, is physically an exception to the race of men or is foolhardy. I have seen men drown the sense of fear with whisky. It is the man who loves life and who will only risk it for righteousness, who sees danger and will still not run from it, who is the really brave man.

The appeal to me was on a different ground from sickness. I preached that it was a soldier's duty to obey orders at any risk and to go where duty called, however great the danger. This question was asked: "Parson, you preach that if a man is not trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ his soul will be lost if he dies in that condition. Now, that place is certain death to some of us. I am not prepared to die, and if I am killed my soul will be lost, for I have been a wicked boy. What am I to do?"

There was no time to argue. I never taught the boys that to die for the Confederacy was a passport to heaven, for it is not true. It was a momentous question. I couldn't advise them to shirk, so I would reply: "Well, the best place for a man to die is where he is doing his duty. There is our duty to fight the enemy; but you can right here and right now surrender your soul to Jesus Christ, as I have often urged you to do, and he will save the soul."

And I believe that such a surrender was often made by men on the field of battle, some of whom were killed, and others who came through in safety showed the reality of that act of faith by consistent Christian lives.

The Confederate Congress passed a conscript law requiring the enlistment of all men of certain age and under certain conditions in the army. This law was a dead letter in many places where every man who was physically fit had already volunteered. There were other places where for various reasons a good many men were at home. Those were required to report at various points and there to be put in the army or to be certified as exempt. While I was at Pecan

Grove a conscript officer came and notified the few able-bodied young men who were not in the army to report at Monroe, some fifty or sixty miles distant. There was one man, a big, burly fellow, rather rough and overbearing, who had kept out of the army on one plea and another. He was much disturbed by the order.

One day, when several of us were at the store, the conscript officer, a self-opinionated and conceited young lieutenant, summoned me to report at Monroe. I told him that as a minister of the gospel I was exempt, and, besides that, I was only temporarily absent from the army on leave. But he ordered me to report to his chief, who would give me authority to continue preaching in my church. Very indignant, I replied: "You can tell your chief that I don't get my authority to preach the gospel from him, and I shall not report to him."

My big friend listened with astonishment and evidently expected that a squad would arrest me and carry me off in chains; but after several days, when I was not molested, he was discussing the matter with some of the neighbors, when he said: "That was a very bold thing, to defy the authorities in that way."

To which was replied: "Mr. McNeilly as a preacher is exempt from conscription, and it was as a preacher that he defied the officer."

Heaving a deep sigh, the victim of conscription said: "Well, if a preacher can talk that way to the government officers, I'll be darned if I don't take out license to preach, so as I can cuss 'em out if they come round trying to conscript me."

One of my experiences was a rather futile, almost ridiculous effort to reënforce our garrison at Vicksburg. I heard that the place was threatened by an expedition from New Orleans, and on the principle that our country "expected every man to do his duty" I got two other young men, one the physician of the whole neighborhood, the other the teacher of Dr. Carson's family, a man in delicate health, and I determined to proceed to the beleaguered place and tender our services. The result was flattering to our prowess. We found no one that needed our services. We might have wielded pick and shovel, but there were plenty of negroes to do that, and there was no money in sight; so we returned rather crestfallen to await a better opportunity of dubbing ourselves with the degree B.D. (Brave Defenders).

But our expedition gave us some thrilling experiences by flood, if not by field. When we resolved to go we went to the boathouse on the bayou that ran through the plantation and selected a strong skiff. The plantation carpenter put it in first-class order. We stocked it with provisions for a week. We took two strong negro men, who were expert oarsmen, and started on our journey. The river was full from levee to levee, and the distance was doubled or trebled by the winding of the stream.

There was one bend where the river made a great circuit of eighteen miles and came back to a point something over two hundred yards from the beginning of the curve. This was called Terrapin Neck. The attempt had been made secretly by river men, contrary to the interests of the planters in the bend, to straighten the channel at this point by cutting down the timber and cutting a canal across the neck, so that when a big rise should come the stream would scour out a channel for itself. This lane was about fifty yards wide, and numbers of stumps were standing, some above water and some just beneath the surface of the rushing waters. When we

reached the head of the bend, the water was running through the chute with great velocity. The question was whether we should take the safe way, eighteen miles around, or risk going through the narrow passage, with the possibility of striking a stump, wrecking our boat, and falling into the raging waters, some ten or fifteen feet deep. Our oarsmen were powerful and experienced in all river ways. The Doctor, our steersman, knew all about managing a boat; so we made the venture. It took a very short time to make the trip. We held our breath as we were shot through that channel "like quarrel from steel crossbow"; and when we reached the end of our voyage the prow of our vessel struck the levee with such force as to make the frail craft quiver in every timber.

After a few days in Vicksburg, being satisfied that the commander could get along without us, we started on our return voyage. To breast the current of the mighty river meant hard rowing and slow progress. An old fisherman advised us to run in the backwater to the mouth of the Yazoo River, some nine or ten miles, then up that river to the mouth of Steele's Bayou. That bayou had its head waters nearly opposite to Dr. Carson's place; and as the whole region was overflowed from broken levees, we would have easy rowing, while the opening of the bayou would direct our course. We started about midday, and it was dark when we reached the mouth of Steele's Bayou. Our night journey through dense forests, in deepest darkness, to the accompaniment of the singing of hundreds of billions of mosquitoes, that seemed like the distant roar of a rising storm or the far-away sound of the ocean surf, was punctuated by the bite of the little pests, which kept us awake, though weary. It was a dismal journey unrelieved by the consciousness of a great service to our country. Hungry and sleepy, we were about to tie to a tree and await the morning when we caught sight of a house brilliantly lighted. It was one o'clock, yet there was something going on at that house. We steered for the light and soon came to a big plantation mansion. All the lower story was under water. There were numbers of skiffs and canoes tied to the railings of the upper galleries, and there was a big gathering of people enjoying music and dancing. We found that it was the home of Dr. Gwin, a brother of the California Senator. He was a friend of Dr. Carson, and he gave us a warm welcome, fed us bountifully, and gave us a place to rest until daylight. We had no further trials, and during the morning we got home none the worse for our military expedition.

All the plantations on the eastern side of the Mississippi River were under water, and the stock, horses, cattle, and calves were crowded on the levees, and the negroes carried their feed to them in skiffs from the barns and lofts which were above water. Great numbers of these animals were crowded off the narrow levees and drowned.

In Louisiana in 1862 war was yet in the spectacular stage, and soldiers in gay uniforms attracted attention, and an officer of the rank of colonel was an oracle whose opinions were reverently received. On one occasion I was honored by the attendance on my preaching of a very handsome colonel, a Frenchman, large, brilliant in uniform, polite and gracious. He was a Roman Catholic, and I was surprised by his attendance and gratified by the interest he manifested in the sermon. He expressed himself as much benefited by the service; but when some one asked him his opinion of the sermon, he replied with a grimace that he attended as a penance which he had imposed on himself for his sins, and he thought that his patient listening should cover many sins. He evidently felt that he had endured much and should be forgiven much.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH.

BY DR. W. C. HOLMES, TRENTON, TEN.

After the evacuation of Corinth, May 29, 1862, by the Confederate army, Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, held on to Vicksburg anyhow, although the whole length of the Mississippi River had been given up to the enemy. Seeing some resistance at Vicksburg, the enemy thought the Confederate authorities had selected it as a strong point of defense, of course, and did not venture to attack or pass. But it was no such thing. Old Governor Pettus sent what State aid he had and could command and showed fight, and that is all there was to it. Weeks went on and no attack from the enemy. Our authorities saw fit, in their wisdom, to send some aid in defense of the place so wildly deemed possible by Governor Pettus. I was then in the division of the army commanded by General Bragg. Bowen's Brigade was sent to Vicksburg. It was then composed of the 1st Mississippi, S. S., 1st Missouri, 22d Mississippi, and 9th and 10th Arkansas Regiments. The brigade was sent to Baton Rouge August 6, but the place was not attacked again. When reinforcements had arrived, we found ourselves at Davis's Mill, north of Holly Springs, September 6, 1862. Here the brigade was changed and made up of the 1st Mississippi Battalion, S. S., 1st Missouri, and 15th, 6th, and 22d Mississippi Regiments, Gen. John S. Bowen commanding the brigade and General Lovell the division. The forces collected at Davis's Mill were in command of General Van Dorn, who on September 25 set out to join General Price's army, then near Iuka, for a combined attack on Corinth.

The battalion had assumed a new rôle in the great science of warfare. We had been drilled in the "skirmish drill" almost exclusively, and our place in the army was in the front, leading the entire division in the advance, but always in the rear in the retreat. Individually, to a man, we were anxious to show our hand in the line of warfare set apart to us, for our small size made us the jest of the other regiments.

On October 2 we were meeting with the outposts of the enemy, and on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad were seen the wheels of an old abandoned sawmill sitting up very still, but looking to General Lovell very much like a park of artillery, I suppose. He rode up in front of the battalion in full uniform, drew his skinning blade, and pointed us to it. In an instant we were scattered over all the ground we could cover at ten paces apart and advancing at a full run to drive in the enemy's skirmishers, if there were any. I kept my eye on those wheels, in their solemn stillness, till I got so near that there could be no mistake as to their reality. I turned and looked back, and the entire brigade, in line of battle, was advancing in splendid array. I did not know what moment insanity might possess the brigade and they might fire on us, as there was nothing else to fire at; so I had presence of mind enough to pull out my pocket handkerchief and tie it to the end of a cornstalk and wave as I went back. I struck the main body of the 22d Mississippi and stopped them.

And now, after so many years, if any of the surviving members of the glorious 22d Mississippi remember the charge on the old sawmill, it was I who stopped you and saved (maybe so) further injury to that innocent old mill, to say nothing of the humiliation of capture by Van Dorn's whole army.

The day's military experience was the subject of much merriment and coarse jest with the men all that night and the next day till near noon, when the frequent stops and slow marches told the knowing ones that something was about to happen. Sure enough, we crossed a creek, and in it was a

spiked cannon abandoned by the enemy; a little farther in a little old field we halted and could hear the report of muskets and "sing" of the Minie balls flying through the air. Solemn feelings flew over us to a man. I know one thing. Never before had the perfect quiet, and serene sacredness of home presented such clearness to my mind; there in all its sacredness appeared "no place like home." A few straggling cavalymen, pointing to the front and looking wistfully to the rear, told us the time was up for us to play our hands.

We were quickly deployed as skirmishers in the woods and cautiously felt our way to the front, when all at once, with no warning, an entire battery turned loose solid shot whose unearthly screams through the air set up the most gigantic dodging I had ever seen in the dense woods, and no one could give censure or sympathy. On we went, though, and musket shots were added to the horribly sublime music, for such it verily was, till suddenly an exhilarating frenzy seemed to take possession of every man, and with a rush we swept away the enemy's skirmishers, despite the huge limbs of trees cut off by the solid shot of the heavy battery we were destined soon to charge and capture.

With a rush we all seemed to come together out of the woods to an embankment near a deep cut on the railroad. We ran the enemy's skirmishers from the embankment. As they went up the hill toward the battery they were in plain view of our country boys as sharpshooters, and but few escaped. At the embankment, with this battery on the hill about fifty yards distant belching forth fiery destruction, simply grand in its sublimity, the whole battalion gathered and for a time kept up a promiscuous firing—saw nothing to shoot at—when inspiration, it must have been, infused itself in all of us, and Capt. Tom Adkinson, who was commanding Company C, of Yalobusha County, pulled off a tall white hat, mounted the embankment, waved it, and shouted: "Come on, boys, let us take it!" The first one I saw to follow him was Sergt. David J. Bailey of our company ("Old Dave," as we called him), with his old hat in his left hand and his right holding aloft his old musket. "Come on, boys, let us follow him up!" he shouted. All seemed infused with the sublime horror of the occasion, and to a man we rushed over that embankment, up the hill to the very mouth of the cannon, killing the gunners at the guns and silencing the battery.

This was done from orders from nobody and not an acknowledged part we were taught as our duty; but we did it, and I know it did not enter my mind nor that of a single officer or man of the battalion that there was a brigade supporting all batteries; but when we got to the battery, Capt. Tom Adkinson and others beyond it, there we saw six strong regiments on their knees ready to receive us. My eyes were on Captain Adkinson when he turned back, and, with the volley turned on us, we went down that hill much faster than we ran up it. We were in no military order or line, presenting a solid front in the charge, but any and every way, so we got there. In the run down the hill it was more so, but those behind going up were also behind getting back. I was then second lieutenant and carried no gun, but was urging and shouting to the men to shoot the gunners, and, running with and near me, I saw William Wright, of our company, take aim and fire. That discharge of the cannon, which blew smoke in my face, was the last one, for the gunners were all killed or driven away. Halfway down the hill we met the 22d Mississippi. Captain Reid (afterwards colonel), senior captain commanding the regiment, was detained by a telegraph wire getting caught under his horse's shoe as he crossed the em-

bankment on the railroad, and as he galloped up the hill to catch up with the regiment I could look down the line of the regiment into the faces of the Black Hawk Company, the senior company, occupying the right. Many of them I recognized, and they but showed the sublime courage of the whole regiment as, without a shout, firmly and with a heroic determination to defend the homes of its native State and hold aloft the untarnished glory of Mississippi on every battle field in her memorable history, they achieved then and there an unwritten glory not known to history nor to themselves even to this day.

When in our rapid flight down the hill we met the 22d, cheers from us were vigorously given. No orders, but shouts from one man to another to "form on its left" as it was rapidly advancing, were echoed by every man, and an effort was made to do so; but before many could reach the left it had gone far ahead and had gotten so near the enemy that the firing commenced from the whole brigade of the enemy. With an irregular mixture of the battalion, I took refuge in an old gully, and for a few minutes a torrent of Minie balls passed over us, cutting the leaves and twigs from the trees. We were almost covered, but we were out of danger, and no one was hurt. When the firing ceased to some extent, I got out of my place of refuge of safety and went, with no one following, to where I thought the 22d was or ought to have been. I found no 22d. It had gone clear out of sight after the fleeing enemy, but left behind a sure and terrible token of its work. I now became an interested spectator. Going up the line just occupied by the 14th Wisconsin Regiment, there was presented to my gaze a sight that could but appeal to the heart of the hardest soldier—men dead, dying, and wounded, all in line just as the regiment stood. The first man I saw alive had in his arms a man just dead, shot through the head. "My friend"—a travesty on the word, it seemed—"are you hurt?" "No, but this is my poor dead brother, and I could not leave him. I would not mind it for myself so much, but for his poor wife and little baby!"

I could stand no more of that, and I went to the next man sitting down and gritting his teeth with pain. "Are you hurt, my friend?"

"O, yes," and he showed me a ghastly wound from a bayonet in his groin.

"Well, here is a grain dose of morphine I had for myself should I be wounded. Will you take it?"

"O, yes, with pleasure and thanks."

I gave it to him, and I thought what ought to ring down the ages of humanity to great and small: "Well, what foolishness! Here we have been trying to kill each other, and now we are trying to do all we can to repair the damage done."

I soon found another man leaning up against a tree, shot through the lungs, groaning at every breath. I gave him a dose and then found a poor boy crying with a mangled arm, to whom I gave my last dose. I then went back to my bayoneted man and found him eased of his pain. He was an intelligent, talkative Yankee, and from him I got what the generals in command do not and cannot know, what even no one of the 22d itself knows. He was the color bearer of the 14th Wisconsin. When the volley poured in upon them by the 22d was so deadly (I counted seventy-nine dead men in line), it so paralyzed the whole regiment that it could not run before the 22d was upon it. The color bearer was bayoneted, but some one snatched the flag out of his hands and ran off with it. He also told me that six strong, full regiments were holding that place, but none were there then except the dead, wounded, and prisoners, and the 22d was away in hot pursuit.

For twenty minutes or more no one of the battalion but myself and straggling members were on the field. The first to return was Capt. Tom Adkinson, and with him and others of the battalion who had followed the 22d in the charge was Cyrus McCracken, of Company C, in a dying condition, shot in the neck. Slowly coming from everywhere, it seemed, the members of the battalion got together. Captain Caruthers, of Company A, of Panola County, commanded the battalion, but no one of the 22d was about. Finally I met Julian Bell, of the Black Hawk Company, who told me that there must have been some officer of high rank killed, for he saw him trying to rally his men when over a hundred men shot at him. It so proved true, for two Federal generals were killed, and this officer was one of them.

The 22d returned in due time, and we formed in line as best and as quickly as we could to await orders; but a battle is to a company, regiment, brigade, or the whole army what a blow is to a beautiful rose—it is broken into innumerable pieces, and it looks as though it can never be replaced, but still must be done. About this time (2 p.m.) the battle was opened by General Price on the inner line of fortifications. We had captured the outlet line, and the battle raged with redoubled fury. We remained there inactive; not a regiment of the brigade or the division had been engaged except the battalion and the 22d Regiment. I am sure of this, for I knew officers and men of all the regiments in the brigade and saw none of them on the battle field after the Lady Richardson, a fine Parrott siege piece, was captured and the six Federal regiments routed. All this was done by the 22d alone, with the little assistance it got from irregular members of the battalion.

I found out the next day, when we returned, why it was that the battalion was not raked by the grape and canister of that battery we madly charged. It was firing on the 9th Arkansas, drawn up on the side of the railroad cut, and could not get it. I saw its (9th Arkansas) dead lying there, the effect of solid shot, and we were not seen till we were on them, and the battery was silenced and the way made clear for that most glorious charge of the 22d.

All that long, beautiful evening, with the shouts of Price's army in the charge (Capt. John Hoskins's company, of the 38th Mississippi, was in it) heard above the crashing peals of the artillery and the unceasing roar of musketry, we lay idle, and with true soldier hearts we wanted to help finish the work.

Not so. The entire division, eight thousand strong, was held back, and we could only cheer ourselves with the good news that Corinth was taken. Toward sundown we were moved into the encampments of the enemy, between the inner and outer lines of fortifications, where we stayed for the night of the first day's battle.

Corinth could have been taken in one more hour's fighting had our division (8,000 strong), commanded by General Lovell, marched down the Memphis and Charleston Railroad track, not two miles distant, to where it crossed the Mobile and Ohio and where was located Battery Robinette, which was then being frequently attacked by General Price's division of the wing of four brigades, twelve thousand strong. Not so, though. We quietly lay there for orders to attack, but no such orders came; and when night came on and the firing ceased, our division occupied the distance between the outer and inner lines of the enemy's fortifications, looking to us, after we had captured them, impregnable.

I was sent out as far as it was safe to go and stationed as an advanced picket, and very little sleep, if any, did I have, being

lieutenant in charge of the men. At 4 a.m. there was the sound of heavy cannon. I went in to report and was sent to the headquarters of Gen. John S. Bowen, a graduate of West Point and regarded as a very fine general of our brigade. I was ordered to pick six of the most trusty and daring men of my company and go in the direction of the firing. By this time daylight was plainly visible, but firing from the cannon continued, and I made haste to see what it meant. I could not get my men to follow me as fast as I wanted to go, but all at once we came upon a blue uniform all covered with fresh blood, and in the vest there was a steel breastplate that showed no signs of having been pierced with a bullet. But we made the capture. At the same time I looked up a little dim road and saw a whole company of soldiers approaching, but I knew they were Confederates by their uniforms. We consulted and agreed to go back to our commands, when we found that it was not the enemy's cannon firing, but our own, an arrangement made beforehand to bring on the battle.

There it was made plain to my mind that General Van Dorn, commanding the army of attack, had not let General Lovell, commanding our division, in which was Bowen's Brigade, know the plan of the attack the next day. But at once General Price made his furious attack on the enemy's breastworks on the inner line and was carrying everything before him till he came to the strong fort at the crossing of the railroads.

Lovell's whole division in the meantime had formed in line of battle and advanced rapidly toward this fort, but we unexpectedly stopped under a hill to be protected from the shells of this fort that had turned on our division. Here we stayed, not daring to advance one foot, till General Price failed in his attack on Fort Robinette, and we, of course, had failed too, for outside of the skirmishers not a volley had been fired by our whole division, composed of three strong brigades. At 12:30 we had the order to move; and as it was in the same direction we had come, we soon realized that we were on the retreat, and, seeing General Price pressing us, we knew we had failed in the attack. So it was up to us to make an orderly retreat, and it fell to our battalion to bring up the rear.

The enemy did not pursue that long evening, and we went quietly into camp at night and heard no more from the enemy until late in the day, Sunday, October 5, when General Price met the reinforcements going to the assistance of Corinth, and there was a battle on Hatchie River, in which the enemy was repulsed and the way made clear for a retreat to Holly Springs, Miss. That retreat was characterized by all the mismanagement of the advance and attack on Corinth. No rations were ever issued to the worn-out soldier, and what we lived on was taken from the citizens living on the line of retreat, most of the time at night. The cavalry of the enemy followed our retreating army and made frequent attacks, but were easily repulsed by our battalion of sharpshooters in a timbered country where it had the advantage of the trees to pick off the cavalymen.

TEST OF PATRIOTISM.—The fact is, the boys around here want watching, or they'll take something. A few days ago I heard they surrounded two of our best citizens because they were named Fort and Sumter. Most of them are so hot that they fairly sizz when you pour water on them, and that's the way they make up their military companies here now. When a man applies to join the volunteers, they sprinkle him, and if he sizzles they take him, and if he don't they don't.—*Bill Arp.*

THE SOUL OF LEE.

[From the address by Hon. Leigh Robinson at the dedication of the Virginia monument on the field of Gettysburg, June, 1917.]

On the summit of this monument rides the bright effigy of one who has been called the quintessence of Virginia. In this concentrated image of one commonwealth is the reflection of sister States whose sons were brothers of her own. In this grace, as in a mirror, we see the cause for which the rider fought with all his mighty soul and sacrificed as he fought. We see the cause impersonated in the captain. All that ancestry could do for Lee quite well had been done. Yet in the family of fame he was "son of his own works." From early manhood until 1861 this son of Virginia had known every affluence of fortune, every prestige of family that a new world could bestow. Yet no affluence, no promotion, no prepossession of favor could stifle the affluence of his own soul. The five talents would seem to have been his own by nature's endowment. Duteous energy made the five talents ten. The sacred opportunity of service created a sacred opportunity of rising by service. From 1865 to the day of his death he was visited by every adversity a malign fate could hurl against him. From citizenship in the State of which he was consummate flower he was excluded. Practically outlawed, he died a paroled prisoner of war. A life wherein no responsibility was shirked, every season for it met, towered to the end, witnessing to the power of a great nature, greatly spent for others, and in sacrifice of things mortal finding immortality.

There is luster in the moment when, putting aside the offer known to have been made to him to take command of the Union armies, he unreservedly gave his heart forever to his mother State and with both hands embraced her perils. Well he knew—none could better know—the assured future from which he withdrew. In the army from which he then resigned he had already won renown; in that service he had traveled far and wide and made himself familiar with the topography, which meant so much for the invader with a fleet. For him to leave the Potomac was to leave the fair home upon its banks, to be torn from him and dismantled. As few could know, he knew that the war against the cause which he espoused was the war of the many with the few, of them armed with the means and munitions of war against a South practically destitute. There could be in him no misapprehension of the odds. At the crisis of Federal history and of his own, two crowns were offered to him, the crown of gold and the crown of thorns. He lifted the latter to his brow, and never was heard from him a murmur against the destiny of duty. Every gift of fortune had been showered on him, but he was greater than the gifts. Every blow of adversity was rained upon him, but he was greater than the blows. The commission Virginia laid in his hands he accepted with these words: "Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

In an address which should be indelibly impressed on every Southern man and woman, both as chapter in a great life and as pattern of the chaste and lucid grace which is a master's token, there is asked and answered the question, What was, then, the State and the cause for which was pledged this supreme devotion? "And what was that native State to whose defense he henceforth devoted his matchless sword? It was a commonwealth older than the Union; it was the first abode of freedom in the Western world; it was the

scene of the earliest organized resistance to the encroachments of the mother country; it was the birthplace of the immortal leader of our Revolutionary armies and of many of the architects of the Federal Constitution; it was the central sea of that doctrine of State sovereignty sanctioned by the great names of Jefferson and Madison; it was a land rich in every gift of the earth and sky, richer still in its race of men, brave, frugal, pious, loving honor, but fearing God; it was a land hallowed by memories of an almost unbroken series of patriotic triumphs; but now, after the wreck and ruin of four years' unsuccessful war, it is consecrated anew by deeds of heroism and devotion, whose increasing luster will borrow a brighter radiance from their somber background of suffering and defeat."¹

The fellow citizens on whose coöperation Lee trusted did not disappoint him. Where he was of military age the merchant closed his ledger, the student threw down his lexicon and shouldered a musket, the farmer rode his best horse into the field. Students seeking a higher scholarship in colleges abroad postponed culture to report for enlistment in the ranks. The masses and the classes (if there were classes) equally reported for service. Churches melted their bells into guns; women cast their jewels into the treasury. In the tender hand of woman fell the gentler ministrations of the war, as from her heart stole the subtler inspirations. With the sympathy which "never faileth"—the sympathy of woman—she was minister to the sick and angel to the dying. The beautiful forgetfulness, the sweet unconsciousness of self, which glides into the consciousness of others and imparts a helping grace was her supremacy. Purer devotion to a cause never was beheld. As the pieties which blend in the fabric of cathedrals record the worship in the work, so these constancies discover intimate traits which went into the fiber of the State.

It was when that skillful and gifted soldier, Joseph E. Johnston, to whom justice has not yet been done, fell wounded at the close of the first day's fight at Seven Pines that Lee was summoned to take command of the force opposing McClellan's army, then so close to Richmond that the church bells could be heard in their camps. In assuming command of that Army of Northern Virginia, which he never left and which never left him, Lee's grasp of the conditions was shown in activity which was immediate and in effect which was electrical. First happened the daring raid of Stuart, sent out by Lee to locate the right flank of McClellan's army. Stuart did this and more. He rode clear around the rear of McClellan's army and delivered his report of what existed to Lee in Richmond, raising himself once and forever to the eminence which abides with him to-day. Thenceforward the black plume of that true knight was seen waving at the front whenever daring of the man on horseback was demanded. The next step was also one of daring. With an intuitive clairvoyance Lee read, as in a book, the apprehensions in the White House. None knew better how to ring the alarm bell at one point when intending to fall upon another. Already the wizard of the valley had so alarmed as to cause the diversion from McClellan (when on the way to him) of McDowell. To confirm fears of impending tempests from Stonewall Jackson, Lee now dispatched to Staunton (having little doubt the numbers would be magnified) Whiting's Division from the troops he had in hand, together with Lawton's Brigade, just arrived from Georgia. In reality these brigades were destined to meet at Charlottesville with Jackson and with him hasten to sustain the shock of arms preparing for McClellan.

Greatly planned and ordered as the Seven Days' Fight had been, it was less perfectly fulfilled, bravely as it was fought, or a triumph more complete would have ensued. That achievement drove McClellan to the shelter of his gunboats on the James. The problem then arose as to how to remove the invading army from the James to the Potomac. Again recourse was had to Lincoln's fears for Washington. Jackson was directed to move northward and place himself in a position, if opportunity presented, to strike in detail the forces of Pope as they moved south. As brigade after brigade, division after division went from Lee to Jackson, larger divisions were ordered from McClellan to Pope. With an audacity of which success was vindication Lee withdrew McClellan's force to Washington by withdrawing his own from Richmond, until finally North and South once more stood face to face on the plains of Manassas. A marvelous insight had read Pope as Lincoln and McClellan had been read. Lee and Jackson had been unread. Methods and motives which none could fathom perplexed each change of front. The means to vanish into darkness when capture was anticipated, the rapid seizure of opportunity, the skill to create the impression of flight in the mind of the opponent, down to the time the bolt out of the blue descended, continuously confounded. Mystery twined around the movements and design of these past masters of the master strokes of war. When the particular movement was detected, the design remained impenetrable until unveiled in reverse. The Confederate files felt themselves in the hands of leaders competent to define the scene of wrath and "tell the doubtful battle where to rage." Under these kings of strife a force of fifty thousand drove a force of eighty thousand into the fortifications of Washington and Alexandria.

This success made temptation great to transfer the scene of battle to the north of the Potomac, thus recruit resources, possibly numbers, and by a possible victory in the neighborhood of the White House secure foreign recognition. The Potomac was crossed, and, with the odds heavily against him, Lee awaited battle at Sharpsburg. Great as was the discrepancy of force, it cannot be known what might have been the result had some one not carelessly let fall the order issued by Lee for the concentration of his army.² This important document shortly after it was written armed McClellan with authentic knowledge of Lee's plans and exigencies. I pause in recurring to the field of Sharpsburg for the mention of a single incident never before, I imagine, witnessed on the field of arms: the idolized commander in chief of the army in the thick of the battle shower reining in his steed for a hurried word to his youngest son, then a begrimed cannoneer of the Rockbridge Battery. Thirty-five thousand against eighty-seven thousand for two days stoutly stood against reiterated assault, for the whole of the third stood awaiting attack which was not renewed, then, without serious molestation, recrossed to the Virginia side. Not until the following October was a movement to follow seriously made.

I will not delay to dwell on that joint marvel of Lee and Jackson, known to fame as Chancellorsville, where from what was supposed to be a movement of retreat descended the supernatural stroke. In a contribution to the London *Spectator* of February 24, 1912, the last words of the hero who shattered Hooker's right and rear thus feelingly are given: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." These were the farewell words—of whom? Of some poet sighing for the idlesse of Arcady, of some worn-out spirit drooping for the cooling stream? No. They came

from the lips of one who had never known or asked for repose or shade, whose crossing of rivers had hitherto been done in the face of blasts of hostile shells; from a stern, unrelenting man, not old, but under forty years; not exhausted, but in the full tide of gigantic enterprise; not peaceful, but the fiercest soldier of his age—one Stonewall Jackson, dying of his hurts on the field of Chancellorsville. They were his last words, closing a series of sharply uttered commands: 'Order Hill to prepare for action!' 'Pass the infantry to the front!' Then very quietly the beautiful, almost metrical, sentences recorded above, and straightway, says his fine historian, 'the soul of the great captain passed into the peace of God.' * * * Often does death listen, 'dull, cold-eared' legatee, for his assured entail; often does he hear his own undoing in the very signal of his inheritance. That last faint whisper carries the Parthian shot of his escaping enemy, the Soul; he hears his very victim triumph; he hath, indeed, no victory, perishing himself like the lion on the horns of the stricken deer."

When victory at Chancellorsville, called by Colonel Henderson "the most brilliant feat of arms of the nineteenth century," was complete, Lee, hearing of Jackson's wounds, uttered the words: "He has lost his left arm; I have lost my right." Later, when he received Jackson's congratulations on the victory, he bade Colonel Marshall tell him that "the victory was his, and the congratulations are due him." Colonel Marshall says: "I forgot the genius that won the day in my reverence for the generosity that refused the glory." Hero spake to hero.

With greater cause for confidence than when the preceding year he faced the odds of Sharpsburg, Lee now planned the renewal of aggressive movement north of the Potomac; by this to recall Hooker from the south side and, if success should follow, to relieve the strain in Middle Tennessee. The first purpose was signally achieved. By the advance of the Army of Northern Virginia northward the Union camps were swept from the Rappahannock.

At no time was the strategic prescience of Lee more brilliantly displayed than in the movement which transferred the seat of war from the Rappahannock to the Susquehanna. Ewell had thrown his corps around Milroy at Winchester and Martinsburg before Hooker realized that the Confederate general had broken camp at Hamilton's Crossing. Leaving behind him a bewildered foe, Lee signaled his march to the Potomac by victorious engagements at Winchester, Berryville, and Martinsburg. Longstreet and A. P. Hill had crossed the Potomac on the 25th of June. On the 27th they were at Chambersburg. On the same day Ewell, with two divisions, was near Carlisle, and Early was in the neighborhood of York. Lee's infantry troops were now in position for an advance upon Harrisburg and, equally for prompt concentration to the east or west of South Mountain, to meet the advance of Hooker's army should it advance from Frederick.

Not quite two months after Chancellorsville Lee, with an army confident of victory, stood before these heights at Gettysburg. Here for three summer days victory trembled in the balance. It was a battle which took place not as had been intended, and when finally determined it did not fulfill the orders by the Southern general. Distinguished soldiers competent to do so, of North and South, here and abroad, have with critical skill reviewed the stages and phases of this memorable field. Claiming no such competence, I will not seek to repeat the twice- and thrice-told tale.

At the dedication of this monument to the sons of Vir-

ginia, whose devotion unto death to their mother was and is her exceeding great reward, whose glory on this field, as on all others, is her own, I will briefly speak of them. On the fight of the third and final day the crisis of onset was accorded to Virginia. Pickett's Division was designated to lead. On this eventful afternoon, with the steadiness of conviction and of discipline, his three brigades moved out. On the heights in front awaited the numbers they knew to be greater than their own. On those heights was every breastwork finished, every reserve posted, every gun in position, in readiness for the assault. As this chosen band advanced a rage of fury from the heights swept the field they had to cross. The thinned ranks of the Virginians, each second growing thinner, did not halt under the fury, Kemper and Garnett in advance, Armistead following. Kemper rode back to Armistead, who marched on foot, and said: "Armistead, I am going to charge those heights and carry them, and I want you to support me." "I will do it," Armistead replied. "Look at my line; it never looked better on dress parade."

Onward swept the thin gray line to the muzzles of the guns, and ever above the fury of the fray rose the "yell" which on so many fields had floated as a trumpet to inspire. Few were the colonels of regiments who survived that hail of death. Hunton, of the 8th, was carried in a bloody blanket from the field. His commission to be brigadier dates from this rush "to glory or the grave." The three brigadiers fell "with their backs to the field," two, Garnett and Armistead, not again in this life to rise in the body. Putting his black hat on the point of a sword in front of his line of battle, Armistead led what was left of the advance. With hat still waving from sword as plume of onset, at forty yards of the stone wall he gave the order to charge. Leading his men afoot, he sprang upon the enemy's works. One hundred and fifty men, still living, followed him beyond the stone wall, passed the earth-works, and seized the guns whose canister had torn their ranks. For a few "immense instants" they stood there conquerors. Unsupported, they in turn went down before the reserves, which now poured under Hancock. Sword in hand, Armistead fell in the act of grasping a captured cannon to turn it on the foe.

Lee was an intense witness to this failure. No other could more perfectly take in that it meant failure of the hope which inspired the second crossing of the Potomac, the hope of a speedy termination of the war by Confederate success. In the presence of the greatest disappointment he had known or thereafter knew in battle the world might excuse him if in that moment his wonderful poise for once forsook him, might excuse and forgive if in that moment the fortitude of his patience had expired and, as other generals here and abroad have done, he had shielded himself from criticism for the outcome by placing the blame for it on others. But what he said was: "All this has been my fault." When his greatest victory was won, Lee gave the praise to Jackson. When his chief, if not his only, repulse had been sustained, he took the blame upon himself. Whatever he felt, with a majestic silence then and ever afterwards was mastered his emotion. He gave to another the praise of victory, but took upon himself the blame of failure. His words at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg of themselves are victories. Defeat, like victory, hath opportunities. The unapproached glory of Lee in the Bible of heroism will be read in the words: "It was all my fault." It is this immortal moment which the glorious art to be unveiled to-day will perennially rehearse

in a monument worthy of the grandeur. This grandeur it is the glowing purpose of our artist to perpetuate.

When duty called Lee to the side of Virginia and the South, he espoused, as he well knew, the side of an agricultural people with no arms, no factories, no munitions. Until near the close of the war only from the Tredegar works in Richmond and afterwards from the works in Rome, Ga., could guns be turned out. Over these constructions presided the constructive skill of that great ordnance officer, who also assumed responsibility for needed munitions. When in the first days of the war rumors went forth of the approach of the Pawnee upon Richmond, citizens rushed out with shotguns—some, it is said, with pickaxes—to defend against her. But in the volleys which poured from flank to flank on the 3d of July Parrott gun replied to Parrott gun, the Napoleon in the valley to the Napoleon on the hill. There was no munition plant. The creative genius of Josiah Gorgas, the ordnance officer of the Confederacy, supplied the deficiency, supplied the army with ammunition so long as an army was left to be supplied, a creation, as it seems, out of formless mass. The rending thunders which roared from right to left of our lines at Gettysburg were the magic of his mind's proficiency. Worthy to be enrolled by the side of Lee and Jackson is the genius of Gorgas, who, as with the mystery of original creation, made everything out of nothing. The marvel is akin to that of the Confederate officers who created a navy out of nothing; who, as has been said, "without navy yards or naval artillery had to build ironclads in cornfields."

The results attained in the three days of July did not excite excessive avidity to close again with Lee's army. The first battle of consequence which followed I will take leave to bring before you as evidence of the very narrow extent to which the spirit of the troops was affected by the result at Gettysburg.

At eight o'clock on the morning of May 4, 1864, Grant (now commander in chief) was satisfied that the orders he had given would carry his army across the wilderness by the evening of the 5th. Without waiting for Longstreet (lately returned from East Tennessee) to come up, with little more than two-thirds of a force (so far inadequate when complete), Lee, with a startling swiftness, sprang on Grant, who, perforce, halted his march across the wilderness to concentrate for battle in it. By an onset as impetuous as it was unexpected the Union lines were forced back on their right. On their left five divisions under Hancock were held at bay by Heth and Wilcox. But here, after a stubborn fight with a stubborn foe, the two Confederate divisions, with ammunition exhausted, strength exhausted, and lines in places bent back and broken, were in no plight to resume action in the morning. This was known to Lee, and the divisions were instructed that Longstreet would relieve them. It was well-nigh certain that they would give way if attacked. It was certain that they would be attacked. One moment before the blow descended Longstreet galloped on the field. "My troops are not yet up," he said. "I have ridden ahead to find out the situation." As he spoke his voice was drowned in the roar of musketry.

As the head of Longstreet's column came upon the scene the two divisions were seen to be giving way. At this critical moment two batteries under Poague opened on the left of the road and by their fire gave Longstreet time to form. As the Texas Brigade, under Gregg (Hood's old brigade), moved through the guns, General Lee rode on their flank, saluting

them as old friends from whom he had too long been parted and, pointing to the menace before their eyes, said he himself would lead them to victory over it. The fine eye of Lee must have glistened with something better than a conqueror's pride whenever he recalled the cry with which that veteran rank and file sent him to the rear and themselves to the front. The name of the warlike man who stepped forth to seize the bridle of Traveler and force him and his rider back I cannot give you. A tall, gaunt figure clad in rags and heroic brilliance rises before us for an instant and then perishes out of sight. Lee was checked, his steed reined in as the brigade flung their caps in the air, and with a shout, which was their stern farewell, swept onward. It was the leap of Curtius into the gulf. Sunrise was shining in their faces as their own sun sank. The rising sun was their wind-ing sheet. They closed up the ranks over their comrades as they fell till there was no longer a rank to close. They made their bosoms a sheath for the thunderbolt. They buried defeat on the field under a mound of their own corpses. They stepped to the graves of martyrs with the grace of courtiers. They had but an instant to think and to act, and they made it one of imperishable beauty. The long track of light which followed in the wake of their valor they did not see. Their wilderness was then their promised land—eternity. The love Lee riveted then and rivets now is in this scene made monumental. As the clear water of the lake mirrors the mountain on the marge, so the spirit of an army caught the human height which towered on the edge of every conflict. There, there, there is the flame image of Robert Lee, of the men who trusted him and whom he trusted to the hilt.

The rest of Field's Division arriving, after throwing Gregg's Texans on the left of the road, and Benning behind Gregg, and Laws behind Benning, and Jenkins behind Laws, Field slipped the leash. The Texas Brigade had dashed forward as soon as it was formed, without waiting for the brigades in the rear, and overcame the first shock at this point, but with a loss of two-thirds of their own number killed and wounded in ten minutes. The gallant Benning, with his Georgians, followed with "signally cheering results" (Field mentioned in his report), in achieving which Benning was wounded and the brigade much cut up. Laws's Brigade followed, but the enemy was so far checked that the losses in this brigade were not so heavy.

A movement was now directed by Lee which came near to complete success. The brigades of Mahone, Anderson, and Wofford, of which Mahone as senior brigadier was in command, were moved beyond the enemy's left, with orders to attack on his left and rear. The enemy was at the same moment to be attacked in front. In front the enemy was started back, at first slowly, until the effect of the flank movement was felt. As to the effect of this, Mr. Swinton writes: "It seemed, indeed, that irretrievable disaster was upon us; but in the very torrent and tempest of the attack it suddenly ceased, and all was still."

The confusion wrought by this movement has been stated by a Union officer, Col. Morris Schaff, in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1910: "Everything on the right of the 19th Maine, 56th and 37th Massachusetts is gone, and they, with fragments of other gallant regiments that have stood by them, will have soon to go. * * * Webb, seeing the day is lost, tells the bitterly tried regiments to scatter, and the wreckage begins. * * * The full stream of wreckage begins to float by Hancock at this juncture, and he realizes that disaster has come to his entire front. * * * But how

strange! Why do his (Lee's) fresh troops not come on and burst through while Hancock, Carroll, Lyman, Rice, and scores of officers are trying to rally the men? Why do they lose the one chance to complete victory? Yes, something had happened, not mysterious, but calamitous, on the road to complete victory. Longstreet had fallen, shot through the right shoulder and throat." Such were the circumstances, writes this Union officer, "into which Lee was suddenly thrown at that hour of momentous importance. It was an unusual and chafing trial. * * * At about six o'clock Sheridan, impressed by the state of affairs, told Humphrey that unless the trains were ordered to cross the river the road would be blocked, and it would be impossible for troops to get to the ford. What would have happened that afternoon among the trains had Longstreet not been wounded and had his troops broken through?"

On the other end of the line Gordon discovered that his left overlapped the enemy's right and, having cause to believe the fact unsuspected, submitted a plan of attack on that portion of the Union army, which was by his immediate superiors overruled. In the closing hours of the day Lee found opportunity to visit his extreme left. He then approved the plan. About sundown Gordon moved out and, as he expected, found the enemy unprepared, their first troops caught with their guns stacked. Brigade after brigade was broken to pieces before any formation could be had. A number of prisoners were captured, among them Generals Seymour and Shaler. The 6th Army Corps was smitten with panic. The opportunity and effect were not unlike that one year earlier when the stroke of Jackson fell. Gordon's confidence in the victory which would have followed had the attack been earlier has received corroboration free from bias.⁴

The fall of Longstreet and Jenkins on Lee's right and the fall of night upon his left retained Grant's forces south of the Rappahannock. Twice that 6th of May a second Chancellorsville was in Lee's grasp, but twice that day a sardonic fate snatched it from him. Unequal fate for a moment trembled in the balance. Grant now turned to make for Spotsylvania Courthouse. There he found Lee awaiting him. The skill with which in this campaign Lee continuously shifted his smaller force so as to repulse parts of a larger in succession launched against him is a page of marvel. On June 3, just about one month after the movement across the Rapidan began, Grant for the last time advanced the full strength of his army against the lines of Lee. Then, in the words of Charles Francis Adams, "did the slaughter of Cold Harbor begin." When later in the day orders were issued to renew the assault, Swinton writes: "The immobile lines pronounced a verdict, silent yet emphatic, against further slaughter."

Grant's orders for general engagement along the lines ended at this point. A stronger weapon than military assault was in his hands. The words of a Union officer and gentleman, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, are apposite: "Narrowly escaping destruction at Gettysburg, my next contention is that Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia never sustained defeat. Finally, it is true, succumbing to exhaustion, to the end they were not overthrown in fight."

How, then, was Lee overcome and with Lee the South? By the plan of wearing out by attrition. To wear out an adversary's numbers which could not be replaced by the free sacrifice of his own, which could be, was the device. Having in hand at home numbers limited only by the call for them and Europe to draw on for recruits, the gaps in the Union ranks could easily be filled. In the army of Lee each loss

was irreparable. For Grant all that was necessary to win out was to keep on losing. So Xerxes wore out by attrition the Spartans at Thermopylæ. "Already," cried Grant, "they have robbed the cradle and the grave." The conclusion was that when this final reinforcement had been spent the prize would have been won—"government by consent of the governed."

The attenuated Confederate force stood in the last ditch to hold up the sinking banner or fall with it. Our cause, their actions said, shall not fail if the sacrifice of all we are and all we have can save it. While the meager ration left them strength to stand they stood. We celebrate the magnanimous soul which poured a river of renown around our capitol, making a revered history more revered, which lit up the glories of yonder valley with a greater glory and in the battle roar on this memorable field changed the rag of gray for an immortal robe. In the last hour at Appomattox the servants of duty rallied around the chief of duty and laid down their arms only when that chieftain deemed it the part of duty so to do. Each man was as the sailor at his post when he feels that the ship is sinking. It is not success which consecrates the strain of life's battle. The nobleness with which the battle is fought erects the altar. These sons died that we might not live in vain. It has been for us so to live that they shall not have died in vain. Let us cherish the faith that they who go forth to battle and sacrifice in fulfillment of high calling, in sacrifice win achievement. The bronze figures at the base of the monument to be unveiled to-day will present a physical record of that which is more lasting than bronze. "There is," said Canon Farrar, "but one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows."

Not by fighting, but by famine, was resistance to be subdued, by war to fireside and field, until by want of food strength to resist should be quite vanquished, subjugation by strangulation.

Another arrow still remained wherewith the remaining and returning remnant was decreed to be pierced. From no eagerness to call back the sharpness of evil days is reference here made to the "rank breath" of reconstruction. For this the alleged justification was the ill treatment of the Southern slaves by the Southern masters to whom by Old and New England the slave ancestry had been so industriously sold. A word as to the wickedness which was visited with the retribution. Not forgetting anathema which is hurled upon those days, with some diffidence I will say: If the service of the slave had been compulsory, it was a compulsion which had liberated from degradation. The white man by his works had said to the black man at his back: "Brought to me by others as you have been, it is my part to afford the discipline which of yourselves you are unable to acquire. The universe abandons you. I will protect and direct." Enmity assumed that the slave only lacked opportunity to rise against the master. A day came when from the Potomac to the Gulf everything was opportune, yet from the slave everything was safe. The noble way for one race to conquer another is by the development of higher modes of existence in that other. So the South conquered the Africans shipped by Old England and by New England. Southern slavery will hold up the noblest melioration of an inferior race of which history can take note—the government of a race incapable of self-government for a greater benefit to the governed than to the governors. Southern master gave to Southern slave more than slave gave to master, and the slave realized it.⁶ The master was a hero to his valet. Better basis for the uplift

of inadequacy can no man lay than is laid in this. This slavery was the school to redeem from the sloth of centuries. A continent of mortal idleness had been exchanged for a continent of vital work. The constraint of discipline was a first step from the degeneration of indiscipline. From "the hell of the unfit" the negro had been lifted and put in the way of fitness. Freedom, which merely means freedom from work, is freedom to rot, not a thing for which to shed blood or tears. It is the way to parity with the beast. The graduation of lower into higher order is not the work of a day.⁶ The true emancipation is that which emancipates what is high from subjection to what is low, not that which subjects what is high to the dominion of what is low.

The quality of stoutly resisting evil goes to vindicate them who confront and resist it. What follows from D. H. Chamberlayne, Reconstruction Governor of South Carolina, is information at first hand:⁷ "Under all the avowed motives for this policy (that of negro ascendancy) lay a deeper cause than all the others, the will and determination to secure party ascendancy and control at the South and in the nation by the negro vote." * * * Eyes were never blinder to facts and minds never more ruthlessly set upon a policy than were Stevens and Morton on putting the white South under the heel of the black South. * * * To this tide of folly and worse President Grant persistently yielded. * * * Those who sat in the seats nominally of justice made traffic of their judicial powers. No branch of the public service escaped the pollution."

When in accepting the nomination for the Presidency Grant wrote, "Let us have peace," what was intended was the peace of "Reconstruction," to which through two administrations "Grant persistently yielded." The polluting tide was not stayed on the north shore of what had been secession. It was not practicable to make banditti honorable south of the Ohio and Susquehannah and send them all to Coventry in the North.

What had escaped the spoliations of war now awaited the delirium of peace. That which the palmer worm had left the locust had eaten, and that which the locust left the canker worm consumed. The cynicism of events declared: "The wages of heroism is death." It seemed as if Omnipotence had said to the victors, as at an earlier day was said to Satan: "Behold, all that they have is in thy power." To the devastation of field and fireside it seemed necessary to add a paralled moral devastation. A government of corruption, by corruption, and for corruption seemed heralded as the new birth. In her "West African Studies" Miss Kingsley writes: "There are many who hold murder to be the most awful crime man can commit, saying thereby he destroys the image of his Maker. I hold that one of the most awful crimes one nation can commit upon another is destroying the image of justice." To defile the judiciary was to lay the ax to the root. To unfasten the pent-up forces whose eruption would put in power the elements finding profit in disorder looked like design. The words of the Reconstruction Governor unveil the unjust magistrate, diligently deserving by his rulings the sentence pronounced by the apostle to the Gentiles: "Sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?" Was this slavery unchained or criminal activities released? There was "truth upon the scaffold"; there was the "league with death and agreement with hell." Alexander Pope declared (as a clause in the moral law the aphorism had been accepted): "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Reconstruction reversed this and

wrote: "An honest man is the most offensive work of the Creator." A reptile régime was ordained for the last garden as for the first. Reconstruction vindicates secession.⁹

Stripped to the bone, the South was contending, like a disembodied spirit, for the truth which was her faith, contending against them who had found in the prostitution of politics the politics of prostitution, against the incensed appeal to all that was low to put an end to all that was high. The man of the South, feeling the basis of life and faith giving way beneath his feet, beholding the prodigal soul of valor and the beautiful soul of sacrifice, laughed to scorn as of no more worth than to be ground up as offal for the barnyard pile or flung as carrion to the vultures when from an earth which was as the mire of melted wax under his feet he looked up to a heaven of brass over his head in despair might have exclaimed: "My God, didst thou too fall in the fray?" Smarting under the sharpness of the shears, the worthiest were made to feel themselves a kind of sport of the gods, played with as so many pawns on the chessboard of fate. Over courses checkmated in all directions is the unattainable attained. The winning of character is in not giving up, and the power to hope beyond defeat which seems hopeless is the great world power.

In the grim silence, with none to cheer, with Providence a mystery, with a whole civilized world looking coldly on, as is the wont when no material profit is perceived in looking otherwise, the battle was to reveal a character whose inherent force attritions could not waste. This battle of character is one which admits not of rest nor of retreat, but goes from conflict to conflict. On this battle from the hills of Rockbridge broke forth as from a new morn the light of Lee. As there was a darkness of Egypt which could be felt, so this was a light which sank like speech into the last hope which turned to it and leaned on it. In that light was felt a supremacy not at the mercy of events, which for them who turned to it was as the grasp of a hand out of the cloud.

The power of heroic patience said or seemed to say: "Would you have a sea without a storm, a storm without a strain? It is not the blow which fells you, but weakness under it, which is humiliation. Accredited to meet the moral battle now hurled upon you, have faith in power to be given you to emerge with a noble sway; your measure shall now be taken by those pitiless fates or furies whose tuition is your test. Once more battle like soldiers, despising the pain for the sake of the duty. On you descends the highest opportunity Heaven bestows, that of snatching moral victory from the jaws of ruthless overthrow. It is reserved for you under the hammer of events to grow stronger than the hammer. In winning the fight with defeat which seems irrevocable the soul rises master, and the things of time crouch as slaves before it.

It were presumptuous in me with any pretext of finality to seek to penetrate the secret of a potency flowing, as to the world might seem, like the rhythm of the Nile from impenetrable sources. To some undoubted elements of this dominion, of this attractive power of heroism for such as have a spark of it within them, it may not be unseasonable to advert. Lee wielded the power of a life held in trust for others. Public life is a trust; yes, and private life is a trust. As Lee received the successes, so he received the adversities of life as divine events appointed for discipline and duty. The fame of victory, the fate of subjugation were received with the same unswerving breast. His own preëminence he held as tenant in trust. In trust he towered to the last as a

lamp upon the height. At the foundation of this pervading sense of trust might be named a high-born reverence for the intrinsically high, intensified by high-born sympathy with the wrestle of the weak. The contagion of this knightly grace fills the shadows of the wilderness, where the shouts of warriors proclaimed his strength of soul was as their own, their own as his, a picture history will not willingly let die. Reverence and sympathy, male and female, created he them to be bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh.

Faithfulness to trust, sincerity of sympathy, the religion of reverence blended together in fearless fealty to truth. Doubtless in some such sense a Greek adage speaks of truth as fellow citizen of the gods. The truth of things as it came into his ken with the vigorous common sense of a great mind which sees things as they are Lee translated into practical performance. The potency of an unfailing common sense is glorified in his renown. High aims joined to the faculty to realize them, heroic force joined to heroic scorn of consequence to self wherever fighting, under whatever name I call the life of truth. Lee belongs to the mightiest of the mighty who have loved truth more than themselves. By his life we are made to feel how trivial are gifts which pile up high living by the side of gifts which multiply high thinking. Before the inquisitors of Reconstruction he stood as might have stood the just and tenacious man of Horace. He abides as symbol of the deep mystery that passion for truth must needs pass through passion. The assailants of the South made war in the name of "moral ideas." In the outlaw was the reality. For them who have not yet lost faith in a universe presided over by moral law the image graven by these last years is one to thrill. One old man, aged less by strain of time than strain of deeds, yet bearing the weight of three-score venerable years, invested with no diadem of state, no divinity of purple, no scepter (were it the slightest) of temporal authority, without a voice in government, without a representative he could call his own nor power to vote for one, without a soldier he could summon, without a weapon he could draw, from the southern border of Pennsylvania to the western border of Mexico drew to him the honor of true hearts with a spiritual sway akin to that of pontiffs. A silent magnanimity sat like a crown upon his brow. He for whom the unseen ideal is the one reality does not fear the power of any adversary. The severe majestic heights to which he attained were beyond the reach of temporal attritions. The raging force around him powerful to outlaw was powerless to profane. The poignant satire of events made him outlaw when loyalty was rapine. He who has been rightly called "undefeated by defeat," gazing from his outlaw throne upon the orgies of "Reconstruction," mournfully might have cried: "Unvictorious by victory." What he reveals is the essence, not the semblance, of great life.

The gaze of the world was turned to see how one who thus far had fought the good fight would finish the course. In so looking the world saw none of the mean tragedy of the despair which is selfish. The world saw the modesty of true greatness and none of the importunate craving for the limelight which is the hall-mark of the sham. No press agency was pressed into service for him. The sweet uses of advertisement were unknown to him. The world saw one who with quietness of spirit gave the challenge to catastrophe. The world saw one who in superlative disaster towered above "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness." The world saw unpretentious eminence, unaffected piety, and in the simplicity of Sparta the majesty of Rome. The world saw strug-

gle with superlative adversity by a soul still greater. The world saw a soul of battle higher than battle won, victorious over battle lost. The dignity of that soul made the din of triumph over it seem paltry. The cross was laid on one who had the courage of the cross.

To Lee might be applied the words spoken of another whose moral reign has not yet ceased:

"Exalted Socrates, divinely brave,
Injured he felt and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge."

As the Sabbath of his years drew to a close, reverently we watched as with an even temper and a gentle grace he stepped into the falling night. Strong men revered him for his greater strength. Little children loved him for his greater love. Man destroys death when, like Lee, he builds up a life outside of death and leaves to death a man of straw. Before our eyes he passed from strength to strength, from height to height. The hidden load of sorrow which consumed him in a manner was made known by the knowledge that five years had sufficed to wear away the fine masonry of physical perfection which was the speaking casement of the finer spirit. When end of earth came, he died as he had lived, looking humbly to his Maker. For them who watched it was as if they saw one descending to the grave like a conqueror in the games bending to receive the conqueror's reward. The heart which had vanquished fate had ceased to beat. No splendor of woe, no peal of mighty music accompanied his bier; but from end to end of the smitten South the muffled drum of hearts bowed down for him was beating a funeral march more eloquent than all the pageantries of royal woe to which all the nations flock royally appareled. Each added year the eye of faith has seen the finger of time fashioning the immortal wreath, and the ear of faith has almost heard the chisel of time, stroke by stroke, touch by touch, shaping the "eloquent proportions" of the spirit. A grace of beauty which is the blessedness of duty is his dominion.

We have not in this new world the marvelous songs which from Homer to Dante and Milton have been Bibles in verse; we have not the marvelous structures which from Parthenon and Pantheon to York and St. Peter's have been Bibles in stone; we have no Lion of Lucerne to tell in immortal stone the immortal story of devotion unto death. Yet is there one, the peer of the proudest of them all, whose strong wall shall last while time endures, whose pure page all time is powerless to deface. That masterpiece is the life of Lee. The hero of our Troy immortally shall live, whatever befall Ilium. There is your ideal; you will rise as you honor this and refuse to honor the antithesis of this. As you welcome the antagonist ideal you crucify your own. If, indeed, they for whom this masterpiece is Epos repudiate their own and in the modern House of Rimmon they too bend low before the machineries and prosperities of graft, then from the stately height of Arlington his shade, as the shadow of a glorious past, reproachfully will tower to smite with silent scorn the impotent succession.

To-day at Lexington we view him, the campaign cloak martially flung over him, as if he did but snatch the moments to repair the strain of yesterday and prepare for the morrow's. In that grand repose he still is warrior of the cause of which he is the likeness. In his marble sleep he bears its image and superscription. He and the cause for which he fought shall rise before the bar of history firm as marble and as pure.

NOTES.

¹Address delivered at the dedication of the monument to Gen. Robert Edward Lee at Richmond, Va., May 29, 1890, by Col. Archer Anderson.

²Col. W. H. Taylor observes: "The loss of this battle order constituted one of the pivots on which turned the event of the war."

³New York *Evening Post*, April 27, 1917.

⁴Gen. James H. Wilson, in his "Memoirs," mentions: "It will be remembered that those officers (Rawlins and Bowers) had been with Grant from the first of the war. Rawlins explained that the first news which reached headquarters from the right gave the impression that an overwhelming disaster had befallen our line and that, although Grant received it with his usual self-possession, the coming in of officer after officer with additional details soon made it apparent that the General was confronting the greatest crisis in his life. . . . Both Rawlins and Bowers concurred in the statement that Grant went into his tent and, throwing himself face downward on his cot, gave way to the greatest emotion. . . . Not until it became apparent that the enemy was not pressing his advantage did he entirely recover his composure." ("Under the Old Flag," Volume I., page 390.)

⁵This has been recognized by one of the most intelligent of the race: "When the old gray-haired veterans who followed Lee's tattered banner to Appomattox shall have passed away, the negro's best friend will have gone, for the negro got more out of slavery than they did." (Prof. W. H. Council, *Forum*, July, 1899.)

⁶Dr. A. B. Mayo, of Massachusetts, in "Circular No. 1" of the Bureau of Education, writes of the negro in the South: "This people underwent the most rapid and effective transition from the depths of pagan barbarism to the threshold of Christianity and civilization on record in the annals of mankind. The two hundred and fifty years of slavery had, indeed, been in itself a great university, and the history of the world may be challenged to present a spectacle so remarkable."

⁷The Hon. D. H. Chamberlayne served in the Union army during the War between the States, commanding a negro regiment, the 5th Massachusetts. After the war he became attorney-general of South Carolina, from 1868 to 1872, and after that the governor. (*Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1901.)

⁸The Fifteenth Amendment "was part and parcel of carpetbag times—a part of the times when graft permeated every department of the government, and an obscene brood of harpies, in the form of ignorant negro officials, were imposed upon the white people of the Southern States. The Fifteenth Amendment was not adopted to aid the negro or to ameliorate his condition, but it was adopted for the purpose of irritating, vexing, and humiliating the South by forcing corrupt government upon the Southern people." (Hon. Henry F. Ashurst, of Arizona, in U. S. Senate, January 24, 1914, page 2081.)

⁹The New York *Tribune* of June 13, 1874, speaks of South Carolina as "lying prostrate and helpless under the foot of the spoiler, her citizens imprisoned, business ruined, enterprise destroyed, lands sold for taxes, her people at the mercy of an ignorant and dishonest rabble, her legislators and her rulers a gang of unprincipled adventurers and shameless thieves."

LEE.

He fled from Fame; but Fame
Sought him in his retreat,
Demanding for the world one name
Made deathless by defeat.

And men, by time made wise,
Shall in the future see
No name hath risen or ever shall rise
Like the name of Robert Lee.

Ah, Muse! you dare not claim
A nobler man than he,
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee!

—Father Ryan, in "Sentinel Songs."

THE BURNING OF WRIGHTSVILLE, PA.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The paragraph on page 225 of the June VETERAN in regard to the "burning done by Confederates in the Gettysburg campaign" turned my thoughts back to the circumstances surrounding the burning of Wrightsville, Pa., about which, after reflection and refreshment of memory, I decided to write, so that every lover of the truth might see the spirit which animated the Confederate soldiers while they were in the enemy's territory and compare it with that which the Federals exhibited in devastating with the torch the beautiful Valley of Virginia and many other parts of the South. No one in our command was disposed to commit outrages on the people or their property, but we were restrained from acts of violence of any kind by strict orders from General Lee himself which were read to us as soon as we crossed Mason and Dixon's line. Of course some of our boys stole a chicken or a pig now and then, but that was no more than they did in Virginia and everywhere the army went; but I never heard of our men burning towns or private houses.

The only two instances of burning that I witnessed was when our military authorities had old Thad Stevens's iron works burned. Their reason for this was his bitter attitude toward the South, which extended over many years before, during, and after the war. The other was the burning of Blair's beautiful new residence near Washington City in the summer of 1864, when we under Early visited that city and caused a great panic there. The house stood in the rear of our brigade as we lay facing their works, perhaps a quarter of a mile, and our men went there for water. It has always been a mooted question as to who set it on fire. Some say it was fired by the shells shot at us by the Federal batteries; but I am sure that was not the cause of the fire, for whoever operated those big guns aimed them at the moon or some imaginary enemy high above our heads, and every one of those huge missiles passed far above every object and exploded miles in the rear. As they passed over us they made a noise like the passing of a railroad train, and some one remarked that perhaps the "Melish" were shooting at our wagon trains far in the rear. Some say it was fired by General Early's orders in retaliation for similar outrages committed time and again in Virginia. But I am told that he denied this report. It may have been the work of some Virginia soldier whose home had been destroyed to let Mr. Blair, who was a member of Lincoln's cabinet, feel a little of what the Confederates had suffered for a long time.

But I must return to my subject and tell the story in part from the beginning. Our corps, now under Gen. R. S. Ewell, and our brigade, under Gen. John B. Gordon, were camped on the south side of the Rappahannock in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, Va., while the Federals, under Hooker, occupied the country for miles up and down that stream on the north side. When all things were ready for our long march, we set fire at dark to numerous log heaps prepared before for that purpose, and behind these bonfires we stole away. I suppose this was done to create some false impression in the mind of the enemy, who held the high ground beyond the river. We continued these night marches up the river, then crossed over and turned northwest, while Stuart and his cavalry were constantly engaging the Federal cavalry as a blind. After we were entirely out of sight and Hooker's right flank had been completely turned, we made rapid day marches to the gaps of the Blue Ridge Mountains. As soon as we crossed

these our division, then under Early, surrounded Winchester, which was held by General Milroy with a garrison of six thousand Federal soldiers, while other divisions occupied the roads leading from that town to the Potomac. After two days' fighting we captured the whole force except Milroy and the cavalry. He made his escape by a bold dash through our lines at night. We regretted this very much, as he was greatly wanted by us for his many crimes and outrages against helpless citizens of the Valley.

From Winchester we went to the fords of the Potomac, then on to Gettysburg, which we entered in a raw, drizzling rain. One of the first things that attracted our attention as we rose over a little hill in the suburbs of the town was a fellow in his back yard waving his hat frantically and shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" Our men looked upon him as a sneak and a coward who wanted to curry favor with us, and they replied to him in language too inelegant to print, but among other things told him to go and get a gun and fight.

When we reached the main part of the town our brigade formed on the principal street and rested there while our military band took position at a prominent crossing and dispensed music for all. Few of the grown-up citizens of the place showed themselves on the streets, remaining behind closed doors, but not so with the youngsters of both sexes. These hung to us everywhere, and the main thing with them was to know when we were going to burn the town; seemed to think that was our only reason for coming, and they were anxious to see the fun begin. This question was perhaps answered a thousand times, but never seemed to satisfy the kids. Our regiment, the 31st Georgia, was detailed to act as provost guard to keep order in the town, and with this duty we were up a great part of a chilly night, although there was only one case that needed our attention. When we first came to the town some of our Irish soldiers of General Hayes's "Louisiana Tigers" as soon as they stacked arms found some people of the same nationality in the southern suburbs who sold liquor, and a fight began which resulted in our men beating up the old citizens. The whole thing was over when we arrived on the scene to put a stop to the riot, and we made no arrests.

Between midnight and day I threw myself down on a bench in the courthouse, in which there was a red-hot stove, and in a few minutes was oblivious to everything until at earliest dawn the rattle of the drum aroused us to resume our march to York, which we found to be a much more important place than Gettysburg and whose citizens seemed to be animated by a different spirit. It was Sunday morning, and everybody, young and old, male and female, was rigged out in his or her best. As we passed up the main street the crowd of folks pressed on us so that we got through the place with difficulty, marching two and two. The people exhibited the greatest anxiety to have a word with us, but our officers hurried us on at a quick-step, equally determined that we should not have a word to say to them.

We were now marching toward Philadelphia, and the next town on our route was Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna. Beyond that river was Lancaster, the residence of James Buchanan, ex-President of the United States, and we were all eager to visit the old gentleman in his home and shake hands with him; but in this we were disappointed by the Pennsylvania "Melish," who burned the bridge across the river and thereby put a stop to our further progress toward the Quaker City. The town of Wrightsville was situated on

a hillside sloping down to the river, which was spanned at this place by a wooden bridge.

Before we reached the town on our march from York, a mile, I suppose, from the place, we were traveling leisurely along without any evidence that the enemy was anywhere near, for we had not seen an armed man since we were in the State, when, looking forward toward the head of the column, I saw the regiment in front deploying at right angles to the road across a field of rye now headed out and up to their shoulders. Soon the entire brigade was in line, and Capt. Warren D. Wood, of our regiment, was ordered to deploy his own company (F) and two other companies and to develop the position of the enemy. In front of us was low ground for some distance, and on the rising ground on the other side could be seen a line of excellent earthworks. Captain Wood and his men moved forward in skirmish formation about one hundred and fifty yards, when the fun—the old-time familiar crack of rifles—began. This was immediately responded to by the popping of muskets and the whiz of balls over our heads. Every one exclaimed: "Muskets! Melish!"

In the meantime two pieces of twenty-pound rifle cannon were taking position just back of our line on rising ground. These now opened on the enemy's works. A buzzing and confused noise arose, as if some great event was taking place over there, and in a moment we were ordered to advance to the enemy's works, which we found abandoned, and from there to the town the enemy had divested themselves of their equipment in their hasty flight. We had just crossed their works when we heard a great explosion, and, looking toward the town, we saw the timbers of the bridge rising high into the blue sky and almost immediately the black smoke rising from the burning bridge and buildings in the village. We hastened on unopposed and found the merchants in the business part of town near the bridge rolling their goods out into the street and the greedy flames eating their way from house to house up the street on the north side. Without orders, everybody went to work to assist the citizens in their efforts to save their goods and to subdue the fire; but in spite of our labor the conflagration continued to make headway until our pioneers came with kegs of powder. These were placed under the buildings most exposed to the fire, and our officers ordered some of our men to put on their bayonets and force our soldiers back up the street out of danger of the explosion. When this took place the houses were knocked to pieces and collapsed. By this means the town was saved from destruction, caused either by the blowing up of the bridge by the Federals to prevent our following them or by some of them under orders who set it on fire to thwart the Confederates in their advance through the State.

It was late at night when the fire was subdued, and, being tired and worn out by long marches, I decided to slip away from the great crowd to some quiet place and lie down for a few hours' rest. Falling in with a comrade, I made the suggestion to him, and accordingly we left the crowd for the suburbs. Coming to a neat residence, we decided to go in and spread our blankets on the floor of the piazza, for it was now raining. But before doing so we took a seat on a bench to get our bearings, noting as well as we could in the darkness of the night what were the conditions of the place. As soon as we were seated we heard a multitude of voices inside speaking in a low tone, for the house we found was packed full of women who had gone there to spend the night. They had heard our footsteps as we came in, and some one

mustered up courage enough to come to the door. Opening it a few inches, she asked me timidly when we were going to burn the town. To this I replied that Confederate soldiers didn't burn towns; that was done by *their* soldiers. After this, questions were repeated and answered in the same way about a dozen times. I suggested to my comrade that we couldn't sleep there, so we went down the steps and spread our blankets on the pavement in the rain, where we spent the rest of the night oblivious of all the trying scenes of war until the rattle of the reveille roused us from our slumbers at first dawn. We hastened down town to find our captain and the rest of the company.

On the south side of the main street, opposite the burnt section and next to the foot of the bridge, stood a large sign in front of the hotel on which were the words in large letters, "Henry Hunt's Hotel." Here we found Captain Lewis installed in the office as provost marshal, and our men were lounging around in full possession of everything. In the panic Hunt had abandoned his business and placed the river between him and us. Captain Lewis was in full charge of the city, and men of our company were the guards. He had put one of his most trusted men in the cellar, where Hunt had a large and well-selected stock of liquors, to keep our men out, but they had little difficulty in getting as much as they wanted. Hunt left a large bunch of keys in the office, and a certain wag of a soldier took these and carried them through all the subsequent marching and fighting, even to Appomattox and to his home in Georgia.

About eleven o'clock that morning we started on our return journey to York and Gettysburg, disappointed that our progress to Philadelphia and New York had been interrupted. To our great surprise, we later found that General Lee, who we thought was entertaining Hooker and his army in Virginia, had followed behind us and was in Pennsylvania. Up to this our trip from Virginia was only a picnic.

"WORTHY TO BE LOVED."

In the memoir of Jefferson Davis by his wife there is reference to the reception accorded him by the people of Macon, Ga., on his visit to that city; and on Veterans' Day of the State Fair his old soldiers thronged to greet their chief, "the tattered flags borne in the strong hands that had saved them twenty years before from capture, and with tender words they called him 'worthy to be loved.'"

The following was clipped from a paper of Macon, Ga., at the time of Mr. Davis's visit to that city: "After his Macon reception Mr. Davis may well say: 'Now let thy servant depart in peace.' So peculiar an ovation was never given to a mortal man. The grim remnants of Manassas, of Gettysburg, and of Appomattox—scarce a single brigade out of so many army corps—stood once more in serried ranks expectant and silent. Before them rose up an aged and feeble form. In an instant the long lapse of twenty-odd years was to the winds. It was no longer now, to-day, but then and long ago. It was the constitutional commander in chief of the Confederacy again at the head of his dauntless soldiery. No wonder the fierce cry of the past rose once more on the air until the very folds of that gashed and mutilated banner trembled in ecstasy at the old familiar sound. No wonder the ancient chieftain clasped that flag to his bosom and then, as the present once more thrust itself in on the party, burst into tears. Back in his retirement Mr. Davis will carry the unquenchable love of the men in gray."

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND GEN. JOSEPH E.
JOHNSTON.

BY MRS. MOLLIE H. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

THE REMOVAL OF GENERAL JOHNSTON AT ATLANTA.

In Chapter XLVIII., Volume II., of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," President Davis gives a clear analysis of conditions surrounding the Army of Tennessee under Gen. J. E. Johnston during the winter and spring of 1863-64. On page 548 he gives this account:

"The following were among the considerations presented to General Johnston at my request by Brig. Gen. W. N. Pendleton, chief of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, on April 16, 1864:

"1. To take the enemy at disadvantage while weakened, it is believed, by sending troops to Virginia and having others absent still on furlough.

"2. To break up his plans by anticipating and frustrating his combinations.

"3. So to press him in his present position as to prevent his heavier massing in Virginia.

"4. To defeat him in battle and gain great consequent strength in supplies, men, and productive territory.

"5. To prevent the waste of the army incident to inactivity.

"6. To inspirit the troops and the country by success and to discourage the enemy.

"7. To obviate the necessity of falling back, which might probably occur if our antagonist be allowed to consummate his plans without molestation."

On page 551 we read: "To enable General Johnston to repulse the hostile advance and assume the offensive, no effort was spared on the part of the government. Almost all of the available military strength of the South and West, in men and supplies, was pressed forward and placed at his disposal. The supplies of the commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance departments of his army were represented as ample and suitably located. The troops, encouraged by the large accessions of strength which they saw arriving daily and which they knew were marching rapidly to their support, were eager to advance and confident in their power to achieve victory and recover the territory which they had lost. Their position was such as to warrant the confident expectation of successful resistance at least. Long mountain ranges, penetrated by few and difficult roads and paths, and deep and wide rivers seemed to render our position one from which we could not be dislodged or turned; while that of the enemy, dependent for his supplies upon a single line of railroad from Nashville to the point where he was operating, was manifestly perilous. The whole country shared the hope which the government entertained that a decisive victory would soon be won in the mountains of Georgia which would free the South and West from invasion, would open to our occupation and the support of our armies the productive territory of Tennessee and Kentucky, and so recruit our army in the West as to render it impracticable for the enemy to accumulate additional forces in Virginia."

After describing the movements of the army to July 5, 1864, quoting from General Johnston's estimate to show that his army numbered sixty-eight thousand men in May, 1864, Mr. Davis writes on page 555:

"Thus from Dalton to Resaca, from Resaca to Adairsville, from Adairsville to Allatoona (involving by the evacuation of Kingston the loss of Rome and large quantities of military stores), from Allatoona to Kenesaw, from Kenesaw to

the Chattahoochee, and then to Atlanta, retreat followed retreat during seventy-four days of anxious waiting and bitter disappointment, until at last the Army of Tennessee fell back within the fortifications of Atlanta. The Federal army soon occupied the arc of a circle extending from the railroad between Atlanta and the Chattahoochee River to some miles south of the Georgia Railroad (from Atlanta to Augusta) in a direction northeast of Atlanta. We had suffered a disastrous loss of territory.

"Whether the superior numerical strength of the enemy, by enabling him to extend his force beyond the flank of ours, did thereby necessitate the abandonment of every position taken by our army, and whether the enemy, declining to assault any of our entrenched camps, would have ventured to leave it in rear upon his only line of communication and supply, or whether we might have obtained more advantageous results by a vigorous and determined effort to attack him in detail during some of his many flank movements, are questions upon which there has been a decided conflict of opinion and upon which it would be for me now neither useful nor pleasant to enter. When it became known that the Army of Tennessee had been successively driven from one strong position to another until finally it had reached the earthworks constructed for the exterior defense of Atlanta, the popular disappointment was extreme. The possible fall of the 'Gate City,' with its important railroad communication, vast stores, factories for the manufacture of all sorts of military supplies, rolling mill and foundries, was now contemplated for the first time at its full value and produced intense anxiety far and wide.

"From many quarters, including such as had most urged his assignment, came delegations, petitions, and letters urging me to remove General Johnston from the command of the army and assign that important trust to some officer who would resolutely hold and defend Atlanta. While sharing in the keen sense of disappointment at the failure of the campaign which pervaded the whole country, I was perhaps more apprehensive than others of the disasters likely to result from it, because I was in a position to estimate more accurately their probable extent. On the railroad threatened with destruction the armies then fighting the main battles of the war in Virginia had for some time to a great degree depended for indispensable supplies, yet I did not respond to the wishes of those who came in hottest haste for the removal of General Johnston; for here again, more fully than many others, I realized how serious it was to change commanders in the presence of the enemy.

"This clamor for his removal commenced immediately after it had become known that the army had fallen back from Dalton and had gathered volume with each remove toward Atlanta. Still I resisted the steadily increasing pressure which was brought to bear to induce me to revoke his assignment and only issued the order relieving him from command when I became satisfied that his declared purpose to occupy the works at Atlanta with militia levies and to draw his army into the open country for freer operations would inevitably result in the loss of that important point, and where the retreat would cease could not be foretold. If the Army of Tennessee was found to be unable to hold positions of great strength like those at Dalton, Resaca, Etowah, Kenesaw, and on the Chattahoochee, I could not reasonably hope that it would be more successful in the plains below Atlanta, where it would find neither natural nor artificial advantages of position. As soon as the Secretary of War showed me the

answer which he had just received in reply to his telegram to General Johnston requesting positive information as to the General's plans and purposes I gave my permission to issue the order relieving General Johnston and directing him to turn over to General Hood the command of the Army of Tennessee. I was so fully aware of the danger of changing the commander of any army while actively engaged with the enemy that I only overcame the objection in view of an emergency and in the hope that the impending danger of the loss of Atlanta might be averted."

Mr. Davis continues, quoting from a letter received by a friend:

"The following extracts are made from a letter of the Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, written at Atlanta on October 12, 1878, and handed to me by the friend to whom it was addressed:

"On Wednesday or Thursday, I think the 28th or 29th of June, 1864, a messenger came to my house, sent, as he said, by General Johnston, Senator Wigfall, of Texas, and Governor Brown, of Georgia. The purpose of his mission, as he explained, was to persuade me to write a letter to President Davis urging him to order either Morgan or Forrest into Sherman's rear, etc. * * * The result of this interview was a determination on my part to go at once to see General Johnston and place myself at his service. I reached his headquarters near Marietta on the line of the Kenesaw on Friday morning, which was the last day of June or the first day of July. We had a full and free interview, and I placed myself unreservedly at his disposal. He explained at length that he could not attack Sherman's army in their entrenchments, nor could he prevent Sherman from ditching around his (Johnston's) flank and compelling his retreat. The only method of arresting Sherman's advance was to send a force into his rear, cut off his supplies, and thus compel Sherman either to give battle on his (Johnston's) terms or retreat. In either case he thought he could defeat Sherman and probably destroy his army. I said to him: "As you do not propose to attack Sherman in his entrenchments, could you not spare a sufficient number of your present army, under Wheeler or some other, to accomplish this work?" He said he could not, that he needed all the force he had in front. He then said that General Morgan was at Abingdon, Va., with five thousand cavalry, and, if the President would so order, this force could be sent into Sherman's rear at once. He also said that Stephen D. Lee had sixteen thousand men under him in Mississippi, including the troops under Forrest and Roddy, and that if Morgan could not be sent five thousand of those under Forrest could do the work. Either Morgan or Forrest could compel Sherman to fight at disadvantage or retreat, and there was no reason why either should not be sent if the President should give the order. He explained that he (General Johnston) had had a consultation with Senator Wigfall and Governor Brown, the result of which was the messenger to me to secure my coöperation to influence President Davis to make the order. I repelled the idea that any influence with the President was needed, and stated that if the facts were as General Johnston reported them the reënforcement would be sent on his request. But the situation was so critical, involving, as I believed and explained to General Johnston, the fate of the Confederacy, that I said I would go in person to Richmond and lay all the facts before the President, and I did not doubt he would act promptly. I then said to General Johnston: "How long can you hold Sherman north of the Chattahoochee River? This

is important, because I am to go to Richmond, and Morgan must go from Virginia or Forrest from Mississippi, and this will take some time, and all must be done before Sherman drives you to Atlanta." General Johnston did not answer this question with directness, but gave me data which authorized me to conclude that he could hold Sherman north of the Chattahoochee River at least fifty-four days and perhaps sixty days. I made this calculation with General Johnston's data in his presence and told him the result, and he assented to it. When this result was stated, General Hood, who was present, said: "Mr. Hill, when we leave our present line, we will, in my judgment, cross the Chattahoochee River very rapidly." "Why, what makes you think that?" said General Johnston with some interest. "Because," answered General Hood, "this line of the Kenesaw is the strongest line we can get in this country. If we surrender this to Sherman, he can reconnoiter from its summit the whole country between here and Atlanta, and there is no such line of defense in the distance." "I differ with your conclusion," said General Johnston. "I admit this is a strong line of defense, but I have two more strong lines between this and the river from which I can hold Sherman a long time."

"I was delayed *en route* somewhat and reached Richmond on Sunday morning week, which, I think, was the 9th of July. I went to the hotel and in a few minutes was at the executive mansion. This interview with Mr. Davis I can never forget. I laid before him carefully and in detail all the facts elicited in the conversation with General Johnston and explained fully the purpose of my mission. When I had gone through, the President took up the facts one by one and fully explained the situation. I remember very distinctly many of the facts, for the manner, as well as matter, stated by Mr. Davis was impressive. "Long ago," said the President, "I ordered Morgan to make this movement upon Sherman's rear and suggested that his best plan was to go directly from Abingdon through East Tennessee. But Morgan insisted that if he were permitted to go through Kentucky and around Nashville he could greatly recruit his men by volunteers. I yielded and allowed him to have his own way. He undertook it, but was defeated and has retreated back and is now at Abingdon with only eighteen hundred men, very much demoralized and badly provided with horses."

"He next read a dispatch from Gen. Stephen D. Lee to the effect that A. J. Smith had left Memphis with fifteen thousand men, intended either as reënforcement for Sherman or for an attack on Mobile; that to meet this force he (Lee) had only seven thousand men, including the commands of Forrest and Roddy. He would like reënforcements, but anyhow, with or without reënforcements, he should meet Smith and whip him too. "Ah! there's a man for you," said Mr. Davis. And Lee did meet Smith with his inferior force and whipped him too.

"He next read a dispatch from a commander at Mobile (who, I think, was General Maury) to the effect that Canby was marching from New Orleans with twenty thousand men and A. J. Smith from Memphis with fifteen thousand men, intending to make a combined attack on Mobile. To meet this force of thirty-five thousand men he had four thousand and Lee with Forrest and Roddy seven thousand, making eleven thousand in all. He asked for reënforcements.

"After going fully through this matter and showing how utterly General Johnston was at fault as to the numbers of troops in the different commands, the President said: "How long did you understand General Johnston to say he could

hold Sherman north of the Chattahoochee River?" "From fifty-four to sixty days," I said, and repeated the facts on that subject as above stated. Thereupon the President read me a dispatch from General Johnston announcing that he had crossed or was crossing the Chattahoochee River. * * * The next day Mr. Sedden, the Secretary of War, called to see me. He asked to reduce my interview with General Johnston to writing for the use of the cabinet, and I did and gave it to him. Mr. Sedden said that he was anxious for General Johnston's removal, and he was especially anxious because, he said, he was one of those who was responsible for his appointment. He had urged his appointment very earnestly, but it was a great mistake, and he desired to do all he could even at this late day to atone for it. The President, he said, was averse to the removal. He made the appointment against his own convictions, but he thought it a very hazardous thing to remove him now, and he would not do it if he could have any assurance that General Johnston would not surrender Atlanta without a battle. Other members of the cabinet I knew had views similar to those expressed by Mr. Sedden."

Mr. Davis writes that the Secretary of War, after the removal of General Johnston had been decided upon, held an interview with Gen. R. E. Lee "to secure General Lee's estimate of qualifications in the selection of a successor." Mr. Hill further says: "General Lee declined to give any positive advice and expressed regret that so grave a movement as the removal of General Johnston under the circumstances existing should be found necessary. * * * During all the time a telegraphic correspondence was kept up with General Johnston, the object being to ascertain if he would make a determined fight to save Atlanta. His answers were thought to be evasive. Finally the question was put to General Johnston categorically to the effect, 'Will you surrender Atlanta without a fight?' To this the answer was regarded as not only evasive, but as indicating the contemplated contingency of surrendering Atlanta on the ground that the Governor of the State had not furnished, as expected, sufficient State troops to man the city while the army was giving battle outside. 'This evasive answer to a positive question,' said one of the cabinet to me, 'brought the President over. He yielded very reluctantly.' I was informed of the result at once and was also informed that Mr. Davis was the last man in the cabinet to agree to the order of removal."

OPERATIONS ON THE BLACKWATER RIVER.

PAPER PREPARED BY C. T. CHAPLAIN AND J. M. KEELING.

The following is taken from the "Naval History of the Civil War," by Admiral David D. Porter:

"In the latter part of September, 1862, a joint expedition of the army and navy was prepared to operate against Franklin, Va., a small town on the Blackwater River. It was agreed between the military commander, General Dix, and the commander of the gunboats that the attack should be made on the 3d of October.

"The expedition was under the command of Lieut. C. W. Flusser, on board the steamer Commodore Perry. Acting Lieut. Edmund R. Calhoun commanded the Hunchback and Acting Master Charles A. French the Whitehead.

"On the morning of October 3, 1862, the three above-mentioned steamers got under way and proceeded up the river, which was so crooked and narrow in some places that these vessels, small as they were, could not turn the bends without

the aid of hawsers. At seven o'clock the Perry, being ahead, came to one of three short turns, and while engaged in running out a line a heavy fire was opened upon her from a steep bluff, almost overhead, by a body of the enemy's concealed riflemen.

"The guns of the steamer could not be brought to bear, and the only way to escape the fire of the riflemen was to work by the point and obtain a position where the great guns could be brought into play. This was attempted, but the vessel ran ashore. At this moment a daring color bearer of the enemy started toward the gunboat, trying to get his companions to follow him and board her. But he was instantly shot down, and the enemy were driven back to their cover.

"In a few moments the gunboat was off the bottom and pushed ahead until she could bring her guns to bear and from this position cover the passage of the other two steamers. Having passed the turn in safety, these vessels joined the Commodore Perry above, where they were still fired upon from the bluff without being able to make any effective return.

"To make their position more critical, they now came upon a barricade which they found it impossible to pass. The enemy soon noticed the dilemma of the gunboats and began to flatter themselves that they were about to have an easy victory. A large body of men collected below the Federal vessels and commenced felling trees across the narrow stream to cut off their retreat, after which they calculated to capture them all by driving the men from the decks with their rifles.

"In his anxiety to get ahead, Lieutenant Flusser had not waited for the troops, and he now found himself caught in a trap. He had gotten into the difficulty through an error of judgment, and the only way to get out of it seemed to be to fight until the troops came up.

"It was most difficult to work the guns under such a terrific fire from concealed riflemen without great loss of life, but there was no alternative. Flusser threw eleven-inch shells toward the town of Franklin, while with the forward 32-pounder he poured grape and canister into the woods on his left. With the after 32-pounder and a field gun he fought the enemy on the right, and with his nine-inch gun aft he shelled the bluff whence the weight of the enemy's fire proceeded. Thus he fought on like a lion at bay, scattering shell, grape, and canister on all sides, while his men were exposed to a deadly fire from marksmen no one could see.

"The other steamers were not idle, but followed the tactics of their leader, and their rapid fire disconcerted the aim of the riflemen.

"When a lull occurred, the steamers made a dash down the river; and although their decks were still swept by the enemy's fire, they succeeded in passing the bluffs. During this movement the Union commanders kept their men under cover and thus saved many lives. When they came to the fallen timber, they put on a full head of steam and pierced their way through and over it. It was "neck or nothing" with them, and it was only through great exertions that they succeeded in getting beyond the range of the enemy's fire by nightfall.

"The Commodore Perry lost two killed and eleven wounded (a severe loss for so small a vessel). The Hunchback had two killed and one wounded.

"This was not a great battle, but it was more trying than some great battles have been and was accompanied by much more danger. It shows that the gunboat commanders were of good metal, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. There is nothing in the world so harassing as to be caught in a narrow river under such circumstances, and there

is scarcely anything to justify it unless the vessels are supported by a land force. In the above case the land force unfortunately did not come up.

"Flusser was a cool and daring officer. * * * He was always to be found where fighting was going on."

The facts given below are made from our personal observation and participation in the engagement:

"In October, 1862, the persons named herein, members of the Chesapeake cavalry company, 14th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Maj. Edgar Burroughs, C. S. A.—Sergt. Virginius A. Smith commanding and Privates W. A. Smith, Thomas Holloway Williams, Johnson Carroll, John D. Carraway, Thomas P. Murray, Caleb T. Chaplain, and J. M. Keeling—were on picket duty near Old South Quay, on the Black Water River, in Southampton County, Va., the river being the dividing line between the Confederate and Federal forces. All of them are now dead except the last two named. Our headquarters were in a schoolhouse about half a mile distant from Old South Quay. On the 3d of October, 1862, the picket reported at headquarters that 'three gunboats loaded with marines had passed South Quay going up the river toward Franklin,' a small town on the Black-water River. We were in a high state of excitement, but eager and determined for anything that might follow to carry out the plan then agreed upon, and four of the more impetuous and reckless young boys composing the picket—W. A. Smith, Johnson Carroll, Caleb T. Chaplain, and J. M. Keeling—conceived the idea of doing much damage to the gunboats and their crews and determined to construct a rifle pit on a slight bluff overlooking the banks of the river at South Quay, knowing as the boats descended the river they would have to pass immediately by the side of the bluff, as the channel ran by the riverside at that point.

"Realizing the hazardous adventure and undertaking in which we had decided to engage, of firing upon three gunboats and trying to capture them, we had pledged one another that no one would leave the rifle pit until all had decided to go.

"Early that day, October 3, we began to dig and excavate a rifle pit about ten feet long and four or five feet deep and which was made concave, or scooped out, so we could get under it and be protected from the enemy's fire of shot and shell, which we anticipated upon their return. We worked hard to complete our work before the return of the gunboats. We further determined to cut and fell some trees in the channel of the river below our rifle pits so as to impede, if not prevent, the escape of the boats, which we indulged a faint hope of capturing. Our force of four men had been augmented by one more in the person of Sergeant Moore, who resided at Old South Quay and had been discharged from the army under an act of Congress, being over thirty-five years of age. He was a brave and courageous soldier, which was manifested during our firing by leaving the pit and urging us to try to capture the boat, but he soon returned thereto unhurt. We were all armed with double-barreled shotguns loaded with buckshot and had a double charge in each barrel.

"After an unsuccessful effort by the gunboats to reach Franklin (by reason of the construction of a barricade in the river below the town), they had to return, and we heard the whistle of the boats descending the river, and soon they hove in sight. We were all agog and ready for the fray; and when the first boat arrived immediately opposite, or in front of, our rifle pit and without about twenty feet of us (being so near that the boat brushed against the boughs of

the trees), we opened a vigorous and deadly fire on the boat with both barrels. You may imagine the consternation and confusion; all the men seemed to be lounging on deck and had no knowledge of our presence, as we were securely concealed. We all immediately reloaded and fired the second round. They did not return the fire, but the first boat went on down about one hundred and fifty yards to the trees we had felled and there stopped. The second boat came down the river and stopped directly in front of our pit, where she remained and upon which we fired repeatedly, each man a dozen times or more, perhaps. The third boat was up the river about one hundred and fifty yards from our rifle pit, and the two boats (up and down the river) opened on the rifle pit an enfilade fire of shot, grape, and shell. Their aim was so accurate after they got the range that nearly every shot struck the embankment or glanced immediately over our rifle pit, and we could plainly feel the wind of the shells as they passed over our heads. The character of the soil being a sandy loam, a shot that struck near one end of the rifle pit made it cave in, and Caleb T. Chaplain and J. M. Keeling were buried under the earth. It was impossible for us to extricate ourselves from our newly made grave, as the quantity and weight of the earth that had fallen on us were too great; but we were released from our perilous condition by the other comrades pulling us out by the feet and legs.

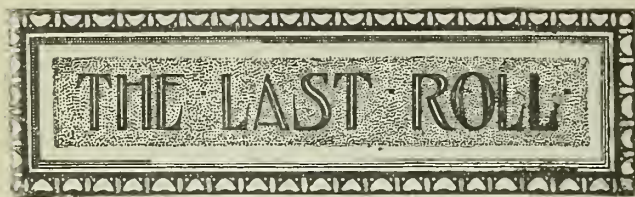
"The firing was so rapid and accurate from the gunboats above and below our rifle pit that we could no longer expose ourselves, and we practically ceased firing. Being in such close proximity to the boat immediately in our front, we heard the officers give the command to 'lower the small boats, man them, and go ashore.' We then had a very short conference and concluded that 'discretion was the better part of valor' and decided to leave the pit at once, which we did in a hurry.

"An open field about half a mile in width confronted us in the rear of the rifle pit and over which we thought we had to pass the entire distance; but, fortunately, after we had gone about fifty yards we came to a ditch leading from the upland to the river, which was our safest way of escape from the shot and shell fired at us, though it was a rough passage, as the banks of the ditch were well set with large and small briars by which our face and hands were scratched and torn, and our clothing was literally rent from us.

"This practically ended our engagement of the day, at least with the gunboats. However, late in the afternoon we returned to the scene of our encounter to find that the gunboats had passed over our barricade of trees and gone down the river. But we found there, among others, two charming young ladies whom we had had the pleasure of meeting before and who were attracted there by the firing they heard, the remembrance of whom brings very pleasant recollections of bygone days—Misses Hattie and Gattie Lawrence, daughters of Capt. Jack Lawrence, who had to flee from his home in Nansemond County, Va., and took up his abode at our headquarters with the picket. We then returned to camp headquarters, about half a mile distant from the scene of our escapade, and to our regret found that orders had been received for the picket force to report to company headquarters at Berlin, Southampton County, the next day at 12 M.

"The result of the engagement and damage done by us were never definitely known until we read the report of Admiral Porter as given above, in which he states that four were killed and twelve wounded."

[With this article was sent a sketch of J. M. Keeling, which appears in the Last Roll of this number.—EDITOR.]



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"All times and climes they journey through
Until their pathway lies
Beyond the gates of morning to
The walks of Paradise."

CAPT. CHARLES W. POWELL.

Capt. Charles Wesley Powell was born April 29, 1841, near Dawson, Ga. On April 25, 1919, his soul passed into the great beyond at the Georgia Hospital, Atlanta, Ga.

Soon after the organization of the Confederacy President Davis called for volunteers to enlist in the Confederate army which was being organized and equipped to drive the Federals from our Southland. Young Powell was among the first to respond and offer his services to his country. On May 10, 1861, he enlisted in the company commanded by Capt. Wiley G. Parks, in the 7th Georgia Regiment of Volunteers. He was elected second sergeant. In a short time he was elected lieutenant to fill the vacancy in the company and was promoted to captain before the close of the war. He served with his company, going through all the battles until the battle of Perryville, Ky. They were then detailed as an escort for General Potts. On their march to Cumberland Gap they were turned over as an escort to General Cheatham and remained with him until the close of the war, doing valiant service for their country. Captain Powell, with his comrades, was honorably discharged from the service by their commander on May 1, 1865.

He enlisted as a private and was promoted to captain, showing his merit and efficiency. He loved the Southland and fought bravely for it. He made a good soldier and wore the gray with distinguished honor. He was a kind-hearted gentleman of the old school, a fair type of the old Southern gentleman. He was a good and faithful member of our Camp.

[Committee appointed by the Commander of the Jefferson Lamar Camp, No. 305, United Confederate Veterans, Covington, Ga.: S. J. Kelly, G. W. Webb, William Bird.]

HENRY L. MOORE.

On May 6, 1919, there passed away at his home, near Petersburg, Va., Private Henry L. Moore, a cannoneer of McGregor's Battery, Stuart Horse Artillery. Private Moore, like the writer, was a boy about eighteen years of age when he joined our battery, and I can see him now "through memory's fond tears" on his light sorrel horse, always ready for any service.

Comrade Moore was in all the fights with W. H. F. Lee's division and always bore himself like a man. He especially distinguished himself at Five Forks, April 1, 1865 (see VETERAN of March, 1914), and also at Reams's Station. There are few of the old "Horse" to mourn for Moore, but I am one who truly does.

[His old comrade, David Cardwell, Columbia, S. C.]

DR. THOMAS ALFRED BEVENS.

Dr. Thomas Alfred Bevens, who was born at Batesville, Ark., on September 12, 1847, died in Sulphur Rock, Ark., on March 9, 1919. He served with Capt. George W. Rutherford, Company C, 1st Arkansas Regiment, under Col. Archibald Dobbins, which command he joined in August, 1863. He was only sixteen years old, but made a brave and true soldier, doing his duty at all times. He had a horse killed under him in battle.

Dr. Bevens was a member of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Batesville, Ark., a steward in the Methodist Church, and a teacher in its Sunday school. His home was a truly Christian home, where love and happiness prevailed. He was a prominent physician and had successfully practiced in his home county for thirty-five years. He leaves an invalid wife, two sons, and a daughter, besides many friends, who will miss his cheering presence and kindly ministrations.

E. W. HOGAN.

E. W. Hogan was born near Walnut Grove, Independence County, Ark., in 1846, and died on May 15, 1919, at his home. In Batesville, Ark., survived by his wife, a daughter, and three sons. He was buried in the Batesville Cemetery.

Comrade Hogan was a member of Capt. Sam Fotzer's company of the 45th Arkansas Cavalry, under Col. Milton D. Baber, and surrendered with his company on June 5, 1865, at Jacksonport, Ark. He was a brave soldier and was at his post at all times. The engagements in which he took part included General Price's raids in Missouri in the fall of 1864, and no man in his command made a better soldier than E. W. Hogan. He was a member of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., at Batesville, Ark., and by his fellow members, friends, and family he is sadly missed.

[W. E. Bevens, Newport, Ark.]

CLARENCE WHARTON TOMPKINS.

Departed this life at his residence, Ormsby, Caroline County, Va., on November 14, 1917, Clarence Wharton Tompkins, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was a son of the late Frank Tompkins, of Spotsylvania County, a member of the well-known Tompkins family of Virginia.

Leaving the University of Virginia before he was eighteen years of age, young Tompkins enlisted as a member of Company C, 24th Virginia Cavalry. The captain of his company was L. W. Allen, a Baptist minister, and the regiment was commanded by Col. W. J. Robins. He served through two years to the end at Appomattox Courthouse and remained ever a staunch Confederate.

After his marriage to Miss Sally Fitzhugh Royston, he made his home in Caroline County, devoted to his home and Church duties. For over thirty years he was junior warden of Grace Episcopal Church, always faithful to the duties of the office. His health failed some years before his death, but in all his sufferings only one thing seemed to disturb him, and that was he "could not now do his part." Mr. Tompkins was a man of influence in the best sense of the word: no one could know him and not feel the force of his unworldly life. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and three daughters. One son volunteered in June, 1917, to fight in France; and though he went through the training at Fort Oglethorpe and other military camps and became a second lieutenant, illness prevented his going to France with his fellow officers. He is now in the United States reserves.

JOHN BRAINERD HOGLEMAN.

John B. Hogleman answered the last call on May 19, 1919, near his ancestral home, not far from Iron Gate, Va., on the banks of the Cowpasture. When seventeen years of age he volunteered in defense of his native State and with two older brothers was in the Rockbridge Battery, McIntosh's Battalion, A. P. Hill's command. No man followed more faithfully the fortunes of Lee and Jackson until captured at Petersburg, April 2, 1865, and imprisoned at Point Lookout, from which he was released on parole June 19, 1865.

Mr. Hogleman was No. 1 at the gun that fired the first shot (July 1, 1863) at Gettysburg as his battery advanced along the Chambersburg Pike. On the third day of this battle he was wounded by the same shell that killed his brother George. He was a modest figure at all the Reunions, and many remarked on his striking resemblance to General Lee in life and in death. On the day of his death he was at work with his sons in the forest above the river. Telling them that he was not well, he started home, but fell by the path and was found by the sons when they returned at evening. He went down without a struggle. His faculties were alert until the last, and he took an interest in everything. He had been an elder for forty years in the Presbyterian Church and was also Sunday school superintendent and leader of music. Nothing gave him more pleasure than singing the old sweet songs. On December 22, 1869, he was happily married to Miss Martha Anne Lemon, who preceded him to the grave ten years ago. He was laid by her side at Sharon with the honors of the Camp from Clifton Forge. He was a quiet, humble Christian, devoted to his daughter and four sons, who survive him. He did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with God. Peace to his ashes!

[Emmett W. McCorkle, Rockbridge Baths, Va.]

JAMES K. TUCKER.

James K. Tucker, born and reared in Milan, Tenn., died recently at his late home, in Baton Rouge, La., of which city he had been a resident for about nine years. During that time he had become closely affiliated with its affairs and took an active interest in all things for the civic betterment of the community. Comrade Tucker went to Louisiana shortly after the close of the war, throughout which he had fought and in which he received wounds which affected the remainder of his life. He married Miss Jennie McFall, of Terrebonne Parish, La., and to them were born five children, three daughters and two sons.

Comrade Tucker was wounded in the battle of New Hope Church, in 1864, and was carried off the battle field by W. H. Coley, of Milan, Tenn., who picked up his comrade when he fell and carried him to the rear amidst a hail of bullets. The surgeon of the regiment dressed his wounds, and young Coley returned to his company. These boys were only seventeen years old at that time and were members of Company K, 10th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by the gallant Capt. Tom Hutcherson.

COMRADES AT WILSON, N. C.

J. C. Hadley, Commander of the Jesse S. Barnes Camp, U. C. V., reports the death of ten members from May, 1918, to May, 1919, as follows:

Raiford Walston, Gray Ruffin, W. W. Langley, Joel T. Wells, G. D. Walston, Thomas W. Braswell, Elijah Davis, James H. Marshburn, John A. Boswell, P. C. Coley.

A. M. SHANKLIN.

August M. Shanklin died at his home, in Union, W. Va., on June 9, 1919, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was the youngest son of the late Maj. James A. Shanklin and was born in Union May 22, 1840. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of the Monroe Guards, 27th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, and was a faithful soldier of the South throughout the four terrible years of war that followed. At the close of hostilities he returned to his native county and spent the residue of his life in the activities and duties of the good citizen. For twenty years he served as justice of the peace of Union District. In his youth he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and at the time of his death he was the oldest member of the Marvin congregation. He loved the Church of his early choice, and through the changes and chances of life he was soothed and sustained by the consolations of the Christian faith. To his old friends and comrades his death, breaking the relations of a lifetime, brought unaffected sorrow. His wife, who was Miss Elvira Clark, of Monroe County, died five years ago. He is survived by four sons, three daughters, and one sister, Miss Fannie Shanklin, of Bluefield, W. Va., now the sole survivor of her parents' family.

On the bier, with masses of flowers, was placed the Confederate flag, which he had followed loyally and always loved. The interment was in Green Hill Cemetery with the honors of Masonry, of which fraternity Comrade Shanklin was an old and valued member.

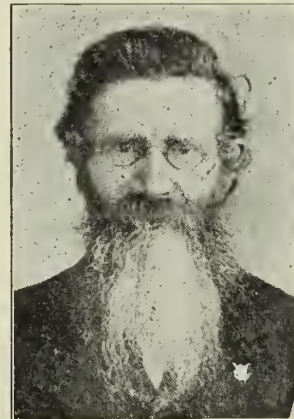
R. H. WASHBURN.

R. H. Washburn, a member of Camp No. 135, U. C. V., Gatesville, Tex., who died on May 16, 1919, after a short illness, was born in Perry County, Tenn., in October, 1840. He enlisted in the Confederate service at Miffin, Tenn., in 1861 in Company I, 27th Tennessee Infantry, under Capt. Dick Barron and Col. Kit Williams. He was captured in Kentucky in 1862 and held in captivity eight months, then exchanged at City Point in May, 1863. After the exchange he served with the 1st Tennessee Infantry until paroled in 1865. He was married to Miss Nannie Reed in Henderson County, Tenn., February 14, 1867, and moved to Coryell County, Tex., in 1877. Seven children were born from this union, three sons and four daughters, all but one of whom are now living.

Comrade Washburn was a jeweler in business. He had been a member of the Baptist Church for many years and was ever faithful to his Christian duties. He was laid to rest in the Gatesville Cemetery May 17, 1919, in the presence of many sorrowing friends, with his old comrades as pallbearers.

Another honored comrade has gone to his reward to join his fellow soldiers in the camp beyond the river. Peace to his ashes!

[W. L. Saunders and J. R. Brown, committee.]



R. H. WASHBURN.

WILLIAM MAYO.

William Mayo was the youngest son of Judge Robert Mayo and was born at Auburn, Westmoreland County, Va., about seventy-two years ago. His mother was Miss Emily Campbell. He joined Mosby's Battalion of Partisan Rangers and was with that command at the end of the war. When peace was declared, he went to Texas and remained a short time. On his return to Virginia he married Miss Lizzie Brown, the daughter of Col. Thomas Brown. He was elected to fill a place in the legislature and served for one term. Following his term in the legislature he was chosen as county treasurer and served for a number of years. After his term as treasurer he was chosen one of the supervisors of the county and served as chairman of the board for twelve years. He was at one time Commandant of the Confederate Camp of Westmoreland.

Comrade Mayo was a fine conversationalist, possessed an accurate and capacious memory, and was bound to many friends by a fond and lasting memory. He died on the 15th of April, 1919, and was buried at Yeocomico Church. Two of his older brothers were Col. Joseph Mayo, of the 3d Virginia Infantry, and Col. R. M. Mayo, of the 47th Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, and they are buried near him at Yeocomico.

[Dr. S. W. Beale.]

DR. J. P. ADAMS.

Memorial services were held at the grave of Dr. Pete Adams at the cemetery at Lavinia, Tenn., on Sunday, June 15, in the presence of over a thousand people attending the services, which were conducted by Col. W. H. Coley, President of the Confederate Pension Board and Commander of the Bivouac at Milan, Tenn., assisted by members of the Preston Smith Bivouac at Lavinia. Dr. Adams was eighty years old and had been a prominent physician of the county for half a century. He had served in the Confederate army as a member of Company I, 12th Tennessee Infantry, and lost an arm in the battle of Atlanta.

The Woodmen of the World held their memorial services following those by the Confederates.

COMRADES IN MISSISSIPPI.

F. A. Howell, Adjutant of Camp No. 398, U. C. V., Durant, Miss., reports the deaths of three prominent members of that Camp this year. One of these was Joel G. Hamilton, a sketch of whom appeared in the VETERAN for June. Of the others he writes:

"T. W. Smith was born December 28, 1846, and died in Lexington, Miss., April 27, 1919. He joined Company A, 38th Mississippi Regiment, when a youth and gave faithful service to the cause of the South. He had been Commander of this Camp and was one of its officers at the time of his death. He is survived by his wife and six children, his oldest son being now Chief Justice of the State of Mississippi. Comrade Smith was a patriotic citizen and true Christian, exemplifying in his life the principles taught by the Master.

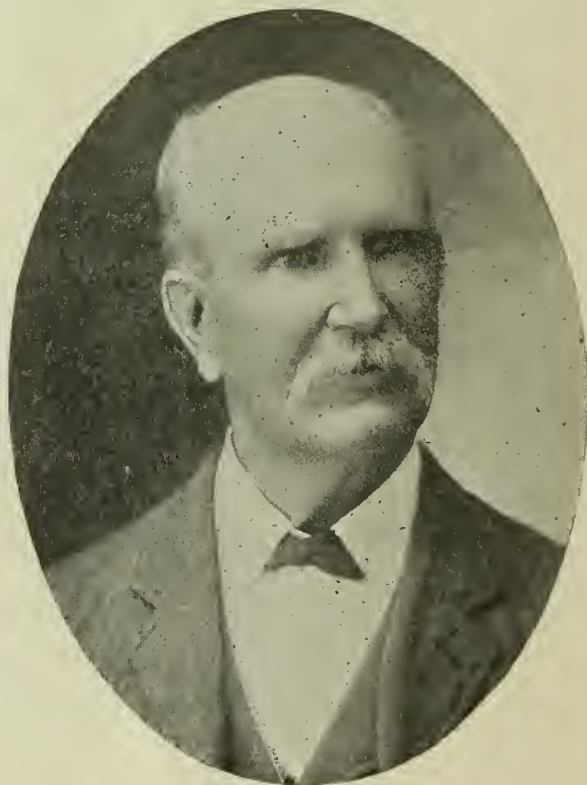
"A. J. Love was born in Alabama April 13, 1846, and died in Durant, Miss., April 30, 1919. He was a member of Company E, 16th Mississippi Cavalry, and served until the close of the war. After the war he came to Durant and, being a fine mechanic, built up a large manufacturing business. He was twice married, first to Miss Emma Wilbanks, who was the mother of two sons, who survive him. His second wife

was Miss Sallie Daniels, who died some four years ago. He was a member of the Baptist Church and a man of the strictest integrity and generous kindness. Our county is poorer by the loss of these splendid men."

CAPT. J. C. IJAMS.

Capt. J. C. Ijams was born near Corinth, Miss., on May 26, 1844, and died at his home, in Marietta, Okla., on December 17, 1918, after a brief illness of influenza. In 1863, at Tusculumbia, Ala., he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving in W. Y. Baker's company (A), Baxter's Battalion, Forrest's Regiment, 19th Tennessee Cavalry. He participated in the battles of Jackson, Tenn., Athens, Pulaski, Franklin, Brice's Crossroads, and Harrisburg, Miss. He surrendered on May 11, 1865, at Gainesville, Ala. After the war he returned to his home in Mississippi, and on February 25, 1873, he was married to Miss Julia M. Smith. Four children survive this union.

Captain Ijams was prominent as a Confederate veteran, having served one term as Superintendent of the Confederate Home at Ardmore, Okla. No one enjoyed more the companionship of his veteran comrades, and one of his chief pleasures was attending the Confederate Reunions. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church and was ever identified with the best interests of his community, having served as mayor and holding other positions of trust. At the time of his death he was Commander of Camp Rice, U. C. V., of Marietta.



CAPT. J. C. IJAMS.

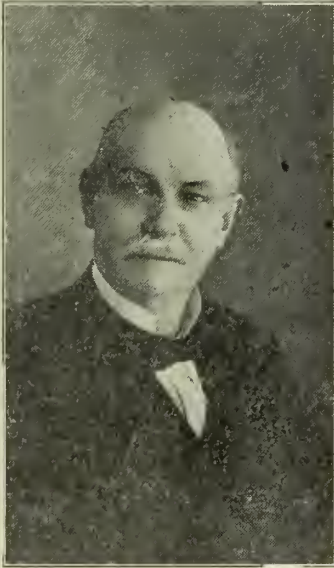
A daughter of Captain Ijams, Mrs. Mary L. Haydon, served as matron of the Confederate Home at the time he was superintendent. Only six days after his death she also died of influenza. Mrs. Haydon was a member of the Chickasaw Chapter, No. 299, Oklahoma Division, U. D. C.

JAMES MILNOR KEELING.

COL. BAXTER SMITH.

On Thursday morning, June 6, 1918, Judge James Milnor Keeling, a prominent citizen and a distinguished member of the bar, died at his home, in Virginia Beach, Va. He left surviving him his wife, Anna Shepherd Keeling, and a daughter, Mrs. William Howard Ashburn.

Judge Keeling was born at the family homestead, in Princess Anne County, Va., August 31, 1844. Leaving school in his seventeenth year, he entered the military service of the Confederacy, and there he remained until the end of the war, taking part in many important battles and engagements—Gaines's Mill, the seven days before Richmond, Culpeper C. H., the Wilderness, Spotsylvania C. H., Brandy Station, Beaver Dam, Luray, Winchester and Cedar Creek, Dumfries, Reams's Station, Raccoon Ford, Stevensburg, Trevilians, and Lacy Springs. He participated in Stuart's celebrated raid around the army of Burnside and was with Stuart at Yellow Tavern and bore a message from him, shortly before he was killed, to Col. Henry Clay Pate. No reward of after life ever equaled in his mind that reward of valor which he received at Brandy Station, a saber wound in the right hand.



J. M. KEELING.

After the war young Keeling returned to his native county and took up again the stern, pressing duties of life. History has never adequately told the story of those Southern youths who, their education cut short by the war, breasted the four long years in defense of the constitutional rights of their States and then returned home, only to find a stricken community to resuscitate and a future without promise to face. Judge Keeling was among this number. He studied law for three years and in 1868 was admitted to the bar. In June, 1875, he was appointed judge of the county court of Princess Anne County and served continuously for twenty-one years, when he resigned and resumed the practice of law. He was industrious by nature, possessed of a vigorous mind, and endowed with deep convictions of right and wrong and professional propriety. He was modest and retiring, but courageous to a degree.

Judge Keeling was a manly man in the deepest, broadest, highest sense of the term. He was a true, kind-hearted, modest, unassuming, upright gentleman, quiet in demeanor, even-tempered in disposition, dignified in manner, courteous to all. For some time he had been in failing health, and for at least a year he was conscious of the approach of death: yet he did not falter, but calmly awaited the pallid messenger with that same spirit and courage which in the olden days had sustained him on the battlements of Spotsylvania or in the gloom of the Wilderness. And there in his native county, which he loved so well, close to the sea and within sound of its manifold voices, his spirit took its flight, and all that was mortal passed into "pathetic dust."

In the death of Col. Baxter Smith at Chattanooga, Tenn., on June 25, 1919, there passed one of the most prominent of the surviving officers of the Confederate army. He served as captain, major, and colonel of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest and was commanding a brigade of cavalry at the close of the war, and for some years he had been commander of the survivors of Forrest's Cavalry Association, having succeeded the late H. H. Tyler, of Kentucky. Since 1910 he had been Assistant Secretary of the Chattanooga and Chickamauga Park Commission and to the last took an active part in the affairs pertaining to the reservation.

Colonel Smith was born in Davidson County, Tenn., March 10, 1832, and was thus in his eighty-eighth year. He was the son of Dr. Edmond Byars Smith, a native of Kentucky, and Miss Sallie Baxter, of Georgia. He was educated in law at the Cumberland University, of Lebanon, Tenn., and had begun the practice of that profession at Gallatin when the war came on. He promptly enlisted, and with the 4th Tennessee Cavalry he followed Forrest from Shiloh to Chickamauga, was with Joseph E. Johnston in his operations from Dalton to Atlanta, and surrendered with Johnston at Charlotte, N. C. His record as a soldier is written in blood and glory.

After the war Colonel Smith removed to Nashville and resumed his law practice, in which he became very prominent. His only public service was in the State Senate of 1881, and he attained considerable note as a member of that body. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and of the Royal Arcanum.

Colonel Smith came of distinguished ancestry, and he inherited the indomitable spirit of his race and the charm of his Southern parentage. His wife was Miss Bettie Guild, of Nashville. He is survived by a son and three daughters. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Nashville, in which city his most active and successful years had been spent.

JUDGE ROBERT L. MAUPIN.

Judge R. L. Maupin, whose death occurred at West Point, Miss., on July 17, was born in Missouri in 1836. He was a graduate of the Law School of Lebanon, Tenn., and was in Texas when the War between the States came on. He hastened back to his native State, raised a company, and volunteered under General Price. He was in the service both east and west of the Mississippi, being desperately wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., and surrendered with his command at the capture of Mobile, Ala. He later settled in Mobile and was one of that city's most progressive citizens. In 1871 he was appointed judge of the probate court of Marengo County, Ala., and served three years. In 1910 he removed to West Point, Miss., where he died.

Capt. A. C. Danner, of Mobile, Ala., writes of this comrade:

"I was thrown in a very intimate way with Maupin while he was captain in the Confederate army and since. He was a remarkably daring and brave man, endowed with fine ability as well. He fought at the head of his company until its great losses put an end to it as an organization.

"He was afterwards sent by General Price to North Missouri to assist in organizing and getting volunteers south. While thus engaged he was betrayed and caught by the Federal forces, taken to St. Louis, imprisoned, and was to have been executed as a spy, although he was in the Confederate uniform when captured.

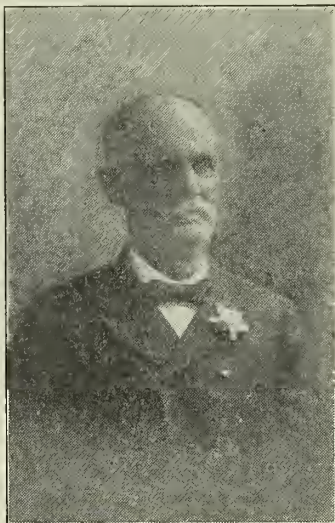
"He succeeded in escaping and finally worked his way back to the Confederate army, which by that time had come from

Missouri to the east side of the Mississippi and joined the forces of General Johnston. Maupin was then appointed inspector of Cockrell's Brigade of Missouri troops, as which he served during the last two years of the war, if my recollection is correct. He served with great gallantry and made a fine name for himself. He was very badly wounded at Kenesaw, but lived to be a useful and good citizen after the war, and now passes away at the age of over eighty, and I am sure that in all this time he never committed a dishonorable act. He dies leaving a good name to his family and a credit to the Confederacy."

CAPT. JAMES M. B. HUNT.

The beloved subject of this brief tribute was born in Granville County, N. C., on May 6, 1842, and died November 27, 1918. He was left an orphan in early life and was adopted into the home of his maternal uncle, the late James M. Bullock, Esq., whose name he bore. The eventful spring of 1861 found him a college student within a few months of completing his four-year course at the University of North Carolina. In April, 1861, he left the classic shades of the university, came home, and enlisted as a private in a local company then being organized by Capt. Henry Eaton Coleman, by whom he was appointed second sergeant. The services of the company were tendered and accepted by the Governor of North Carolina on the 26th of April, 1861, and it was assigned to the 2d Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. The regiment was ordered to Norfolk, Va., where it remained until May, 1862, when Norfolk was evacuated.

After leaving Norfolk the company became a unit in the brigade of Gen. L. O'B. Branch, and at Hanover C. H., Va., young Hunt experienced his first baptism of fire, and it was there that the first member of his company was killed. In the meantime, with the expiration of the twelve months' limit of the volunteers, there was a grand reorganization, new officers being elected, etc. The State of North Carolina ordered a change in the serial number of each regiment, placing first the ten regiments known as State troops. In consequence of this the number of each volunteer regiment was advanced by ten, so the 1st Volunteer became the 11th Regiment, etc. Sergeant Hunt became a member of Company B, 12th Regiment, and was elected second lieutenant. Upon the death of Capt. John T. Taylor in the battle of Seven Pines he was advanced to first lieutenant, and so continued until after the battle of Gettysburg, where the company again lost its captain in the person of Massilon F. Taylor. Lieutenant Hunt thus became captain, and so continued until the end of the war. In his faithful service as a soldier through the four years of war he participated in every battle of his command, including Malvern Hill, Gettysburg, Spotsylvania C. H., and at each place he was wounded. His recovery from the last wound was little



CAPT. JAMES M. B. HUNT.

short of miraculous. A Minie ball pierced his cheek, passing under the ear and out of the back of his neck, barely missing the jugular vein and almost totally destroying his sense of hearing. In October, 1864, in the battle of Cedar Creek, in the Valley of Virginia, he was taken prisoner and confined in Fort Delaware until June, 1865.

Captain Hunt was twice married. Two sons and his wife survive him. He greatly enjoyed attendance upon the various Reunions, his last being at Washington, D. C.; and he fondly anticipated the pleasure of attending the meeting at Tulsa, Okla., but the infirmities of old age, together with the pleading of friends, warned him that his strength was not sufficient for such an extended journey. He was a man of exceptionally strong character and unflinching courage and was possessed in a marked degree of the delicate sense of honor and deference for women and the cultivated manner of the Southern gentleman of the old school. His liberality was unbounded, especially to his Church. For more than forty years he was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church. Eternity alone will reveal his numerous deeds of charity. He had a large acquaintance and many strong friends. No one, however humble or lofty, was ever turned away from his hospitable home, which had a wide celebrity.

Farewell, friend of my youthful days!

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

[Sergt. R. A. Bullock, Company B, 12th North Carolina Regiment, C. S. A.]

DR. WATSON M. GENTRY.

Dr. Watson Meredith Gentry, the oldest and best-known member of the medical fraternity in Williamson County, Tenn., died at his home, in Franklin, on the 18th of May, in his eighty-ninth year. He was born in Williamson County January 31, 1831, and after the war he settled in Franklin, where for many years he was the leading surgeon and physician, retiring only when physically unable to follow his profession. He was a Royal Arch Mason and Knight Templar.

Dr. Gentry traced his descent from a long line of physicians and fighters and was himself a physician and soldier of high rank. His medical education was received at the University of Medicine, New York City, and on the Continent. Following this he was made house surgeon in Bellevue Hospital, New York, where he remained for several years. When the War between the States came on, he returned to his native State, and in June, 1861, he was commissioned by Gov. Isham G. Harris, as surgeon in the Provisional Army of Tennessee, and this commission was ratified by the Confederate Congress and President Davis. He was then assigned to duty at Camp Trousdale as surgeon to General Zollicoffer and division surgeon to Generals Crittenden, Bushrod Johnson, A. P. Stewart, John B. Hood, and Shaffer. In October, 1863, he was made surgeon in chief of all the hospitals at Montgomery, Ala., where there were nine hospitals, with an aggregate of two thousand beds, and this position he held until the end of the war. During these four years of service he performed many operations, some of which were notable in the line of surgery. "No more faithful or efficient surgeon was to be found in the Confederate army.

As surgeon of the 17th Tennessee Regiment Dr. Gentry was in the battles of Rock Castle and Fishing Creek (where General Zollicoffer was killed), at the siege of Corinth, Miss., at Perryville, Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, and Chickamauga also at Shiloh.

Dr. Gentry was a man of quiet, unassuming disposition, highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was married to Miss Martha Jones, a belle of Nashville, Tenn., who died some nine years ago. He is survived by a daughter, Miss Susie Gentry, who is prominently known in the patriotic societies of Tennessee.

Memorial resolutions were passed by the McEwen Bivouac, of Franklin, as prepared by the committee composed of Rev. P. T. Martin, George L. Cowan, W. W. Courtney, expressing the sense of loss in the passing of this beloved comrade and friend.

FLAG OF THE 28TH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

The following account of the return of the flag of the 28th Alabama Regiment comes from John T. Emond, of Campbell, Tex., who served with Company D, of that regiment, as taken from the newspaper report from Montgomery September 9, 1905:

"The flag of the 28th Regiment, C. S. A., has come back from the National Museum by grace of Mrs. George Dewey, wife of Admiral Dewey, and the widow of the late Gen. W. B. Hazen, U. S. A. It was captured November 23, 1863, at Bald Knob, near Chattanooga, after a fight that depleted the command and gave it the same glory that fell to the famous Light Brigade. Union and Confederate alike tell of the glorious fight it made when under the impression that it had been ordered to hold the position taken at all hazards. Some of the best men of Alabama were on its rolls, and many of them never came back to tell of its glories.

"The regiment was organized at Shelby Springs March 29, 1862, 'for three years, or the war.' It went out under Col. J. W. Frazer, who soon resigned the command to Col. John C. Reid, who led it in all its death-dealing and death-receiving raids upon the enemy. Colonel Reid died ten years ago in Selma, an honored civilian as he had been a revered soldier. There were in the command two companies from Perry, one from Blount and Marshall, one from Walker, and three from Jefferson. The adjutant of the regiment was the beloved Sumter Lea, blind now, though a successful lawyer of Birmingham.

"The Jefferson County companies were under command, from time to time, of William M. Nabers, John C. Morrow, G. W. Hewitt, J. T. Tarrant, W. M. Hawkins, W. R. McAdory, and W. A. McCloud. One of the Walker companies was commanded by the late Judge F. A. Gamble. In his history of Alabama Brewer says: 'The regiment was hotly engaged at Chickamauga and lost largely in killed and wounded. At Stone Mountain the regiment was nearly surrounded by the enemy and fought desperately, losing one hundred and seventy-two killed, wounded, and captured.'

"Among the distinguished minor officers of the command was the late Judge P. G. Wood, who died while in London three years ago as a delegate from the Methodist Church in Alabama to the Ecumenical Conference. Prof. I. W. McAdory recently visited the scene of the battle, where there is a slab marking the spot of the fight, which they thought was to be held at all hazards."

This letter was sent to Dr. Thomas M. Owen, State Historian of Alabama, by Gen. C. Irvine Walker, who was then Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V. It was dated Charleston, S. C., September 5, 1905:

"I noticed through the press that the battle flag of the 28th Alabama Regiment, captured at Orchard Knob in the battle

of Missionary Ridge, was about to be returned to the State of Alabama. I would be remiss in my duty to my old comrades of the 28th Alabama Regiment did I not advise you, the State Historian, and through you all the good people of Alabama, of the magnificent bearing of the regiment on the occasion of the capture, so the record could be preserved. It is a high privilege to bear witness, as I truthfully can, to their splendid gallantry and devotion in that fight.

"The 28th Alabama Regiment was in Manigault's Brigade, of which I was then adjutant general and as such in a position to know whereof I speak. I cannot say that I remember that their flag was ever captured, but I do know that the conduct of the regiment was such that its capture reflects not the slightest discredit on the brave men who fought under its folds.

"This regiment was on the picket line of the brigade on Orchard Knob in front of the brigade's position at Missionary Ridge. Orchard Knob was held by only a picket line. The whole plain around Chattanooga was open, and the Federal advance could be at once seen, and when made every Confederate sprang promptly to arms. Col. John C. Reid, commanding the 28th Alabama Regiment, always said that he had received orders to hold his position 'at all hazards,' as the brigade would move out and the fight be made on that line. This was a misunderstanding, most unfortunately. How it came about I have never been able to ascertain. But Colonel Reid certainly believed that the 28th Alabama Regiment was ordered 'to hold the position at all hazards,' and it did so with the most distinguished gallantry. The position was attacked by overpowering numbers, but our men firmly held the position. There happened what rarely came under my knowledge: the Confederates and Yankees actually fought at the bayonet point across the breastworks. The regiment held its position until the troops on either flank had been driven off and until it was almost completely surrounded. It was then withdrawn, very properly, only after a most heroic resistance and it became evident to Colonel Reid that the brigade was not coming up to make the fight on that line.

"I have never known men to act with more distinguished bravery. I have not the figures before me, but my recollection is that they did not withdraw until over half of their men had been killed, wounded, or captured.

"The attack on Orchard Knob, it will be remembered, was the opening of the battles around Chattanooga.

"It gives me great pleasure to bear witness to the gallantry of my comrades of the 28th Alabama Regiment. I trust that you will place this testimony with the returned battle flag, so that all succeeding generations may know of the grand heroism displayed by the regiment whose ensign it was, not only on that occasion, but on every battle field from Murfreesboro, 1862, until Nashville, 1864."

SEEKS TO LOCATE WAR TIME FRIENDS.—Robert A. Ware writes from Lincolnton, N. C.: "I was a prisoner of war at Point Lookout from Gettysburg to Appomattox, and during the time a young lady, Miss Bettie Harland, whose home was then at Beaufort, N. C., gave me a Bible and some handkerchiefs and towels. I have never forgotten her and would like to know if she is yet living and to hear from her. I had never met her, but was referred to her by a friend from North Carolina, by name George Dooley, whom I would also be glad to hear of or from."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: August inertia does not affect all U. D. C. energies. Some Chapters may discontinue meetings, but in every State there are U. D. C. officers and committee women who are working as hard on U. D. C. problems and records as they did in January, for U. D. C. work has no quiescent season.

The Minutes of the Louisville Convention were distributed by your Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Parry, early in June. Those Chapter or Division officers who have failed to receive their copies should notify Mrs. Parry at once, so as to be informed about the vast efforts and achievements of their Association in 1918. Your President General stresses the importance of every U. D. C. who wishes to be a helpful and constructive part of our organization reading carefully these elaborately prepared printed minutes. They are gotten up at a vast expenditure of time and strength on the part of your officers and at a large cost from your treasury with the idea that the information they contain will assist and inspire U. D. C. efforts in individuals and Chapters and promote the extension of our work to as large a field of patriotic effort as possible.

The Tampa Convention.—Already the Florida U. D. C., under the able leadership of Mrs. Amos Norris, have shaped up the plans for our 1919 Convention, which will convene in Tampa November 11, 1919. The headquarters hotel will be the De Soto, where the reception on Wednesday night will be held. The business sessions, welcome evening, historical evening, and State Presidents' night session will be held in the Christian church, which is one block from the De Soto Hotel and one block from the Hillsboro Hotel, which are both equally comfortable and prepared to accommodate all delegates in attendance. Tampa Chapter will be hostess at a luncheon at the Tampa Yacht and Country Club on Tuesday, November 11, to all general and honorary officers, State Presidents, and chairmen of committees.

Transportation.—Mrs. Granger, of New Orleans, *Chairman of Transportation*, reports that she expects to secure the old convention rate of one and one-third fare round trip to Tampa and that the rates will be advertised in all sections. Delegates should take this inducement into consideration, and it should increase our attendance over the war conventions of Chattanooga and Louisville.

War relief work now reduces itself to:

1. Tabulating the work done last year, which was not reported to the committee at the Louisville convention.
2. A tabulation of the amounts taken by the U. D. C. as Divisions, Chapters, and individuals in the victory loan, which statistics have not yet reached your Chairman of War

Relief, Mrs. Rountree, and which are earnestly desired now to complete our records of bond takings in 1918-19.

3. The completion of the filing of the records of *descendants of Confederate veterans* in the world war with the idea that when the U. D. C. shall begin their bestowals for *service* in the world war the records may be on file and in shape for recognition by the authorities in charge of the bestowals. Your President General cannot impress upon you too strongly the necessity and desirability of filing these records at once. The men who served want it done for themselves, and I am constantly being approached by the fathers and grandfathers of these men with inquiries as to how their descendants can secure this coveted recognition from the U. D. C. We will be carrying out the object of our Association in thus recognizing the valor of Confederate blood in 1917-19.

I would draw your attention to the list of soldiers who have received the Congressional medal in the world war, seventy names on the list. South Carolina and Tennessee each claim six of these, while Virginia and Kentucky claim two; Alabama, North Carolina, and Texas, one each; Missouri, five; Oklahoma, four; California, five. Let us look into these boys' lineage and see if they are of Confederate descent. The list of names of all the men receiving this medal you can secure from your Congressman. Congressman Byrnes, of South Carolina, used some of these statistics in a recent speech in Congress in reference to what Southern youth had done to help win the war.

An item of interest about our war work takes us back to our beds at Neuilly when I quote to you from a letter our Recording Secretary General received from her son, Duke Parry, who is still overseas. In June he wrote: "I walked out to your hospital at Neuilly and took a good photographer to get a picture of your Missouri bed, only to find the hospital gone and desks for the school being put in." He said: "Tell the U. D. C. we thought of them anyway." And so with this message it is easy to turn to our *Hero Fund*, which continues to grow. Remember it is the *interest* on this fund which we can use; so the sooner we raise the capital, the quicker the interest will be available for our scholarships. Miss Moses, the Treasurer of this fund, gives a list of donations up to July 1 in this issue of the VETERAN. Read it and see if your Division is growing in proportion to its strength and interest in education and in the prestige of the U. D. C.

Your President General will leave for the Berkshires the latter part of July, but her mail will be forwarded promptly and will be answered by her at once.

May you all enjoy a summer rest which will bring you refreshment and strength to continue our work in the autumn with renewed energy!

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE HERO FUND.

Additional amounts received for the 1917-18 Hero Fund up to July 1, 1919, have been as follows:

Alabama Division for the Hilary Herbert Memorial Scholarship	\$ 216 06
Florida: Annie Carter Lee Chapter, C. of C., \$5; John Hunt Morgan Chapter, \$5.....	10 00
Georgia: Allen Turner Chapter.....	5 00
Kentucky: Joe Desha Chapter.....	20 00
Missouri Division	60 55
New York Division.....	25 00
North Carolina Division.....	150 00
South Carolina: Ellenton Chapter, \$10; Spartan Chapter, \$5	15 00
Virginia: Hope Maury Chapter, \$5; Richmond Chapter, \$25; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, \$5.....	35 00
Washington: Washington Division, \$99.84; Mildred Lee Chapter, \$102; Dixie Chapter, \$7; Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$2.....	210 84
Total	\$ 737 45

Turned in by War Relief Directors: Alabama, \$947.27; District of Columbia, \$344.75; Illinois, \$100; Kentucky, \$192.50; North Carolina, \$15; Philadelphia Chapter, \$262.29; South Carolina, \$918.41; Texas, \$1,383; Virginia, \$589.59; West Virginia, \$10; Ohio, \$202.03.....	4,964 84
Liberty Bonds: Arkansas Division, \$1,100; Memorial Chapter, Arkansas, \$100; Missouri Division, \$600; New York Division, \$450.....	2,250 00
By accounts transferred: Jefferson Davis Bed, \$600; Confederate seals, \$307.20; Red Cross window, \$87.50; President General's expenses, contributed by Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, \$210.66; bond coupons, \$6.61.....	1,211 97

Grand total for June, 1919.....	\$ 9,164 26
Previously reported	4,403 66

Total	\$13,567 92
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ARMIDA MOSES, *Treasurer.*

DIVISION NOTES.

California.—Oakland was the scene of the nineteenth annual convention of the California Division May 7 and 8. The five Chapters around San Francisco Bay combined as hostess. Two days given to business, a reception in honor of officers and delegates on the evening of May 7, Historical Evening the 8th, and an automobile ride Friday morning over the Sky Line Boulevard, with its incomparable view, completed the program.

The excellent and popular Division President, Mrs. Andrew M. Davis, presided. The attendance was good, the meetings were harmonious, and the members enthusiastic. It is the abiding enthusiasm of the California Daughters, linked with "teamwork," that always insures the fulfillment of their plans—if you give them time enough. A spectator observed that it was the most unique convention of women she had ever seen, in that all were so agreed upon the objects to be attained; the only questions arising concerned methods of attainment.

A busy year was that just past. The reports of Chapter

Presidents revealed an amazing amount of war work in addition to regular U. D. C. work. Of the three hospital beds at Neuilly accredited to California, one was financed by the Division. The money for this one will now be diverted to the Hero Education Fund. Having no "Homes" or State funds here for the "men who wore the gray," when a case of need is presented the responsibility falls upon the Daughters alone. Partial provision for this is made in a ten-cent *per capita* tax—for emergencies only—and by voluntary contributions. Need for an increased fixed amount for aiding the aged and sick was realized and a recommendation adopted that an additional fifteen cents per member be sent to the fund. Last year two veterans became the wards of a small Chapter remote from other Chapters. This little band of devoted women did not appeal to others for assistance, but cared for the two veterans through their last illness and assumed the expenses of the burials rather than delegate the responsibility to the county. Service like this requires time, energy, and money, besides big, warm Southern hearts.

The committee appointed to secure the chair used by Jefferson Davis in the United States Senate reported that the owner is unwilling to part with it. However, hope is not abandoned, and further efforts will be made.

California's membership was reduced from 1,251 to 1,189 by the unprecedented toll of influenza and the return of the charter of a small Chapter.

The Division Historian, Miss Duncan, presided at the historical meeting. The address was made by Dr. Herbert Bolton, Dean of the History Department of the University of California. In "The South's Opportunity" Dr. Bolton most eloquently emphasized what the U. D. C. have so long realized: that Southern history must be written in the South and from material gathered by the South; that histories in general use were all written by New Englanders and naturally give the New England point of view. Is not a true history of the South one of our fondest hopes? Slowly but surely data are being gathered for such history. Following the address, the medal offered by the Division President, Mrs. Andrew M. Davis, for the best war time reminiscences was awarded to Mrs. B. A. Davis, of the John H. Reagan Chapter. This set of papers consists of a war time diary of an uncle of Mrs. Davis, containing valuable data.

Officers for the year were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglass; First Vice President, Mrs. E. S. Valentine; Second Vice President, Mrs. E. A. Scott; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Burton; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. B. A. Davis; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Rosson; Historian, Mrs. Frank Klingberg; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Callie Brooke; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. E. M. Gifford; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Matthew Robertson.

The convention was honored in having present one of the general officers—California's own, too—Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, Registrar General, who was given a place of honor among the Division officers.

The 1920 convention will be held in Los Angeles.

Colorado.—The following State officers have been elected: President, Mrs. Mary H. Rayner, Pueblo; First Vice President, Mrs. John Campbell, Denver; Second Vice President, Mrs. L. B. Copeland, Denver; Third Vice President, Mrs. J. A. Gallagher, Denver; Recording Secretary, Miss Addie Gray, Denver; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Gertrude Haynes, Pueblo; Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Puckett, Denver; Registrar, Mrs. Cora Gex, Grand Junction; Historian, Mrs. Rosa Marian Bowden, Denver; Custodian Cross of Honor, Miss Kittie Moss Courts, Pueblo; Custodian Flags and Pen-

nants, Mrs. W. T. Duncan, Denver; Official Parliamentarian, Mrs. E. T. Murphy, Grand Junction; Honorary President, Mrs. Rosa Marian Bowden, Denver.

Boston Chapter.—The close of another year finds Boston Chapter, U. D. C., still enthusiastic in its work and ready for new duties.

Decoration Day in Boston witnessed something that will be long remembered by those members of the Chapter who participated in it when joint memorial services were held over the graves of Union and Confederate dead in Boston Harbor, on one of the islands. The close of the ceremonies saw the Stars and Stripes and the Confederate flag side by side, the latter over the grave of a Confederate naval officer who died in Fort Warren while a prisoner of war.

The activities of Boston Chapter during the past year may be summed up briefly as follows: The members donated quantities of preserves and jellies to the sailor boy convalescents during the influenza epidemic; \$25 was contributed to the United War Relief Campaign; \$5 to the Ann Carter Lee Home Fund; \$25 for general relief work; \$5 toward Christmas turkey dinners for needy veterans; \$25 to the Devastated France Fund; four subscriptions to the *VETERAN* were presented to deserving veterans; \$10 was donated to the Colonel Mosby Monument Fund; \$5 to the South's Hero Fund; the Chapter's forty-two members contributed twenty-five cents each toward completing the Jefferson Davis monument and \$10 to the maintenance of the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

Other activities of the Chapter included inspiring memorial services on the anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee and commemoration of the various historical occasions so cherished by the sons and daughters of the South. A patriotic meeting was held to dedicate a service flag with five stars, and, happy to report, not one of the blue stars turned to gold. All the five heroes returned from overseas and were given honorable discharges from the army.

Boston Chapter was represented at the general convention at Louisville, Ky., by its President, Mrs. R. H. Chesley, who was also the leading spirit in the organization of the Chapter and who at the June meeting retired from office after having filled it for five years. Mrs. Chesley was presented on this occasion with some beautiful silver by the member in appreciation of her faithfulness and as a token of their esteem for all she had done for the Chapter.

Boston Chapter is six years old and has forty-two members. Naturally Daughters in far-away New England constantly turn for inspiration to their native Southland and look to it and the *VETERAN* to help them live up to its perfect ideals.

Mississippi.—The convention of the Mississippi Division was held at West Point in May, Mrs. H. L. Quinn, President, presiding. Many splendid reports were read. The memorial service showed that many members had answered the last roll call during the year. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, Raymond; President, Mrs. Nettie Story Miller, Forest; Honorary Vice President, Mrs. L. C. Hardenstein, Vicksburg; First Vice President, Mrs. Margaret B. Jones, Hattiesburg; Second Vice President, Mrs. H. B. Justice, Laurel; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Will Redditt, Carrollton; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. F. Stevens, Forest; Treasurer, Mrs. S. E. Turner, North Carrollton; Historian, Mrs. B. M. Howorth, West Point; Organizer, Mrs. R. P. Cooper, Durant; Registrar, Mrs. Ida W. Owen, Rosedale; Recorder of Crosses,

Miss Bert Davis, Nettleton; Editor Official Organ, Mrs. Charles Rowan, Amory; Associate Editor Official Organ, Mrs. T. B. Holloman, Jr., Itta Bena; Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. Madge Burney, Waynesboro.

The flag of Mississippi is now in its niche in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, the request for it having been made to the W. D. Holder Chapter, of Jackson, June 1, 1919, by Charles W. Alexander, Secretary of the Citizens' Committee of Philadelphia. Mr. Alexander is the man who took the Liberty Bell to New Orleans in 1885, stopping on the way to Beauvoir, Miss., in honor of President Jefferson Davis, who then went on to New Orleans with the sacred old bell. Mr. Alexander is eighty-two years old and desires above all things to see the flag of every State in its niche in Independence Hall.

This Mississippi flag is the fourth Southern flag sent to Philadelphia. When Louisiana's flag was placed in Independence Hall, it was greeted with great applause, and "Dixie" was played for the first time in the "City of Brotherly Love."

Virginia.—The six districts of the Virginia Division have held their annual spring meetings, reports from all showing a creditable activity in the work of the U. D. C. despite the disturbed conditions of the past year. In the First District there is an increase in membership, and the Bristol Chapter reported four scholarships in the colleges of Bristol. This district recommends that Chapters plant trees in their home towns, with tablets thereon inscribed with the names of their boys who gave their lives in the recent war.

From the Fourth District comes the announcement of a prize of \$60 to be given by the Historian of the Welby Carter Chapter for the best review of Professor Minor's book, "The Real Lincoln." Any white person teaching United States history in Virginia can compete for this prize. This district together with the Fifth, is working for the endowment of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship, which is maintained by these districts jointly at Fredericksburg State Normal School at a cost of \$150 per annum and is for two years the districts having it awarded them by turns. Although this is the special work of the Fourth and Fifth Districts, any one wishing to honor the memory of the "Pathfinder of the Seas" may send a contribution to the treasurer of the fund Mrs. W. M. Hamlet, Fredericksburg, Va.

To the Sixth District belongs the distinction of having organized a Chapter during the war.

The Division cot at Catawba Tuberculosis Sanitarium receives the support of Chapters, being a work that appeals to all.

The Educational Committee announces eighteen scholarships open to applicants for the scholastic year 1919-20 and ten for the scholastic year 1920-21.

Temple of God, from all eternity

Alone like him without beginning found;

Of time and space and solitude the bound,

Yet in thyself of all communion free.

Is, then, the temple holier than He

That dwells therein? Must reverence surround

With barriers the portals, lest a sound

Profane it? Nay, behold a mystery!

—Father Tabb.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. John E. Maxwell.....*Treasurer General*
Scale, Ala.
Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
Miss Mary A. Hall.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
Mrs. J. Enders Robinson.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

A ROSE OF HEAVEN.

BY MARY JOHNSON BLACKBURN.

(In loving memory of Mrs. W. D. Ellis, President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association.)

I am walking in my garden, where the roses are abloom,
But I somehow miss the fragrance of their delicate perfume;
The red within the hearts of them has changed to ashen gray,
For the rarest bloom is missing from its stem of yesterday.

Such a very modest flower in all her wondrous beauty
Giving out her sweetness in unselfish love and duty!
Our choice of blooms has been transplanted and glorified
to-day;
She is filling out the garland for our dear ones of the gray.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. W. D. ELLIS.

BY MRS. A. M'D. WILSON, PRESIDENT GENERAL C. S. M. A.

With deep sorrow we announce the passing away of Mrs. W. D. Ellis, the beloved President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, in June, 1919.

After twenty years of faithful, untiring service as President, as the highest testimonial of affection and confidence in her loyalty and devotion to the "storm-cradled nation that fell," she was made Life President amid the loving acclaim of her comrades in Memorial work. To her zeal and enthusiastic leadership in large measure is due the wonderful growth of the Memorial spirit, as is evidenced in the long lines of marchers annually observing Memorial Day; and no place, North or South, pays more splendid homage to the glorious memories of the sixties than does the matchless Gate City of the South.

As a leader Mrs. Ellis was truly typical of the Old South—modest, retiring, unselfish, but with a dignity, combined with a rare sweetness of character, that drew her friends in the tenderest ties of love and appreciation. Her unselfish devotion to her family and to all who came within the magic charm of her influence will ever be an inspiration to higher ideals and loftier purposes for the betterment of the community. A devout follower of the lowly Nazarene, in simple purity of life and faith in Divine Providence, she leaves an example to her friends and a priceless heritage of faith in God to her devoted family.

Could she speak a message to the sorrowing hearts left behind, with Tennyson she would say:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

To have lived such a life is to have inscribed and enshrined

the memory in hearts that will mold future lives, and her sweet memory calls us to follow in her footsteps of righteous duty.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

At the last meeting of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association the following resolutions were passed on the death of the President of that Association, Mrs. W. D. Ellis:

"Whereas in the passing away of Mrs. W. D. Ellis, the beloved President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association for twenty-four years, words fail to express our love and loss; and whereas in looking back over our long and intimate association with her in this organization we found her always modest, unassuming, faithful in all the duties to family, Church, and the various organizations of which she was a member. Especially was she devoted to the Atlanta Memorial Association. Therefore be it

"Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. W. D. Ellis the Atlanta Memorial Association has sustained an irreparable loss. She was an efficient officer, an ever-kind and thoughtful friend.

"Resolved, That we tender to her family our deepest sympathy, and our only consolation is that to-day she is safe and happy in "God's garden of love" with her dear ones who have gone before.

"Resolved, That these resolutions be published and a copy be sent to the family, the Confederate Memorial Association, and be inscribed in the Memorial Association books.

"Committee: Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President C. S. M. A.; Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan, Chairman; Mrs. William F. Williams, Mrs. William A. Wright, Mrs. Robert B. Blackburn, Mrs. Robert G. Stephens."

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, ATLANTA.

Will the woman citizen, with her new ideals, her new plans, and a new Memorial work that is confronting her, forget the dead heroes of the South when absorbed in her important responsibility of citizenship? This is a question being asked many women who for fifty years have adhered to the beautiful sentiment of keeping one day set apart and sacred for decorating graves of Southern soldiers and the monuments erected to their memory. It should be remembered that if the conflict between the North and South had absorbed the thoughts of women exclusively there would be no Daughters of the American Revolution, no Daughters of 1812, no patriotic organizations that have kept the traditions and records of the past heroic deeds of our American heroes.

The Memorial work of the Confederate Southern Me-

morial Association has been a note of great beauty in the music of the Southern heart, and it should be kept sweetly tuned so that our son and daughter who come after can know and understand just what the work of the noble, loyal women of the South has meant to history and as a means of preserving our ideals of faithfulness and love.

If a plant is left unwatered, it will no longer bloom. If the mistress of the garden goes off and leaves the plant un-nourished, it will no longer give out its fresh green leaves and its flowers fragrance.

The women of the South should remember that in the re-organization of her life and its interests she must keep to the old habits of remembrance and keep together in the Memorial work, welding, if necessary, the memorial work this world war with the work of that other great war in which the men of the sixties made it possible for their sons and grandsons in 1917-19 to do the great and glorious fighting which helped bring peace to the world.

Let the mothers teach their children to observe Memorial Day with even more fervent interest. Let the younger generation know and understand why Memorial Day is observed, and let this be part of their education not only now, but through all generations. Let Memorial Day continue as a day to be observed just as Easter is and Christmas and the other days that have lived through a beautiful sentiment for ages.

* * *

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A., introduced a resolution at the Georgia State Convention, U. D. C., which was afterwards ratified at the National Convention, U. D. C., which asked that a fund be established by popular subscription for the collection of reliable books on the South, its men and its institutions, the library to be given when completed to some English library, where the true history of the South and its people might be read and understood from the sincere and correct viewpoint of the people of the South.

Mrs. Wilson now suggests that it would be a beautiful thing for the ladies of the Memorial Associations to contribute to this library by adding such books as are valuable as historical works and out of print or hard to secure from the book dealer or publisher. There are a number needed in the collection, and those desiring to contribute as members of the Memorial Association should send the books directly to Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, who will present them to the committee with the proper credit.

The committee for this interesting and important work is: Mrs. A. McD. Wilson; Miss Mildred Rutherford, former Historian General of the U. D. C.; Mrs. T. T. Stevens, member of the Memorial Association; Mrs. Joseph T. Derry, prominent U. D. C.; and Miss Elizabeth Hannah. It is hoped that this work will take on new activity and that many members of the C. S. M. A. will look over their libraries and make a contribution of Southern histories, books by Southern writers, as early as possible.

THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, RICHMOND, VA.

To the Friends of the Confederate Museum: The Confederate Museum at Richmond opened in 1896 under the control of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society (chartered) entirely without funds and has developed until to-day it is an institution commanding the admiration and interest of all the seven thousand and more visitors who come annually to see the collection of relics, many of whom return for further in-

spection. It is Richmond's Mecca for tourists and is most uplifting in the portrayal of the highest principles of life and manhood. The stained-glass windows, memorials to David C. Dodd, of Arkansas, and Sam Davis, of Tennessee, show the sublime courage and loyalty of mere lads who honored the South forever by their supreme sacrifice. Besides valuable papers, memorials to the heroes of 1861-65 fill many rooms.

With reluctance the Confederate Memorial Literary Society appeals for the first and only time to the public for contributions to the Museum's endowment. The critical period has come when interest in the world war history claims public support in making memorials to our returning heroes and to those who "sleep on Flanders field." The memory of our veterans of 1861-65 will fade without the display and preservation of such memorials as the Confederate Museum treasures.

Therefore we trust that through the generous contribution of friends the country will realize the force of Lee's immortal words: "The consciousness of a duty faithfully performed."

All contributions should be addressed to the Treasurer of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Confederate Museum, Clay and Twelfth Streets, Richmond, Va.

ENDOWMENT FUND FOR MUSEUM.

The following letter has been sent out in the interest of securing a permanent endowment fund:

"One of the greatest historical assets of this country is the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., managed by the ladies of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society.

"Many thousands each year visit this the 'White House of the Confederacy,' which is undoubtedly the most interesting place in Richmond to-day. It is a chartered institution and serves to perpetuate for all future generations the memory of the heroic deeds of our men of 1861-65.

"It is absolutely essential that this Society should have an ample endowment fund of \$200,000, the interest from which will forever insure its proper maintenance. This is the first time we have called upon the public for assistance.

"After careful consideration of this vital matter, this Society has appointed the undersigned as an Endowment Committee; therefore we are sending out a similar letter to several hundred patriotic men and women with the following appeal, which we sincerely trust will commend itself not only to their good judgment, but also to their affectionate interest and liberality.

"Our desire is this, that you and others like you will make a contribution now, and if it appeals to you also to make a bequest in your will to the 'Endowment Fund of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society,' which is the official and corporate name of the Confederate Museum.

"Many of the recipients of this letter have no doubt already made their wills, in which event please let us suggest that a short codicil be added making such a bequest.

"Trusting that in the manner outlined this beloved and historic institution may be perpetuated and that this worthy object will commend itself to you personally, we remain.

"Yours truly,

MRS. J. FENTON TAYLOR, *Chairman;*

MISS SALLY ARCHER ANDERSON,

MRS. JOHN MASON,

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON,

MRS. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH,

MISS LUCY T. MUNFORD,

EDGAR D. TAYLOR,

HERBERT W. JACKSON,

CHARLES J. ANDERSON,

Endowment Committee."

NEW BOOKS.

TELL IT IN GATH. By J. A. Osgoode, A.B., London, Canada. The University Press, Sewanee, Tenn. Price, \$1.25.

"The aim of this book," says Mr. Osgoode in his preface, will be clear to all who share the author's conviction that the world has long owed an unacknowledged debt to the genius of the Southern States of the American Union, a debt whose nature and extent he here attempts to indicate."

This, then, is the story to be "told in Gath"; and as his narrative conflicts from its outset with Puritan traditions, the author proceeds to clear away such obstacles in three introductory chapters, entitled "The Tradition of New England Ascendancy," "The Enigma of Puritanism," and "Puritan Culture," respectively. In the first he ridicules the belief that Puritanism has been practically the sole source of national and spiritual greatness in the United States. In the second he shows that "Puritanism" is an ill-defined term used in many strange, contradictory meanings by Green, Goldwin Smith, and other historians who have praised the Puritan in and out of season. The third chapter argues that Puritanism was mainly a recrudescence of German tribal paganism, ineluctably opposed to all higher forms of thought, literature, and art.

The four succeeding chapters set forth the author's estimate of the South and the share of Southern genius in national greatness as illustrated in the career of eminent Southerners from Washington to Whistler. Thus in his fourth chapter, "Southern Character and Tradition," the author maintains that Southern spirit and ideals have ever been akin to those of the England of Shakespeare and Raleigh, with all its varied and unsurpassed excellence in every sphere of thought and action. This idea he applies in rather novel fashion to the American Revolution, which he consistently and not inaccurately represents as no mere struggle between insurgent colonies and their mother country, but rather as a victorious effort of the American colonists, especially those of the South, to maintain the best traditions of their race against foreign encroachment begun by the autocratic, reactionary, upstart house of Hanover.

"The South and the Civil War," as the fifth chapter is entitled, presents the case for the Southern Confederacy. The author's argument here is that the North, not the South, was the rebel in that great conflict; that the Northern war lords, whose policy Lincoln was employed to execute, were as contemptuous of the rights of the "plain people" of the North as of those of Southern citizens; and that ultimate spiritual and even political victory rested with the South, despite her temporary material overthrow and the senseless vilification since heaped upon her by ignorant and malicious enemies.

In the sixth chapter, on "Poe, the Artist," the writer views Poe as a literary prophet and pioneer, a genuine type of Southern character and genius, who exhibited more varied excellence than any other author of the nineteenth century.

The book preserves an essential unity of subject and treatment. The scope and originality of the design, the humorous yet closely reasoned argumentation, and the decided and unmistakable views which it sets forth challenge the attention of every thoughtful reader, whether or not he agrees with the author's conclusions. The binding, typography, and decoration of the volume are excellent, a credit to the press from which it issues. Altogether "Tell It in Gath" may be described as an entirely original, attractive, and timely work of its kind.

THE FIELDS OF PEACE. Poems and Ballads by Emma Frances Lee Smith. The Gorham Press, Boston.

A little volume of poems and ballads has recently appeared bearing the title of "The Fields of Peace" and with the name of Emma Frances Lee Smith as the author. Miss Smith is known to readers of the *VETERAN* by her contributions in verse for some years past, and this modest offering of her heart songs in collected form will be welcomed as a worthy addition to our literature. In her busy life she has found recreation in putting thought and feeling into poetic expression, through which is revealed a spirit rising above the material things of life to revel in the joy of sympathy, of faith in humanity, and love of country. Miss Smith is a daughter of Missouri, and her father fought for the Confederacy under Price. It was his experiences that furnished the theme for her poem, "The Last Review," which was an appreciated contribution to the Reunion number of the *VETERAN* in 1917 when the United Confederate Veterans met in Washington City, which has been her home for many years, and her poem, "Sunset After Appomattox," graced the first page of the Reunion number for 1915. To her business association with the late Col. Hilary A. Herbert she gives credit for the inspiration which has made the field of endeavor something more than a mere struggle for existence; and in her "Personal Recollections of a Noble Man," published in the *VETERAN* for July, she pays tribute to the fine character which held her respect and admiration through the stress of years. To him she dedicates the poem, "Semper Fidelis," on the occasion of his seventy-ninth birthday, in which rings out the prophetic wish that

"As thy land beloved once more hath rest,
So may thy closing days with peace be blest."

The South must not continue to neglect the genius of her own, and this sweet singer deserves appreciation and praise.

MEMORIAL DAY IN FLORIDA.

The Confederate veterans of Leesburg, Fla., were the honor guests on the 3d of June, when Memorial Day was observed by a special program. The meeting place was at Fruitland Park, the home of George R. Smith, and the beautiful shady grounds made an ideal place for such an assemblage. The Leesburg Chapter, U. D. C., was hostess of this occasion, and the program was successfully carried through as planned by Mrs. F. S. Ezell, President of the Chapter. After the bountiful dinner at noon, Mrs. Ezell called the meeting to order and turned it over to Commander Duncan, of the Leesburg Camp, who presided through the exercises. In the roll call were the names of one hundred and six veterans who have died in the past twenty-five years. Forty comrades responded to the roll call ten years ago; only twenty of them are left, eighteen of whom were at this meeting.

C. H. Wilson, of Hampton, Va., says: "I hope to impress upon the young generation the importance of supporting the cause for which we contended and still will uphold to our last breath. I will do all I can while I live to build up the *VETERAN*'s list of subscribers. I was fourteen years old when I entered service as a Home Guard in 1862."

From J. W. Harris, Tyro, Miss.: "I have taken the *VETERAN* since first published and think it better now than ever."

"HOSPITAL RATS" IN DANGER.

BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BURNET, TEX.

I think it was in the year 1863 that there was a large number of sick soldiers in the hospital at Shuqualak, Miss., many of them sent up from Vicksburg just before its investment by General Grant. The writer was of the inglorious crowd, reduced to a skeleton by the old army trouble superinduced by tough beef and weevily meal. While the men were convalescent the news came that the Federal cavalryman, General Grierson, was coming on a certain day to raid the town.

The commandant of the post, Captain H—, was a very ambitious officer and determined to fight, but could muster only his personal staff to win him laurels. Then he bethought him of calling out the several hundred sick men, and he had a medical officer to visit the various wards and ascertain who were well enough to walk and carry a gun; in fact, he called for volunteers. Of course every man with any pride at all who could walk fell into line on the only street in town, about a hundred in number. On such occasions there is always something to make one laugh. Just before leaving my cot as a volunteer a big, brawny Irishman next to me called out lustily to the sawbones: "Docther, can't you give me something for me trouble?" Pat's size in painful contrast to his doleful request tickled me so that I almost forgot my own suffering and fell into line with something like a willing spirit. The Irish soldier is usually recklessly brave, but this one was an exception. He was scared.

Well, the farce of arming the squad, battalion, or whatever you would call it, was gone through with and suggested a line of propped-up cadavers more than Confederate soldiers. It suggested also Sir John Falstaff's disgust over the appearance of his own draft: "If I be not ashamed of my men, I am a soused gurnet." Most of the poor fellows were not in the best humor from thus being called to the field of carnage, and what made them madder was the sight of a number of able-bodied citizens of the town standing in front of the stores and laughing at us. Some of the boys swore they would rather turn their guns on these shirkers or exempts than on the hated Yankees.

Fortunately, the dreaded Grierson failed to appear, and the soldiers were marched slowly back to their quarters and "order reigned in Warsaw" once more.

LETTERS TO THE VETERAN.

From J. W. Allen, Maben, Miss.: "Yes, I am a subscriber, a reader, and a lover of the *VETERAN*. I have been taking it since 1908, and you can put me down as a life-timer, even if I have to dig up stumps for the dollar. I have often been asked if I was an old Confederate soldier. I tell them no; I was a young one. I was fifteen years, one month, and six days old when I left home for the army in 1861. I served three years, six months, and twenty days. My father tried to persuade me not to go, but no, sir. He finally said: 'I've done all I can. Now, son, I don't want to ever hear of your being shot in the back.' But I thought lots of times I had a good chance. I was in eight hard-fought battles, like Chickamauga, Ga., and the slaughter pen at Franklin, Tenn. Bill Arp, in writing up that battle, once said that 'all who didn't run then are there yet.' My greatest war record is that I outran one million Yankees from Dalton to Atlanta, and I killed as many of them as they did of me, but some one of

them shot me all the same. Yes, put me down as a lifelong subscriber, and long live the *VETERAN*!"

Mrs. Virginia Mahoney, of Phoenix, Ariz., renews subscription "for the magazine I regard as sacred." She writes: "It brings to mind the days of my childhood, the unselfish patriotism of those old days, and unfortunately frequently a comparison with the present. My husband, a Confederate veteran, has long since passed into the beyond, but I remain faithful to the cause he loved so well."

Thomas W. Smith, of Lexington, Miss., renews the subscription that had been going to his father and writes: "My dear father, a veteran, died April 27 last. He served throughout the war and had been a subscriber since the *VETERAN* was published and always enjoyed reading it. We have most of the copies preserved, and he wished me, his son, to still subscribe."

In renewing his subscription to the *VETERAN* James W. Hiscocks writes from Cleveland, Ohio: "I wish to again express my keen appreciation of the splendid articles which I have been privileged to enjoy in the past. If you could only live where I do and see the ignorance of otherwise intelligent Northern people regarding the war for Southern independence, you would never rest in your efforts to encourage the Confederate people in fighting for the old issue to-day with the pen as they did with the sword in the days gone by."

From G. L. Crittenden, Bonham, Tex.: "The more I read the *VETERAN*, the better I like it and the principles it stands for. I do not wish to miss a copy. I am an old Confederate of Company H, 16th Missouri Infantry, Parson's Brigade. I was under Capt. Pleas McGee, of Georgia. I am now seventy-five years old and, as far as I know, the only survivor of the company. If there should be another living, I should be greatly pleased to hear from him."

In renewing his subscription George F. Vose writes from Richmond, Va.: "I am very glad indeed to inclose check for your monthly magazine. I have enjoyed reading it very much since I first subscribed for it, though I would not have believed it possible fifty years ago, living then in Rochester, N. Y., my native city."

Another friend north of Mason and Dixon, George W. Howe, renews for two years, writing from Port Huron, Mich.: "I assure you that I can appreciate your monthly issues from a typographical as well as editorial standard. The Last Roll is of interest to me, having long been Chaplain of William Sanborn Post, No. 98, Department of Michigan, G. A. R. But our ranks are so thin, and many hands are beckoning from the other side."

Charles G. Joy writes from Lawton, Okla.: "I enjoy the *VETERAN* very much and read and reread it. I consider it reliable and instructive. It gives information on subjects that other magazines do not touch; for instance, 'The Pilgrim Myth.' It is clean and pure and should be found in every Southern home."

Mrs. E. V. Busey, New York City: "The *VETERAN* is such a joy and comfort to me! I do not know how you can make it so reasonable and splendid."

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Nuxated Iron increases strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in 70 weeks' time in many instances. It has been used and endorsed by such men as former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential nominee, Charles A. Towne; U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, Hon. Anthony Caminetti; United States Judge G. W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington, and others. Ask your doctor or druggist about it.

D. P. Overbey writes from Mount Vernon, Ky.: "Send the VETERAN as long as I live. The two articles from Colonel Johnson, of Louisville, Ky., are worth year's subscription. * * * I had fifteen months' experience in prison Indianapolis."

B. F. Brimberry, of Albany, Ga., reverts for another year and says: "I have had the VETERAN since its first issue and value it highly; have all on file—a valuable history. Every veteran who values the truth and loves the South could take it."

Col. A. C. Jones, of Wesson, Ark., writes: "In sending my renewal I wish to say that in my opinion you are keeping the VETERAN up to its highest standard, and it affords me great pleasure to read it. I was ninety years old on the 8th of March last."

Miss Lillie Martin, President of the U. D. C. Horn Chapter, U. D. C., Hawsville, Ga., would greatly appreciate any information as to the company and movement of South Carolina troops in which John Hartsel Grimsley enlisted in the War between the States. He was later detailed in the Engineering Department at Macon, Ga.

Money for Old Stamps

I pay cash for U. S. and Foreign Stamps suitable for collections. Confederate on original envelope especially desired.

HARRY B. MASON

Room 21, 1413 G St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

C. S. A. MARKERS.

I have been manufacturing C. S. A. and G. A. R. grave markers for over ten years. Having passed my eightieth birthday, I am going out of business. I have six hundred or seven hundred C. S. A. markers on hand that I will sell at the old price, 25 cents each in lots of fifty or more, or 35 cents each in smaller lots.

When my stock is sold, the U. D. C. Chapters will have to pay 50 or 60 cents each and not get as nice a marker as those I offer at 25 cents. Don't fail to get some of these markers.

WILLIAM H. BIRGE, Franklin, Pa.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

It is the intention of the Treasury Department that the sale of government savings securities, thrift stamps, war savings stamps, and Treasury savings certificates shall be continued as a permanent part of the national financial policy. In response to widespread requests that the permanence of the savings campaign be assured and the purchase of thrift and war savings stamps be made permanently available to volunteer agencies, Secretary Glass wrote: "It is the intention of the Treasury to continue and make permanent the war savings movement and to continue the sale of thrift and war savings stamps and savings certificates."

This action followed close on the heels of announcements that lodges and fraternal organizations all over the country had decided to make these savings securities depositories for organization funds as well as an individual investment for members. This movement among the fraternal organizations has proved widely popular because of the particular availability with which these securities lend themselves to the inauguration and safeguarding of permanent funds, such as building funds and funds for the retirement of old indebtedness.

The savings issues of the government combine absolute safety and freedom from depreciation or fluctuation, with a high rate of interest compounded quarterly and certain immunity from taxation. At the same time they may be turned into cash on brief notice, with interest, should the necessity arise.

A. G. Bentley, of Kelton, S. C., says: "I am nearing eighty. I have taken the VETERAN for a long time; I can't do without it. I will take it as long as I live, and I hope that will be a number of years yet."

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Look ahead! What you will be to-morrow depends on what you save to-day. Buy War Savings Stamps.

Mrs. John C. Nicholson wishes to hear from any survivor of Forrest's Cavalry who knew her husband, John C. Nicholson. He enlisted at Nisbett, Miss., in Company C, Forrest's Regiment, and was a courier. She is in need of a pension, and any information as to her husband's service may be sent to E. D. High, 1131 South Wellington Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Information is being sought by George Thomas, of St. Louis, Mo., of his brother and sister, John and Elizabeth Thomas, from whom he was separated about the close of the war by being taken from Memphis, Tenn., to a children's home at Zelenople, Pa. The two older children were put with families at or near Memphis, and Mr. Thomas now wants to locate them or some relatives who can give him information of his family and birthplace. Address him at St. Louis, General Delivery.

Old Books and New on Confederate History

Military Annals of Tennessee

By J. B. Lindsley. Royal 8vo. Turkish morocco, gilt edge, net, \$7.50; half morocco, marbled edges, net, \$5. Embracing a review of military operations, with regimental histories and memorial rolls. Illustrated with many steel plate portraits. Supply limited.

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Smith & Lamar, Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

C L Willoughby
Lakeland
Aug 19
Fla

VOL. XXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1919

NO. 9

THE SHIP OF STATE

Here lie the peril and necessity
That need a race of giants---a great realm,
With not one noble leader at the helm;
And the great Ship of State still driving high,
'Midst breakers, on a lee shore---to the rocks!
With ever and anon most terrible shocks---
The crew aghast and fear in every eye.
Yet in the gracious Providence still nigh,
And if our cause be just, our hearts be true,
We shall save goodly ship and gallant crew,
Nor suffer shipwreck of our liberty!
It needs that as a people we arise,
With solemn purpose that even fate defies,
And brave all perils with unblenching eye!

The Peril of the Sixties

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New Uniforms for the Reunion

NO ADVANCE
IN PRICE

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
The Home of Lee. (Poem.) By Capitola McCollum.....	322
Official Reunion Order—Reunion Plans.....	323
Tablets to North Carolina Generals.....	324
The South and Real Americanism. By A. F. Fry.....	325
Indigo Culture in the South. By Anne Bachman Hyde.....	328
The Battle of Kelly's Ford, Va. By William B. Conway, M.D.....	330
The Confederate Home of Missouri. By Maj. H. W. Salmon.....	331
The Same "Mars Jeff." By M. I. Burton.....	332
Prayer and Thanksgiving. (Poem.) By Dr. H. M. Clarkson.....	332
"A Sassy Little Rebel." By Miss Kinzie Smith.....	333
Under Fire at Port Hudson. By James H. McNeilly, D.D.....	336
With the Fourth Louisiana Battalion. By H. J. Lea.....	339
Last Days of the Army of Northern Virginia. By Percy G. Hawes.....	341
In the Years of War. By John C. Stiles.....	344
Brave Soldier-Priest	353
Naming the War.....	358
Departments: Last Roll.....	346
U. D. C.....	354
C. S. M. A.....	357

THE HOME OF LEE.

BY CAPITOLA M'COLLUM.

The city's spires before me rose,
Reflecting morning's misty glows;
Behind, a mansion fair to see,
There stood the stately home of Lee.

The silent halls once rang with song
In tones melodious and strong,
And little children's joyous play
So oft proclaimed their pleasures gay

'Twas there that Mary Custis Lee,
With happy children at her knee,
Told stories to her little son
Of great Grandfather Washington.

With gentle and paternal care
Lee sat with them, their love to share,
When free to make his happy calls,
To rest within the Custis halls.

No monument of marble grand
Yet in this sacred place doth stand,
But greater honor do we give—
In Arlington his name shall live.

And as we walk with solemn tread
In that great "city of the dead"
Among the trees and lonely bowers,
We feel again that he is ours.

Ye daughters of the South, awake!
Preserve the place for history's sake,
O, keep that home in Arlington
Retained like that of Washington!

And o'er it float the stripes and stars
Beside the glorious crossing bars.
The past is gone, the deeds are done;
The North and South are two in one.

Pray that the next Confederacy
Be one of world democracy;
And since this righteous war is won,
O may the world be soon in one!

Mrs. B. E. Bridgeman, of Shellman, Ga., would like to communicate with some one who knew her husband, B. E. Bridgeman, who joined Company A, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, at Cleveland, Tenn. in 1863. If any of his comrades are living, Mrs. Bridgeman will appreciate hearing from them.

Miss Minnie Holland, Millen, Ga. (Box 242), would like to get in communication with some member of her father's regiment or company, the 32d Georgia, Company C. Any survivor will address her as above.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1919.

No. 9.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER

OFFICIAL REUNION ORDER.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 28, 1919.

GENERAL ORDER No. 4.

1. The General commanding is pleased to inform his Confederate associates that the patriotic city of Atlanta has asked our organization to be its guest for the 1919 Reunion. He, therefore, officially announces that the Twenty-Ninth Annual Reunion of the Confederate Veterans will be held in that city October 7, 8, 9, 10, 1919, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, respectively.

The good people of this city have on a previous occasion shown that they know how to entertain and have showered on the survivors of the Confederate armies benefits and favors worthy of the true chivalry of the South, and they are prepared to bestow again those courtesies that make for the pleasure of their guests, and the General commanding promises for them a most generous hospitality.

Georgia, a great State, patriotic and liberal to an extreme, the home of Gordon, our first Commander in Chief, and Evans, can but be glad to entertain men who fought so gallantly for principle in 1861-65. The General commanding *knows* that every one present will enjoy each moment, and he hopes that there will be a large gathering.

2. Many Camps failed to pay dues last year, and by that are barred from taking part in the convention. He urges all to remit at once to the Adjutant General and be prepared to take places in the business convention. It will be too late to defer payment until arrival at the Reunion city, as the books are closed ten days before the time of the Reunion.

3. The General commanding with much pleasure announces, at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its meeting at the same time, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their convention on the same days, beginning Tuesday, October 7.

4. The General commanding sincerely hopes that the press of the entire country, ever ready to promote the cause of the

Confederate soldier, will endeavor to stir up interest in the coming meeting, and to this end he requests that this order be published and editorial comment made thereon.

By command of

K. M. VAN ZANDT,
General Commanding.

WM. E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

PLANNING FOR THE REUNION.

Atlanta is making big preparations for the entertainment of the United Confederate Veterans in October, feeling that there is nothing too good for this remnant of the once glorious army which so gallantly defended her from the invading hosts of Sherman. A fund of sixty thousand dollars has been secured for carrying out the plans of the Reunion Committee to make this a notable occasion among similar gatherings of the past. The veterans are not to be housed in tents or big buildings, but will be taken into the homes of the people. They will also have a camp of their own, where they can assemble for a social time and to get lunch and supper. This encampment will be on the spacious grounds of the State Capitol, and a street on one side will be roped off for their commissary. All who have not made arrangements in advance should go to Reunion headquarters upon arrival in Atlanta and be assigned to a home.

The business sessions of the Reunion will be held in Atlanta's Auditorium-Armory, which has a seating capacity of more than eight thousand. In addition to these business sessions, there will be the usual features of a reunion—receptions, dances, and the parade, which comes on the last day of the Reunion. A large attendance is expected for this Reunion, which might be designated a great peace jubilee, as it is the first held since peace settled over the world at war; and the special rate of one cent per mile each way will be another inducement to visit this great city of the South. This rate will be allowed to any one who presents a certificate showing his connection with any of the organizations meeting at the time, either as a member or in the family of a member.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE SOUTHERNER.

BY LOUISE WEBSTER.

He is American from head to heel,
The Stars and Stripes has his allegiance,
The treacherous Teuton felt his naked steel
Upon the field of desecrated France.

But there, as here, he bore a memory
Which kept him strong of purpose and of will,
Remembered Jackson, Johnston, Davis, Lee,
Held in his heart his Conquered Banner still.

TABLETS TO NORTH CAROLINA GENERALS.

The following comes from R. D. W. Connor, Secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission, Raleigh, N. C., in regard to the tablets which are being placed by that Commission and the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., to the memory of Generals Ramseur and Pettigrew:

"The report published in the *VETERAN* for July and so severely commented upon by Dr. Shepherd in the August issue that the North Carolina U. D. C. are planning to place two large tablets 'on the Gettysburg battle field to mark where Generals Pettigrew and Ramseur died' is so obviously erroneous that it is surprising that anybody should have been taken in by it. Everybody in North Carolina who knows anything about Confederate history knows, of course, that neither Pettigrew nor Ramseur was killed at Gettysburg, and nobody in North Carolina would ever have thought of so completely ignoring 'every element of historic truth' associated with their deaths as to erect such tablets at Gettysburg.

"The two tablets referred to will be erected by the North Carolina Historical Commission and the North Carolina U. D. C. by the side of the public roads merely to call attention to the houses in which these two Confederate officers died, both of which stand some distance back from the highway. Pettigrew, as stated by Dr. Shepherd, died in the Boyd House, near Bunker Hill, and Ramseur died in the Belle Grove House, near Meadow Mills."

The inscriptions are as follows:

"Due west of this tablet, 650 feet, is the Boyd house, in which died, July 17, 1863, Brig. Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew, of North Carolina, C. S. A. At Gettysburg he commanded and led Heth's Division in the assault on Cemetery Ridge, July 3, and in the retreat was mortally wounded at Falling Waters, July 14, 1863. 'He was a brave and accomplished officer and gentleman, and his loss will be deeply felt by the country and the army.' (R. E. Lee.)"

"Northeast of this tablet, 800 yards, is the Belle Grove house, in which died, October 20, 1864, of wounds received at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, Maj. Gen. Stephen Dodson Ramseur, C. S. A. A native of North Carolina, he resigned from the United States army in 1861 and, entering the Confederate States army as a lieutenant, rose to the rank of major general at the age of twenty-seven."

Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash, ex-President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., asks that reference be made in this connection to the part taken by that Division in placing these markers. It was during the annual convention in 1915, held at Charlotte, that a strong appeal was made by Col. A. H. Boyden, President of the Board of Directors of the Confederate Home of North Carolina, setting forth the great need of tablets, monuments, and markers commemorating the deeds of valor of North Carolina's sons for the benefit of future generations. Following that appeal, a resolution was introduced by Miss Winifred Faison, Assistant Historian, as follows:

"Resolved, That the U. D. C. hereby make the suggestion to the State Historical Commission of the propriety of its marking the places in the Valley of Virginia, near Winchester, where Generals Pettigrew and Ramseur died, these places being unknown generally to the people of these respective communities. Both places were visited by Col. Benehan Cameron this summer, directions being obtained by him from prominent and reliable people who visited the generals during their last hours. * * * When visited by General Sheridan, General Ramseur was asked what he could do for him. General Ramseur's reply was: 'Arrange a flag of truce as escort for my body to be sent to my people and to my home for burial.' This was done."

VIRGINIA FIRST IN HISTORY.

That Virginia, and not Massachusetts, should have credit as representing the oldest Anglo-Saxon civilization on this continent was brought out emphatically by the Virginia General Assembly in celebrating at Richmond on August 15 its three hundredth anniversary of continuous existence as a law-making body. Speakers charged that the men who landed at Plymouth Rock were foreigners by fully one year after the burgesses of eleven Virginia plantations had assembled at Jamestown and passed the laws designed to govern the colonies.

Thomas Nelson Page, former Ambassador to Italy, was one of the principal speakers. He said that the world should be made acquainted with the real facts concerning the part Virginia has played in bringing about representative government. "This General Assembly should compel the teaching in the schools of the State of the facts relative to Virginia's position in this matter," he said. And this should be done in every other Southern State as well.

INVITES HIS FATHER'S COMRADES.—One of the members of the Executive Committee for the Atlanta Reunion is H. F. West, son of the late Capt. Andrew J. West, who has announced that he wants to entertain his father's comrades who may attend the Reunion. "I do not know how many of the men are left," he says, "but I feel that it will be one of my greatest privileges to entertain these men in my home and make their visit a happy one." All living members of his father's command, Company E, 41st Georgia Regiment, are included in this invitation.

Attention has been called to the publication of the little poem by Dr. Ticknor, "A Fragment," on page 273 of the August *VETERAN*, as a tribute to William Peabody for his donation to the Southern schools. This was copied from the collection of Dr. Ticknor's poems, and the name was so given therein, but was evidently a mistake, as the only Peabody known in connection with educational philanthropy in this country was George Peabody. The name was copied without special thought.

THE SOUTH AND REAL AMERICANISM.

BY A. F. FRY, BENTONVILLE, ARK.

In various articles appearing in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and numerous other periodicals Henry Watterson vilifies his own character by casting slurs at the South and its inhabitants, even going to the extent of picturing them as a people in whom the elements of degeneracy have long been working. Any well-informed old Reb knows that Henry's friendship for Dixie has ever been of a precarious nature and that his contempt for the Confederacy was in evidence even during the War between the States, when he was thwarted in one of his political ambitions. Afterwards the *Courier-Journal*, of which he was editor and part owner, had for a long period of time the entire South as a field of circulation, with no competition worthy of notice. Then the *New Orleans Picayune* and the *Atlanta Constitution* appeared upon the scene as disturbing elements, and his attitude as a Southerner of unquestionable loyalty, filled with all the ardor and zeal of uncompromising devotion which had formerly characterized his articles and speeches, underwent a manifest change. It was not, however, until Woodrow Wilson came to the fore and was nominated and elected President over his vehement protest, and the South became the dominant factor in the move to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, that his duplicity was revealed in all of its ugliness.

Since the beginning of the world war there has been a marked tendency on the part of a certain class of prominent men up North to profit, as perhaps never before, by the abject use of sectionalism. How common it has been for those of the Roosevelt type to compare the Germany of to-day with the Southern Confederacy of sixty years ago, when a careful analysis by an unprejudiced mind will reveal absolutely nothing in common between the two! Only a few weeks ago the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* published a lengthy article on the causes of the negro exodus from the South to the North, which was so filled with vindictiveness and so profoundly absurd in its logic that a noted negro educator and a white banker who was born and reared in the North, but who had lived many years in the South, made reply and revealed to the world in a very conclusive way the absurdity of its contentions. To offset the argument of Henry Watterson I shall compare briefly the Cavalier with the Puritan, who represent the first of English blood to settle in America and who personify the extremes of the dominating and opposing elements in our national constituency and also whose progeny finally lined up for battle during the War between the States.

The Virginia Cavalier, viewed in the light of undisputed authenticity, stands forth not as an inanimate object of commonplaceness—an inconspicuous agency in influencing the tide of human events—but as an aggressive and dominating factor uncompromisingly necessary to the inauguration and execution of those revolutionary policies evidently decreed by Providence to become so all-embracing as to finally sway the destinies of mankind. The fact that he was from the middle or upper class of society and exhibited at first an unquestionable partiality for the king's cause in England merely reveals to us, in the light of subsequent events, the sane and logical conservatism that ever characterized his attitude toward questions of importance, especially those with which he was intimately associated. The very fact that he enjoyed special privileges in the old country, which he virtually renounced by voluntarily choosing a career peculiarly subject to the fluctuations of fortune and suggestive of anything but ease and enjoyment, might be considered in itself

as proof conclusive of his possessing certain traits of character of at least a unique type, as well as inward longing for unrestricted freedom, with opportunity, perchance, to test by actual experiment theories which hitherto had been regarded as idealistic rather than practical.

From the very day he landed at Jamestown the story of his career is resplendent with all the subtle charm with which unfeigned romance wields its spell of enchantment over an imaginative mind. It is distinctly a misfortune to the South that New England history, which is dull and prosaic compared to Virginia's, should enter into so much of American literature, from which choice extracts are reproduced in every series of school readers published, while her own marvelous story goes a-begging. Considering the past on a broad scale, it is more to the credit of the Cavalier than the Puritan that those virile forces were set in motion through which the wailing forest and all it suggests of insurmountable difficulties and blood-curdling experiences was brought into subjection and made the home of countless thousands who fled hither to escape the persecutions of Europe.

The Virginia Cavalier, instead of being a degenerate, as some Northern historians have proclaimed, had to begin with all the elements of real greatness inherited from a distinguished ancestry; for if history teaches anything emphatically, it is this: that the middle classes, especially of England, constitute the decisive factor in a country's civilization. Name the great men of the English-speaking people who have influenced the trend of history during the last few centuries and through whose guidance Great Britain and the United States to-day so nearly dominate the earth, and it will be seen that the above assertion is anything but imaginary. The Cavalier, however, in coming to America immediately became subject to certain environments which doubtless developed within him distinguishing characteristics which otherwise would have remained latent or nonassertive. Needless to say, his physical being was daily subjected to those strenuous ordeals which bring to perfection all the various organisms of the human anatomy. The survival of the fittest was nature's slogan, and under the sway of her immutable laws none but those of superior fiber could long endure. Then, too, his mental faculties were whetted to the keenest edge, for, being ever on the alert as a matter of life and death, the quickness with which he came to comprehend his environments and reason with flawless logic from cause to effect enabled him to assume and maintain a commanding attitude to which all things else must inevitably yield.

Some would contend that the early Virginian was morally weak because he did not, like the Puritan, adhere tenaciously to a dogmatic creed and conform his life to the narrowness of its teachings. The very fact that the founders of Jamestown, the second day after landing, stretched an old sail between some trees, under which they gathered at frequent intervals for worship until a log church could be constructed, certainly has a tendency within itself to refute this charge. And then it may be said of the old church tower, which is all that remains of Jamestown, that "though mute, it yet speaketh."

The early inhabitants of the South were among the first to adhere to the belief, which is now so rapidly becoming universal, that the Christian religion is so all-embracing in its scope as to defy any effort on the part of ecclesiasticism to confine the application of its doctrine or the marvelous effect of its operations to the limited bounds of cult and dogma, which things have ever been dominated more or less by the spirit of penuriousness, if not abject selfishness. The

early Virginians did not choose to dwell in settlements, but from the beginning spread out over vast strips of territory in accordance with the demands of plantation life, and consequently individuality was developed to the extent that every man became, as it were, a lord unto himself. The nature of his surroundings had much to do with the elimination from his personality of discordant elements and the instillation and unfolding of those ennobling qualities which have ever been so conspicuous as to be discernible to any one who might wish to see. His isolation, too, was so complete and his utter subjection to the varying decrees of fortune so pronounced as doubtless to appeal without reservation to his religious nature and develop within him that distinctive trust in Providence to which he has ever since tenaciously adhered. To the east, between him and the homeland, was a three-thousand-mile stretch of stormy sea; to the west, a wailing forest, unknown and unknowable, whose grewsome shadows fell ever like a nightmare across his path. Yet in spite of all discouragements and apparently insurmountable difficulties he adhered to his course and fulfilled the mission that was his to fulfill.

The story of the Puritan, for reasons mentioned above, is known to all: how, being thwarted in his efforts to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience and to promulgate the doctrine which he openly proclaimed as the only one of divine origin, he first journeyed to Holland and thence to the New World. Unlike the Cavalier, he was from the lower walks of society, which he rejoiced in as being absolutely essential to spiritual development. That he failed to appreciate the fact that the Christian religion is too catholic to be confined in its operations is clearly revealed in his history from the very day he landed at Plymouth Rock down to the present day. The old saying that he came to America to worship God as *his* conscience might dictate and to force every one else to do so is very expressive. It is true that in the process of subduing and rendering serviceable a bleak and unprolific waste he was forced into a life symbolized chiefly by zeal and strenuousness, which undeniably brought into play all the reserve force of his being and which, as in the case of the Virginian, served as a developing agency of no questionable value. Circumstances in New England were such, however, that concerted action on the part of her inhabitants proved more profitable than individual endeavor, which fact explains the community life and consequent early tendency to move along lines conducive to manufacture and commerce. The Puritan applied himself diligently and availed himself of every opportunity to better his temporal state, early realizing the value of education in accomplishing his purpose. The feigned sanctity which so pronouncedly characterized him in the Old World and enabled him to assume a reverential demeanor and reticent attitude, which, however, was merely the outward expression of an inner nature already infused with excessive bigotry and self-conceit, retained its ecclesiastical cast, but, being no longer confined to restrictive channels, quickly revealed to the world, and that too in a very conclusive manner, that it was not a product of divine origin, nor did it tally in any way with an idealistic conception of the Christian doctrine. Being taught from infancy that he was wrought of superior fiber and God-chosen, it is hardly to be wondered at that he should have striven so early to occupy the position of supervisor of American affairs, to render all others subservient to his will, even though in so doing he violated the religious tenets of which he considered himself chief exponent and promulgator. It is only by referring to and

aggrandizing certain incidents that New England writers have led so many into the belief that the story of this prosaic people, as that of no other, is interwoven with the threads of romance and constitutes all that is virile in American history.

While the Puritan was still adhering to a policy of non-progression and one little suggestive of spirituality, which fact is revealed in his heartless cruelty to the Indians, his persecution of the Quakers, his burning at the stake of so-called witches, his openly manifested contempt for the Presbyterians—in fact, his hostile attitude toward all those who did not meekly yield to his precedent or readily concur in his beliefs, of whatsoever nature, whether religious or political—the Virginia Cavalier had adopted a policy far more in accordance with modern-day conceptions of idealistic social evolution, whose import now can scarcely be magnified.

Especially should we dwell upon the significance of Bacon's Rebellion, that first blow designedly struck at autocracy in the New World, which was merely one of a long series of events which might be cited in support of the contention that it was the Virginian rather than the New Englander who was first impressed with the importance and then the absolute necessity of local self-government and, moreover, devised the means of its attainment and the mode of its operation. It is true that all the colonies united when the psychological time came to throw off the tyrannical English yoke, and it may be said of all indiscriminately that every effort was put forth without stint or reservation in the accomplishment of the purpose.

Any intimation, however, that the Cavalier played a part secondary to the Puritan in the drama leading up to and including the Revolutionary War is so easily refuted by merely comparing the magnitude and influence of the personal representation of the various sections that no ambiguity need exist. The democracy in which we to-day so justly pride ourselves and which is of such idealistic character as to be regarded as a model by all other countries is a product of the genius of Jefferson and his Southern associates. To them is due not only its conception, but also to a very great extent the creation of the instrumentality through which it is rendered practical to everyday life.

Now, I take the ground that a careful perusal of the pages of unbiased history will convince any one that the South in her relationship to slavery was more persecuted than persecuting. Of the colonies, it was New England, and not Virginia, that placed the dominant part in its installation in the Western Hemisphere, and even long after it was made illegal it indulged in the iniquitous traffic, being actuated by aggrandizing motives. The fact that slavery, after having been attempted several times in Massachusetts, proved a failure was due not to any repugnancy on the part of her inhabitants, but exclusively to the rigor of her climate, to which the physique of the negro was poorly adapted. Who will deny that the first earnest opposition to slavery came from the Southern colonies of Virginia and South Carolina? As early as 1760 the Assembly of the former restricted the traffic, but, unfortunately, the act was set aside in England as detrimental to her own interests. The very next year, however, the Virginia Assembly imposed such a heavy duty upon negro slaves brought within her bounds as practically to suppress their importation. In support of this law Richard Henry Lee, the father of Robert E. Lee, made an eloquent speech, but England, nevertheless, promptly declared the measure void.

We of the South are justified in the contention that the

Puritan for many years prior to the War between the States assumed toward us a hypocritical demeanor and was actuated in most of his stands altogether by perfidious motives. For a period of a hundred years, or as long as it served him as an instrumentality of gain, he looked upon the institution of slavery with unfeigned stoicism, its hideousness to him during all this time being little conducive to that wonderful play of emotionalism pretendedly the result of a heartfelt sympathy and insuppressible condolence for his poor brother in black, which was so much in evidence at a later period when the negro, having been sold by him to the Southerner at so much *per capita*, had forever passed from his hands. The Southerner in his relationship with the negro has ever been actuated by altruistic motives; and while the very suggestion of social equality fills him with repugnance, nevertheless it is a matter of history that the black race under his idealistic supervisor, which has ever contemplated a policy of painstaking tutelage and paternal solicitude, attained to a degree of civilization which it could not otherwise have attained except through a slow process of evolution extending through a period of several thousand years. The man-eating savage of Sudan to-day might indeed consider himself unfortunate that his forefathers escaped the clutches of the New England slave dealer who once penetrated the African jungle in pursuance of his nefarious traffic.

One is to a great extent justified in believing, in spite of so many Henry Wattersons, that the North is slowly awakening to the fact that the South, through long and intricate experience and to the very fullest sweep of mental conception, long ago acquired knowledge of racial characteristics which fully justified her in assuming and maintaining a decisive attitude in regard to certain matters whose import and signification she (the North) once was unable to comprehend or to the slightest extent appreciate because of a too close adherence to a policy of inductive reason, interspersed with morbid sentimentalism. Could the New Englander of to-day view the unrestricted results of the policy advocated by the emancipationists of some seventy years ago, who to the very greatest extent were inspired by false and erratic ideals, he doubtless would recoil in horror. According to Macaulay, it is to the glory of the world that Anglo-Saxon blood, which the South produces in its most unadulterated form, has never, in accordance with legal jurisprudence and social custom, mingled with that of an inferior race. Had the French blood of the Louisiana Territory retained its Caucasian purity, it is not only possible, but very probable, that the French language, instead of the English, would now be spoken from the northern limit of the Dominion of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. The South has always contended, and the theory is, rapidly becoming universal, that the racial bounds were established in accordance with providential designs, and even science in substantiation has demonstrated with some degree of accuracy that the intermarriage of mulattoes for a period of five generations results in absolute sterility.

The South was determined in the beginning—and the unjust and unphilosophic peersecution to which she was subjected has only rendered that determination all the more pronounced—that there shall *never* be established within her border a plane upon which the Caucasian and the negro may assume relationship of real fraternal intimacy and social equality. To adhere to such a doctrine, however, was by no means homogeneous with the advocacy of slavery. This institution was regarded by many prominent Southern people long before the war as inconsistent with the spirit of the times and as a distinct hindrance to the full and complete development

of the marvelous resources of the South, due chiefly to the falsifying propaganda ever emanating from New England and affecting adversely the outside world. Several branches of the Lee family of Virginia were outspoken in opposition to it. Robert E. Lee liberated his slaves several years before the war, while, strange to say, Ulysses S. Grant retained possession of his even until after the capitulation of the Southern Confederacy. It is also a matter of record that Jefferson Davis made a speech before Congress in which he advocated the liberation of the slaves, outlining a plan of just compensation for the slaveholders which, if adopted, would have probably solved this momentous question.

I take the ground that a close study of American history reveals one fact as paramount to all others—viz., that the inherent and excessive hatred for the South, apparently indigenous to the Puritanical strain of blood wherever found, has always constituted the chief obstacle to the elimination of sectionalism and to that concurrency of action which is so essential to a full realization of democracy's slogan: "The greatest good to the greatest number." This hatred was not only insusceptible to reason and absolutely void of conscience, but was from its very incipency characterized by an excessive fallaciousness which forced the South to assume and maintain a defensive attitude and interfered very seriously with the process of devising solutions for the problems connected with the institution of slavery.

A Southern historian says in a recent article: "The pro-slavery sentiment, which was even then in self-defense, did not assume any proportions in the South until abolitionists of the Garrisonian type arose and demanded immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery, attacking not only the system, but the character of every slaveholder and questioned the civilization of every section where it existed. The human mind is so constituted that it naturally resents interference with its voluntary action in endeavoring to solve a problem upon which it is expending its best energy."

Abraham Lincoln himself said that the methods of the abolitionists were such as to thwart any attempt to solve the slavery problem in a rational way. "In 1827 there were 106 antislave societies in the South to 24 in the North, or more than four to one. The Southern societies had 5,150 members to 920 in the North, or more than five to one." (Lundy.) In 1860, according to the United States census, Maryland had only 3,247 fewer free blacks than slaves. Virginia and North Carolina each had a very large per cent of free blacks. Were not these the oldest of the slave States? Do not these facts teach that the South was gradually freeing her slaves in the best way possible?

And then the fact that the slaveholders of the South in 1860, already overwhelmingly in the minority, by comparison were rapidly dwindling in number is not entirely without signification.

The contention of Henry Watterson in the *Saturday Evening Post* that the Southern people at this time were dumb-driven cattle, absolutely subservient to the wishes of a few self-seeking politicians, is refuted by Woodrow Wilson in his work on "Epochs of American History," in which he says: "That secession was the project of the leading classes of the South is not to be doubted; but the voting population of the Southern States was in a sense the most political in the world, the least likely to follow blindly because most deeply interested in politics. It could be managed by its leaders only because it was thoroughly homogeneous, only because it was so entirely understood and sympathized with their

point of view. If some were moved against their judgment, very few were moved against their principle."

The war had to come. Forces were in action even in the colonial days that rendered it inevitable. Two people of the same race, but actuated by different ideals and impelled by different motives, must sooner or later suffer a divergence of opinion as to the feasibility of governmental procedure to the extent even of finally constituting a perfect antithetical relationship.

The reasoning process adhered to by Henry Watterson in his contention that the process of degeneracy in the Southern people had proved destructive to individuality is so distinctively contradictory to every sane method of logical deduction as to be regarded as indicative of a mental and moral degeneracy on his part rather than on the part of those he would malign.

It is pleasing to know, however, that the world war has stimulated a great many of Northern extraction to give expression to truths in regard to the South and her past history which reveal a spirit of concession and fair play and are prophetic of better times. This is the verbatim statement of Billy Sunday in the Boston Tabernacle: "Sixty-eight per cent of the men of the South are in the Church. Why? You may not like it, but the truest, the purest, the finest men and women in America are south of the Mason and Dixon line. That's the reason it took thirty million people to lick eight million. There are more pure-blooded Americans south of the Mason and Dixon line than anywhere else in this country. That is why so many of those men are Christians. I say that, if my old daddy was one of the boys in blue and fought against them. They were hard to lick down there because they were real Americans. South of the Mason and Dixon line they have got the North licked to a frazzle in religion and morals."

The legislature of Kansas recently directed her State historian to write an authentic history of John Brown, which the historian proceeded to do with alacrity. After a short time, however, he vehemently declined to proceed with the task, claiming that he had accumulated indisputable evidence to the effect that John Brown was a loathsome murderer.

The marked complacency, if not rude jocularity, with which Northern writers once discussed Sherman's march to the sea, during which over three hundred million dollars' worth of property was destroyed and for the most part without military signification, now gives way to a spirit of reticency and proneness to shift the theme under consideration. General Ludendorff, only a few weeks ago, evidently in retaliation for severe criticism emanating from America reflecting on the inhumanity of his conduct, said that General Sheridan on his visit to Germany, while reviewing a military drill, turned to him with the remark: "There's but one course to pursue toward an enemy: leave them nothing but their eyes with which to weep." What a difference between the conduct of Generals Sherman and Sheridan and that of General Lee! In his invasion of the North, General Lee confined his soldiers to the public highways, permitting no trespassing on fields or private property. He not only paid for the grain consumed by his horses, but for the forage stuff as well.

I contend that the War between the States viewed logically cannot be considered otherwise than the result of an old grudge toward the South, and that abolition was merely the instrumentality of its expression. In proof of this I can say that the North during the so-called Reconstruction period obtained a free and unhampered procedure in instigating and carrying to completion a policy which was not to the slight-

est extent actuated by lofty motives, but which for abject heinousness has never been excelled in the world's history. Not only was the ballot taken from the Southerner and bestowed upon the negro, but the two were literally forced into a relationship thought to be conducive to amalgamation and to the utter elimination of racial lines, this process being carried to the absurd extent of electing a negro Governor and two negro United States Senators. Was it her interest in the negro that prompted the North to this course of action? The love and friendship for the negro which she has so constantly proclaimed to the world from pulpit and platform when subjected to the test of sincerity is invariably found to be the rankest hypocrisy. She loves the negro as a race (which is in the South), but hates him individually. This accounts for the unsuppressed antipathy which exists in the North when the races are thrown together even commercially and which often assumes the proportions of outrage and murder. Hundreds were slain in East St. Louis two years ago for no other reason than that they were seeking employment. Many were killed in Chicago a few weeks ago merely for an attempt to shift their dwelling places.

As long as the South is attacked by men of the Henry Watterson type it behooves every old Reb to be ever on the defensive; for if there is any duty of an imperative character, it is the duty he owes his posterity to transmit his record unsullied and unstained.

INDIGO CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

At one time the culture of indigo, now extinct in the South, made it the second great staple of South Carolina, and the story of the rise and decline reads almost like a romance.

The original home of the indigo plant was in India, whence it was brought by traders to the Mediterranean country into Europe, thence into the West Indies. Other dyes then in use gave way to the beautiful deep-blue coloring matter made from the new plant.

The Germans had been using a blue dye made from the woad, a plant indigenous to Germany, so they made a great outcry when indigo was introduced. Superstitions grew up around the plant, and in 1577 it was denounced by the Diet as "a pernicious, deceitful, corrosive substance" and became known by the name of "devil's dye." The discontent about indigo spread to France and England, and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth an act of Parliament was passed condemning its use, which was enforced for nearly a century.

As early as 1622 an attempt was made to cultivate indigo in the new colony of Virginia, but the colonists were ignorant of the method of curing it, and the effort was unsuccessful. About 1649 the culture was revived and flourished so for a short period that the Virginians were anxious to obtain sufficient seed to enable them to supply "the whole of Christendom," so great was their zeal. The hopes were not realized in that colony nor in that century, but came almost true in South Carolina one hundred years later, and the proximity of that province to the West Indies trade secured a better knowledge of preparing the dye.

The indigo plant grew wild along the Carolina coast, as Robert Horne, in "The Perticular Description of Cape Feare," written in 1666, says: "They have indico and cotton wool." And Thomas Ashe, writing in 1682 of the settlement in South Carolina, refers to the fact: "Indigo they have made and that good. The reason they have desisted I cannot learn."

To the persevering effort of a young girl of South Caro-

lina was due, however, the real introduction of indigo into the United States, and from her industry and foresight developed the great trade in this commodity in the province. To Eliza Lucas should be given credit for its great success. She was the daughter of Lieut. Col. George Lucas, the English Governor of Antigua, one of the West Indies group, and later became the wife of Chief Justice Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina.

Governor Lucas owned plantations in that province and on account of his wife's health had placed his family there, and the plantation on Wappoo Creek, near Charleston, was in care of his young daughter Eliza, who at the time of her first experiments in 1739 was only sixteen years old. She had been educated in England and inherited her father's taste for planting and outdoor life. Her earliest letters to him refer to her experiments and her belief that she could grow indigo if he could secure her some good seed from the East Indies.

In the Charleston Library is a letter in Eliza Lucas Pinckney's own handwriting, written when an old lady, to her son, Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, describing her early efforts at the cultivation of indigo, and from the faded manuscript I copied the details. She writes that she was very early fond of the vegetable world, and her father, Governor Lucas, encouraged her experiments and sent her among other seeds some of the indigo plant. She planted these first in March, 1741, but so early that a frost destroyed them. She planted again in April, and this time a worm cut down the tender plants.

Not discouraged, she "tryd" the third time and was successful, for the plants bore seed and the seed ripened. Her father was so pleased that he employed a man named Cromwell, from the island of Monserat, at very high wages to come over and instruct his daughter in the art of making dye from the weed. He made brick vats on the Wappoo plantation, and there the first indigo was made. Howsoever, it was very poor, and Miss Lucas began to suspect that something was wrong, as Cromwell threw such an air of mystery about the process. She enlisted the sympathy of a kind old Huguenot neighbor, and by close observance they discovered that Cromwell was throwing such a quantity of lime water into the vats that the color was spoiled. She reproached Cromwell, who was "churlish" as well as deceitful, and he acknowledged that he did not wish it to be made well for fear it would interfere with the trade of the West Indies. The "churl" was soon dismissed and his brother employed, who did a little better; but Miss Lucas had now learned the method and took things into her own hands. In the year 1744 she was married to Chief Justice Charles Pinckney, and her father presented him with the whole crop of indigo which she had made. They wisely saved the crop for seed and generously distributed the seed among their planter friends, and by this means "there soon became plenty in the country." The seed in itself was no small gift, as fourteen years later it sold for £10 a bushel.

The planters were still ignorant of the best methods of producing the dye, in which the planters of the French West Indies excelled, so Judge Pinckney gained all the information he could from "the french prisoners brought into Charleston" and published in the *Gazette* the result of his investigations. Later Mrs. Pinckney experimented with the wild indigo native to South Carolina, and it proved very good, but did not produce so large a quantity as the cultivated.

In 1744 the province gave a bounty of five shillings currency upon the new commodity, and the same year Judge Pinckney sent to England by "the last man of Warr six

pounds to see how 'tis approved of there." The offering of "Carolina indigo" on the English market created a sensation, and in 1748 Parliament passed an act allowing a bounty of sixpence per pound on indigo from the British colonies and imported directly into England. At this time England obtained her supply of indigo from the French West Indies and paid the planters annually £150,000 for the amount she used.

The bounty offered for that made in the colonies proved such a stimulus that every planter turned his earnest attention to the culture, and in that same year South Carolina exported £16,765 worth of indigo. Their labors were rewarded by immense profits; indigo became second only to rice as a staple in South Carolina; many planters doubled their capital every three or four years, and, as the old writer Hewat says, "It proved equally profitable as the mines of Mexico or Peru."

The industry increased to such an extent that French indigo was excluded from the English markets, and by the year 1754 the export from the province amounted to 216,924 pounds, and the Carolina planters could undersell the French at several European markets. The Trustees of Georgia had also hopes for the industry, and in the year 1756 Georgia exported 9,335 pounds of indigo and hoped to make it a staple crop.

There were indigo plantations near St. Simons and on the Altamaha, but it was never a success in this colony, and the culture was soon abandoned. Edisto Island, off the South Carolina coast, became famous for the indigo produced there, and its crop was in greater demand and obtained a higher price than any other made in the State. On James Island the culture of indigo proved so alluring that one of the early missionaries complained that some of his parishioners "profaned the Lord's day" by carrying on that work during the season when indigo seed ripened, and he doubtless regarded it as "devil's dye." Although the planters were now making very fine indigo, they were not so skilled as the French in the manner of obtaining the dye nor so expert in grading the indigo.

In the year 1756 there came to the province from London on the good ship *Charming Nancy* a Jew named Moses Lindo, who had been an expert indigo sorter in England and who had observed the fine grade of indigo made in South Carolina. He remained in Charleston until his death, eighteen years later, and did more to encourage the industry than any other one man. He was appointed "Inspector General for Indico made in South Carolina," a position he held for ten years, and a testimonial to his services to the colony in grading and sorting indigo was signed by the Governor, members of His Majesty's Council, and leading planters. He pronounced South Carolina indigo equal, if not superior, to any French indigo that had ever fallen under his observance. The prepared indigo had become very valuable, and in 1773 Mr. Lindo announced that he had bought thirteen thousand pounds from two planters, for which he paid one dollar a pound.

When Mr. Peter Sinkler's plantation at St. Stephens was burned by the British, among the items of loss was listed twenty thousand pounds of prepared indigo at one dollar and a half a pound.

It continued a staple crop for more than thirty years, and up to the time of the American Revolution great quantities were made, and just before that war the annual export amounted to 1,107,660 pounds. It was an exceedingly troublesome crop to make, and the process of changing a weed into the dried lumps of commerce required the closest attention.

The stalks had to be cut at a particular time and great care taken not to rub the bluish bloom from the leaves. When cut, the leaves were soaked in vats until they fermented, a process which was malodorous and drew great swarms of flies and had to be watched every moment to secure the right degree of fermentation. Relays of hands were changed day and night, and the chief "indigo maker," usually a trusty slave, watched like the captain of a ship on the bridge. When he was assured that the fermentation was a success, the liquid was drawn off the leaves into a second vat and beaten with paddles until it began to thicken; it was then drawn into a third vat and allowed to settle, when the clear water was drawn off, and the sediment formed into lumps was carefully dried in the sun.

The great political leaders cultivated indigo on their plantations, though Henry Laurens laments the trouble and writes that he hates the culture of it. He refers to a great improvement he had made in the manner of filling the vats with water, whereby by pulling out a plug he filled them in ten or fifteen minutes, when it used "to take ninety to one hundred and five minutes to pump the vats full and cost the labor of eight stout hands and the ruin of my horses."

During the Revolutionary War the colonies were cut off from foreign commerce, and the culture of indigo was neglected. After the war its cultivation was gradually abandoned, owing to the difficulty of production, the fact that the English bounty no longer existed, and also that the East Indies had become rivals with their cheaper labor; but more than that was the introduction of cotton into the Southern States, the small patches then in cultivation being forerunners of the great crop which was to absorb everything else.

Indigo continued to be made on a small scale on the plantations in South Carolina and Florida till the War between the States, and an experiment was made in a small way on plantations in Arkansas, and the yield was about sixty pounds to the acre. As late as 1867 the little homemade cakes of the dye were for sale in Charleston, and the beautiful "indigo blue" was still used as a favorite to color the coverlets woven on every plantation.

The services of Eliza Lucas Pinckney to her country should not be forgotten. She introduced the culture of indigo and revived the culture of silk, thus promoting two great industries. She was the mother of those two patriots, Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Gen. Thomas Pinckney. The former helped frame the Constitution of the United States, and the latter negotiated the treaty of San Lorenzo with Spain which secured to the United States the Florida boundary and the free navigation of the Mississippi River. Many of her descendants served in the War between the States, one being a major general. One was killed in the battle at Chancellorsville, one at Sumter, and the name of one, Capt. Thomas Pinckney, was enrolled in the list of the "Immortal 600."

Authorities: "History of South Carolina," Hewat; "History of South Carolina, Ramsay; original manuscript by Eliza Lucas Pinckney in the Charleston Library; "Economic History of Virginia," Bruce; "Eliza Pinckney," Ravenel; "History of Georgia," Stevens; "The Jews of South Carolina," Elzas; "Life of Henry Laurens," Wallace.

THE BATTLE OF KELLY'S FORD, VA.

BY WILLIAM B. CONWAY, M.D., ATLANTA, GA.

This article is written only to describe some incidents that came under my personal observation during one of the fiercest cavalry fights witnessed by me during the War between the

States. As a boy of seventeen I left the Virginia Military Institute, and in December, 1862, I joined Company C, 4th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade. We were then in camp off the Rappahannock River a few miles above Fredericksburg, Va., the town in which my mother lived during her girlhood. About the 1st of March, 1863, we moved our camp to John Minor Bott's farm, near Culpeper Courthouse. Just about daybreak on the morning of March 17 we were aroused by the sound of the bugle call, "Boots and saddles!" Each regiment rapidly formed into line and marched off in the direction of Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock River.

The gray mist of the morning had given way to the crimson light of the rising sun. General Averill, in command of the Federal cavalry, had succeeded in crossing the Rappahannock after driving in our pickets of the Fauquier Black Horse Company. He had several thousand cavalry and a few pieces of artillery, while Gen. Fitz Lee had only eight hundred troopers and three pieces of horse artillery, under Major Pelham. We had passed Fleetwood Hill and Stevensburg when the gray columns of Fitz Lee moved rapidly into line of battle and threw out sharpshooters all along the front.

Just then I was ordered up from my company to report to Major Morgan, of the 1st Virginia Regiment, who afterwards became lieutenant colonel. He was in command of the picket line of sharpshooters, who were dismounted and lying down about two hundred yards from the rock fence, behind which were stationed the Federal batteries. Major Morgan and I were mounted and riding together in a gallop along and in the rear of the sharpshooters, while the crack of the carbines from the Federals in our front was music to our ears. The Major halted and gave me a verbal order to be taken at once to General Lee, whom I soon found on the crest of a hill near the line of battle surrounded by a few of his staff officers. I delivered the message and was about to return when he ordered me to remain for a few minutes. One of his staff asked him why he was waiting. Turning quickly in his saddle and raising his glasses to his eyes, he replied to the question asked him by the officer: "He is coming now." We turned our eyes toward Culpeper C. H. and saw a single trooper coming toward us. The long strides of his horse were lessening the distance between us and him, and as he approached nearer I noticed that his horse was champing the bit, while the white foam was dripping from his flanks as he was urged on by his daring rider. General Lee's eyes sparkled as he suddenly exclaimed: "It is Jeb Stuart!" He was alone and near enough by then for us to hear his voice as it rang out upon the stillness: "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry."

Stuart's blue eyes flashed. His gray cloak was thrown back over his shoulders and showed plainly the red lining, a black plume floated back from his soft felt hat, and a handsome Confederate uniform adorned his person.

It seems that Stuart had heard of Averill's contemplated attack on Lee and had taken the train at Fredericksburg, gotten off at Culpeper Courthouse, mounted a horse, and by hard riding reached us in time for the fight. General Lee said to him that there was a little fun brewing, and he was glad to see him, and added: "Where is Pelham? Tell him to crowd them with his artillery." After a good joke and a hearty laugh, Stuart said: "Fitz, are you ready? Don't let Averill get you."

Lee received the remark with a laugh, and off they went, drawing their sabers at the sound of the bugle to charge. They led the 1st Regiment into a hand-to-hand fight. The

Yankees stood their ground with unusual courage, and numbers on both sides fell from their horses, pierced by sabers and pistol balls.

I had returned to Major Morgan under a terrific fire, and when passing General Lee I saw his horse reel and fall, shot through by a ball. Just then Major Morgan suddenly checked up his horse and said to me: "There lie a brace of beautiful pistols and a sword. Don't you want them?" I remarked to him: "You will excuse me."

While our batteries were pouring shot and shell into the advancing enemy young Pelham left his pieces and joined Stuart and Lee in the desperate charge, and in the act of cheering on his men he fell, pierced by a Minie ball. Just before sunset the Rebel yell was heard above the rumbling sound of the wheels of Averill's Artillery retreating toward the Rappahannock River.

The death of Pelham was a sad blow to General Stuart, and
 "Something on his comrade's cheek
 Washed off the stain of powder."

THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF MISSOURI.

The following paper was prepared by Maj. Harvey W. Salmon, of St. Louis, and read at a meeting of the St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V., in 1918:

"Realizing how little the people of our State know of the work this institution has done and is doing, I think it may be of interest to present something about the Confederate Home of Missouri, its past and its present.

"The Home was incorporated about thirty years ago. We then began the collection of money. As its first treasurer I distinctly remember the first money received, \$3. The committee appointed to select a suitable location decided upon and purchased the Grove Young tract of land, consisting of three hundred and sixty-five acres, about one mile from Higginville, in Lafayette County.

"Money flowed into our treasury. The Daughters of the Confederacy, as they always do, rendered invaluable assistance. We paid for the land \$18,000, less \$5,000 donated by the citizens of Lafayette County; erected cottages for families; built a large, substantial brick building for men without families; built a hospital, church, and made other needed improvements. In all of this we 'built more wisely than we knew'; indeed, we established an institution without parallel in the history of the great State of Missouri.

"Possessing no endowment or permanent income, but depending entirely upon voluntary contributions, our need for funds increased, while the receipts decreased. This condition grew steadily worse until it became unbearable. Then it was that application was made to the legislature, and that body passed the act under which the entire property, except the cemetery, was deeded to the State, and the State on its part agreed to make necessary appropriations for the care and maintenance of the people residing in the Home for a period of twenty years, or as long as needed.

"The law provided that the Home should be governed and controlled by a Board of Managers consisting of men who had served in the Confederate army or navy. The members of this Board, appointed by the several Governors from time to time, have as a rule been men of character and standing, who have directed the affairs of the Home in an efficient and businesslike manner, and the State has kept its part of the contract fairly well by making reasonable appropriations; the average during the past ten years has been \$64,117.20 per annum. This was in part for new buildings and other needed improvements.

"The Home has a steam-heating plant, an ice plant, electric light plant, water system, hospital, laundry, and dairy, with a fine herd of Holstein cows which furnish an abundance of rich milk.

"There are now on the farm seventy-three acres in corn, and there have been harvested and put away in fine condition



MAIN BUILDING OF THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF MISSOURI.

thirty acres of wheat, twenty-two acres of oats, five acres of alfalfa, and thirty-five acres of red clover. There are eleven acres of Irish potatoes and a large garden growing all kinds of vegetables. In addition to this, the twenty-six families living in the cottages have their own well-cultivated gardens and chickens. The chicken farm, notwithstanding its insufficient equipment, has accomplished wonders. It now has over seven hundred young chickens, some of them being used, and others will be used as they mature. It is safe to say that there are on the place over one thousand spring chickens.

"There were in the Home on July 1, 1917, two hundred and thirty-two men and fifty-two women. The average age of the men is seventy-seven years. There are thirty-three helpless men in the hospital, and many others are wrecked in mind and body and almost helpless. Five hundred and sixty-seven have 'passed over the river,' and their bodies were laid to rest in the beautiful, well-kept cemetery.

"Col. George P. Gross, the superintendent, and Mrs. Gross, the matron, are conscientious, industrious, and painstaking, omitting nothing that can in any manner add to the comfort and well-being of those in their charge.

"I must not fail to mention that the largest single contribution to the Home was made by the late Col. Grove Young, of Lafayette County, a Union soldier, who made provision in his will for the payment to the Home from his estate of \$15,000 in annual installments of \$500 each for a term of thirty years. This sum was somewhat reduced through settlement made with the heirs to the estate, yet the amount realized has been of substantial benefit to those for whom the generous donor intended it."

THE SAME "MARS JEFF."

[The following incident was sent to the VETERAN by M. I. Burton, a member of Wood's Battalion, C. S. A., now living at Tuscaloosa, Ala., who writes: "This incident in the life of our only and greatly beloved President I wrote at the time, being the 'gentleman standing at the door.' Most of those with whom Mr. Davis was conversing were Yankees. I have had this among my papers for nearly fifty years."]

In the spring of 1872 Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederacy, was a guest of the Prentiss House, at Vicksburg, Miss. He was sitting in the lobby of the hotel conversing with a number of other gentlemen when an old negro, walking along the pavement, stopped in front of the door and gazed intently at the group inside. Politely accosting a gentleman standing in the door, the old negro said: "Boss, ain't dat Mars Jeff Davis in dar?"

"Yes, Mr. Davis is there," replied the gentleman.

"Does yer reckon he'd speak to er ole nigger whut wus in Congress wid him?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. When were you his colleague in Congress?" asked the gentleman, smiling.

"Well, boss, yer see it wus dis way: I belonged ter ole Mars Governor Brown when him and Mars Jeff beat two other fellers for Congress down in Mississippi, an' I went erlong to wait on 'em. Mars Jeff allers called me 'Gov'nor,' kase I talked like ole marster. I b'lieve I try Mars Jeff an' see if he 'members me."

Whereupon the old negro, placing his hat under his arm, went in and stood respectfully near the group. Soon his attitude and proximity attracted attention, and when Mr. Davis's eye was caught the old negro, catching his forelock with finger and thumb, bowed in old-fashioned negro style and said: "Mars Jeff, don't you know me?"

Starting to his feet quickly, Mr. Davis advanced, extending his hand, which the negro grasped, bowing and scraping his feet backward with each bow, grinning and looking serious alternately, as only a negro can. "Why, Lewis, I am truly glad to see you," said Mr. Davis with evident emotion.

"Yes, Mars Jeff, Ise proud to see you once more; ain't seed yer since we wus in Congress 'long wid old marster. Hope you's well, Mars Jeff."

"Yes, Lewis, my health is very good."

And the two "Southern gentlemen of the old school" shook hands silently, their minds running back doubtless in panoramic view of the strange incidents that had made such changes in their conditions since the day when they last parted "before the war." For the moment the old days were present.

Turning to the gentlemen who had witnessed the scene with interest, Mr. Davis said, "Gentlemen, please excuse me. I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with this man," and led the way to the writing room. The clerk turned the key in the lock to prevent interruption.

After half an hour they came out, traces of tears on their faces. Mr. Davis passed at once to his room, and the old negro, hat in hand, went out at the door. As he passed the gentleman whom he had first addressed at the door he opened his hard, black hand and showed a bank note with the remark: "He's de same Mars Jeff he wus befo' de wah."

PRAYERS AND THANKSGIVING.

[The last poem by the late Dr. H. M. Clarkson, written before the sinking of the Lusitania. He was poet laureate of Manassas (Va.) Chapter, U. D. C.]

Lord God of nations, grant us peace!

Let every hostile flag be furled!

Let every call to battle cease!

Let peace prevail through all the world!

O, would that war's rude hands were stayed,

Red hands with blood of brothers stained,

Strong hands which God himself has made,

Rich blood from hearts of heroes drained!

What shame to fight save in defense

Of home, of honor, or of life!

What sin for kings, in mock pretense,

To plunge their people into strife!

O, God, this crimson carnage stay!

From killing turn these vengeful men;

Convert their thoughts from war, we pray,

And fill with peace their homes again.

Watch now the world at war to-day.

They fall in ranks at tap of drum;

They leap to death in bloody fray.

Just mark the marching millions come.

They come with shouts, with thrilling yells;

They come with sabers, come with swords.

With cannon shot and shrapnel shells—

Come, horse and foot, in countless hordes.

And while we plead for foreign powers—

Ten million men involved in wars—

We thank thee, Lord, this land of ours

Is swayed by one who strife abhors,

By one who wills all wars to cease,

Who does not fight to show his might,

Whose ways are always ways of peace,

Whose maxim is "for God and right."

"A SASSY LITTLE REBEL."

BY MISS KINNIE E. SMITH, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

In the autumn of 1860 I entered, as a boarding pupil, Pleasant View Seminary, at Hyattsville, Md., the principal being Miss Marianna Keich, a celebrated teacher, the school being under the patronage of the late Bishop C. C. Pinkney.

Upon invitation of an aunt I spent the Christmas holidays of that year at her home, in Washington. It was my first visit from home. I was a little green maiden to whom the world looked very large, wonderful, and interesting. The War between the States was pending, and I was an ardent Federalist. Why should I not be when one relative wrote the Declaration of Independence, and the first President was another, the Constitution of the United States, in my humble mind, being next to the Bible? I had been taught that next to God and the religion of Christ came the love of country and liberty. Why, there was my maternal kinsman, Patrick Henry, and a paternal one, John Marshall, soldier and jurist, also Meriwether Lewis, the explorer. I felt pride in the patriotic labors of my relatives.

My aunt took me to Congress, where I went perfectly convinced in my youthful innocence that secession was not to be thought of, but that the Southerners, who, history shows, did the most to establish the Union, furnishing the brains of nearly every bill connected with it, should stay in the Union and fight it out. However, a day or two later I heard the famous, or rather infamous, speeches of prominent "Black Republicans," especially Seward and Baker, in which they openly threatened fire and sword against the South did she attempt to secede.

I had always imagined that the Houses of Congress were conducted by gentlemen of dignity and courtesy, and such a disgraceful scene I never could have imagined. While a Southern Senator was speaking Seward frequently called out: "That's a lie!" The Southerner was just as fiery, but his expression was: "That is utterly false, and the honorable gentleman knows it." I heard Judah P. Benjamin's famous speech, which for rhetoric, oratory, and patriotism has never been excelled. Breckinridge called for order to clear the galleries, when the tall, commanding form of Senator Mason, clothed in a suit of Virginia gray homespun, with Virginia brass buttons, arose and in his stentorian voice called out: "Let the ladies remain."

Then bedlam let loose. Cheers filled the Senate chamber. The clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and the calls for Mason, Benjamin, Breckinridge, and Latham, as well as others, attested to the enthusiasm of the Southern people, who had just been threatened with fire and sword by the North.

I found myself standing and cheering as loudly as the rest, and I expect a little louder than many, for I had a good strong voice and a warm heart and gave the best I could. Leaving the Senate with a feeling of horror at the venom displayed by the North, I had been transformed into as stanch a little Rebel as the South ever had. I believe even now that could I have settled the question of Southern rights peaceably then, I would gladly have given my girlish life to have done so.

At the seminary all was excitement. The principal, teachers, pupils, and negro servants were all Rebels. Two little bloodthirsty maidens said they hoped the Southern soldiers would capture the Yankees and hang their scalps on Mason and Dixon's line to dry. One of these little scamps was ten, the other eight, and when they returned home they found their Southern mother much mortified that their Quaker

father, too conscientious to fight, had gotten a United States position as commissary, with the title of colonel. We heard no more of scalps, but they retained their love for the South to the end.

Mr. Lincoln had sneaked through in the night a few yards from our school, much to our disgust, and the bluecoats were soon all around us.

I was presented in Washington with one of the original South Carolina badges, which I wore every time I went to church and which I still retain as one of my greatest treasures, and we sang "Dixie" as our secular doxology and benediction. My roommate came to me one day as pale as death, frightened as I'd never thought she could be, for she was an unusually self-contained girl. She exclaimed: "Aunt Mag is here and nearly dead." Of course I was shocked, but went with her to ascertain the cause of "Aunt Mag's" condition, for she was subject to frequent heart attacks. We took her to our room, while Miss Keich went for a restorative. Miss Mag locked the door and, sinking down in a chair, directed me to loosen her gown and relieve her of a long sword she was wearing and hide it before Miss Keich returned, as she did not want her to know anything about it. This we did, putting it in the closet just in time to escape Miss Keich's eagle eye. She then left us to attend to Miss Mag and keep her quiet.

Miss Mag Emach was a tall, stately brunette, who, as she lay stretched out the very image of exhaustion, gave us a shock by springing up and locking the door. Then while we each rubbed a hand she divulged the secret very dramatically, which we promised to keep from every one, even our principal, as the knowledge might injure her and her school. She then confided to us that Dora's brother had received his commission as lieutenant in the Confederate service, had gotten his uniform and other equipment in Baltimore, and had gone to Virginia in safety. But his sword coming too late, Miss Mag volunteered to take it to him, and so it was buckled around her waist; and although she was very tall, the weight was too much for her, and it touched the ground, jingling with every step.

She had ridden twelve miles, with seven more to go before she could get to Virginia, when she heard some men talking. Among other things she heard that no one was allowed to cross the "Long Bridge" at Washington without a pass, and those who had none were searched, both men and women. Therefore she stopped at the seminary to hide the sword till it should be called for, while she returned home after visiting her niece.

Now, what were we to do with the sword? We were "scared to death," which state of schoolgirl life benumbs the faculties or brightens them. My chum was usually very brave, but she was overcome because this dearest of brothers had gone to fight for his country and repel the invader without telling her good-by. So I had to take the initiative and get ahead of the Yanks, hiding the handsome heavy sword.

We girls were not allowed to have our closets locked, and the negro women servants considered it their privilege to examine our wardrobes whenever they desired. Therefore I went to the principal, requesting her to allow me to have the key for a short time, as I did not want them to try on my first bonnet. O, that sweet little gimp bonnet, trimmed with lilies of the valley and pale green strings! She laughed and said I could have it for one week.

Our dresses were too short to cover the sword, but finally I wrapped it up in a garment that had purposely been made long to "allow for growing" and put it in the back of the closet with other things over it, and Capt. George Emach's

sword hung peacefully among ruffles and tucks till called for at the end of the week, and he was soon using it in Wat Bowie's celebrated cavalry.

O, how we hugged each other and laughed and breathed easily after it had left the seminary! We felt sure that Miss Keich knew all about it, because she was unusually tender to us for some days, as we'd been under such a strain.

In those days schoolgirls did not travel alone, and I had as escorts home Mr. P. D. Gambrill and wife, the latter being one of our brightest townswomen and a personal friend. The B. & O. Railroad being torn up, we went home by way of Wheeling, taking a boat to Parkersburg. A woman engaged me in conversation, asking questions about Mr. and Mrs. Gambrill, which I politely answered. Then she inquired if I was married, which so amused me that I thoughtlessly responded in the affirmative. Upon her remarking that I was very young, I told a second story by telling her, in answer to her many questions, that I was married in Ellicott City by the Episcopal minister, whose name I had forgotten, as everything was haste and excitement, my husband taking the train immediately after the marriage.

Upon close questioning, and because I was disgusted at any one's asking a girl with short dresses and hair if she was married, I framed the romantic story that our parents had betrothed us in our infancy, and we were to be married when he "was of age." The youth of nineteen had enlisted in the Confederate army, was on his way to Virginia, and, bringing his mother with him, insisted upon the immediate marriage, so that I could go to him were he wounded. The marriage was consummated, he leaving and I returning home to my mother to remain "till called for." She asked how long since the marriage and was informed that it was three days previous. Then she inquired my name before and after marriage. Of course I told her the former without any difficulty, but hesitated, blushed, and giggled before I could remember his blessed name, finally saying Lieut. Joe Johnson, of Virginia.

Upon leaving me I noticed that she was in close converse with the captain of the boat, and of course I thought nothing of it; but I ran to Mrs. Gambrill and related to her the awful stories I'd been telling the funny-looking woman. She laughed heartily and told her husband, who was amused, but said: "These are ticklish times. Tell Kinnie not to talk to that woman. She's a spy."

Mr. Gambrill brought up three fine-looking men, dressed as civilians, and introduced them to us. In the course of conversation I declared myself a "Reb," and they seemed very much amused at my nonsense and tempted me into saying all kinds of things.

When we reached Parkersburg and started to leave the boat, to our surprise we were arrested by a polite Yankee sergeant and were ordered to headquarters, charged with being Rebel spies, "one being the newly wedded wife of a Southern officer."

Mr. Gambrill explained the joke, said he was a Union man, and asked what the order was. It was as follows: "Arrest three men in civilian clothes and straw hats, one man with a white hat and three ladies on." The grammar nearly convulsed me. The three men were marched to headquarters, where they made themselves known as members of the 7th New York Regiment, sent out on secret service. Of course they were immediately released and went on their way much amused at a schoolgirl's frolic. By the way, one of these gentlemen after the war moved to Parkersburg and proved to be a nephew of Mr. John Rathbone, a strong Southerner, who bailed me out of jail later.

Mr. Gambrill requested the sergeant to accompany his party, "including Mrs. Johnson," to his home and eat breakfast with him, when under his escort he'd return and take the oath. So we started on, everything going smoothly till I was near my home, when I puzzled the officer by saying: "Well, Mr. Yankee, I go this way." "So do I," was the response. "All right, come along. I'm going home," was my answer. He looked like he was indeed between Satan and the deep blue sea. He eyed me, then the man of the party. Finally Mr. Gambrill said: "Let the child go home to her mother. I'll be responsible for her." I said: "Do, Mr. Yank. I won't run away. Cross my heart." And that's the last I ever saw of that Yank.

But the news of my escape was soon all over the town. The guns were booming; and although it was the Fourth of July, I told the Yank it was because every one was glad I was home. A gentleman, going home at noon, laughingly told his wife that "Kinnie Smith reached home this morning as full of mischief as ever, having herself, Dod Gambrill and wife, and three United States officers arrested because she told some fool woman that she was married to a Southern soldier. The woman told the captain. He telegraphed here, and the whole party was arrested. They also telegraphed to Ellicott City, no such marriage being registered."

That evening our house was besieged by friends calling on "Mrs. Johnson," and I went by that title till I was heartily disgusted with my prank.

I realized that I was closely watched, and when I refused to walk under the flag I had been taught to reverence I was privately notified that an order had been issued to catch me and wrap it around me and that I would be severely handled. Therefore I perambulated on the opposite side of the street, where no flag could be hung.

A party of girls just in their teens were talking on a corner, myself among them, when a drunken Yankee soldier reeled against me and, leering in my face, said with an oath: "You go to h—l." I moved away, saying: "Thank you. I don't care to go to your house when you are absent." He went to headquarters complaining that "that Smith seesh gal had insulted him." So some one was again detailed to interview me as to what I said. Upon telling him the man laughed, but said seriously: "Little girl, you must be careful." The captain also laughed, and again I escaped.

A prominent Union man asked if I had spat on a Yankee soldier. I responded in the negative, saying: "I would not be guilty of such a low trick. Besides, I have better use for my saliva."

Two young ladies, Misses Lucy Shaw and Maria Cook, were closely watched by the Yanks, strongly suspected of being Southern spies. At a party I accidentally heard Miss Lucy whisper: "You know they call me Wise's spy, and I don't dare to leave town for fear of being searched." Miss Maria said: "It's the same with me, but Doc Kennedy says he won't go without a pistol. They have medicine, arms, and lots of ammunition; and if they stay longer, I'm afraid they'll all be captured."

I stepped out before them, saying: "If you're talking secrets, you're talking pretty loud. Can I help?" They asked if I could ride horseback. Whereupon I said I could stick on if I went slowly. They then stated that they'd get the pistol if I would ride to Washington's Bottoms under the escort of Dr. A. G. Clark, who, as a "medicine man," was allowed to go out of town as he pleased. So with the pistol hidden under my full riding skirt I rode ten miles over a rough country road. Reaching my destination, I was lifted off of my Buceph-

alus and laid upon a bed, when I either fainted or fell asleep.

The first thing I knew a light kiss was laid on my forehead, and the words "Poor child!" fell on my ear. Opening my eyes, I beheld the daring scout of the West Virginia Black Hawk Rangers, Doc Kennedy, and the family. Dinner was announced. I sensibly recuperated and ate the dinner, such as the Edlen family knew how to serve. That afternoon seven Confederates crossed over to Ohio loaded down with necessities. That was the last I saw of "Doc" till we met in Wheeling jail as prisoners of war.

Slowly and carefully I rode home, Dr. Clark gallantly escorting me to my door, where he advised a few days' rest, which advice I was forced to accept. But the "boys" were safe, the two young ladies pleased, and what did a little pain matter in a case like that?

Shortly after a man came to the house and told my sister that that Sunday morning at church we had been pointed out as dangerous Rebels, and the officer stated that we were to be arrested the next morning and made to take the oath or go to prison. He also gave the names of several others who were to be of the party. He had come to notify my sister, who was in rather delicate health, so she would not be shocked. We had always said we'd go to jail before we'd take the oath, not that we'd never take the oath, which served us later.

We did not wait, but went around that afternoon to tell the others of their Monday morning visitor. We all decided to go to Wheeling at Uncle Sam's expense, making our arrangements accordingly.

When the soldier came to arrest us, we had no hesitation in stating our position. Whereupon he notified us to appear at headquarters at 6 P.M. to take the oath or go to Wheeling.

Promptly at the hour designated Mrs. Agnes Neal, her two daughters, Alice and Emeline, Misses Fannie Hopkins, Florida Neal, Nannie Smith, my sister, and I, with bag and baggage, accompanied by a lot of our beaux, with Uncle Sam's representative "going on before," we appeared before the august tribunal—yes, it was August 22, 1862.

The colonel seemed surprised when we appeared before him announcing that we'd take the trip in preference to the oath. A Yank kept eying me till he made me mad, and I said: "You just wait till my beau in the army hears of this." He fingered his mustache, smiled knowingly, and said, "Child, you have no beau in the Rebel army," which was a painful truth. I choked and said: "I don't care; my sister has."

We were marched to the depot surrounded by friend and foe under the guard of Captain Day, who certainly was a gentleman. He was mortified at being placed in such a position, not believing in war upon women. He wouldn't allow our baggage to be searched and was kind to my sister, for whom he mixed a toddy, tasting it himself to test its strength, and which she declined. We found out afterwards that some one told him father was an Odd Fellow, hence his kindness.

When we went to get in the car, Mr. Neal said, "Follow me," which we did right into the sleeper. Captain Day said he had no authority to allow that, but our chaperon threatened to take us all home.

We had a lot of fun, notwithstanding the dirty, hot trip to Grafton. We were much amused, when we reached Wheeling, upon Governor Pierpoint's refusing to ride in the bus with — secesh women.

We arrived very early in the morning and were taken directly to the well-advertised and filthy Athenæum, where we remained some time waiting for the major to whom we were to be transferred. Finally he and his staff, in full regimentals,

put in an appearance, looking very firm. He demanded the charges against us. Written charges were presented, several in number, all of which were read, torn up, and thrown into a wastebasket. Finally, puffing up and looking very angry, he exclaimed: "I told them not to send me any more women without charges against them. Women, will you take the oath?" "We will go to jail first." He immediately gave this order to a handsome and very young man: "Lieutenant, take these women to jail without arms." I cried out: "O, please. Mr. Yankee, don't take off our arms!" He glared at me, and I winked at the lieutenant, who was very gentlemanly and gave me very little attention, though I threatened to disappear.

Upon reaching the jail we were put in the debtors' cell, very small for seven people, but clean and hot. It had one grated window and no curtain. I had never been locked up before, and when the heavy key clicked I had my first inkling of what might come.

The jailer turned us over to his wife, who told us she had orders not to let us leave the room; but, as she saw we were ladies, if we'd promise not to talk loud she would take us to her department, let us bathe, and give us a good breakfast. We, of course, promised, and, being a lady herself, that sufficed.

After a delightful breakfast at ten o'clock we felt strong enough to whip all the Yankees in the North. The jailer's wife said it seemed strange that there were seven Confederate men upstairs just over our party of seven women, and she mentioned the fact that they were waiting to get some money so they could escape. Their arrangements were all made to get over in Ohio, but they had no means of purchasing food. The jailer's family were Southerners and were conniving at their escape, but couldn't furnish them with money. Our brother had given us some money when we left home, which we wanted to give these boys, but before we could decide a government official called to see my sister, whom he knew by sight. He expressed great surprise at finding us there. He told us he had been to headquarters interceding for us, and the commandant informed him that we had to take the oath or go to Camp Chase the next day, where we would be incarcerated in the main corridor and not be allowed to leave it under any circumstances. He represented the horrors of that place, telling of one fair young girl who was raving crazy from the treatment. He said we would be taking the oath at the point of the bayonet to save our lives. He said also that now we would have to give \$500 bond and that he could get it for us. We resisted as long as possible; but hearing some shrieks and moans, we met the jailer's wife in the corridor, who told us it was another Rebel girl who was confined in the dungeon, and she had to obey orders. Consulting the rest of our party, we all decided to take the oath. We were so angry and so sore that all of us cried, and the best one of the crowd said a really bad word. I said, "O, gals, let's cuss and go home," at which we all shouted. Just about that time the gentleman returned and said he had met a very successful, rich oil man who would go our security, though not personally acquainted with us. He had lately moved to Parkersburg, and our father had baptized his children. After he left we decided to give the necessary money for the Rebel soldiers just over our heads: so the jailer's wife brought Doc Kennedy down. He was delighted to see us, glad to get the money, and at four o'clock the next morning their room was vacant.

At the evening hour appointed for us to "cuss and go home" our government friend and also military escort came for us.

Major Dorr, a fussy German, administered the ironclad oath to the United States and also to the "restored State of Virginia," which did not exist.

The little lieutenant stood with his hand on his hip pocket, which I thought looked funny. I heard afterwards that he told a friend that if Major Dorr insulted that little rosy-cheeked girl, who looked like the little sister of the lieutenant, the latter had made up his mind to shoot the major dead if he himself was shot the next minute. When the amount of security to be given came up, the old Yank thought we had increased in value; for when Mr. J. V. Rathbone asked quietly, "How much security?" he shouted out: "One thousand dollars apiece!" Without a change of countenance, yet changing his quid of tobacco to the other cheek, Mr. Rathbone quietly said: "Make it ten thousand." He afterwards told me that if he were a young man he would give ten thousand for me, and he was the only one that ever expressed that willing spirit regarding me.

When we finished cussing and started out, we found a crowd at the door to welcome us. We were hurried into an omnibus and escorted to the McClure House, where our party and some Southern friends entertained us royally, also going to the train to see us off. Reaching home, there was a great crowd to "see us on."

Many mean things were done to induce us to break our enforced oath and compel our friend to pay, but those means failed. I told my boy friends never to tell me when they were going in the Southern army, so they would only say they were going into the country. My brother, the idol of my heart, could not endure the sisters being subjected to such treatment and told mother that he must go South. She gave her permission, and he asked me to make him a pocket pin-cushion. He too "went into the country." His bravery and fidelity have been attested by his comrades, and no member of the famous Otey Battery was more appreciated than Lieut. Channing Moore Smith. I still have my "pass" representing my loyalty to the United States, but Captain Frost wouldn't allow me to go on a boat trip. A funny coincidence was that the soldier I had had arrested was his kinsman, and the man who went our security was his brother-in-law. My loyalty was questioned, and, being *frostbitten*, I remained at home.

UNDER FIRE AT PORT HUDSON.

BY J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The prisoners captured at Fort Donelson were exchanged at Vicksburg in September, 1862, and I hastened to rejoin the Tennessee troops with whom I had been associated. In a few days the regiments were reorganized, and I enlisted in Company D, 49th Tennessee, Col. James E. Bailey commanding. I had a brother in that company, and the boys were from my native county, Dickson. We were sent first to Holly Springs, Miss., to reinforce Price's and Van Dorn's army, which had been severely repulsed at Corinth by the Federals under Rosecrans. But we saw no service there, and in a short while were ordered to Port Hudson, La.

Before getting permanently settled in my regiment, I had sad realization of the dishonesty of some Confederates. I went from Vicksburg to Jackson, Miss., a day or so ahead of the others. Reaching Jackson near night, I went to the desk to register at the Confederate House. The lobby was crowded with soldiers, officers and privates, on their way to their various commands. My baggage consisted of an old-

fashioned carpetbag, which contained two or three "b'iled" shirts, some underclothes, and about forty sketches of sermons, the first of my youthful ministerial life and study, along with my Bible and Greek Testament. Those sermons were my pride and my treasure. I set the carpetbag down on the floor until I could register. It was some time before I could get to the desk, and when I turned to get my baggage it was gone. Some one told me that I hadn't more than turned my back on it until a lean, ragged-looking soldier who came into the hotel with me picked it up and boarded a train just leaving. I was indignant, but helpless; so I went up into the town to the Presbyterian church, where there were services that evening. The pastor was an Irishman, whom I knew, and as soon as he saw me he insisted that I should preach for him; that he had a headache and had not prepared, etc. I protested, but in vain; and when we sat together that preacher gave the hardest blow to my vanity. I said to him: "I don't feel like preaching. A rascal has stolen my carpetbag, and in it were all my sermons."

Looking at me, he said solemnly: "I condole with the loser, and I deeply pity the thief."

Cold as the comfort was then, it consoled me afterwards as I thought with grim delight on that thief's disappointment as he examined his "haul" and found only some worn shirts that a soldier couldn't wear and a lot of piety done up in sermon form.

The soldiers had been confined in Camp Douglas, near Chicago, and I was much interested in their accounts of prison life. During the first two months of their imprisonment they suffered much from the cold, so much more severe than our Tennessee climate. They were allowed to receive money from home with which they could buy from the sutler's stores and thus could supplement the rations furnished by the government. Numbers of the men were quite skillful in carving, and with their pocketknives they fashioned various kinds of trinkets, which they sold to visitors. I remember that I saw several finger rings carved from some black substance—cannel coal, I think—and inlaid with the pearly lining of mussel shells. They also carved combs from horns of cattle furnished by the butchers. I still have the fragment of one of these combs, which I carried through the war. Its long teeth were needed to get through the tangle of my long hair and beard.

The chief complaint I heard was of the arbitrary cruelty of the guards. Certain lines were marked which the prisoners were forbidden to cross at night without permission of the guard. These lines separated the barracks from the hydrants, the closets, etc. Often men would inadvertently cross the line; and although the inclosure was lighted and the guard could easily see that there was no intention of violating a rule, yet the first intimation to the prisoner was the whiz of a Minie ball. In this way several of them were wantonly murdered by brutal stay-at-home soldiers.

My brother told me of one experience of his. It was against the rule for the prisoners to talk with citizens, especially to argue. One day a citizen who was visiting the prison accosted my brother as he stood inside a lattice screen and asked him some questions: "Did you-all have plenty to eat down South?"

"Yes."

"Did you have comfortable clothes?"

"Yes."

"Well, did you have houses to live in?"

"O, yes."

"Then what in the world are you fighting for?"

The reply was: "There is something more to live for than victuals and clothes. We are fighting for the same thing our fathers fought for in the Revolution."

A sentry had been listening to the talk until this point; but the moment he heard a word to intimate that we were contending for liberty he raised his gun and fired, shattering the latticework at my brother's head.

Port Hudson was one of the most important points on the Mississippi River. Situated on a high bluff a few miles above Baton Rouge, it was the first point below Vicksburg that could be effectively fortified against the passage of gunboats. Between this place and Vicksburg is a space of over a hundred miles by land, probably two hundred by water, into which the Red River empties. And this river, with its tributaries, gave the Confederacy access for supplies to the interior of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas; and as long as the river for this distance was free from the enemy's boats we could easily transfer troops from one side of the Mississippi River to the other as they were needed. I could never understand why the Federal fleet did not take possession of this part of the river immediately after the capture of New Orleans on April 29, 1862, for the fortifications at Port Hudson were slight at that time. We left Holly Springs near the middle of October, a slow journey by the Mississippi Central Railroad, nearly three hundred miles, and then a march of nearly fifty miles brought us to our destination, where we were to remain for six months, strengthening the fortifications, drilling, etc. Gen. Frank Gardner was in command, and our regiment, with several Tennessee and two Louisiana regiments, was in a brigade commanded by Gen. Sam B. Maney, of Texas, afterwards Senator from that State.

Our life was rather monotonous most of the time in the camp. For the first week or so the question of rations was not urgent. The order to send us to the post failed to order provisions sent for such a large increase of the garrison. There were great quantities of sugar and molasses, for we were in the region of the sugar plantations. There were also large supplies of sweet potatoes and pumpkins on the plantations back of us. Therefore, for quite a while our diet was sweet potatoes and pumpkins, but in a few days we received flour and meal. The water was not fit to drink. That taken from the river, if left to stand for a few days, became measurably clear by the settling of the mud. Some of the men got barrels and with corn and molasses made a kind of beer which was palatable. They drove a thriving trade in the beverage. Another delicacy which found ready sale was made of flour and mashed sweet potatoes baked into a round cake and called sweet potato pone. Several of our regiment were so pushing in this industry, peddling their pones through the camp, that the 30th Louisiana, a French-speaking regiment, would call out as we went out to drill: "Here come your sweet 'tater pones."

Besides these delicacies, the large supply of molasses encouraged the making of molasses candy, and all through the camp one could see couples of men pulling at ropes of the candied stuff until it reached the proper color and brittleness, and in the enthusiasm of the pulling they would spit on their hands to get a better hold. But the memory of the beef that was served to us for a good while is still nauseating. Poor, gristly blue, gummy, it could be boiled for hours and never an eye of grease on the water. Those old steers, I suppose, were the only animals in existence without a single particle of fat in their composition.

But sometime during the winter a boat came down Red

River, bringing a supply of fresh pork. We got for our mess some sausage and spareribs, and the memory of dear old Tennessee at hog-killing time overcame us, "a dream of things that were." I cannot say that "good digestion did wait on appetite and health on both," for before morning after our first meal the services of the doctor were urgently called for in many a mess. But we gradually got used to our improved rations, and soon spring vegetables came in, and we all enjoyed better health.

Our lives were not to pass altogether in dreamful ease. On the night of March 14, 1863, Admiral Farragut tried to run his fleet past our batteries, and we had the most magnificent display of fireworks, as two hundred heavy guns engaged in a fierce artillery duel. The fleet consisted of the flagship Hartford, the sloop Mississippi (with Lieut. George Dewey as purser), the Richmond, the ironclad Essex, some mortar boats, and maybe two or three other vessels. We had lined the bluff with heavy guns, mostly 32-pounders, one 64-pounder, and I think one 128-pounder. We had also a battery for throwing hot shot. On the opposite side of the river we had great piles of dry wood, log heaps, which our men there were to fire as soon as the enemy should try to pass at night.

It was well after dark when the enemy's vessels silently got under way, but the movement was discovered almost immediately. The big fires were lighted, and the river for miles was as bright as day. The long roll sounded, and the infantry were marched to the breastworks back from the river; for we supposed that General Banks would make a land attack from his post at Baton Rouge.

Then was seen the grandest display, the activity of death's enginery. The roar of the guns, the explosion of shells, some of them high in the air, the shrill shriek of the steam whistles, the glare of the great bonfires—all combined to make a sublime spectacle. Very soon we realized that the enemy's shot were going over us and doing no damage, while on the other hand our shots were telling. The Richmond was struck and her steering gear disabled, her steam chest penetrated, and she drifted helplessly into the bank. To keep our men from firing down into her decks with musketry she surrendered. Meanwhile the Mississippi, a big seventeen-gun side-wheeler, grounded opposite our hot-shot battery and was set on fire by our shots. It was a hopeless task to save her, and her officers and crew got to shore as best they could. It was said that Lieutenant Dewey jumped into the water and swam ashore. It was a magnificent sight as we watched the flames rising through the rigging and reaching skyward until they came to the magazine, when a heavy explosion destroyed the vessel.

But while we were watching the burning ship our prize, the Richmond, was caught in the current and again drifted down the stream. She was so near the bluff that our heavy guns could not be depressed to reach her. We had no field guns on the bluff, and she soon drifted out of range and was safe from our fire. Some of our officers said her escape after surrender was a piece of bad faith, but it seems to me that any of us under the circumstances would have thanked a kind Providence that delivered us from our enemy. The Hartford got past our batteries, and I think she went on to Vicksburg. The remainder of the fleet was driven back. Thenceforth the Essex and some of the mortar boats lay in the river below us and occasionally would throw a few shells at our batteries. Our losses in this engagement were very light, only one man wounded.

After the war I had occasion to examine a history of the

war which professed to be absolutely impartial and accurate. In its account of this bombardment I counted nineteen distinct falsehoods.

One morning, after a good night's sleep, I went out of my tent and was surprised to see a number of wagons, drawn by fine four-mule teams, driven into camp. My memory is that there were fifteen, I am not sure. The wagons were loaded with all that was necessary for a considerable expedition. Besides rations and ordnance, there were knapsacks, blankets, muskets, etc. On inquiry I was told that these were the spoils of a victory won just about daybreak over a brigade of Federals. The account, as I got it, was that General Banks had sent out a brigade from Baton Rouge to make a reconnoissance toward Port Hudson with the hope of surprising the garrison. General Gardner, hearing of the movement, sent out a scouting party of fifteen under a lieutenant. The Federals went into camp some four or five miles from our lines; and as they supposed their movement undiscovered, they put out no pickets. Their loaded wagons were ready for their return the next morning, the mules harnessed and tied to the wagons, when just before day, some of the Yankee teamsters being up feeding their teams, some of the scouts rushed into the camp with the Rebel yell and, firing off their guns, created a fearful panic. The Federal soldiers, suddenly awakened, only saw guns flashing all through their camp and heard the yell, "Don't let any of them get away," with orders to imaginary regiments to come on. They didn't stand on the order of their going. I heard that some of them didn't stop running until they got to Baton Rouge. I do not vouch for the details of the story as to the numbers of the Federals, but I saw the wagons and teams and about fifteen or twenty of our men bringing them in; and as I have twice in my life been in a panic, I can well believe that when men start to run from an imaginary danger, the faster and farther they run the worse they get scared.

A good many of our men were under fire the first time in the bombardment of Port Hudson on the night of Farragut's attempt to pass our batteries. The explosion of shells above us appeared very dangerous, but by the time the fragments reached the earth they had been carried away beyond us. When a shell would thus scatter pieces, many of the men would squat or even fall down. One of them, a big fat fellow, stepped out of his tent and was terrified by the flash of a bursting shell, apparently only a few feet above his head. Right in front of the row of tents was a ditch about a foot deep and a foot wide for draining the camp, and into that ditch the fellow fell and flattened himself out so that the top of his back was just level with the ground, and there he lay, scarce daring to breathe, until we thought he was killed.

The 30th Louisiana were the Acadians (or Cajans) and spoke only French. The language was a wonder to our Tennessee country boys, and they always stopped to listen to what they called the jabbering. There were several washerwomen with the 30th, and they talked incessantly with characteristic French vivacity. One of our boys expressed it. After listening for a while to their chatter, he called to a comrade: "Run here and listen to these women. One of them can give one flutter of her tongue and say more than you can say in a week."

As we stood in line during the bombardment the frogs in a puddle kept up a constant chattering, when this boy said to me: "These frogs have camped by the side of the 30th Louisiana till they have learned to talk French."

One of the saddest incidents of the bombardment was a

tragedy indeed, begun with comic features. There were a good many negroes in camp, cooks and teamsters. They were generally much frightened by the bursting shells and ran in various directions, hunting places of safety. As one of them rushed by some one called to him: "Tom, it's time for you to be praying."

He accepted the suggestion and flopped down on his knees and began the only prayer he knew: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Just then his eye caught sight of one of the big shells from the mortar boats soaring up into the heavens with its burning fuse until it seemed just over his head: He didn't wait to finish. With "O, Lord, I done forgot de res," he started again on the run, and in his blind terror he struck his forehead against a projecting pole of a cabin, his neck was broken, and he fell dead.

It was remarkable, the change that the bombardment made in many of the negroes. Before they were a careless, happy-go-lucky set, many of them quite profane. Afterwards they indulged largely in camp meeting songs, and one couldn't twist out an oath with a corkscrew.

Let me say that there was a remarkable lack of chaplains at Port Hudson. I was only a private serving by detail as a chaplain, and I did not know of another Protestant chaplain in any of the regiments. There were a great many religious men, both officers and privates, who gave me much help and encouragement, and there were several preachers of various denominations who were officers, and they helped me in my work. The 30th Louisiana and 10th Tennessee were Catholics, and they had Catholic priests as their chaplains. These were faithful to their men. I held a short service every morning in each of the four wards of our hospital. Generally there were twenty to thirty men in each ward. I preached twice every Sunday on the parade ground, and usually the attendance was good, the higher officers setting the example. The colonels of all the Tennessee regiments in the brigade were earnest Church members.

One of the pests of camp life, which seems almost a necessary nuisance where large bodies of men herd together in armies, is a little insect whose common name is rather offensive to ears polite; so I will write his scientific cognomen. In Latin he is of the order *parasita* and is called *Pediculus vestimenti sui corporis*. We called him "grayback." He made his dwelling place in the seams of the clothes, and thence he issued forth upon the body to cause constant scratching. He was so prolific that, beginning his mundane existence at sunrise, he was a grandfather by set of sun. Now, *Pediculus* was the source of many a marvelous story and also the subject of much malediction. He disturbed men's slumbers by his persistent attention, and one could say:

"Oft in the stilly night, when slumber's chain hath bound me,
I feel the awful bite of something crawling round me."

I well remember my first experience with *Pediculus*. It was shortly after we reached Port Hudson. I felt some indications of his presence, and I felt also that if I really was harboring him I should be disgraced. My own mother would be ashamed of me. So I slunk off to a retired place deep in the woods and made the examination, and lo! there he was as large as life and as impudent as Satan. Of course he must die. But I could not mash him between my thumb nails, so I invented an instrument of destruction for the whole family, tribe, and race of *Pediculus*. I got a stick about an inch thick and cut it across the middle a little more than half through. Then I pulled the ends of my stick down-

ward, opening the cut. Into that open gash I laid the body of the wretched little parasite, and as I straightened my stick and brought the sides of the cut together the body was crushed. I never patented my invention, but I used it during the rest of the war when occasion required.

One experience I had with the miserable little beast cost me a whole night's sleep and constant anxiety. Some five or six miles back of Port Hudson lived an old planter, an elder in the Presbyterian Church. His son, a young doctor, and I were warm friends. I was invited to visit the family, as the son was at home. I got leave of absence, and I bathed and scrubbed my person thoroughly. I searched my clothing anxiously and carefully to be sure that I was free from the pest. I had one "b'iled" shirt, procured for state occasions. The family carriage was sent into camp for me, and I went away in style, my "b'iled" shirt calling forth remark on the parson's putting on airs.

I spent a delightful evening with the family, and the doctor and I were put in the same room in separate beds. I was soon sleeping sweetly when about midnight, O horrors! I felt the unmistakable bite of my enemy. What should I do? I could not leave in a handsome home such a souvenir of my visit. My friends could never forgive such a response to their hospitality. I could not get up and hunt for the creature, for the doctor would wake up. I put my hand in my bosom and, fortunately, caught *Pediculus* between my thumb and finger. What must I do with him? I must not turn him loose in the house. If I lighted a candle to see how to kill him, the doctor would find out that I kept such company. I determined to hold him until day came. And this I did. For five or six hours I lay with thumb and finger holding that grayback. Every now and then I would doze off, and *Pediculus* would wiggle, trying to get loose, and I would wake with a start and a spasmodic tightening of thumb and finger. So it went on hour after hour, dozing, relaxing the grip, wiggling and starting up with a jerk, until the day began to dawn. As soon as there was light enough I looked over to the doctor's bed, and he was snoring peacefully. So I ground the life out of him with the sole of my shoe. Then I went back to bed and was soon snoring in harmony with my friend in the other bed.

Before the war was over I learned how to free myself from the attentions of this annoying and vexatious insect by daily ablutions, if water was to be had, and by holding my garments before a blazing fire until he dropped into the fire. But I never got over a sneaking feeling of shame for any association with him.

WITH THE FOURTH LOUISIANA BATTALION.

BY H. J. LEA, WINNSBORO, LA.

I enlisted in the service of the C. S. A. at Monroe in March, 1862. My company went to Savannah, Ga., and was there attached to and made part of the 4th Louisiana Battalion (Col. John McEnry, also of Monroe) and formed part of Gen. George P. Harrison's brigade, and we were with this excellent brigade in the battle of James Island, S. C., June 16, 1862, which was a success for us. The enemy, being defeated, embarked and was next seen off the coast of Wilmington, N. C. I wonder if any one who was in that bloody little battle is still living other than General Harrison, who lives at Opelika, Ala.

After the enemy had retired from the island, this brigade went to Wilmington, N. C., in the winter of 1862-63, then back to Savannah in March, 1863. In May the 4th Louisiana

Battalion was detached from General Harrison's brigade, sent down to Jackson, Miss., and placed in Gen. W. C. T. Walker's brigade, and it was in the battle of Jackson, Miss., after the surrender of Vicksburg. After the battle and evacuation of Jackson, Walker's Brigade went up to reinforce General Bragg's Army of Tennessee, then in North Georgia. General Walker was promoted to major general and commanded our division in the battle of Chickamauga, and Colonel Wilson, of one of the Georgia regiments of our brigade, was promoted to brigadier general; and the 4th Louisiana Battalion went into the battle of Chickamauga in Wilson's Brigade, Walker's Division, Polk's Corps, which occupied the right wing of our army, facing the left wing of the Federal army, commanded by General Thomas. We went into the battle about 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning, the 19th of September, 1863, and finished about 7 P.M. Sunday, the 20th, when the enemy retired from the field and fell back into the strong fortifications of Chattanooga, leaving most of his dead and wounded on the battle field. This was a hard-fought battle and a victory for General Bragg's army.

The next day General Bragg moved his army up, formed line around Chattanooga east of the river, and remained there in open view of the enemy several weeks. While there the 4th Louisiana Battalion was taken out of Wilson's Georgia Brigade and attached to Gibson's Louisiana Brigade, having lost in battle every commissioned officer, killed or wounded, except one lieutenant and more than fifty per cent of its men. Captain McGrath, of the 13th Louisiana Regiment, who now resides at Baton Rouge, La., was directed by Gen. R. L. Gibson, commanding this brigade, to assume command of this battalion and hold it together till some of its officers returned. Major Bishop, who, I believe, was also of the 13th Louisiana Regiment, relieved Captain McGrath a short time later and remained in command quite a good while, till some of our officers who had been wounded returned. Can any one tell why General Bragg sent one corps up to Knoxville and kept the rest of his army hanging around Chattanooga, where he was unable to get recruits or supplies for his army? The army was diminishing daily by sickness brought on by insufficient and poor food. I was among the sick sent back to Ringgold, a station twelve miles from Chattanooga, and thence to Macon, Ga., while the Federal army was being supplied and recruited, two fresh army corps having arrived, Hooker's and another. General Grant also came in to assist General Rosecrans, and they brought on what they call the Battle above the Clouds and Missionary Ridge, over which battle they were and are still so much elated at what they call a victory over a thin gray line commanded by General Bragg. Now, if General Rosecrans, with his superior numbers, was unable to cope with Bragg's army on the open field of Chickamauga, why should they boast of victory over the skirmish line commanded by General Bragg at Missionary Ridge?

The Army of Tennessee fell back to Dalton, Ga., and went into winter quarters. In the spring of 1864 the noted Georgia campaign opened with Gen. W. T. Sherman in command of the Federal army of about 110,000 men and that grand old chieftain, Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate forces of about 55,000. Gibson's Brigade occupied the gap at the point of Rocky Face Mountain, where Mill Creek and the Chattanooga and Atlanta Railroad passes through between Rocky Face Mountain and the ridge south of the gap. Sherman divided his army into two parts. He moved up and assaulted our lines with one portion of his army, while he sent the other portion, under General McPherson, around to Re-

saca, where a terrible battle was fought, General Johnston being compelled to abandon his position at Dalton and fall back to Resaca to meet General McPherson's army and prevent him from getting in his rear and cutting his communication to Atlanta. While this was going on General Sherman moved around to Marietta to get in General Johnston's rear again, which forced Johnston to retire from his position at Resaca and fall back to Marietta to meet Sherman. This method was continued by General Sherman to New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, and other places along from Dalton to Atlanta.

I mention all this to show why General Johnston was continually falling back from one position to another, as it is not generally understood; and, too, there are some who may think Johnston's army was whipped and routed back from place to place, which is not a fact. Just here let me say that General Johnston's lines were never broken in any of the battles from Dalton to Atlanta; but he always maintained his positions and worsted the enemy in every engagement, retiring from his positions to prevent the enemy from getting in his rear with his flanking movements. The Federal army was composed of trained and experienced veterans and good fighters, and, according to General Sherman's statement, he had in his army twice as many men as there were Confederates under Johnston's command. He also made the statement that General Johnston was one of the most skilled and able generals the South had; that he had lost more men from Dalton to Atlanta than General Johnston had in his army when he left Dalton. This statement by General Sherman appeared in the *National Tribune*, published in the city of Washington, a few years ago.

We had the utmost confidence in "Uncle Jo," as he was familiarly called, and never murmured or complained at anything he wanted done, with full confidence that it was right and to the best interest of our army. After the battles of Resaca, Marietta, Kenesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, and others, and the crossing of the Chattooga River and in the vicinity near Atlanta, to our great surprise and consternation General Johnston was relieved of command of this splendid army, and Gen. John B. Hood appointed in his stead. Gibson's Brigade had served in Hood's Corps, and we knew him to be of great courage and dash, but he had not elicited the confidence of his troops, so essential to success and so abundantly displayed in General Johnston, and the change of commanders brought a spirit of gloom and despair over this grand army.

After assuming command, General Hood made an effort to turn the left wing of Sherman's army, then north and east of Atlanta and only a short distance away from that city. This was on the 22d of July, 1864, and while this battle was going on Sherman moved a portion of his army around west to Ezra, on the Powder Spring road, about fourteen miles west of Atlanta. We called this the "battle of the 28th of July." While Hood's army was thus engaged General Sherman made another move around to Jonesboro, and it was this move that compelled General Hood to evacuate and give up the city of Atlanta, being overpowered. Then came the noted march through Georgia to the sea by Sherman's army. Had General Johnston's force been equal or something nearly equal to that commanded by General Sherman, can any one say what the result of this campaign would have been? Would General Sherman have reached a point near enough to have seen Atlanta with his powerful glasses from the top of the highest peak? I think not. I verily believe the South had no

better army in the field than the Tennessee Army, and General Johnston would have whipped Sherman and routed him out of Georgia before he got very far; but it was impossible for General Johnston to recruit his army or get reinforcements, and he had to do the best he could with the means at hand.

After the battle of Jonesboro and the evacuation of Atlanta, General Hood moved his army up into Tennessee. Gibson's Brigade crossed the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., in pontoon boats. We paddled across, formed line, and marched up to the town, half a mile from the river, routed the enemy, and took possession just as the stars had begun to shine. We then formed a skirmish line and moved out some distance, when we heard a noise in our front some distance away. We waited a short time, listening attentively, and it proved to be a line advancing in our direction. The officer commanding our line gave orders to kneel and be ready to fire. The line was permitted to approach to within about one hundred yards, when our officer called out in a clear voice, "Halt!" which was a surprise to the advancing line; but they gave the same order, which could be heard passed down their line: "Halt! Halt! Halt!" Our officer called out: "Who is that?" "Friends," the word came back. "One of you advance and give the countersign," was then demanded, which was done, and it proved to be our own men (Walthall's Brigade, I think), who had crossed above, not knowing that we had crossed and disposed of the enemy that was in the town. The pontoon bridge was put down and one corps of our army put across, where it remained for a week or till all of the preparation was made for the advance of the army. We crossed Shoal Creek by wading it, a very swift current, and the water, very cold, came up to our arms. We proceeded on up to Columbia, on Duck River, where the enemy was routed, and our army crossed this beautiful little river. Our brigade was retained here to guard the crossing, while the army moved on up to the unfortunate battles of Franklin and Nashville. Fifteen hundred prisoners were sent back to us with orders to deliver them at Corinth, Miss., which was accordingly done. I shall never forget that march back to Corinth, as the weather was terrible, the ground frozen, and we were poorly clad and many barefooted. From Corinth our brigade went on to Mobile, Ala., while the army retreated out of Tennessee and went elsewhere.

MAURY THE GREAT AMERICAN.

The whole civilized world has benefited by the life and services of this great humanitarian and, having enjoyed the fruits of this man's brain and ingenuity, did well in honoring him. America, too, should show her appreciation of her distinguished son's creations in science, his charting of the seas, rivers, and lakes. America has been rich in morally and physically courageous men, many of whom have received of her beneficence. Would it not be well to honor this man who stood preëminent in the field of science, the man who practically gave his life in the quiet pursuits of peace to his fellow countrymen that they may live and labor in greater comfort and safety? Are we not to acknowledge the genius of the man who gave us the National Observatory, who instigated the science of predicting the weather, which not alone serves the marine world, but on which the farmer and manufacturer are so largely dependent for livelihood? who contributed his knowledge to our children through the medium of his geography that is to-day in all the schools throughout our land? Should we not as Americans erect a shaft in memory of this fellow countryman?—*Rev. Jacob S. Dill.*

LAST DAYS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

A COURIER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST TEN DAYS OF WAR.

BY PERCY G. HAWES, RICHMOND, VA.

[Written by request of Col. Thomas H. Carter, chief of artillery, 2d Corps, A. N. V.]

The morning of April 1, 1865, found us in camp in the yard of Captain Whitworth, whose place was about two and a half miles to the west of Petersburg, immediately south of the Cox Road. General Lee's headquarters were about a half or three-quarters of a mile north of ours, and our camp was about equidistant between General Lee's house and our line of earthworks.

A day or two before the 1st of April Colonel Carter was ordered off on special duty, leaving in camp Lieutenant Osborne, Corbin Wellford, Powell Page, Phil Burrill, and myself. Corbin Wellford and Lieutenant Osborne, having friends in Petersburg and nothing to do in camp in the colonel's absence, went to Petersburg, leaving the rest of us in camp. All during the day of the 1st of April there was a feeling of unrest and apprehension, not only among the individuals, but even the animals. We could hear the distant firing to our right in the neighborhood of Five Forks, see the moving of troops in various directions and the hurrying to and fro of couriers about the quarters of General Lee, and I have no recollection of having spent a more thoroughly disagreeable day, with nothing to do but to look on and be miserable. As night came on the enemy began shelling our line at every point. The greater part of the night I lay in my tent awake, watching the pyrotechnic display of the shells as they passed through the air to and from our line. I dropped asleep about three o'clock in the morning and slept soundly until awakened by a man hurrying past my tent in a great state of excitement and calling out to a man near by: "Bill, if you want to get those old cattle out of the way, you had better hurry up, because the enemy has broken our line." Just then our wagon driver, Harris, who heard the remark, ran out and alarmed the camp and hurried the negroes to strike the tents and pack up the baggage, while he harnessed and hitched his mules and got ready to travel.

The colonel had taken the precaution to notify us before leaving camp that in case anything occurred we were to report to General Pendleton's headquarters and put our wagon in his wagon train. When everything was gotten ready for departure for General Pendleton's headquarters, I asked Powell Page and Phil Burrill what they proposed to do. They replied: "We are going, as the colonel directed, to General Pendleton's headquarters." I said: "Then you go ahead, and I will remain here for a little while; from here I expect to go to General Lee's headquarters and report to him. If I find nothing to do, I will come to General Pendleton's headquarters."

Just after they left I tied my mare behind an old artillery winter quarters' stable and fed her. I could then distinctly see the enemy's line of skirmishers only a short distance off and within rifle shot of our former position. Crouching down behind this stable, I looked through the cracks and watched intently the maneuvers of the enemy. They were advancing with a heavy skirmish line, but in a very uncertain, undetermined, and cautious manner, evidently expecting to receive resistance, and, being surprised at not finding it, were overcautious in their movements. It was then, and is now, my opinion that had they with a heavy line of battle made a

direct and determined charge, they could have easily captured General Lee's headquarters.

I remained in my position behind the shed until the enemy were within forty or fifty yards of me. Then, fearing that something might cause them to begin firing, I quietly slipped the bit in my mare's mouth and started to make good my retreat. I have overlooked the fact that just behind me and in the line of my retreat the ground rose to such an extent as to put me in plain view of the advancing skirmish line. As I galloped off I received a volley from nearly the whole line, which, happily for me, had no effect except to scare me thoroughly. Down the hill I went, making a direct line for General Lee's headquarters. When I got into the bottom between the two hills through which ran a creek, I stopped my mare in the creek to water her. While she was drinking Gen. A. P. Hill rode up, attended by a courier, whom I did not know then, but afterwards ascertained was Tucker. As General Hill came through the creek, splashing water over me and my horse in his haste, I saluted him and said rather abruptly for a boy in my position, "Where are you going, General?" to which he replied: "Who are you?" I told him who I was and then cautioned him against going up that hill. He asked me why he should not go up the hill, and I replied that just over the top of it and in those winter quarters was the enemy. He replied, "I reckon not," or some such remark, and continued his course. Seeing that he was going into danger, I hurriedly rode up to him and again cautioned him against going to the top of the hill and requested him to keep under the shelter of it. He did so for some distance, but finally rode to the top of the hill in plain view of the enemy in the old winter quarters, and we received a heavy volley. We immediately turned our course under the hill and had gone a few hundred yards when Colonel Venable, of General Lee's staff, rode up and stated to General Hill that General Lee requested that he should not expose himself unnecessarily. He thanked Colonel Venable and requested him to present his compliments to General Lee and thank him for his solicitude, assuring him that he would not expose himself, but that his line had been cut in two, and he was attempting to find the other end of it. Colonel Venable started back, and we proceeded on our way toward the right. We had gone but a short distance when Colonel Venable called to me. I rode to him, and he suggested that, as Colonel Carter was absent, I had better go to General Lee's headquarters with him, as perhaps I could be of some use there.

We rode on to General Lee's headquarters, and as we approached we found the General standing on a hill across the road from his headquarters, from which position he could get a full view of the operations of the enemy. He was dressed in a suit of new gray cloth, having on his new sword and belt. He was naturally a handsome man; and being so fully equipped, booted and spurred and everything apparently new, he was a handsome picture. His manner was quiet and dignified, as it had always been, but his countenance wore an expression of seriousness we had rarely seen. I had been there but a few moments when Tucker, General Hill's courier, came riding up on General Hill's dapple gray horse and announced the fact that only a few moments after they had left Colonel Venable and myself they rode into the brush, and as they advanced through it he spied two men behind a large tree. Riding ahead of General Hill with his revolver in his hand, he ordered the men to surrender, to which they replied: "All right." Being thrown off his guard temporarily, supposing they would surrender, he rode forward with the intention of capturing them. When he got only a short dis-

tance from the tree, they both fired, one ball striking General Hill and killing him instantly, the other ball grazing Tucker's shoulder and cutting his jacket. General Hill's horse wheeled. Tucker attempted to capture it, and, failing to do so and seeing that General Hill was dead, he rode on to inform General Lee of the calamity. He gave General Lee a full account of the incident attendant on this dreadful catastrophe. I shall never forget the expression on General Lee's face when he heard of the death of General Hill. The only reply that he made was in the manner of a soliloquy, when he said: "Those of us who are left behind are the ones to suffer." I heard him make no further allusion to General Hill's death.

As I stood there watching the movements and the bustle attendant on the last day in front of Petersburg an officer came up and announced that Field's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, was near at hand. It was but a few moments afterwards when General Longstreet came up with his staff and after him General Field at the head of his division. General Lee ordered immediately that a skirmish line should be thrown out to close the gap that had been made by the enemy that morning. Having nothing further to do, and nobody paying any particular attention to me, I began to think that I had better try to get some work elsewhere. Just at that moment I looked across the bottom to my right and to the south of General Lee's headquarters and saw a battery of artillery going in the direction of the old winter quarters, from which I had come that morning. Fearing that they would be captured, I stepped up to General Lee and said: "General, that battery is going right into the enemy's lines." He turned to a captain of General Field's staff and ordered him to bring that battery back. The captain started up the Cox Road, by which he would have had to make an angle in order to get to the battery. Seeing that, I made my apprehensions known to General Lee. He then said: "*You* go bring that battery back." I was delighted at the opportunity of having something to do, sprang on my horse, and went down the hill, across the creek, and got to the battery and turned it back, when we were encouraged in our retreat by volley after volley from the enemy in the old winter quarters.

When I came back to General Lee, seeing that a skirmish line had been deployed, I went to General Field and asked for something to do. He ordered me to report to Colonel Manning, commanding the skirmishers, who directed me to take my position on his right and look after the right wing. This was my first and only experience in attempting to command a line of infantry skirmishers while I was on horseback. It was a very disagreeable piece of business, but, being a boy, I did not take in the seriousness of the situation and continued to do my work to the best of my ability.

I had been fighting with the skirmishers for some time when a courier came to me and said I was wanted at General Lee's headquarters. I reported to Colonel Manning that I had been sent for, and he gave me permission to leave. On my arrival at General Lee's headquarters I reported to Colonel Taylor, his adjutant general. He directed me to go to Colonel Marshall, who gave me a telegram from Colonel Carter, ordering me to come to him at General Lee's house in Richmond at once. I showed the telegram to Colonel Taylor, requesting him to indorse it to Richmond. He directed me to request Colonel Marshall to do so. Colonel Marshall made the following indorsement: "Pass Courier — to Richmond. R. E. Lee, by Charles Marshall, A. D. C."

Armed with that telegram, I started on my way to Rich-

mond, and my horse, I can safely say, did not do any walking on that trip. On my arrival at General Lee's house I found Colonel Carter, who gave me certain papers to Camp Lee. I took the papers to the officer commanding Camp Lee, and he, after giving sundry directions and giving me a reply, told me that I was to take a horse back to Colonel Carter. Leading that horse, I returned to Colonel Carter at General Lee's house. He then informed me that the city was to be evacuated, and, wishing to leave General Lee's residence as quickly as possible, he gave me a half hour in which to tell my people good-by. I went home and very much surprised my family by my appearance. My mother, knowing what a boy in the Confederate army always wanted, immediately gave me something to eat and apologized for not having more in the house, saying that she had been feeding soldiers all day. Kissing them all good-by, I started to return to Colonel Carter, when my mother handed me three biscuits, saying that was all the bread in the house, and she had no doubt I would want a lunch before morning. With kisses and smiles we parted, I never expecting to see my people again, though I told them in a jocular way that they might look for me back in Richmond sometime, on a scout if nothing else, and they must not tell anybody I was coming back.

At General Lee's home I found Colonel Carter and Major Hunter taking tea with General Lee's family. In a short while we three started on our trip to join the army in its retreat. We traveled that night as far as the "Halfway House," between Richmond and Petersburg, and there dismounted and waited for the arrival of some of our artillery, which had been on the north side of the James River. While waiting for the artillery I offered my scanty lunch to Colonel Carter and Major Hunter, and we made the best of the rations, after which we mounted our horses and rode on, stopping again sometime after daylight on the Amelia C. H. Road, about twenty-two or twenty-five miles from Richmond.

The sight that met our eyes at this point beggars description. People on foot, on horseback, in every conceivable conveyance were hurrying with blanched faces—citizens and soldiers—all in a hurry-scurry, scrambling sort of way, who told us that the city had been evacuated, the magazines blown up, the bridges burned, and a large portion of the city was in flames. I neglected to state that on our road to the "Halfway House" the heavens were frequently illuminated by the explosions on the gunboats lying near Drewry's Bluff and the powder magazines adjacent to the city.

After we had gotten together our scattered battalions of artillery from various points on the Amelia C. H. Road, we took up our march to Amelia C. H.

My memory is a little bit at fault in dividing the days from the nights on this memorable retreat. I cannot say positively what day it was that we got to Amelia C. H. The impression on my mind is that it was on Tuesday. I know this, that in my riding to and fro I was constantly in the saddle, with the exception of a few hours on the first night's march.

At Amelia C. H. we had expected to receive valuable supplies, but our already miserable condition was heightened by the fact that on our arrival there we learned that the train with those supplies had proceeded south.

At Amelia C. H. commands were reorganized and readjusted, added to and taken from, and, with several additions to our artillery, we started on the march, to where we knew not at the time. Having been disappointed in getting the supplies alluded to, we were dependent entirely for subsistence for man and beast upon the country through which we were going to march. It was apparently the effort of

General Lee to march his army on parallel roads and thereby expedite matters as far as possible. Our Virginia country roads were then in a bad condition, and the march was tedious in the extreme. The poor famished horses and mules would stop to drink when getting to a stream, which we had orders not to allow, but with poles and sticks to drive them through the water without giving them a chance to halt the column. The indifferent country bridges broke down with our artillery and wagons; the half-starved mules and horses stalled in the mudholes and creeks. I find myself incapable of accurately describing the wretchedness of our condition. To increase our peril we were subjected to the attacks of cavalry and infantry of the pursuing enemy, and it was a horrible "dog-in-the-corner" fight, with little or no halting for several days.

On the 6th of April we got to Sailor's Creek and there had an engagement with the enemy which resulted very disastrously to us. It is a matter not generally known that General Lee came very near being captured that afternoon by a small detachment of the enemy's cavalry, and he would no doubt have been caught but for Colonel Carter's quick action in turning a piece of artillery on the cavalry and dispersing them.

The next night we stopped under High Bridge on the road to Farmville. By that time I had become so worn out and tired, having been in the saddle almost continually, with little or no food, since Sunday morning, that when Colonel Carter put me at a bridge to halt the artillery column that was following us I took the precaution of putting my mare crosswise on the bridge, so the men would have to run over me in case I went to sleep. I did go to sleep by the time the mare stopped walking and was awakened by hearing a yell: "Wake up, boy! What do you want us to do now?" I recognized an artillery officer and immediately gave him the instructions I had received.

On reporting to Colonel Carter that I had delivered his orders he told me to lie down and take some rest, as we would not stop perhaps until morning. I tied my mare to the limb of a fallen tree and began to forage around for some food. Finding an overturned wagon loaded with corn, I carried my mare all she could eat and then proceeded to shell off some for myself. Just then an infantryman came up with some fat meat, so I traded some of the corn for meat, and with his frying pan we proceeded to parch our corn and fry some meat and made a very hearty meal. After eating all I could, I went to the creek and filled myself with water, congratulating myself that for once I was full.

Returning to where my mare was tied, I lay down beside the log in the leaves and in a few moments was fast asleep. So soundly did I sleep that I came very near being seriously burned, for some fellow built a fire uncomfortably near to my head. In a little while the fire ignited the leaves on which I was sleeping and burnt my felt hat off of my head, singeing my hair, before I woke up. When I did awake, I found that the colonel and others of the staff were ready to start, so I remounted my horse and continued my weary march.

About this time, or perhaps before, we were ordered to report to Gen. R. H. Anderson, and to my boyish mind at the time it seemed to me that a good deal of General Anderson's occupation was to order us to halt a little while to rest and then for him to get on his horse and leave us while we were asleep. Certainly it was a hard time we had keeping up with General Anderson. Before we had been with him many hours, some of the couriers jocularly alluded to

him as "Slippery Dick" Anderson, because of that peculiar characteristic.

The next morning we were ordered to move out of the road and go into the park beyond Farmville, some distance. We had been there but a little while when General Mahone rode up and informed Colonel Carter that he would have to get that artillery on the move, because he (General Mahone) could not hold the enemy longer at Farmville. And so we started again.

As I said before, turning night into day renders it almost impossible for me to separate the days. The fighting I can well enough recollect, because that always created an impression upon me. During the next day or two our lives were simply those of marching and fighting and fighting and marching. If we halted at all, it was to fight. There was scarcely an hour in the day that our line was not harassed by bodies of the enemy's cavalry attempting to break through and capture or stampede our wagon trains or offer battle to our soldiers. With the exception of the fight at Sailor's Creek, it can be said without doubt that we repelled successfully every such attack. The deeds of daring of nearly all the men reflected credit upon this remnant of the grand Army of Northern Virginia. As an incident illustrative of what I mean, a young man came to me as I was riding at night and said: "You may go back to the staff to-morrow, but you go without me. I am going home. I think the game is up. I don't intend to be captured or killed if I can help it." While we were talking a small body of the enemy's cavalry charged into the road. This young fellow, who had a carbine, began at once to do some quick and effective shooting. His spirits seemed to be revived, and I never heard anything more about his deserting.

We were near Appomattox C. H., and there was a small fight in the early part of the night near the station. The morning of the 9th of April found us at Appomattox C. H., and a more worn-out, cut-up lot of men has rarely been seen. It was decided by those in authority that we should make an effort to cut through the enemy, who then had surrounded us on three sides. Gen. John B. Gordon was put in charge of the infantry, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in charge of the cavalry, and Col. Thomas H. Carter in charge of the artillery. This noble band was to make the last effort of the Army of Northern Virginia. Right well did they execute the charge imposed upon them, for they attacked the enemy with that same spirit that had been displayed by the men of this command for several years, and so fierce was their onset that they drove the enemy for nearly two miles at a regular "whip-and-lash" gait. Lee's cavalry captured a six-gun battery of the enemy in the woods a little to our right and brought it into our lines, with all the drivers and cannoneers mounted and officers at their respective posts. Capt. Charlie Minnege-rode, of Gen. Fitz Lee's staff, was shot during this fight and fell not far from our batteries. So near did his body lie to our guns that several officers who were attempting to minister to him had to be ordered out of the way before we could fire the guns near him.

On the left of the road coming from Appomattox C. H. were stationed three guns of Major Starke's artillery battalion. These guns were charged by the enemy. Major Starke remained on his horse and the cannoneers at their post fighting until many of them were bayoneted. It was only then that Major Starke gave orders for the cannoneers to take care of themselves, leaving the guns in the hands of the enemy.

There were to the right of the road eight guns of Poague's

Battalion, under command of Maj. Thomas H. Brander. When Starke's three guns on the left of the road were captured by the enemy, I was ordered to direct Poague's guns to open on Starke's guns and drive the enemy out. They did this effectively, and the enemy had not gotten more than thirty feet away from the mouth of Starke's guns when Starke ran up at the head of his cannoneers, took charge of the guns, and, turning them on the enemy, killed many of them almost at the mouths of the pieces.

While in this desperate state of encounter we suddenly received orders to cease firing, for what we at that time had no idea. A few moments afterwards we saw the cause of the order, for we found that we were completely enveloped by what seemed to be an innumerable host. We could see to our left an officer and a courier riding over toward the enemy's position with a white flag, and then for the first time we fully realized the fact that we were to surrender. The sensations of grief that swelled up, choking us with emotion, cannot be fitly described, nor could we at that moment realize that such a thing was possible. A few moments after we had halted and stopped fighting, General Custer came riding through our lines, accompanied by a Confederate officer. He passed down the road to our left and rear. That was the second time I had ever seen him. I understood that he was looking for General Longstreet, he claiming that, as his command was opposing that of General Longstreet's, the latter should surrender to him. This I, of course, give as a rumor that at the time pervaded the army.

When it was ascertained that we were really going to surrender, there went up a wail from both officers and men, and nearly every one said when approached on the subject: "I had rather die."

About two hours after matters had quiet down General Long asked Colonel Carter if he would like to go into the enemy's lines, as he (General Long) had sent in an inquiry to know if General Sumner, who was his father-in-law, was at his headquarters. The Colonel accepted the invitation and, much to my delight, selected me as the person to go with him, since he could take another along. General Long took a courier named Owen, and we started to call on General Sumner, who, we understood, was at General Ord's headquarters. On our way Owen and I concluded we would play a trick on the Yankee orderlies and make them hold our horses as well as our officers' horses and that we would stand around in a quiet, dignified way as if we were officers. This was done rather as a boyish freak. We soon learned that we could carry out our little scheme, for as we approached General Ord's headquarters the orderlies ran to hold our horses as eagerly as the average street gamin does during a holiday parade. We galloped up to the quarters and dismounted with all the dignity and style of men who knew they had done their duty. Much to General Long's disappointment, he did not find General Sumner, but did find General Ord, Gen. P. H. Sheridan, and others of lower rank, to whom all of us were introduced. During the conversation, carried on principally between Generals Long and Ord. General Long asked what had become of General Sumner, to which General Ord replied: "You fellows gave Sumner such a drubbing this morning that General Grant sent for him to know what was the matter with him." When General Ord made this remark, General Sheridan straightened himself up and remarked in the most indelicate manner: "Ah, d—n it, he ought to have been with me!"

After remaining at General Ord's headquarters for about an hour, we returned sorrowfully to our lines, and then be-

gan the sad and toilsome task of getting rosters in condition for parole of the men. Most of the afternoon of the 9th was devoted to that. That afternoon we received a bountiful ration of wholesome food from the Army of the Potomac. And be it said to the credit of the men who met us and fought us at Appomattox C. H. that they offered no indignity of any kind, nor did they speak disrespectfully in any way to any of the soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia that I know of; but they looked upon us more as victors than as the vanquished, and right lustily did they cheer us whenever it was the duty of a courier to go within hailing distance of any of their camps.

We slept that night the sleep of the weary, and on the morning of the 10th, bright and early, there was a race between the cavalry, artillery, and infantry couriers to see which branch of the service should first get its parole and start for home. It was my fortune to have a good deal of this sort of work to do, during which I dislocated one of my ankles and suffered excruciating pain therefrom. We remained at Appomattox C. H. another night and then started for home.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

A Sublime Scene.—Colonel Opdycke, 125th Ohio, says that during the Chickamauga fight "another line of the enemy more formidable than the first appeared in the distance moving on us. The terrible splendor of this advance is beyond the reach of my pen. The whole line seemed perfect and as if moved by a single mind." I have been on this battle field; and while it is possible that it was open in 1863, it must have grown up, for now an enemy would be right on top of you before he could be seen.

Dana, the Mighty Warrior at Chickamauga.—Secretary Stanton, U. S. A., sent the above gentleman to Rosecrans in September so that he would get first-hand reports of this army, and this is what he got:

"September 12. It is probable that Bragg has got east of Pigeon Mountain and made good his escape.

"14th. This army has now gained a position from which it can advance on Rome and Atlanta and deliver there the finishing blow of the war.

"19th, 10:30 A.M. Rosecrans has everything ready to grind up Bragg's flank.

"19th, 2:30 P.M. Decisive victory seems assured us.

"19th, 3 P.M. The enemy seems giving way.

"19th, 4:30 P.M. I do not yet dare to say our victory is complete, but it seems certain.

"19th, 5:20 P.M. We have suffered severely. Now appears to be an undecided contest. If the enemy does not retreat, Rosecrans will renew at daylight.

"20th. My report to-day is of deplorable importance. Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run. Never in any battle I have witnessed (?) was there such a mass of cannon and musketry. It was a wholesale panic. Vain were all attempts to rally our men, and the road is now full of a disordered throng of fugitives."

And yet a barren victory as far as permanent results were concerned!

The Effect of Cheering.—General Willich, U. S. A., in his Chickamauga report said: "At this time I perceived heavy clouds of dust moving toward us and called the attention of

General Johnston to the approaching thunderstorm. Just when it was on the point of breaking forth one or two divisions on the right left this portion of the battle field, each regiment cheering as it left, which cheering did not at all cheer us, who kept the position under a heavy fire." Just like "the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate."

The Rock of Chickamauga.—Here's another war myth that was founded on facts, but it was first applied to Thomas's men instead of the general. After Mr. Dana got over his stampede a little and things looked more like they do after drinking a cocktail, he wrote Mr. Stanton: "Thomas's men were as immovable as the rocks they stood on." And so they were.

The Dumb Made to Speak.—Colonel McIlvain, 64th Ohio, said that during the battle of Chickamauga "Samuel A. Hays, of Company F, who had lost his speech and had not spoken a word for nearly six months, on seeing a Rebel fall that he had shot at exclaimed in a clear voice, 'I've hit him,' and after that talked freely, being rejoiced at his good fortune." I don't think that Rebel shared in that joy, but perhaps he would have felt better if he had known that he had taken part in a miracle.

Making a Good Finish.—Colonel Harker, U. S. A., said of the second day's fight at Chickamauga: "Early in the morning of the 20th, with spirits buoyant with the success of the previous day, the command was ready to go forth and, as we thought, finish the work well begun." But as he adds a little later something about the great Army of the Cumberland, the pride of the nation, being utterly routed, I imagine that he got a finish he wasn't looking for. In connection with this report, Lieutenant Colonel Snowden, 25th Tennessee (Confederate), reported: "Our ubiquitous general early in the saddle, our line was in readiness before day, and as morning dawned it showed a band of eager and determined countenances who had resolved to finish well the work they had so nobly begun." And "all's well that ends well."

A Banner with a Strange Device.—Colonel Scribner, 38th Indiana, says that at Chickamauga "the enemy advanced upon us with their battle flag, a large white ball in a blue field." Now, what flag was that? It sounds a little like the "Bonny Blue Flag of Texas," and there were Texans in this fight.

Didn't Think Much of His Position.—Gen. Robert Mitchell, U. S. A., told Garfield, afterwards President of the United States, on September 21: "We have a hell of a front here. We will do the best we can." That man didn't care what he said.

Garfield the Optimist.—Our afterwards President at 8:40 p.m. of the 20th wrote Rosecrans, who had thrown up the sponge and retired to his base of operations in Chattanooga, from Rossville: "Our men not only held their ground, but at many points drove the enemy splendidly. Longstreet's Virginians have got their bellies full. The Rebels have done their best to-day, and I believe we can whip them to-morrow. I believe you can now crown the whole battle with victory. Granger regards them as thoroughly whipped to-night and thinks they would not renew the fight were we to remain on the field. I hope you will not budge an inch from this place, but come up early in the morning, and if the Rebs try it on accommodate them." As to Garfield's part in this affair, General Wood, U. S. A., said: "After the disastrous rout on the right, General Garfield made his way back to the battle field, showing thereby that the road was open to all who might

choose to follow it to where duty called, and came to where my command was engaged."

Brown's Pikemen at Chickamauga.—An intelligent refugee from Georgia told the Yankees that Governor Brown furnished fifteen thousand Georgia militia, armed with shotguns and squirrel rifles, who were not to remain after the battle, and on October 8 a Rebel deserter said: "The firing behind Missionary Ridge was occasioned by the refusal of a brigade of Georgia militia to cross the State line." "A la" Massachusetts in 1812.

Victors, Although Whipped.—General Halleck, U. S. A., wrote Secretary Stanton: "The enemy suffered severely in the battle of Chickamauga and on the night of the 20th was virtually defeated; but being permitted to gather the trophies of the field, he is entitled to claim a victory, however barren its results." The defeated part was all right as long as we didn't know it.

Yankee Panic at Chickamauga.—The Union reports of this battle show that "about one o'clock a large body of troops, several batteries, and transportation wagons came rushing through the woods and over the road in the utmost confusion. I formed line of battle across the road with bayonets and with much difficulty checked the stampede."

"I found but two regiments of infantry in the rear of the artillery, which was rapidly falling back and scattering at the same time. Artillery to my right was dashing back to the rear at full speed, and infantry from my right and front was also in full retreat."

"Before my brigade gave way, a large portion of the division which had passed to my rear without firing a gun or making an effort to assist me and without being under direct fire fled panic-stricken from the field, hurrying away over and running down the fleeing men of my command."

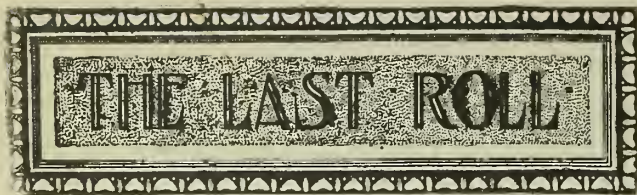
"My brigade was subjected to a severe test when, being actively engaged with the enemy, another brigade ran panic-stricken through and over us, some of the officers of which shouted to our men to retreat or they would be certainly overwhelmed."

"The regiment had just commenced to advance when it was struck by a crowd of fugitives and swept away in the general mélange."

"The formation of my command was not yet complete when everything on my immediate front and left gave way, and hundreds of our own men ran through my ranks crying, 'Fall back! fall back!' as they themselves were in a shameful rout toward the rear."

A victory for us that time!

Something Coming to Virginians.—Colonel Sargent, 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, on September 2 reported from near Manassas: "To-night I might perhaps report that there is not an armed Rebel within the circle of the country that the colonel expects me to clear. To-morrow the woods may be full of them. A policy of extermination alone can achieve the end expected. Every man and horse must be sent within the lines, every house destroyed, every tree girdled and set on fire before we can be secure. Attila, king of the Huns, adopted the only method that can exterminate these citizen-soldiers. I can clear this country with fire and sword, and no mortal can do it in any other way. The attempt to discriminate nicely between the just and the unjust is fatal to our safety." That man would have shone in these times of "civilization."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

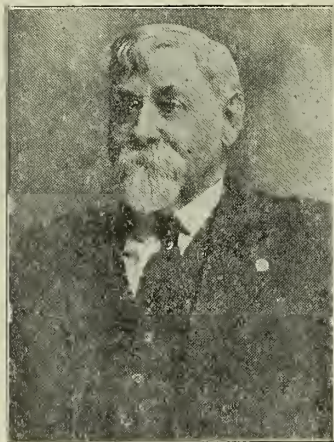
"Many days yet to come may be dark as the days that are past,
Many voices may hush while the great years sweep patiently by;
But the voice of our race shall live, sounding down to the last,
And our blood is the bard of the song that never shall die."

COL. HENRY GEORGE.

In the death of Col. Henry George, which occurred in the city of Mayfield, Ky., on the 31st of May, 1919, the South has lost another distinguished citizen and patriot. He died suddenly of heart failure, and the next day he was laid to rest beside his beloved wife in Maplewood Cemetery. The Confederate veterans of Graves County attended the funeral, and at the grave Capt. J. T. Daughaday spoke with great earnestness and feeling of his companion in arms and lifelong friend. Colonel George left surviving him three children: Edwin George, of Louisville; Harry George, of Graves County, Ky.; and an only daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Griffin, of Cynthiana, Ky.

He was a man of strong and robust physique, stately in appearance, most lovable in disposition, and was noted for his rugged honesty and steadfast friendship. He was possessed of a discriminating mind, and his judgment of men and measures was usually accurate and sound.

He was born in Graves County, Ky., in 1847 and entered the Confederate service in November, 1861, as a private in Company A, 7th Kentucky Infantry, and served with that command throughout the War between the States, participating in many engagements, among them Shiloh, Baker's Creek, Corinth, Jackson, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Tupelo, Old Town Creek, Paducah, Franklin, Nashville, Murfreesboro, Montevallo, and Selma. This regiment was mounted March 15, 1864, and assigned, along with the 3d, 8th, and 12th Kentucky, to General Forrest, with whom they served until the end, surrendering May 16, 1865, at Columbus, Miss. He was shot in the knee at Harrisburg and cut in the arm with a saber at Selma, Ala., April 2, 1865 (General Forrest's last battle), and was captured by Wilson's forces. After his return to Kentucky, he attended the public schools, taught school for a while, and then engaged in the mer-



COL. HENRY GEORGE.

cantile business for several years. After serving as deputy clerk of Graves County, he was elected to the Lower House of the General Assembly of Kentucky in 1876 and to the Senate in 1878. In 1888-91 he was Indian Agent in Arizona and California and then resigned and was reelected to the State Senate. After his term as Senator expired, he served two and a half years as warden of the Kentucky penitentiary, where he instituted many reforms in the prison. In 1898 he was appointed a State commissioner of the penitentiary. For about ten years he was commandant of the Kentucky Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., voluntarily retiring about two years ago on account of ill health. Colonel George was the author of "History of the 3d, 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky, C. S. A.," which was published in 1911. It had an extensive sale and excited most favorable comment throughout the country. Gen. Bennett H. Young, former Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, wrote a preface to this work, in which, among other things, he said:

"Little is known by Confederates at large of the heroism of these Kentuckians who served under General Forrest. To give them their proper place in history has been the highest ambition of Col. Henry George. Forty-six years is a long period to await vindication, but through these years Colonel George has nursed his purpose to tell the world of what his associates did in the great war.

"Almost a child in 1861, he enlisted in the 7th Kentucky Infantry. He saw all that splendid regiment did, and in its battles and marches he followed its fortunes to the end, when in May, 1865, he furled its guerdons and laid down its arms, so gloriously borne, and accepted the results Fate decreed should come to the Confederate cause.

"Painstaking, candid, just, and, above all, scrupulously careful of truth, no man could bring himself to the task of putting these Kentuckians in proper historical setting better than the author of this book. Modest, he says but little of himself, and yet in the story of the dangers, privations, and triumphs of his beloved companions in arms he finds ample compensation for the labor, love, and energy that come to book-making. All those who love the Confederate cause, who cherish its heroic memories, will thank the author for what he has written in these pages, and the volume will be greatly valued by those who shall hereafter aid in writing a true history of the deeds of those who wore the gray and followed the Stars and Bars, some to death, but all who survived to the sad end of the Southland's illustrious effort for national life."

B. H. BICKHAM.

From the memorial tribute prepared by J. T. Pearce for the committee of LeRoy Stafford Camp, U. C. V., Shreveport, La., in honor of a comrade, B. H. Bickham, who passed away after several weeks of severe illness, the following notes are taken:

"B. H. Bickham was born in Tangipahoe Parish, La., near New Orleans, September 15, 1841, and died in Shreveport, La., April 21, 1919. He served in the Confederate army during the entire war, leaving school to join the Confederate forces. His brother was killed by his side, but he returned home without ever being wounded. He had been an obedient, courageous soldier.

"Some years ago Comrade Bickham removed to Shreveport from his farm near that city. He left a devoted Christian wife, with whom he had lived happily for more than fifty years, also a son and two daughters, with many grandchildren. Three of whom did honorable service in the recent war in Europe. He was a good husband and kind father and was much beloved by all who knew him. He was a member of the Dunlap Memorial Church of Shreveport, devoted to the

Church and its interests, always ready to do his part in every undertaking. He was one of the faithful members of Le-Roy Stafford Camp and was serving his second term as Commander when he died. His comrades are deeply bereaved by his going and give expression in the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father in the sad dispensation of his providence in removing this comrade from our midst, knowing that our loss is his gain."

SAMUEL MATTHIAS CLARK.

At his home, in Louisville, Ga., on March 8, 1919, Samuel Matthias Clark, a devoted father, a loyal citizen, a gallant Confederate soldier, and a noble Christian gentleman, answered the last roll call and went "across the river to rest in the shade of the trees."

When but a boy of sixteen he heard the call of his country and joined the 27th Georgia Battalion at Augusta, Ga., in November, 1863. He served during the remainder of the war and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in May, 1865, with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army. The 27th Georgia Battalion was composed almost entirely of boys, most of them about eighteen and some younger. It was made up largely from the State of Georgia and when organized was quartered in the arsenal building at Augusta. From there it was transferred to Macon and did guard duty for several months, and from Macon the battalion was sent to the coast below Savannah, where Major Hartridge was battalion commander. When Sherman captured Savannah, the battalion retreated across the river on pontoon bridges and crossed the entire State of South Carolina. There were several engagements with the enemy during this retreat, notably at Cheraw, S. C., where they held the advance guard in check at Thompson's Creek for twenty-four hours. In that engagement the enemy had at least twenty men to each Confederate. The battalion retired to Bentonville, N. C., where it joined the remnant of General Johnston's army.

The command to which Mr. Clark was attached was engaged in the three days' fight at Bentonville, and on the first day succeeded in driving the enemy about one-half mile. Confronted by greatly superior numbers, this little band of boy heroes was forced to retire to Greensboro, at which place they were located when General Lee surrendered.

Mr. Clark held many important positions of honor and trust in civil life. He was county treasurer for a number of years and was selected on numerous occasions, on account of his honesty and fidelity, to represent estates as administrator. During his entire life he had the confidence, love, and respect of every one who knew him, and in all his dealings with his fellow man he was unswerving in his fidelity and honesty. He was born in Jefferson County, Ga., on February 3, 1846, and lived his entire life in the county of his nativity. He was a loyal member of the Methodist Church and loved it with constant devotion. Temperamentally, he was modest and retiring, but he combined the strong qualifications of moral courage, unselfishness, and devotion to friends and duty to a marked degree. There is absolutely no exaggeration in the statement that he had more friends and fewer enemies than any man who ever lived in his community, due to his exceptional traits of character and his spirit of loyal Christianity.

He was a great sufferer during the last year of his life, but the end came peaceably while he was surrounded by all his children.

"Life's work well done,
Life's race well run,
Now comes rest."

JOHN B. JONES.

John B. Jones died at his home, near Fountain Inn, S. C., on the 10th of April, 1919, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a member of Company E, 14th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, McGowan's Brigade, and fought from Gaines's Mill to Appomattox. He rarely, if ever, missed a battle. Being endowed with a rich fund of wit and humor, he was always ready for fun and frolic and did as much to

sustain the spirits of his company by his sallies of wit as he did by his unflinching courage in battle. Nobody ever saw "John Griff" (as he was called to distinguish him from others of the same name) in low spirits. He saw only the brighter side of life, and every one who came into close contact with him caught something of his spirit. Pessimism and despondency had no place in his creed and lost their power on others in his presence.



JOHN B. JONES.

John used to tell the boys that if he could once speak to Stonewall Jackson he would be ready to die. It hap-

pened that on one occasion, after a long and toilsome mission, our regiment was resting on the roadside, while troops ahead of us were going into camp. General Jackson was sitting on his horse not far away. John saw his opportunity and had the audacity to walk up to him, salute him in fine military style, and say: "General, will you please tell us where we are going to camp to-night?"

The General, who happened to be in a good humor, replied, "Right over there in the woods," pointing to a body of woods in plain view. "Thank you, sir," said John, who saluted and returned to his company, saying: "Now, boys, I'm ready to go. I've spoken to 'Old Jack,' and he has spoken to me."

John came out of the war ruined in fortune and disabled with wounds. He had one wound in the leg that never healed, but slowly grew worse as long as he lived. For a few years he walked with a stick, then he had to adopt a crutch, and finally two crutches. Yet nothing could conquer his spirit. He married a charming woman, built him a comfortable house, worked with his own horses, cultivated a farm, and made a comfortable living for himself and family.

He was a fine singer and had a set of patriotic songs that he would sing at our State and county reunions to the great delight of his old comrades. There was one song in particular, the refrain of which was "Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe," which, when he stood up on his crutches and sang to a large body of gray-haired veterans, was sure to "bring down the house."

I paid him a visit last summer and found him confined to his bed with a disease which he and I knew would prove fatal. Yet he was cheerful and hopeful.

Peace to his ashes and honor to his memory!

[N. P. Griffith, captain Company E, 14th South Carolina Volunteers.]

CAPT. C. C. GRACE.

Capt. C. C. Grace was born in Tattnall County, Ga., January 19, 1836, and died at Screven, Ga., August 6, 1918. He was the last survivor of a family of twelve children. His father, Thomas Grace, died at the age of eighty-five, and he also passed the fourscore milestone. His education was obtained in private schools of Tattnall County.

In 1861 young Grace enlisted as a private in Company I, 12th Georgia Infantry, at Valdosta, Ga., and served in Stonewall Jackson's command, taking part in forty-four engagements, including Gettysburg, and he was wounded twice. While still a sergeant he had command of his company and soon reached the rank of captain. He was captured at Spotsylvania and confined in Fort



CAPT. C. C. GRACE.

Delaware for three months, also at Morris Island, Fort Pulaski, and again at Fort Delaware until the surrender. He was one of the "Immortal Six Hundred."

Captain Grace was married to Miss Mary J. Reddish, daughter of Isham and Harriet Reddish, of Reddishville, Ga., in May, 1866, and she survives him. His life was filled with many kind deeds.

CAPT. JOSEPH E. HOBSON.

In the death of Capt. Joseph E. Hobson, Powhatan Chapter, U. D. C., has suffered a grievous loss. One of the sponsors of the organization, he showed an unfailing interest in its welfare, while his presence at its assemblies was deemed an honor, and his genial smile and warm handclasp were an inspiration.

His distinguished record as a Confederate soldier and officer was a source of pride to his county people. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in Powhatan Troop, Company E, 4th Virginia Cavalry, becoming at an early date its commanding officer. Leading that gallant company of Virginia cavaliers with dash, daring, and courage, he won, together with his command, imperishable renown in the annals of Confederate history. The many noble traits of his character established him forever in the affections of his comrades, by whom he was ever honored and respected. Returning to his native county (Powhatan) after the war, he was the recipient of repeated honors at the hands of his fellow citizens, notably being their chosen representative at the State halls of legislation. Another position of honor and trust was his election as President for life of Powhatan Troops Association, which office he filled with dignity and distinction.

Having by reason of strength passed fourscore milestones on life's journey, he received on April 20, 1919, the summons to "pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Forever enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him, "the beloved captain" lies like a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him. Farewell, great heart!

Whereas God in his all-wise providence has taken Capt. Joseph E. Hobson from our midst, be it resolved by Powhatan Chapter, U. D. C., that in his passing the organization has sustained a great loss; that the fatherly interest shown by him in the welfare of the Chapter will continue a source of pride to its members and remain a fragrant memory throughout the coming years.

[Committee: Mrs. Mary Lewis Tucker, President Powhatan Chapter, U. D. C.; Mrs. W. W. Michoux, Mrs. J. Hoskins Hobson, Mrs. Pleas Finch, Mrs. Charles R. Kennon, Mrs. W. T. Rudd.]

REV. WILLIAM E. AND A. T. WIATT.

Both of these noble men were born in Gloucester, Va. Rev. William E. Wiatt was born July 31, 1826, and died February 14, 1919, nearly ninety-two years of age. A. T. Wiatt was born March 7, 1840, and died July 6, 1919, having passed seventy-nine years.

Rev. W. E. Wiatt had been a Baptist minister over seventy years and served in many very important fields. He was chaplain in the 26th Virginia from 1861 to 1865, surrendering at Appomattox. He was a very prominent Mason, and to him the order is greatly indebted for his untiring zeal and devotion to its principles. While in the army he established a military lodge in his regiment. He was regarded by Masons as a father. Comrade Wiatt was one of our most public-spirited citizens and a devoted friend to public schools. He served as first county superintendent and was reappointed several times, doing in that field a noble work. He also served as county surveyor for many years, besides filling other positions of trust. Thus, besides his piety as a man, his fidelity to every duty, his loyalty to the cause of temperance, while liberal and kind to those who differed, he will be remembered with love as long as a comrade lives for his loyalty to the Southern cause and for the help he rendered to every needy comrade. A true and noble man, Christian, and soldier has passed to his reward.

Alexander T. Wiatt deserves as well to be remembered. He, too, was a veteran of the War between the States, serving as a member of the 9th Virginia Regiment of Cavalry and surrendering at Appomattox. He was second to no man in his loyalty to that noble cause and was also a Mason whom his brethren delighted to honor. Mr. Wiatt served as a county official for nearly fifty years, as county clerk and as county surveyor, and in each of these offices his records are simply incomparable, the admiration of all who have occasion to examine them. He was a thorough Christian gentleman, a warm personal friend, and a man of culture.



REV. WILLIAM E. AND A. T. WIATT.

Both reared large families, all of whom are making their mark in the world. Both of these brothers were members of Page Fuller Camp of Confederate Veterans, one being its Chaplain, the other its Adjutant.

[R. A. Folkes, Gloucester, Va.]

FELIX C. SMITH.

On March 31, 1919, Felix C. Smith, gallant Confederate soldier, passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. T. C. Hunter, near Lawton, Okla. He was born in Hempstead County, Ark., in June, 1839, and was taken by his parents to Ouachita County some years later.

At the call to arms in 1861 he joined the Tennessee Army of the Confederacy and served four years, enduring untold hardships and taking part in some of the bloodiest battles of the war. At Chickamauga he received such a severe wound in the hand as almost to necessitate its amputation. In the latter part of 1864 he was given a detail to take the mail home from the army. He had gotten back as far as the Mississippi River when he learned that General Lee had surrendered and that he could not get back to his command.

In November, 1865, he married Mrs. Margaret Thompson (née Starnes). In 1879 he removed his family to Texas. For the last few years he and his wife made their home with the daughter, Mrs. Hunter. He was nearing his eightieth birthday and had retained his good health to within six months of his death. His devoted wife and children tenderly watched over him during his last illness, in which he bore his sufferings patiently. He joined the Primitive Baptist Church in early manhood. He was a devoted husband, a kind and loving father, and ever true to his friends and country.

WILLIAM SILLS.

William Sills, a veteran of the Confederacy, answered the last roll call at Hiram, Ark., on June 25, 1919. He was born January 21, 1844, and left an orphan when quite young. When the call of the South came in 1861, he volunteered his services and made a gallant Confederate soldier. He joined Colonel Woodard's 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Company G, and was with that command until captured. Escaping from prison, he went to the 4th Kentucky Infantry, Army of Tennessee, as he couldn't rejoin his command. He was in the battle of Chickamauga and in the charge up Snodgrass Hill and took part in other engagements. He was then in camp at Dalton, Ga. Near Atlanta he was transferred to his old command, the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, then under General Wheeler, and was one of the scouts who guarded President Davis to Washington, Ga., and there received two months' pay in silver.

During the war Comrade Sills was converted to Christ and joined the Baptist Church. After his return home he became a member of the Crocker's Creek congregation. He was then ordained to preach and did a great work in the ministry. He was a great sufferer in his last illness. He was laid to rest in Bible Grove Cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

[J. Stoke Vinson.]

H. W. RIDDLE.

Comrade H. W. Riddle, who died on June 19, 1919, was born December 9, 1835. He joined Company D, 45th Alabama Regiment, in 1862 and served with the Western Army. He made a good and faithful soldier, ever ready for duty when called, fighting with his company until the surrender. Returning home in 1865, he began farming, with but little for a start. He was as good a citizen as he had been a soldier, honest in his dealings and ever ready to help those in need.

In November, 1867, Comrade Riddle was married to Miss M. E. Coker and reared a large family. He is survived by his good wife, four sons, and five daughters, also twelve grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. His passing is also felt by many other relatives and friends. He died on the place which had been his home so many years, leaving to his children the heritage of an honest name.

[W. A. Lamb, Salem, Ala.]

N. B. EISON.

Napolcon B. Eison, prominent citizen and Confederate veteran of Jonesville, S. C., passed away on July 16, after an illness of several weeks. He had been in ill health for several years.

Mr. Eison was born May 19, 1838, the son of F. W. and Caroline Jones Eison. He was educated in the common schools of the county and was first a salesman, then a farmer, but he had retired from all business activities in recent years. In August, 1866, he was married to Miss Annie Hames, and to them were born three sons and a daughter: Edward L., of Gaffney; Charles H., deceased; Arthur P., of Jonesville; and Mrs. E. R. Aycock.



N. B. EISON.

At the breaking out of the War between the States young Eison offered his services to the Confederacy. He went from Union to Charleston, then to Sullivan's Island, and joined Company E, of Gregg's 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, in January, 1861. After the fall of Fort Sumter

he went to Virginia and was at Manassas, being at the time color bearer. Later he returned to Union, S. C., and raised Company B, of the 18th Regiment, under Col. J. M. Gadsberry, and served on the coast of South Carolina for eight months. He afterwards joined Company F, of the 5th South Carolina Cavalry, under John Morgan; was later transferred to Company K, 5th South Carolina Volunteers, and remained in that command to the close of the war. He acted as courier and scout for Gen. M. C. Butler and was in many fights, having many thrilling experiences, which he often related in later years.

After the war Mr. Eison went back to Union and was a salesman with a business house there until 1868, when he removed to Jonesville. For many years he acted as pension commissioner for his county and was major on the staff of Gen. B. H. Teague, commanding the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., and a regular attendant of the Confederate Reunions.

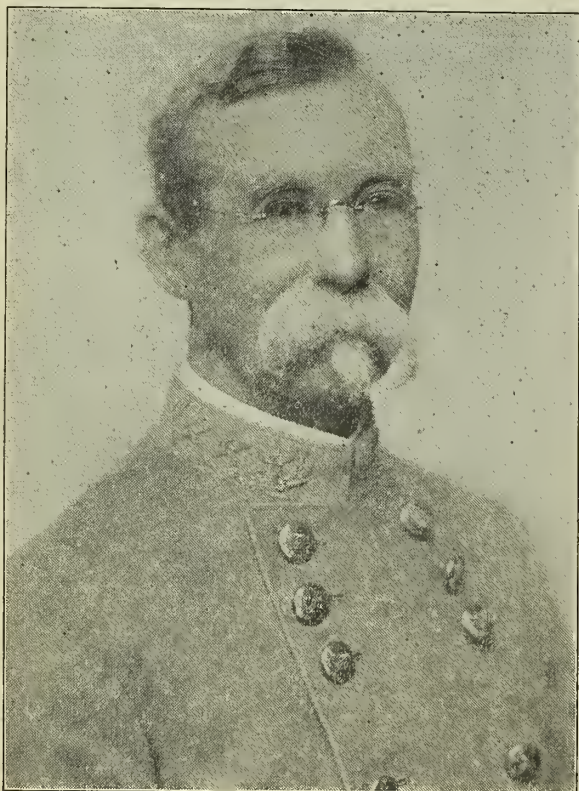
Comrade Eison was so attached to the fine horse he rode during the war that when Henry died he had him buried in the front yard of his home in Jonesville.

GEN. JOHN RISON GIBBONS, U. C. V.

When a close friend has passed out of this life, language becomes inadequate to express feeling. Such is the case in the death of Gen. John R. Gibbons, of Bauxite, Ark., who had been my intimate friend for a long time. Close friends, aye, closer than brothers! And I wish to pay tribute, though it may be in a feeble way, to this devoted friend, loving father, loyal husband, good citizen, and splendid soldier.

John Rison Gibbons was born in Richmond, Va., on November 16, 1843, his father being George Rockingham Gibbons and his mother Harriet Caroline Rison, of Rockingham County, Va. He attended school at Bridgewater, Va., and later at Massey Creek Academy, where he was preparing to attend the University of Virginia. While a student at the academy in 1861, at the age of seventeen, he joined Capt. Tom Yancey's company of cavalry as a volunteer. This company was designated as Company I of the 1st Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, which had been organized by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart at Harper's Ferry. He served in this regiment as a private during the war and was in every great battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia except two, when he was away on furlough. He was present with the regiment at the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox and then returned to his father's home, which at that time was in North Georgia. He subsequently went to Tennessee, where he engaged in farming near Nolensville and in milling and engineer work in Brentwood and surrounding country.

On November 25, 1874, Comrade Gibbons was married to Miss Annie America Felton, the daughter of Dr. William H. Felton, of Cartersville, Ga. He moved to Rome, Ga., in 1880, engaging in the mercantile business. In 1891 he became engaged in mining bauxite in Georgia and so continued for a period of ten years. He then removed to Saline County,



GEN. JOHN R. GIBBONS, U. C. V.

Ark., with his family and prosecuted the same vocation there. There he constructed the plant of the American Bauxite Company, the largest of its kind in the world, and founded the town of Bauxite as the result, which he supplied with all the modern conveniences of much larger towns and cities.

Comrade Gibbons always led a very active life, and in the growth, welfare, and development of the community he was consistent in his efforts. He was most patriotic and had a deep affection for his adopted State. He was an active member of the State Council of Defense, the Fuel Administrator of Saline County, and Chairman of the War Savings Stamps Board for Saline County.

He was always interested in matters that affected the history of the War between the States and in the Confederate veteran organization. He was a member of Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, U. C. V., of Little Rock, and was Commander of that body several years, discharging the duties of his office with rare tact and ability during his incumbency.

In the State organization of the United Confederate Veterans Comrade Gibbons held several positions to which the commanding officers had appointed him, first ranking as Major, then as Lieutenant Colonel, and then as Colonel. He discharged the duties assigned him in these respective positions with such zeal and fidelity that his comrades elected him to command the Arkansas Division, and as such he was commissioned Major General. He filled this position two years, and until his business called him to South America, being abroad several months in the interest of the American Bauxite Company.

In the year 1913 he was appointed by the Governor as commissioner for the State of Arkansas at the reunion of the blue and gray at Gettysburg. A notable and unique incident in his life was the part he took in returning the flag of the 76th Ohio Volunteers, which had been captured at Ringgold Gap, Ga., in 1863 by the 1st Arkansas Volunteers, C. S. A. It was his idea to return the flag as a symbol of the spirit of the South. This matter was planned, and the program was successfully carried out, with the hearty coöperation of the survivors of the 76th Ohio at Newark, Ohio, where that regiment was organized in the early part of the war. The survivors of the 1st Arkansas were traced out and invited to attend this ceremony in Ohio, and all those who could do so went. They were accompanied by a staff of ladies from this State. In addition to this, a number of distinguished citizens, including the Governor of Arkansas, accompanied the party. This incident and the spirit that promoted it brought forth wide and favorable comment from the Northern and Eastern press.

The funeral services were held at Bauxite, the Rev. Philip Cone Fletcher officiating, and the remains were immediately taken to Cartersville, Ga., his former home, for burial.

It can and has been said of Comrade Gibbons that as a business man he took first rank, as a citizen he was progressive and liberal, and his record as a Confederate soldier was not surpassed for gallantry, bravery, and devotion to duty.

In his death not only his State, but the entire South, sustains a loss which will be deeply felt, while his comrades will grieve with his family.

[Jonathan Kellogg, Little Rock, Ark.]

DICK DOWLING CAMP, U. C. V., HOUSTON, TEX.—Eight members of this Camp have died during 1910, as follows: Comrades Carter, Dupree, John Clower, S. S. Ashe, H. T. Sapp, M. K. Holston, J. A. Dupuy, J. W. Cook.

TRIBUTE TO COL. BAXTER SMITH.

Col. Baxter Smith died at a hospital in his home city, Chattanooga, Tenn., on June 25, 1919. His father was Dr. Edmund Byers Smith, originally from Kentucky, and his mother was Miss Sally Baxter, of Hancock County, Ga. He was born in Davidson County, Tenn., March 10, 1832. He received his general education at Gallatin and studied law at Cumberland University, Lebanon.

His wife was the daughter of Judge Josephus C. Guild, one of the most prominent lawyers and forceful characters that Tennessee ever produced. He was related to Judge Nathaniel Baxter and to Edmund Baxter, an eminent lawyer,

whose reputation was coextensive with the United States. When the War between the States began he enlisted in the Confederate army and served with distinction throughout the war under General Forrest, commanding the 4th Tennessee Cavalry. He was engaged in many battles and surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Charlotte, N. C.

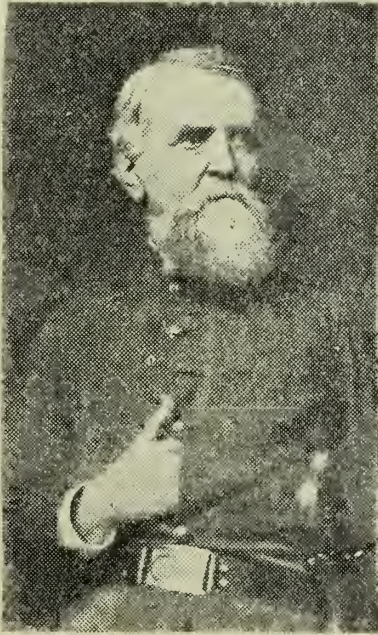
When the war began he was practicing law at Gallatin. After the war he was for many years a member of the firm of Smith, Baxter & Allison, of Nashville.

Subsequently he was a partner of J. M. Dickinson and later was associated in a partnership with P. D. Maddin. He had a long, honorable, and successful career at the bar, which was terminated by his retirement to accept the position of Assistant Secretary of the Chickamauga Park Commission in 1910.

He was a man of notable appearance, of gracious bearing, and showed a gentle nature and universal good will toward all deserving people. He manifested such a genial disposition that those who did not know him might have construed it as an evidence of weakness, but coupled with this natural spirit of amiability were a will as determined and a heart as brave as any man ever possessed. He was not easily provoked, but any one who aroused his righteous indignation encountered a fiery temper and an unflinching courage and found him a lion in his path.

He suffered many trials and reverses, but bore them with a spirit of patience and resolution that commanded the admiration of all who knew him.

He was remarkably successful at the bar, the larger part of his business being that of defending corporations in damage cases. Probably no lawyer in Tennessee, considering the prejudice that he had to meet, achieved so much success. This is demonstrated by the fact that he continued to represent the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company for a period of over thirty years. The Bar of the State can look back to his career with the satisfactory knowledge that he



COL. BAXTER SMITH.

never did anything to tarnish the fame of the profession and that his career was such as to always gain for it the respect and good will of the public.

In the session of 1881 he represented Davidson County in the State Senate. In the fulfillment of the duties of that high office he displayed the ability, fidelity, and honorable devotion to service that had characterized him in all that he undertook in life. He served the Chickamauga Park Commission from 1910 to the time of his death, a period of nearly nine years, which continuation in office is of itself a testimonial of his efficiency and fidelity. While he gave his heart and soul to the Confederacy, yet when the war was over he devoted himself to the general welfare of the country and to the establishment and maintenance of a true national spirit. No one ever heard him repine or say bitter or resentful things about the past. His voice and influence were always used in obliterating bitter memories of the past and in laying the foundation for a glorious future.

When our country became involved in war with Spain, he immediately offered his sword to his country and was keenly disappointed that age barred him from active service. When Germany began to trample upon our rights and to take a course that ultimately threatened the welfare of our nation, he promptly urged that immediate action be taken by the United States to protect the lives and property of our citizens, both on land and sea, and that our forces be mobilized for the vindication of the honor of the nation and the overthrow of a power which threatened the peace and civilization of the world.

He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tenn., and was an active and not merely a theoretic Christian. He illustrated in his daily walks in life the principles that he professed. He did not make public avowals and then in private discredit them.

He was a member of the Nathan B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of Chattanooga, and was esteemed and loved by all of his comrades. He became commander of Forrest's Cavalry Corps of Confederate Veterans, ranking as Major General, from which position he resigned, as is set forth in the following letter, which was his last official act:

"CHATTANOOGA, TENN., September 20, 1918.

"To the Followers of Forrest in Reunion at Tulsa, Okla.—Comrades: Owing to advanced age and recent illness, I feel constrained to resign my position as Commander in Chief of Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

"It gives me deepest pain to part with so gallant and noble a set of men as you are, and I shall ever treasure recollections of your kindness to me and of your superb conduct and bearing, worthy of the great soldier whose name we bear.

"You will take with you the love, devotion, and esteem which I have ever held for each and every one of you.

BAXTER SMITH."

He lived to a ripe old age, full of service to his family, friends, and country, and left behind him a memory that will always be cherished as an honor to his State. Therefore be it

Resolved by his companions in arms of the Southern Confederacy, That we look back to the career of Baxter Smith as a civilian and a soldier with honorable pride, feeling that he has reflected credit upon his country and upon those who were fortunate enough to have been associated with him; that the country has derived great benefit from his earnest, active, honorable life, filled with useful service and inspiring example;

and that, while we lament the separation from him, our feelings can be only those of profound satisfaction in contemplating the end of a career so high, symmetrical, useful, and helpful in its guidance to all who esteem courage, honesty, unselfishness, graciousness of spirit, and patriotism.

Be it further resolved, That this preamble and resolutions be published in the public press and in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and that a copy be sent to his family as a testimonial of our appreciation of and love for our departed comrade.

[Committee: John N. Johnson, Frank S. White, D. C. Scales, Hamilton Parks, W. A. Collier, J. M. Dickinson.]

JAMES O. THURMAN.

When the War between the States ended, many of the boys who had done their duty to the South returned to their homes only to find desolation and but little prospect of getting into business. Many of them came West and have lived here for many years, and when their call comes they are laid away by the few veterans who live in their town. And it is through the columns of the VETERAN that information of their death goes to their old homes in the South.

It is now my sad duty to report the death of James O. Thurman, of St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V. Comrade Thurman was corporal of the Lynchburg Rifle Grays, Virginia Militia, 1860, M. S. Langhorne captain. This company was mustered into the Confederate army in 1861 at Manassas, with Jim Thurman as a lieutenant. It was known as Company A, 11th Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and was in all of the great battles in Virginia. During these long years Comrade Thurman was a true and tried soldier. He was small of stature, but strong in courage and endurance. At Five Forks, April 1, 1865, he was captured and sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained until the latter part of June, 1865. He was twice wounded, but never seriously.

Coming West, he settled in St. Louis very shortly after the war closed, and for forty-five years he was in the employ of the Pacific Express Company as railroad messenger, always showing the same courage and endurance as he had exhibited during the war.

Comrade Thurman took great interest in his Camp and as long as he was able was always at the meetings, but for several years before he passed away he was too feeble to leave his room. He died at the age of eight-one, leaving a wife and daughter to mourn their loss, but with the comforting recollection of his well-spent life.

[A. W. Moise.]

DR. P. A. SKEEN.

On July 16, 1919, Dr. P. A. Skeen died at his home, in Texarkana, Ark., after a brief illness, at the age of seventy-one years. He was born in Palmetto, Ga., and when but sixteen years of age he, with his older brother, Park Skeen, enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of the 1st Tennessee Heavy Artillery, Company A, in defense of his country. He was in the memorable siege of Fort Morgan, Ala., serving under Gen. Richard Page. He was captured there in August, 1864, and taken as a prisoner to New Orleans, then to Governor's Island, N. Y., in September, and to Elmira, N. Y., in December, where he remained until the close of the war. He was twice married and leaves a wife and two sons.

Dr. Skeen had successfully practiced dentistry in his home town for the past thirty years and was strongly identified with all its interests. He had been a deacon in the First Congregational Church for many years and was devoted to

his Church and home. He inherited the charm of his Southern parentage and had the genial, cultivated manner of the Southern gentleman of the old school.

DR. J. P. CANNON.

Many beautiful and loving tributes have been paid to the life of Dr. J. P. Cannon, of McKenzie, Tenn.; but to me it seems that the real place for a sketch of his life is in the beloved VETERAN. He was devoted to its pages, having been a lifelong subscriber, and treasured every copy. He was an active leader in the Stonewall Jackson Bivouac of this place, a member of the Board of Directors of the Confederate Home, and gave many days in helping to obtain comforts for the old soldiers, widows' pensions, etc., and his name is enshrined in the hearts of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy.

Dr. Cannon was a man of positive character, positive faith, positive opinions, positive actions, yet as gentle and unobtrusive as it is possible for one to be. Sweet modesty, calmness, and genuine goodness could not reside in a breast that was not enriched with the noblest virtues and grandeur of soul. His book, "Inside of Rebeldom," the daily life of this splendid soldier, reveals the bright mind of a thorough Southern gentleman.

He was born at Gravelly Springs, Ala., April 19, 1843. He enlisted in Company C, 21st Alabama Regiment, in December, 1861, and was paroled in May, 1865. He was married to Miss Kate Walker Carroll, who died a few years ago. Five children survive him: Mesdames May Moore, Madge Smith, Maude Jordon, and Lloyd and Turner Cannon.

[Mrs. E. K. Higgins.]

LAURENCE E. MCCARTHY.

D. P. Morgan, Secretary of the Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah, Ga., reports the death of another comrade, Laurence E. McCarthy, at the age of seventy-three years. He entered the service of the Confederacy as a boy of sixteen in 1862 with the Savannah Cadets, a gallant body of high-spirited boys, the average age of whom was probably less than that of any company in the service. The cadets formed a part of the 54th Georgia Infantry, and with it Comrade McCarthy saw service under Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and J. B. Hood through Georgia, the Carolinas, and Tennessee honorably and faithfully. However, during the last few months of the war he was detailed by the government in one of the arsenals, where he served faithfully to the end. He was a member of the Veterans' Association and of Camp No. 756, U. C. V.

A. J. MELTON.

A. J. Melton, who died in Henryetta, Okla., on July 23, 1919, was born in Stuart County, Ga., on February 18, 1842. At the outbreak of the War between the States he joined the 2d Georgia Regiment, with which he served about two years. When this regiment was disorganized, he joined the 57th Alabama Regiment and served with that until the end of the war. He was in prison in Chicago for six months. A part of his war experience was six months in prison in Chicago.

After the war he moved to Arkansa, and from there he went to Oklahoma about fifteen years ago, settling later at Henryetta. He had been a farmer all his life. He was a member of the Methodist Church for over forty years, a Christian gentleman, a true friend, loved and respected by all who knew him. He was laid to rest at Weleekta, Okla. A son and stepson survive him.

BRAVE SOLDIER-PRIEST.

The death of the Very Rev. Canon Mittlebronn, of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, at the venerable age of ninety-one years, marks the passing of one of the oldest and most venerated landmarks of the Catholic Church in Louisiana. He died early in July, 1919. For sixty-nine years he had served as priest in that diocese, during thirty of which he was pastor of the Rose de Lima Church of New Orleans. He was born in Lorraine, France, in 1827 and received a splendid education in his native land. He came to America in 1845 and continued his studies for the priesthood and was ordained in 1850. Since that time, until too old for the work, he had labored for his Church in Louisiana. During the epidemics of yellow fever in 1866, 1867, and 1878 he ministered to his people day and night without regard for his own safety. His death has brought out some interesting reminiscences of him during the war period.

When the War between the States broke out, all his sympathies were with the South. He was an ardent Confederate, and when the famous Pointe Coupee batteries were organized in 1861 he blessed four Confederate flags, one after another, at a grand Church service, in which he exhorted the men to do their duty. The next day there was a great meeting at the courthouse in Pointe Coupee to speed the men as they marched away. The boys were not only his personal friends, but many of them had been his students, notably the famous captain.

As Father Mittlebronn entered the hall the men cheered and cried: "Make way, make way for our soldier-priest and helper." They wanted Father Mittlebronn to enter the service with them as their chaplain, for they needed their old friend and adviser. He accompanied the boys to New Orleans and told Archbishop Blanc that he had applied for a commission as chaplain in the Confederate army; but the Archbishop argued in behalf of the parish of Pointe Coupee. There were four churches in the parish, and there would be no pastor for all of these. "There is a great scarcity of priests," said the Archbishop. "If you can find me one to take your place, you may go, but otherwise I cannot see my way clear to let you do so."

With a sad heart Father Mittlebronn gave up the idea of following his boys and returned to his desolate parish. Two years later New Orleans fell, but another regiment went off from Pointe Coupee to assist in the defense of Vicksburg. Again Father Mittlebronn blessed its flags. A few days afterwards he was called to minister at the church at Chenal. The Baton Rouge district was already in the hands of the Federal army. The news that Father Mittlebronn had blessed the Confederate flags had been carried to Baton Rouge. A detachment of soldiers was sent to arrest him. He was apprehended as a prisoner, taken to Baton Rouge, and confined in prison, where he grew very ill for lack of proper food and fresh air. He was allowed to leave his cell only at intervals, and then he was permitted to walk only twenty paces. At last he was taken for trial before the provost marshal. He went bravely and asked: "Of what crime do I stand accused?" The marshal answered: "You are accused of blessing Confederate flags." "And what harm is there in that?" asked Father Mittlebronn. "What right have you to do it?" asked the marshal. "The right that the Catholic priest has to bless whatsoever he chooses," answered Father Mittlebronn. "We bless men, women, children, religious articles, banners, and why not the flags that are carried in battle?"

The marshal grew very angry and commanded sternly: "You must bless no more Confederate flags."

"I shall continue to exercise the duties of my holy ministry," said Father Mittlebronn; "and as it commands me to bless all articles that may be blessed by a priest, I shall bless every flag that is brought to me."

He was sent back to prison, where he remained for several weeks longer, when at last he was released and sent under guard to Pointe Coupee. The country was flooded by the river's overflow, and the horse had to swim through the water. At last when it was found that the water was above their heads, with the branches of trees a kind of boat was made about the horse and buggy, and thus propelled they at last reached a point where they could land.

Father Mittlebronn was received with joy by the people of Pointe Coupee. He had a magnificent horse, which had cost \$400. It was used by him to go in his missions through the parish. The Federal officers heard of the horse, and four of them came to him and commanded him to give it up. "We have need of it," they said.

"You cannot have it," said Father Mittlebronn. "It is my horse; I need it in my ministry as a priest. You have no right to take what does not belong to you and what is necessary to me. Your own laws would forbid that."

The horse was standing without in the stable. "I will go and take that horse," said the commander of the men.

As he started forward Father Mittlebronn with a dexterous movement of the hand unsheathed the commander's sword from its scabbard and, having thus disarmed him, cried out, raising the sword aloft: "Now, if you want that horse, sirs, you will have to fight for it. I stand ready. I am used to wielding the foils, and I will fight you one after the other."

The men drew back. They saw that he was determined, and they saw well from the manner in which he had so quickly disarmed their superior officer that he would be a formidable opponent. They might have used their revolvers, but they hesitated to shoot down a priest; and, seeing that Father Mittlebronn meant to fight, the commander turned in disgust and started off with his men.

As they walked off Father Mittlebronn went up to the leader and said: "Take your sword, sir, and do not trouble me again."

And they didn't. He had made his reputation, and they respected him for his bravery.

AT THE GRAVE OF BELLE BOYD.

W. A. Everman writes from Greenville, Miss.: "Some years ago, while visiting the dells of Wisconsin, I strolled through the cemetery near by and to my surprise ran across the grave of Belle Boyd, who died in Kilborne and was probably buried with funds contributed by the good citizens of that village. A short time ago it occurred to me that I ought to put up a marker at the head of her grave. So I took up the matter with a granite company, and after some correspondence I have sent an order for them to put up a headstone with this inscription:

"Belle Boyd, Confederate Spy.
Born in Virginia; Died in Wisconsin.
Erected by a Comrade."

CONFEDERATE INMATE OF FEDERAL HOME.—Report has come of the death of William B. Bennett, ninety years old, a veteran of two wars and an inmate of the Sawtelle Soldiers' Home of California. He was a soldier of the Confederacy and also fought in the war with Mexico, which gained him entrance to this Home.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOUREE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. THOS. WOOD PARRY, Kansas City, Mo. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. WALLACE STREATER, Washington, D. C. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Historian General*
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal. *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. H. M. FRANKLIN, Tennille, Ga. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: September will bring to the United Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere the call for their Twenty-Sixth Annual Convention at Tampa, Fla., and the credentials for that convention. Division and Chapter Presidents should attend carefully to these official blanks and fill them out as promptly as possible, forwarding them to their proper destinations. General officers and chairmen of standing committees are preparing their annual reports in October, so September is the time for Division officers to collect their material from Chapters to make full reports to the general officers as early in October as possible.

Your President General wishes to impress upon you the necessity for collecting these reports on time, and from all your Chapters and State officers. It adds so much to the dignity and importance of the U. D. C. as a patriotic society to have these statistics available for quoting in presenting our claims as a patriotic American society. Who has not gotten satisfaction and recognition from the report of our war work, even in its partial completeness? When the rank and file are inspired with the desire to report their efforts fully and promptly, only then will we get full credit for the real work the U. D. C. is doing in America to-day.

The following letter will illustrate your President General's idea of the importance of available general reports being placed where they will be recognized:

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, BUREAU OF EDUCATION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30, 1919.

"My Dear Miss Poppenheim: This is my first opportunity to thank you for the copy of the Educational Report of the U. D. C. for 1918. Let me congratulate you on the signal honor which has come to you in being elected President General of the U. D. C. . . . I also want to congratulate you upon the splendid showing made and the good work your organization is doing for the education of American youth. I have read your report with great interest and profit. You are doing greater work than you know in carrying on this enterprise.

Sincerely yours,

J. L. MCBRIEN,
School Extension Agent."

This all refers to Mrs. Bashinsky's report on education at Louisville. We must place our work on record where the world may know of its purpose and scope.

The Committee on Southern Literature and Endorsement of Books, under the chairmanship of Miss Nelly Preston, of Virginia, have provided a plain and suitable book plate for all books they collect and distribute in libraries. It is as follows:

"COLLECTED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
TO FORM

THE CONFEDERATE LIBRARY

DOMICILED IN THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, RICHMOND, VA.,
U. S. A., AND PLACED BY THEM IN

PLACE

DATE

IN THE FERVENT HOPE THAT THE TRUTH MAY BE
MORE BROADLY DISSEMINATED AND

'THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE US FREE.'

This label goes into every book sent to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England, and Miss Hanna, the Vice Chairman, is rapidly getting her collection in shape to ship to England.

Our *Hero Fund* holds the attention of many workers in the U. D. C., and whenever our organization is mentioned this work is coupled with our Neuilly hospital work as two *high endeavors* of an American woman's organization. The report of the Treasurer of this fund for July appears in this issue of the VETERAN. Read it for an inspiration to help it along.

State Division Minutes.—The President General acknowledges with appreciation the following copies of Division Minutes, which she has read with pleasure and enlightenment as to the work in these States:

Alabama: Twenty-Second Annual Convention, Talladega, May 1-3, 1918.

Florida: Twenty-Second Annual Convention, Miami, May 1-3, 1918.

Georgia: Report of twenty-fourth year's work, October, 1918.

Kentucky: Twenty-Second Annual Convention, Springfield, September 18, 19, 1918.

Mississippi: Twenty-Second Annual Convention, Meridian, May 15, 16, 1918.

Missouri: Twenty-First Annual Convention, Sedalia, January 15-18, 1919.

New York: Third Annual Convention, October 10, 1918.

Virginia: Twenty-Third Annual Convention, Richmond, October 1-4, 1918.

Colorado: Sixth Annual Convention, Denver, October 1, 1918.

The Colorado Minutes excited the admiration of the President General in that they were beautifully typewritten and neatly bound, and she values her copy according to the effort it expresses.

The reaction from the strain of war work is telling on all women's organizations to-day. Let us not yield to the temptation to relax our efforts for our beloved Association and its work. We cannot keep up the speed of 1918, but we must bring to completeness each endeavor pledged for in the past. May every Daughter of the Confederacy give her loyal sup-

port to her Chapter and Division in these trying days of readjustment of our national life! Our work is still *before* us, even though we have accomplished much in the past.

Faithfully yours, MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE HERO FUND.

COLLECTIONS FOR JULY, 1919.

Georgia Division: Quitman Chapter.....	\$ 15 00
Missouri Division: Clara Ward Wilson Chapter, C. of C., \$10; Hannibal Chapter, \$2; Sterling Price Chapter, \$2; Brown-Rives Chapter, \$2.....	16 00
South Carolina Division: Hospital Bed Fund (additional), \$4; Winthrop College Chapter, \$5; Davis-Lee Chapter, \$10.....	19 00
Liberty Bonds: Savannah Chapter, Georgia, \$100; J. Z. George Chapter, Mississippi, \$100; John K. McIver Chapter, South Carolina, \$50.....	250 00
George B. Eastin Camp, U. C. V., Louisville, Ky..	10 00

Receipts for July, 1919.....\$ 310 00
Previously reported 13,567 92

Total for August 1, 1919.....\$13,877 92

Many pledges made at the Louisville Convention have not been redeemed. Divisions, Chapters, and individuals are urged to redeem these pledges before October 1, so that the Education Committee may have time to turn over all funds to the Treasurer General before her books close prior to the Tampa Convention.

ARMIDA MOSES, *Treasurer*.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy: Having been appointed chairman of the committee from the U. D. C. for the Cunningham monument, I shall be glad to receive contributions for this purpose.

The U. D. C. has put itself on record to coöperate with the Confederate Veteran Association of Nashville, Tenn., in this praiseworthy undertaking, and Chapters should feel it a privilege to contribute to a fund that is to be used for a memorial to a man who so generously gave time, strength, and means toward preserving the true history of the Confederacy.

Send all contributions direct to the undersigned, Newberry, S. C., so that I may transmit to the Treasurer General in time to be reported at the Tampa Convention.

MRS. ROBERT D. WRIGHT,

Chairman Cunningham Memorial Committee, U. D. C.

INDORSEMENT OF BOOKS.

The Committee on Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books, with its subcommittee for collecting books for the Bodleian Library, England (see President's letter in July VETERAN), has been very successful in its endeavors. The Confederate library is now permanently domiciled in the Confederate Museum in the care of its most efficient house regent, and duplicates are given this London library. In each book is pasted securely a card saying that these books were "collected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to form the Confederate library (domiciled in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., U. S. A.) and placed by them in the —

(place) on — (date) in the fervent hope that the truth may be more broadly disseminated and the truth shall make you free."

Many valuable books were promised this committee for the time when "a permanent home shall be secured."

That time has now come. We feel that no more suitable home could possibly be found, and we take this occasion to remind our friends of the Confederate library and the wonderful opportunity it offers you to let those valuable books in your possession be placed where they may do so great a good in "setting free" from prejudice and ignorance those who seek the truth, and we shall most confidently expect a generous response.

NELLIE PRESTON, *Chairman*.

DIVISION NOTES.

North Carolina.—The opening session of the Fifteenth District Convention, North Carolina Division, was held in the First Baptist Church of Spring Hope, N. C., Thursday, July 10, 1919, Mrs. H. Brantley, President of the local Chapter, presiding.

"How Firm a Foundation" was sung, followed by the reading of the ritual. Mrs. J. A. Marshbourn welcomed the delegates and the visitors, followed by Mrs. Staton, of Tarboro, who responded for Mrs. Wiggins, President of the Tarboro Chapter. At the roll call of Chapters Wilson, Rocky Mount, Tarboro, Middlesex, and Spring Hope made most pleasing reports. Wilson, Rocky Mount, and Tarboro gave encouraging reports for the Children's Chapter. Spring Hope announced that a Children's Chapter was assured for the future. Mrs. Staton, of Tarboro, N. C., was unanimously elected District Director. The invitation for the next district meeting was extended by the Bethel Heroes Chapter, of Rocky Mount. Mrs. Walter Woodard, of Wilson, First Vice President of the Division, brought loving greetings from the President, Mrs. Harvey, and a brief report of the Confederate Women's home, suggesting through Mrs. Harvey a pledge of at least one cent *per capita* from each Chapter represented. She also gave items of Confederate history, extending an invitation to the district to attend the unveiling of the tablets in honor of Generals Ramseur and Pettigrew, which will be held near Winchester, Va., in August. A formal discussion of the needs of the veteran women in Fayetteville ended with the Fifteenth District pledging boxes early in the fall.

A rising vote of thanks was given the Bethel Heroes Chapter for its cordial invitation to attend the Confederate Reunion to be held in Rocky Mount in August.

The afternoon session of the meeting was opened by Miss Pool's solo, entitled "The Americans Come." Minutes of the morning session were read and approved. An original poem was given by Mrs. George Bunn, Historian of the John W. Bryant Chapter, Spring Hope.

Mrs. R. P. Holt, Chairman War Relief Committee, gave an inspiring address with a brief history of the children's work in the U. D. C., giving points also along this line of work in Rocky Mount, of which she has charge. A hearty discussion of the work in general was of much consequence to those in attendance. Mrs. M. O. Winstead, from the Bethel Heroes Chapter, Rocky Mount, gave a stirring talk on Confederate history.

After the singing of "America," Mrs. Winstead pronounced the benediction, and the convention stood adjourned.

Ohio.—June, the birth month of Jefferson Davis, was observed by Chapters in Ohio. The State Director of the Jefferson Davis Monument sent a circular letter to all Chapters

asking that they make a contribution toward this monument, now nearing completion, at Fairview, Ky. Three Chapters responded to this appeal, and \$13.50 has been sent to the State Treasurer for this fund.

Annual memorial exercises, under the auspices of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio, were held at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery on Saturday, June 28. This date was chosen in order that all persons attending the Methodist Centenary being held in Columbus might have an opportunity to attend a real Southern memorial exercise north of the Mason and Dixon line. The Federal government has the reservation in charge, and under the direction of Col. F. O. Johnson, of the Columbus Barracks, the cemetery was in perfect order. The Chapter was most fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Plato T. Durham, Dean of the Candler School of Theology, Emory University, Atlanta, Ga., who delivered a very stirring and patriotic address. Mr. Al G. Field, owner of the Field Minstrel Company, was master of ceremonies. A male quartet from this company rendered a number of appropriate selections.

The Chapter wishes to express hearty thanks to every one and to each Chapter who so generously contributed flowers and money to help make this Memorial Day a day long to be remembered.

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, U. D. C., enjoyed having with them at the June meeting the Rev. John Stuart Banks, rector of All Saints P. E. Church and chaplain U. S. A., to address the Chapter and their guests. Mr. Banks served over a year in France, being granted an unlimited leave of absence from his parish, and spent much of his time at the American Military Hospital, No. 1, at Neuilly, France. He gave the Chapter a most interesting account of the work of this hospital, exhibited many photographs, and told of several incidents of occupants of the U. D. C. beds, saying that "any soldier who occupied a U. D. C. bed felt he had some especial blessing bestowed upon him; and if a soldier boy from Dixie occupied a U. D. C. bed, he was pretty apt to be a bit 'chesty' and boasted most lustily about what the women of *his* land were doing to relieve pain and suffering." He also spoke in highest praise of the University of Virginia unit and the wonderful work done by the nurses with it. Mr. Banks is an Englishman by birth, but a Southerner by adoption, having married Miss Virginia Anderson, formerly of Savannah, Ga., who is a member of the Cleveland Chapter.

Virginia.—Powhatan Chapter has pledged the readoption of two French orphans. Knitting and sewing for the refugees under the County Red Cross Chapter continue to claim the interest of the Powhatan Daughters. During the Victory Liberty Loan campaign this organization lent valuable aid to the county committees. The Chapter President gave two prizes of war savings stamps, one to the Daughter securing the greatest number of subscriptions and one to the Daughter who invested the largest amount in bonds.

The Chapter grieves to announce the death of Capt. Joseph E. Hobson. This gallant Confederate officer answered the final roll call on April 20, and Powhatan Chapter, U. D. C., together with the entire community, sorrows over the passing of the "beloved captain."

OFFICERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

President, Mrs. John Cart, Orangeburg.
First Vice President, Mrs. C. J. Milling, Darlington.
Second Vice President, Mrs. O. D. Black, Johnston.
Third Vice President, Mrs. M. J. Perry, Lancaster.
Fourth Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Mixson, Union.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. R. Darlington, Allendale.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. J. Barr, Georgetown.
Treasurer, Mrs. D. M. McEachin, Florence.
Historian, Mrs. St. J. Allison Lawton, Charleston.
Registrar, Mrs. Eugene Buckingham, Ellenton.
Recorder of Crosses, Miss Lillian Cooper, Denmark.
Auditor, Mrs. Mitchell Witsell, Waterboro.

OFFICERS OF CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

President, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglas, Los Angeles.
First Vice President, Mrs. E. S. Valentine, Berkeley.
Second Vice President, Mrs. Enola A. Scott, Long Beach.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. John Burton, Los Angeles.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. B. A. Davis, Los Angeles.
Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Bosson, Oil Center.
Registrar, Mrs. E. N. Semple, Los Angeles.
Historian, Mrs. H. W. Merkeley, San Diego.
Recorder of Crosses, Miss Callie Brooks, Oakland.
Custodian of Flags, Mrs. E. N. Gifford, Riverside.
Parliamentarian, Mrs. Matthew S. Robertson, Los Angeles.
Chairman War Relief, Mrs. Herbert S. Schinck.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

QUESTIONS FOR THE C. OF C. ON INDIGO.

SEPTEMBER.

1. What superstitions grew up about the indigo plant?
2. In what American colony was the culture of indigo first attempted?
3. Why did it not succeed?
4. In what colonies was it found growing wild?

OCTOBER.

1. To what colony did indigo become a staple export?
2. Tell the story of Eliza Lucas Pinckney and her cultivation of the indigo plant.
3. Where was it grown in Georgia?

NOVEMBER.

1. Outline the rise and decline of the indigo industry in the South.
2. Describe the process of making indigo.
3. Why was the cultivation of indigo finally abandoned?

THE HOURS.

You ask us now to count the hours we worked,
To give a medal so that all may know.
I but remember those I shirked—for tasks less worthy—so
Like many others, I shall let my hours go.
My only wish that I may show
In later years some sweeter glow
Upon my face, reflecting in its peace
The knowledge that my labors for the Red Cross never cease
—Mabel C. Brown.

THE ALABAMA.—What a wonderful history was hers! single ship matched against one of the mightiest navies of the world, yet keeping the ocean in defiance of all pursuit for two years!—*Timrod*.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1015 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

CONVENTION CALL.

To the Memorial Associations of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association and to All Interested Memorial Association Members—Greetings and the Wish to Meet You in Atlanta: Atlanta has invited the United Confederate Veterans to hold their Reunion in that city, and the invitation has been accepted. Therefore the annual convention of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association will be held in Atlanta October 7, 8, 9, 10, in accordance with Article IV. of the Constitution: "The time and place of the annual meeting of this Association shall be the same as the annual meeting of the United Confederate Veterans."

Atlanta, though late in extending the invitation because of other cities considering the Reunion, is stirred to the depths over the prospects of having within her gates as her guests the fast-thinning ranks of the heroes of the sixties and is planning with eager interest a wonderful time for all who come to partake of her hospitality.

No more vital period ever faced our organization, and it is earnestly hoped that every Memorial Association, whether affiliated or not with the C. S. M. A., will send representatives.

The time of preparation is short and plans not yet complete, but due notice of hotel rates, etc., will be sent you through the Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Enders J. Robinson, and also through the press. This may possibly be your last opportunity to join with the "thin gray line" in Reunion; and as the railroads are giving a wonderfully reduced rate (one cent a mile), it is hoped that the Confederate Southern Memorial Association will march on Atlanta in the most splendidly attended convention in the history of our beloved organization.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Everything points to one of the most memorable Reunions of Confederate Veterans, Memorial Associations, and Sons of Veterans ever held since those notable bodies have been organized.

The Reunion will be held in Atlanta October 7 to 10, inclusive. The time appointed for the meeting is the ideal time in Georgia. It is when the sun is mellowest, the air most flower-laden, and the breezes the freshest and sweetest.

Preparations are being made for the accommodation of approximately one thousand people. Already every one is planning for gay decorations to give the bright note to the occasion, and balls, receptions, public programs, and other entertainments are being planned.

Ballyclare Lodge, the country home of Mrs. A. McD. Wil-

son, which is a country home in the very heart of the most fashionable section of Atlanta, will be opened for a large reception. Mrs. Wilson, who has held the office of President of more successful women's organizations than any other Southern woman and is President for life of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, will, assisted by her organization, entertain the ladies of the Memorial Associations out at the Wren's Nest, the home of the late Joel Chandler Harris, whose "Uncle Remus" stories have made him the most famous of all the folklore writers in the country. Both Ballyclare Lodge and the Wren's Nest are convenient to the heart of the city and are easy of access.

This Reunion will be held at a time when hundreds of visitors will be coming for the Southeastern Fair, which will open the week following the Reunion, and many will remain over for the fair.

Every one who comes to Atlanta for the Reunion will be met with the true spirit of hospitality which has won for the city the great reputation which is hers for keeping the latch-string on the outside of the door and room in her heart for every one within her gates.

The headquarters of the C. S. M. A. will be in the Piedmont Hotel and the place of meeting in the auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce, which is in the very center of all activities. The beautiful memorial service, to be held at the Auditorium-Armory, will be one of the most interesting features of the great meeting of the men and women who have played so splendid a part in the history of the South.

* * *

The friends of Miss Caroline Larkin, of Manassas, Va., will be interested to know that she was the fortunate winner of the medal in the essay contest conducted by the Manassas Chapter, U. D. C., the theme of her paper being "The Rise of Democracy." Miss Larkin is a student of Manassas High School.

* * *

It is expected that President Woodrow Wilson, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, and Sergt. Alvin York, the greatest hero of the world war, will be guests in Atlanta at the time of the Reunion; and should these distinguished men accept the invitation extended, their presence will add a new attraction to the meeting.

J. H. Rockwell, of Amarillo, Tex., now eighty-two years old, says: "Send me \$5 worth of the VETERAN. It is meat and drink to me. There are so many valuable facts in its many contributions by able authorities that it makes every issue worth more than a year's subscription."

NAMING THE WAR.

Confederate veterans of two States have lately gone on record as opposing the term "Civil War," applied to the war during the sixties; and the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., in annual convention at Greenwood July 22 and 23, in indorsing the resolutions presented by Gen. C. I. Walker against the use of this term, also prohibited its use at or during any official reunions or other meetings of this Division. Veterans in convention at Bonham, Tex., July 4 also indorsed similar resolutions presented by J. I. Dupree and passed them unanimously. The resolutions presented to these two conventions are so similar in expression that they are not given here in full, but in combined form as setting forth reasons for objection to the term.

The term "Civil War" can be properly applied only to wars between contending factions of the same government, and the war in the sixties was fought between two separate *de facto* and *de jure* governments, which were in existence and in complete running order before a gun was fired in that war; it means a contest between two or more portions of the people of the same country, and the Southern States had legally, constitutionally, and peacefully seceded from the other States of the Union, and therefore were not of the same country. The war between the Federal and Confederate governments was not a struggle between clans or factions, and the term would be correct only if the sovereign States so seceding did not constitutionally leave the old Union. Many people use the term "Civil War" without due consideration of its legitimate and inferential meaning and do not realize that it implies that their patriotic ancestors were traitors to the Union rather than defenders of the great American principle that all governments should rest upon the consent of the governed; and every veteran, son, or daughter of the Confederacy who uses the term pleads guilty to the old charge of rebellion which was so freely made against the South, but on which President Davis could never be brought to trial.

In his resolutions General Walker suggested that the war be known as the "War of Secession"; but as there was some diversity of opinion, it was not agreed upon. The Texas veterans strongly indorsed the use of "Confederate War." This matter will be brought before the General Reunion in Atlanta, and it is hoped that some definite term will be agreed upon and the objectionable "Civil War" be eliminated by strong prohibition. The Texas veterans also made strong protest against the use of "Yanks" as a name for the American troops of to-day, saying: "No sectional name should be applied to our armies now, and the glorious term 'American troops,' which was applied to our brave soldiers of the American Revolution and of the Mexican and Spanish Wars, is still good enough for us."

* * *

In response to the editorial reference to this subject in the *VETERAN* for August, page 284, Lloyd T. Everett writes from Ballston, Va.:

"It seems to me that the answer is to be found in the self-same number of the *VETERAN*, page 318, where Mr. Hiscocks writes from Cleveland, Ohio: 'If you could only live where I do and see the ignorance of otherwise intelligent Northern people regarding the war for Southern independence,' etc.

"In these days of revival of Confederate principles under the name of 'self-determination' of freedom-loving peoples, why not dispel some of this prevailing ignorance by using a name for our struggle that will of itself help show the identity of 1861 with those of the liberty-loving nations of 1914?

Stonewall Jackson called it 'our second war of independence' (Dabney's 'Life of Jackson,' 1866, page 249). In my book, soon to issue from the press, the full title is, 'For Maryland's Honor: A Story of the War for Southern Independence.' To the world we may call it the 'War for Southern Independence'; among ourselves, 'Our Second War for Independence.'"

BOOKS.

A HERITAGE OF FREEDOM. By Matthew Page Andrews. George H. Doran Company, New York. Price, 50 cents.

This booklet, by the author of the best school history of the United States, is a tracing in brief of the origin, growth, and development of constitutional liberty in England and in the United States. He shows how the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic race was the first to recognize the rights of man as man, especially as they are set forth in the Bible. While, of course, the idea was at first a germ, yet it early expressed itself in the words, "Every Englishman's house is his castle"—that is, the humblest citizen of the commonwealth had rights and privileges as sacred from intrusion of mere power as were the rights and privileges of the highest nobleman in the land, and that he could be deprived of his liberty only by due process of law.

Amid all the civil conflicts in England for centuries this was the question at issue: the clearer vindication of the rights of the people against a privileged class. And it was this that brought the first English colonists to this country. They were seeking the establishment of constitutional democracy. Usually it is said that the Virginians were moved by a spirit of adventure or by prospect of gain and the Pilgrims by a great religious motive. But whatever may have been the apparent motive, beneath all was the desire for that real freedom-regulated liberty which is necessary for the highest religious and material development. This is manifested in this little book by a thorough study of original documents and by a correction and reversal of some traditions that pass as history. This spirit moved the patriots of the American Revolution. It was this spirit that was the inspiration of the Southern States in the war of secession, and it was this spirit that sent two million splendid American soldiers to Europe to fight against brutal autocracy in the great world war.

This little book is a most valuable contribution to the understanding of the history of our country and should bind more closely the ties between us and the mother country, which has ever stood for the very same ideals for which we as a nation stand.

J. H. McNEILLY, D.D.

REUNION EDITION OF THE VETERAN.

The October number of the *VETERAN* will be its special Reunion Edition, largely devoted to Atlanta of the past and present, with illustrations of the city, prominent officials of the U. C. V., etc., and with advertising representative of its best business interests. It is hoped to make this number so interesting and attractive that it will be treasured as a reminder of the meeting in this historic city.

R. T. C. Robinson, of Range, Ala., renews for two more years and writes: "I must have the *VETERAN* as long as I live. I am a boy of seventy-nine and feel good all the time. I plow a mule colt only thirty-seven, and the boy and colt do good work."

Get Back Your Grip on Health



TAKE NUXATED IRON

For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance



A CALL TO COMRADES.—Having spent three years and ten months with Company H, 13th Alabama Regiment, I desire to get in touch with as many of the boys as possible. All who see this will please write me at Rochester, Tex., and I will take pleasure in answering all letters.

J. A. FLOURNOY.

The widow of the late M. K. Hester wishes to get in communication with some of his old comrades of the War between the States. She is entitled to a pension from the State of Florida if she can get the affidavits of two comrades who served with him. Address Mrs. Henrietta E. Hester, Box 1983, Tampa, Fla.

CATALOG 352



shows PETTIBONE'S Uniforms and Supplies for **CONFEDERATE VETERANS**

Also shows a beautiful photograph of **GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE** the matchless son of the South.

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HAVE YOU THE \$24?

A man bought Manhattan Island for \$24.

The point to this story is that he had the \$24.

There are scores who complain vociferously and frequently that the road to wealth is always blocked.

Yet when a small opportunity opens up, the capital necessary to take advantage of it is lacking.

Where is the man so poorly paid in the United States to-day that he cannot save a fraction of his earnings?

Accumulation of the smallest sums will in time provide for the purchase of a War Savings Stamp, which immediately begins working for you.

Every man owes it to himself to lay aside an emergency fund. An ideal way to do this is by purchasing War Savings Stamps or Treasury Savings Certificates. They increase in value every month you hold them and can always be converted into cash on ten days' notice.

With the purchasing power of the dollar lower than it has ever been, it is the part of wisdom to put some of them to work earning interest until the time that money is worth more. War Savings Stamps enable the wage earner to do this. Save what you can and invest it in W. S. S.

Financial physicians are warning against the new disease which is appearing in many parts of the country. They have named it "Imthruenza." Persons attacked by this disease uniformly utter the cabalistic words, "The war is over," and decline to take any further interest in the nation's affairs. No serum has been discovered which can prevent the ailment, but investing regularly in War Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates is a preventive as well as a cure.

Robert A. Marshall, of Delaplane, Va., wishes to get in communication with Sergt. I. W. Short, of Company F, 6th Missouri Infantry, if still living. Any one knowing his address will kindly respond.

Robert Heriot, of Little Rock, Ark. (Route No. 5, Box 73), would like to know if any of his old comrades are still living. He served with Capt. J. K. Bachman's 'Charleston (S. C.) Battery, enlisting at the age of seventeen at McPhersonville, S. C., in August, 1864. James Simmons, of Charleston, was first lieutenant.

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Illustrated booklet sent on request.

Thrift is a shield against money worries. Buy a Thrift Stamp every day.

The picture of the "Three Generals" was ordered for Mrs. E. D. Lockwood, of Sewanee, Tenn., who writes: "The handsome picture of the three Southern generals came in perfect condition, and I am very grateful and proud to have it adorn my home."

Morgan P. Robinson, of Richmond, Va. (113 South 3d Street), has completed his file of the VETERAN with the exception of the numbers for January and February, 1894. Any one having those numbers for disposal will kindly write to him at once.

FAMILY HISTORY.—Miss Nellie Ayres, 725 West Seventh Street, Sedalia, Mo., is compiling a genealogy of the Ayres family, originally of Buckingham County, Va. Will all persons whose ancestors were of this family kindly send address and particulars?

C. W. Henshaw, of Kearneysville, W. V., sends five dollars to advance his subscription and says: "I still love to see the VETERAN come to my home. It makes me think of the boys of the sixties. There are so few now, but we are nearer in affection. I want the VETERAN to come to me to the last."

WHAT FLAG WAS IT?

To Members of Waul's Texas Legion and of the 20th and 30th Alabama Regiments: What regimental flag was it that was captured by the Confederates and made into hat bands at Vicksburg May 22, 1863? Also who knows what became of the flag referred to by Captain Boyce in the VETERAN for June? Send replies to the VETERAN.

The
**UNITED STATES RAILROAD
 ADMINISTRATION**

announces

Special Excursion Fares

TO

ATLANTA, GA., AND RETURN

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Reunion United Confederate Veterans

ALSO THE FOLLOWING AUXILIARY AND ALLIED ORGANIZATIONS

**SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS
 CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN
 MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION**

OCTOBER 7th-10th, 1919

FROM ALL POINTS IN STATES OF

ALABAMA, FLORIDA, GEORGIA, KENTUCKY, MISSISSIPPI,
 NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, TENNESSEE, and
 VIRGINIA. Also from Helena, Ark., Washington, D. C.,
 Hagerstown, Md., St. Louis, Mo., and Cincinnati, Ohio;
 Southern Illinois, Southern Indiana, Eastern
 Louisiana, and Southern West Virginia

Fares apply only to the members of the organizations named above and
 to their families upon presentation of identification certificate issued by the
 Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, United Confederate Veterans, also
 Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

**TICKETS WILL BE SOLD October 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th
 FINAL LIMIT: October 31st, 1919 :: Liberal Stop-Over Privileges**

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VOL. XXVII.

OCTOBER, 1919

NO. 10

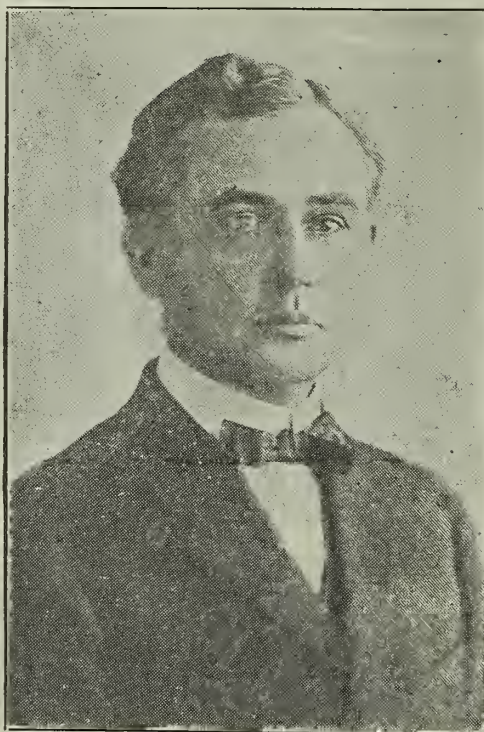


COMMANDER IN CHIEF AND DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS U. C. V.

Top: Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Commander in Chief; Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department. Bottom: Gen. C. B. Vance, Commander Army of Tennessee Department; Gen. V. Y. Cook, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department.

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B. DIXON HALL

The tide will take you to the shoals of poverty and obscurity. You must pull against the stream if you would win out in the struggle for wealth and fame.

Ambition, hard work, and the right training lead to substantial success. The first is yours, you are capable of the second, and we will supply the third.

The Atlanta Business College is endorsed and recommended by the highest authorities and experts on commercial training. The business men of this section have long ago learned that they can get the most thoroughly trained stenographers and bookkeepers from the "Atlanta."

Our business training has fitted more men and women for the really desirable positions than any other local school. We train our students to be experts, therefore they secure the better class of positions in the business world.

Let us teach you Shorthand (Gregg system), "20th Century Bookkeeping and Accounting," Touch Typewriting, Business English and Arithmetic, Business Writing, Salesmanship and Advertising, Commercial Law, Office Practice and Banking. Let us prepare you for one of the lucrative positions that await our graduates.

We secure positions for our students and graduates the day they finish their training, and our interest in them continues long after they have left our school to accept the first position. In fact, we help our graduates to secure better positions.

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LUCKIE AND FAIRLIE STREETS

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"YOU MUST BE PROTECTED."

"The war has taught me that service done our fellow men is the most beautiful thing in the world," stated an American Red Cross nurse just home from overseas. She had "tried to do what mothers would have wanted to do for the wounded sons of America," had stood beside grievously wounded men during the frightful bombing of hospitals and had been behind the lines but a few miles working in mobile hospitals in a rain of shrapnel.

"One of my most treasured memories of the great war," she said, "are the words of 'Bill,' a big, husky Westerner, who had been badly wounded. As soon as the bombing of our hospital started he called: 'Sister, you get under my bed before he comes back; we want you to be protected.' To me that typifies the true spirit of all our work over there, as well as the true spirit of the dough-boy."

The war has brought to light some startling figures. It is true that America is the bank of the world, but in health it does not compare with Japan.

"We want you to be protected" is the spirit of the American Red Cross as it takes up the new work of caring for the nation in peace. Striving for a healthier nation, with its home service ready to lend a helping hand to every one—that is how the Red Cross will "carry on."

Mrs. William Denham, 420 South Sixth Street, Chickasha, Okla., makes inquiry for the company and regiment with which Oscar L. Lewis served in the War between the States. He enlisted at Carrollton, Carroll County, Mo., in the Confederate cavalry under Captain Merrick, and while the command was en route South he became sick and was left behind. Upon recovery he re-enlisted under Captain Johnson, Colonel Searcy's regiment, Price's Brigade; was discharged at Shreveport, La., at the close of the war.

J. N. McFarland writes from Staunton, Va., in renewing his subscription for two years: "I cannot do without the VETERAN and expect to be a subscriber as long as I live. I read every number very carefully. A man who followed Lee and Jackson, as I did, could not but be interested in the VETERAN."

H. B. Cave, of Kline, S. C., says he will attend the Reunion in Atlanta and may be known by the cap he wears, which is the cap his grandfather wore in 1776.

The NEW EDISON

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ATLANTA GEORGIA

Mrs. Margaret F. Jordan, of Bernice, La. (Route No. 1), wishes to hear from any surviving comrades of her husband, James Henry Jordan, who enlisted in the Confederate service from Talladega County, Ala. She needs proof of his service to entitle her to a pension.

BOOKS WANTED.—"The Cabells and Their Kin," by Alexander Brown, also "Belle Boyd's Memoirs of the War." Any one having either of these books will confer a favor by addressing the VETERAN, stating condition and price wanted.

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THEM FOR YOU

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PREPARED, HOME COOKED.

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JUST ASK ANYBODY WHERE IT IS.

DAFFODIL TEA ROOM

111 N. Pryor St.

Atlanta, Ga.

REUNION REPRESENTATIVES.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 13, 1919.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 5.

The General commanding is much gratified to make the following appointments for the Atlanta Reunion:

Chaperon, Mrs. Adolphe Rocquet, New Orleans.

Matron of Honor, Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sponsor for the South, Miss Eliza Bennett Young, Louisville, Ky.

Maids of Honor: Miss Anne Bryan, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Amanda Dye, Searcy, Ark.; Miss Cora M. Brown, Marietta, Ga.; and Miss Mary E. Wilson, Clinton, Va.

These lovely women are descendants of that immortal band known as the Women of the Confederacy and will receive at the hands of all Confederate soldiers that homage and devotion to which they are so justly entitled.

By command of

K. M. VANZANDT,
General Commanding.

WM. E. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

"WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL."

This story by Anna Hardeman Meade gives a true picture of life on a Mississippi plantation in the old days of the South, and in it is brought out the beauty of that simple, quiet life "all the year round" and the tender relations existing between master and slave. The book is a fine specimen of the printer's art as well, done in sepia and illustrated with pictures of the old home and people who made up that wonderful life. The price is \$1.25 net, and the book can be procured from the publishers, the Fred S. Lang Company, Los Angeles, or from Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Book Dealers, Birmingham, Ala.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.

Capt. W. W. Carnes, Bradentown, Fla.: "I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN from the first number printed by my friend Cunningham, and I expect to continue a subscriber as long as I live."

T. E. Shaffer, of Cuthbert, Ga., in renewing his subscription also orders the VETERAN for two others, and writes: "I wish every Southerner and every one who loves the South and her traditions would take the VETERAN, as this is the only publication devoted solely to the giving of historical facts directly from the men who took part in that terrible struggle to uphold State rights. If more of our people would read the VETERAN, we would hear fewer men say: 'We fought for what we thought was right.' I hope to read the VETERAN as long as I live."

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

VOL. XXVII

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1919.

No. 10. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

ATLANTA, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY HON. BRIDGES SMITH, MACON, GA.

The holding of the General Reunion of Confederate Veterans in Atlanta is to me personally of considerable interest, for the reason that I have seen the city under three entirely different conditions.

I saw it first as a boy, a Japhet in search of a father. When my parents decided to leave South Carolina and try Georgia, my father came on ahead, the family following, and on arriving in Atlanta it devolved on me to find him among the few boarding houses and hotels. It was only a town then, and I think the only brick building in it was a theater known as Davis Hall. There was nothing about the town that to me gave promise of any remarkable growth, merely an ordinary town with no more than an ordinary future.

Another visit was made in 1865, just after the surrender, when a large part of it was in ashes, Sherman having applied the torch to light the way for his famous march to the sea. I sold newspapers on the slow train from Macon to Atlanta, sleeping at night on the porch of a burned church. It was still the town of 1858, but Sherman's visit appeared to have put some life in it, and from that time it began to grow. Sherman aroused the natives and made them see their possibilities. The work of rehabilitation began, and the music of the saw and hammer and trowel was heard in almost every part of the city. And as the town grew under this new order of things it fast became a city. Then came the removal of the capital from Milledgeville and capi-

tal from the North. Both helped, both encouraged the inhabitants, and both made Atlanta. Men and money moved into Atlanta. It grew and grew and continued to grow.

And now, after my first sight of it sixty-one years ago, I can see it as the full-grown city with its great tall office buildings and its numerous industries and an appearance rivaling that of the larger cities of the Union, a city of wealth, of energy and enterprise, and a city that not only all Georgia but the South should be proud of.

Not only is it a city of magnificent buildings, both public and commercial, and beautiful homes, but of fine and spacious parks; and yet I can remember when an ordinary cottage made up its finest residence, when the hotels were large barn-like frame structures, and when it had no public buildings of any consequence. There were no parks, and the population turned out on Sunday afternoons to visit a little spring at West End and a hole in the ground with a little water in it on the east side that bore the high-sounding name of Ponce de Leon Spring, for which claim was made that its water was mineral. Often had the people who owned it been accused of dropping a fresh keg of nails in the spring to give

it the taste of iron.

Now the parks are a credit to the State, with lakes and all that makes a splendid public park for the people.

I believe the people of this new Atlanta will make the Reunion of the remnant of veterans one they can remember with pleasure. And it ought to be. The boys are passing away rapidly now. As one of them I want to get out of my few remaining years as much pleasure as possible, and the greatest pleasure left for a veteran



STATE CAPITOL, ATLANTA.

is to be cared for at a Reunion and to meet up with old comrades and tell each other of the long intervening years and how they have served them. Atlanta understands this and will do the right thing to make that meeting all that can be desired.

THE CITY OF ATLANTA.

The present splendid city of Atlanta is a revelation of what can be accomplished by pluck and energy combined with the spirit of determination. Founded on the ashes of a historic past, it stands to-day a monument to the recuperative power of a people who rose above defeat in arms by their own efforts in the marts of peace.

Beginning in 1837 as the terminus of its only railroad, the town was incorporated in 1843 under the name of Marthasville. With the centering of other railroads there the place grew rapidly, and the name was changed to Atlanta. It was an important strategic point in the War between the States, for it became a depot of Confederate military supplies and thus was an object of Federal solicitude, culminating in Sherman's occupation of the city in 1864 and its reduction to ashes by his very careless handling of fire. In later years that general described Atlanta's strategic position by "comparing it to the wrist of a hand whose five fingers reached the five principal ports of the Gulf and South Atlantic ports," so one can well understand his eagerness to destroy this very important base of the Confederacy. The military government of Georgia was established there in 1865, then the legislature was removed from Milledgeville, and Atlanta became the capital of Georgia during the Reconstruction period, and by vote of the people in 1877 it became the permanent capital. The magnificent Capitol was completed in 1889 at a cost of \$1,000,000. Noteworthy in that connection is the fact that its cost was \$50 less than the original appropriation made for it. The exterior is of oolitic limestone, and the interior is ornamented with Georgia marble. It is one of the handsomest buildings of the kind in the South. The city has many other handsome structures, ranging from the Federal buildings to the sky-scraping office and apartment buildings. The Fulton County Courthouse is the finest building of the kind in the South, its cost being more than a million dollars.

The location of Atlanta gives it a natural accessibility which has been a great asset in its growth. It is a gateway that opens to the whole southern country and draws its sustenance from all of it; hence it is called the "Gate City." It is a railroad center from which fifteen lines radiate in different directions, tapping the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts and reaching northward, eastward, and northwestward. Any part of the South Atlantic or Gulf Coast can be reached by rail from Atlanta in eighteen hours, and there are one hundred and fifty-two trains in and out of the city daily. It is also within a night's ride of most cities within the region bounded by the Ohio, Potomac, and Mississippi Rivers, Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic Ocean. Its population is estimated at 220,000.

Situated near the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the altitude of Atlanta is higher than that of any city east of the Mississippi, being more than a thousand feet above sea level, and its proximity to the Atlantic on the east and the Gulf on the south gives it an active wind movement that helps to modify the summer heat.

Atlanta is also called the "Convention City." It has a great auditorium, erected a few years ago, which seats 7,000 people, and its numerous and well-equipped hotels furnish ample accommodations for any number of visitors. The meetings of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in this auditorium, beginning Tuesday morning, October 7. Nothing will be left undone by the Reunion committees to make this Reunion a success in every way.

Some of the attractive places in and near Atlanta are:

State Capitol, containing State Museum, handsome paintings etc.

Stone Mountain, largest solid rock in the world.

Chattahoochee River, source of Atlanta's water supply.

Fort McPherson, one of the largest inland military posts of the United States government, and Camp Gordon, where 50,000 of the new army were trained.

Parks.—Grant Park, embracing part of the battle field of Atlanta and containing the cyclorama which shows the mammoth painting of that battle; Piedmont Park, having the Peace Monument at the entrance; Ponce de Leon Park.

Post Office and Customhouse, Fulton County Courthouse, City Hall, and Carnegie Library are some of the handsome buildings of the city.

Confederate Home, located near scenes of the battle of Atlanta.

Georgia School of Technology, Oglethorpe University, Emory University, Georgia Military School, Cox College and Conservatory, and Agnes Scott College for Young Ladies are some of the leading educational institutions of the State.

THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA.

BY G. W. DOUGLAS, MATHISTON, MISS.

I have a very vivid recollection of some of the events connected with the capture of Atlanta, because as a boy soldier I was a participant therein.

When about 2 P.M., August 31, 1864, our regiment, the 11th Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, came out of the trenches about two miles east of the city and we were ordered to saddle up, I had no idea that the city for which we had fought for about fifty days almost continuously was about to pass into the hands of the Yankees. It is true that we could hear the cannon roaring at Jonesboro, where Sher-



BROAD AND PEACHTREE STREETS, ATLANTA.



SOME OF ATLANTA'S SKYSCRAPERS.

man's flank attack was in progress, but few privates understood the significance thereof.

We were rapidly formed in fours and marched to and through the city. Our battalion was marched up Peachtree Street to the first line of Confederate breastworks, then occupied by the Georgia State troops, commanded by General Smith. These men were scattered along the works at least twenty yards apart. This was necessary because they were few in number and the line was long. They had been called out by Governor Brown to defend Atlanta and seemed to feel that their job was over. They were very despondent, and their only desire seemed to be to reach their homes. Our command was distributed along and in the immediate rear of the breastworks, and we were not dismounted, but sat our horses from that hour (about 6 P.M.) until next morning without being relieved. All the sleep I got was an occasional nap. About midnight the Confederates set on fire a trainload of ammunition not more than a mile from where I was on picket, and the explosions of shells kept things lively till nearly daylight. No other noise disturbed the stillness of the night.

The sun rose clear and dazzling. Looking northward, the view was unobstructed for over a mile, all timber and underbrush having been cleared and used in building the works or cut down by the long-continued artillery fire. Behind the first line of works was seen advancing a heavy skirmish line of blue-clad Federals. When near the works they halted, dressed their line, and charged with loud cheers. Of course they found the line untenanted. Crossing over, they advanced to the second line and repeated the performance. At this time orders were passed down our line to fall back, which we did, marching south on Peachtree Street. We soon met a delegation of citizens, headed by the mayor, going out to surrender the city. What terms they expected to obtain I do not know. At the time it occurred to me that their mission would be fruitless.

There was a considerable amount of Confederate stores in the city, and these were being appropriated by citizens and soldiers as we entered the business district. A man rolling a barrel of flour on a wheelbarrow, going in the direction of the Yankees, was met by us. On being told that the Yanks were close behind, he turned into an alley. When the head of our column reached the square near the old car shed, it was forced to halt for a few minutes by the great throng of people engaged in pillaging and carrying away government stores. Some of our own men slid from their horses and engaged in the scramble, but obtained nothing very valuable. One fat old chap belonging to Company B secured a box of tobacco, and I had to help him remount with his prize.

As soon as we could get through we resumed our march, taking the McDonough road. Halting for a moment on top of the hill, I looked back and could see the blue column enter-

ing the square, from which the pillagers had departed in hot haste. We then resumed our march and reached McDonough about noon. Along the road we noticed many evidences of hurried retreat. In a small creek just outside the city limits a large number of muskets had been thrown, some said by the militia we had relieved the preceding afternoon. Next day we marched to Stockbridge and remained there picketing the roads leading south from Atlanta until Hood began his disastrous march into Tennessee.

FROM DALTON TO ATLANTA.

BY T. G. DABNEY, CLARKSDALE, MISS.

In the *VETERAN* for September Comrade H. J. Lea gives an interesting reminiscence of the campaign of 1864 between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston (the last hope of the Confederacy) and Gen. W. T. Sherman, from Dalton to Atlanta. Comrade Lea falls into a geographic error which for the truth of history and to avoid confusion ought to be corrected.

Comrade Lea says: "While this was going on General Sherman moved around to Marietta to get in General Johnston's rear again, which forced Johnston to retire from his position at Resaca and fell back to Marietta to meet Sherman."

Comrade Lea assigns a wrong location to Marietta, which is a long way from Resaca, and was not occupied by General Johnston until the early part of July.

I was a member of Polk's Corps, which formed a junction with Johnston's main army at Rome about the middle of May, as I remember. We were immediately engaged in a skirmish with the enemy on arrival at Rome early in the afternoon. We marched in retirement that evening, or night, through Kingston to Cassville, at which latter place General Johnston halted to give battle. We had lively artillery duels with the enemy batteries during that afternoon, occupying a ridge overlooking a valley in which lay the town of Cassville.

Gen. S. G. French, to whose division I belonged, in his book, "Two Wars," gives an account of a council of war held that night between General Johnston and his three corps commanders, Generals Hardee, Polk, and Hood. The question submitted was, whether a determined stand should be made in the position then held. General French, who was present at the council, says that General Hood made objection to that proposal, alleging that he could not hold his present line for fear of an enfilading fire. General Johnston finally determined to make the fight on that line and gave orders accordingly. General French says he went back to his command about eleven o'clock to make the necessary preparations for the morrow's battle and was surprised to receive an hour later orders to retreat.

The sequence of battles as they occurred thereafter was, according to my recollection, as follows: The next important fight after Cassville was near New Hope Church; then came

Pine Mountain and Lost Mountain, in one or the other of which General Polk was killed. We then occupied the Kenesaw Mountain line for about three weeks, when on July 3 we retired through Marietta, a small town situated several miles to the rear of Kenesaw Mountain. We proceeded to a line of defense called Ruff Station, where we repulsed the enemy's advance on July 4 and heard their bands behind the lines playing "Yankee Doodle" and other patriotic airs. The following night we retired to a new line some miles north of the Chattahoochee River, which we held for several days, and then crossed the Chattahoochee and retired into Atlanta.

I speak, of course, only of the command of which I was a member.

THE EMPIRE STATE OF THE SOUTH.

The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
The great Creator's love o'ershadow thee,
And make thy children worthy to be called Georgians!

—F. Mitchell.

Georgia's motto: *Non sibi sed aliis* ("Not for themselves, but for others").

Georgia's flower: Cherokee rose.

Georgia's seal: "Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation."

WHERE GEORGIA LEADS.

[Some interesting facts about Georgia compiled by Miss Mildred Rutherford, State Historian U. D. C., formerly Historian General.]

First in America to build an orphan asylum, 1740, showing loving interest in others.

First to rule rum from the colony, realizing that liquor makes "a feeble folk."

First to rule slavery from the colony, realizing that slaves tend to produce laziness.

First to have a vagrancy law, 1813; no idle people in Georgia.

First and only military colony; law must be maintained.

First to escape the Indian's tomahawk; no tomahawking in Georgia.

First to trail the Spanish flag in the dust. Remember Bloody Marsh.

First Christian baptism in America, 1540, in Ocmulgee River.

First cannon ever fired in America, 1540, by one of De Soto's men near same spot.

First to have a headright policy—200 acres of land to every settler and 50 acres to every child.

First toast ever offered to the United States, "Free and Independent States of America," July, 1776.

First to have a Sunday school—John Wesley at Savannah, 1735.

First to ordain a negro preacher—George Leile, 1774.

First to use an Indian alphabet—the Indian Sequoyah, or George Guess.

First to have a hymn book—Charles Wesley, published at Charleston, 1737.

First to legislate against the slave trade.

First to have a commissioned ship.

First to send a schooner against the British.

First to send powder to Bunker Hill.

First to erect a liberty pole in the South, 1775.



SOME OF ATLANTA'S HANDSOME BUILDINGS.

Top: Fulton County Courthouse and Piedmont Hotel, Official Reunion Headquarters.

Middle: U. S. Post Office and Customhouse.

Bottom: Union Station.

First to send a steamer across the Atlantic—the Savannah, 1819.

First to suggest the possibility of steam as applied to navigation—William Longstreet. Patent granted by the Georgia Legislature to I. Briggs and William Longstreet, February 1, 1788.

First to have ironclad steamboat with ram—Charles Austin.

First botanical garden in the South, 1833. See weeping willow from Napoleon's grave.

First passenger railroad planned—Ebenezer Jenks, 1825.

First colony or State to appoint a Thanksgiving Day—Oglethorpe at Augusta, 1735.

First to have rural delivery—J. E. Ponder.

First to pass the Married Woman's Act, giving a woman the right to manage her own property.

First to pass a law forbidding that women shall be imprisoned for debt.

First to codify the English law to principles of equity—Thomas R. R. Cobb.

First to have a paper mill in the South—1839.

First to make cotton seed oil—Athens, Ga., 1829.

First to have a railroad commission—Americus, 1877.

First to give free railroad transportation to farmers.

First to have a farmers' club in the South—1891.

First State Department of Agriculture—1810.

First to plant cotton for commercial use in America—1734.

First cotton to be made into thread in America—sent by

Richard Leake to Massachusetts.

First to chop out cotton with a hoe—Purnal Truitt, 1818.

First to ship a bale of cotton to England from America—James Habersham or Samuel Auspourgeur, both of Georgia.

First to invent and patent the cotton gin—Joseph Watkins, Petersburg, Ga., 1792.

First to suggest the brush in the gin—Mrs. Hillhouse, of Augusta.

First to tell Eli Whitney of Watkins's gin—Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, of St. Simons.

First to invent a cotton tie—Dudley Lee, Blakely.

First to invent the sewing machine—F. R. Goulding.

First woman to use a sewing machine—Mrs. F. R. Goulding.

First to diversify crops. Prize at St. Louis Exposition.

First to discover ether as an anæsthetic—Crawford W. Long.

First woman to own and edit a paper—the Washington Gazette, 1802, Mrs. Hillhouse, of Wilkes County.

First to cultivate grapes—Worsham de Lyon, 1735.

First bay tree in America.

First to invent a cotton picker.

First philosophical apparatus in the South—bought in Paris by Dr. Henry Jackson for Franklin College, 1817.

First to have a State university—1784.

First to have a college for women—Wesleyan Female College, Macon, 1836.

First woman in the world to receive a diploma—Catherine Brewer.

First to bestow degrees upon women.

First manual training school—1803.

First free high school—Richmond Academy, Augusta, Ga., 1783.

First to organize a boys' corn club in the South—Newton County, 1904, G. C. Adams.

First to invent a circular saw—Cox, 1795.

First to suggest the Ferris wheel—Osborn Lowrey, Jefferson, Jackson County.

First to invent a revolving cannon—James Stewart.

First woman to own and be president of a railroad—Mrs. Williams.

First woman to receive a commission from the United States



OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY.

government—Octavia LeVert, 1855, Paris Industrial Exposition.

First in automobiles—twice as many as any other State of its size.

First Southern State to sign the United States Constitution.

First to cup trees for turpentine manufacture—Charles Herty.

First to tunnel the Hudson—William McAdoo.

First and only Vice President of the Confederate States—Alexander H. Stephens.

First to offer troops to the Confederate government—Oglethorpe Light Infantry, Savannah.

First to have a wayside home for soldiers—Kingston, 1861.

First to celebrate Memorial Day—Columbus, Ga., April, 1866.

First to plant the flag at Manila.

First to have a mother to send ten sons to the Confederate army.

First to have a father to send twelve sons to the Confederate army.

First woman to give two United States justices to her country—Mrs. Williamson, Lamar and Campbell.

First to suggest State Day—Miss Frances L. Mitchell.

First to have a State Day authorized by law—Joseph Habersham Chapter, D. A. R.

First Southern State to hold an exposition—Atlanta.

First State to give woman her full and equal rights by law, and this without suffrage.

WHAT GEORGIA CLAIMS.

Of the nine climate belts in the United States, Georgia has eight.

Georgia's marble surpasses Vermont's. The Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington City; State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.; State Capitol, Providence, Rhode Island; State Capitol, Frankfort, Ky.; State Capitol, Little Rock, Ark.; Stock Exchange, New York City; Royal Bank, Montreal, Canada; Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg; Illinois State Monument at Vicksburg; Louisville & Nashville Station, Louisville, Ky.—these and other monuments and buildings without number all over the country are of Georgia marble.

Georgia has 142 square miles of coal.

Georgia has 175 square miles of iron.

Georgia has the largest deposit of kaolin.

Georgia has the only asbestos in the United States except Wyoming.

Georgia has the only mountain of solid granite, Stone Mountain.

Georgia's corn excels Iowa's.

Georgia's wheat crop excels that of Illinois.

Georgia's oats excel Ohio's.

Georgia's apples are the finest in the United States. They



STONE MOUNTAIN.

took the prize for the best variety at International Horticultural Exposition.

Ogeechee shad is the finest in the world.

Georgia's paper-shell pecans sell for \$1 a pound.

Georgia's watermelons are the finest that are grown. One weighed 147 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds.

Georgia's roads cannot be beat.

Georgia's wool is the best in the South.

Georgia's gold is the purest in the United States.

Georgia's pine forest extends over 1,000 miles.

Georgia's wood made the six frigates for the War of 1812.

Greatest astronomer and geologist in America—Joseph LeConte.

Purest Anglo-Saxon blood out of rural English.

Georgia has the largest tobacco plantation in the world, 25,000 acres, and it employs 3,500 hands.

Georgia's tobacco received the first prize at the Paris Exposition.

Three-fourths of all the wrapping tobacco in the United States grows in Georgia.

Georgia has more minerals than any other State.

Georgia's cassava produces more starch to the acre.

The largest block of marble ever quarried in the United States came from a Georgia quarry, in Capitol at St. Paul, Minn.

All gypsy wagons are made in Georgia—Klein & Martin, Athens.

Georgia makes almost all the duck cloth used by the United States, Cuba, and Mexico for mail bags, tents, etc.

Georgia's raw silk was used to make Queen Charlotte's wedding gown.

Oliver Goldsmith referred to St. Simon's Island in his "Deserted Village."

Georgia gave Texas a President—Mirabeau Lamar.

Georgia gave Texas her flag—Joanna Troutman, in 1836.

Georgia pays more to her Confederate veterans than any other State, and she does not pay what she should.

Georgia soil and climate can produce anything that can be grown in any other part of the United States.

The one who suggested the famous Lick Observatory in California was a Georgia man—Joseph LeConte.

The one who managed the finances of it was a Georgia man—Capt. R. S. Floyd, of Camden County.

The only gunpowder factory in the South in 1861 was at Augusta, Ga.—George R. Rains.

Augusta, Ga., was the only city of note in the South that floated undisturbed the Confederate flag during the four years of war.

The four guns at Newburgh, N. Y., marking Washington's headquarters, were made at the foundry in Augusta during the War between the States.

The women of Augusta and Summerville in 1864 made 75,000 cartridges in a day and thus saved the Army of Tennessee before the fall of Atlanta.

The first shaft dedicated to the Confederate men who fell in battle was the tall shaft of Augusta's powder mills.

Grier's Almanac belongs to Georgia.

No State but Georgia has mountain peaks in the north tipped with snow while surf bathers are sporting in the waves in the south.

No State but Georgia can raise everything a family eats or drinks, even coffee and tea.

Six crops a year can be raised on the same land in some parts of Georgia.

Dougherty County has land that produces 756 bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre.

California sends to Georgia for yam slips.

Lowndes County raised a watermelon that weighed 147 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds.

It takes 10,000 cars to move Georgia's watermelon crop out of the State.

Effingham County raised a cabbage weighing 27 pounds, 48 inches in diameter, and 144 inches in circumference.

Stewart County has forty-one different minerals.

Jackson County can raise coffee and tea.

Clarke County furnishes all the material for making the best roads.

No State but New York has better roads than Georgia.

Thomas County has one farmer who sold \$1,700 of sugar cane sirup in 1913.

Rabun County has land of which one acre in celery in 1913 brought \$1,400.

Lincoln County has blue diamond mines which Tiffany owns.

Bibb County has fuller's earth sufficient to supply the United States.

Fulton County had a man who lived to be 132 and married 1,568 pounds, averaging 224 pounds each. Georgia produces big men physically as well as morally and mentally.

Ware County has a man weighing 600 pounds, and another county has one weighing 750 pounds.

Fulton County had a man who lived to be 132 and married when over 126 years of age. (Rev. J. W. Lee is authority.)

Georgia has six counties that received \$21,000,000 from their cotton crop in 1913—Laurens, Burke, Walton, Jackson, Bulloch, Emmanuel.

DeKalb County raises hogs weighing from 1,000 to 1,600 pounds.

Georgia had the finest flute player in the world—Sidney Lanier.

In the Spanish-American War more troops went from Georgia in proportion to population than from any other State. It was the first to raise the flag at Manila—Tom Brumby.

Georgia was the only State made by England's king a free, sovereign, and independent State—George III., 1752.

Savannah has the lowest per cent of illiteracy of any city of its size in the world—*World's Almanac*.

Athens has the lowest death rate of any city of its size in the world—*World's Almanac*.

No other State has a tree that owns itself—William H.



CHIMNEY OF OLD POWDER MILL, AUGUSTA, GA.

Jackson had deed recorded, George Foster Peabody had tree protected.

No other State has a double-barreled cannon. It is true it almost killed the inventor when fired.

No other State had a Sidney Lanier.

No other State had an "Uncle Remus."

No other State had a historian better than our Charles C. Jones. (George Bancroft said so.)

No other State had a finer statesman than William H. Crawford. (Napoleon I. bowed twice to him upon introduction.)

No other State had a greater orator than Benjamin H. Hill, called "the silver-tongued orator."

No other State had an astronomer and chemist like Joseph LeConte.

AN OXFORD WITHOUT SPIRES.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

About the year 1858 the Geographical Society convened in London, England, and at one of its sessions, when the platform was occupied by many distinguished men, including the Prince of Wales, Lord Brougham made an address, in the course of which he referred adversely to the treatment of negroes in the Southern States of the American Union. At this juncture of the discourse from among the distinguished guests on the platform there arose a tall, dignified gentleman, firm of lip and stern of brow, with humorous eyes now burning with righteous indignation and expressing in quiet manner a storm of hisses, who stalked from the assembly. To the query of astonished royalty and literati, "Who is he?" the simple answer, "Augustus B. Longstreet, of Georgia," may have meant little; but the curious were further enlightened by reading Judge Longstreet's reply to Lord Brougham, which was promptly sent to the London papers. The reply created a sensation, and Lord Brougham offered apologies to the doughty Georgian for speaking in error of the manners and customs of that section of the United States already so grossly misrepresented in the Encyclopedia Britannica and by abolitionist agitators.

If the London papers could have given in full the true estimate of the gentleman who stalked from the presences of the Geographical Society, it would have read something like this: "A Georgian of the Georgians, who has made the most original contributions to American literature, the one genius worthy to be mentioned with Poe, whose writings will stand as an imperishable monument to the pioneer and finished civilization which the abolitionists are plotting to overthrow. Should four thousand years obliterate every vestige of that civilization, with no carved stone or tablet or work of art to aid the archæologist to decipher its character and meaning, one small volume by a native Georgian, the writings of Judge Longstreet, might recreate its historical significance. Furthermore, the protesting delegate is a gifted divine and educator, one of the founders of Emory College, at Oxford."

"An Oxford in semisavage Georgia?" might be the skeptical query. And how could be pictured to the insular British a culture so foreign as our Oxford without spires? That old Emory community, a center of learning and religion, without beauty of architecture, without "gray spires" or "hoary colleges," but of "golden years" of high purpose and the lighting of immortal standards; years all too short before the bugles sounded war and the flower of Georgia youth went from the Emory campus "to die for country and for God"! Too strange for academic belief would have been the simple record of "Who is Judge Longstreet?" in 1858.

Purely imaginary would have seemed a faithful picture of

Judge Longstreet among his own people; a literary genius writing humorous sketches for the amusement of personal friends, with no ambition except to entertain by character delineation, living in that archaic time when entertainment could be found in parlors, around center tables, and conversation was not a lost art. With Judge Longstreet for guest no comedian could offer rival attraction, for tradition holds that the versatile Judge was inimitable as an impersonator of his Georgia characters. He might have been chancellor or bishop, leading literary light or statesman, as he chose; a peer of any man of his time, for he had the religious fervor of the saintly Bishop Andrew added to learning, the intellectual outlook on politics of Calhoun and Yancey, and in controversy a match for any Lord Brougham. How can those who have gained the wisdom to look backward with reverence on that marvelous civilization of the Old South and see clearly its breadth and beauty ever recite for other generations the story of our Oxford without spires and of that community in which dwelt Judge Longstreet, L. Q. C. Lamar, and their contemporaries? Tradition keeps inviolate much that should be transmitted and put into record for all time. Among the youth who went away from old Emory at the call to arms in Dixie there are living Confederate veterans who hold in memory the knowledge of the Georgians of that place and time and to whom the cemetery at Oxford is the Westminster of Georgia Methodism, who grieve that modern development should obliterate landmarks and lower standards.

To one who knew the family at Airy Mount and the people whose homes adorned the banks of Yellow River, in the old Shiloh Church neighborhood, have come traditions of Judge Longstreet as guest. Then culture and entertainment needed only the open fireplace, the folks around the table with the lamp, and the same tall figure that stalked out of the assembly hall in London now in the character of the brilliant raconteur and witty conversationalist. Or perchance reading one of his Georgia sketches to the home circle, himself enjoying its fidelity to human nature—as, for example, when every mother he met accused him of being *personal* in depicting the common foibles of maternal management of infants and family government. One of Bishop Andrew's granddaughters, now a white-haired lady, once told me that when certain friends had read "Little Ben" they failed to find the usual humor so clear and bubbling in Judge Longstreet's studies of Georgia families. One evening at Airy Mount the host made this candid criticism to his guest, the Judge, whereupon "Little Ben" was read aloud to the fireside audience until convulsions of laughter refuted the criticism and exhibited the



THE WREN'S NEST.

Home of the late Joel Chandler Harris, Atlanta, which will be open to visitors during the Reunion.

author's histrionic gift. And shall such tradition perish from the earth? A grand civilization as yet dimly limned in history was that to which belonged Longstreet, the Georgian, a founder of old Emory and that pioneer hall of fame so honorable to our loyalties.

Living the life of the Southerner to the full, Judge Longstreet's span of years held its richest expression of all that was finest and best. Such endowment and such achievement as was his has yet to receive merited recognition from the greater America that is to be re-formed when narrow Yankee prejudice ceases to censor literature and history. That time cannot be long withheld. Oblivion is not always to be purchased for Southern-born genius. Europeans and uninformed Americans would do well to study at this day the life and works of the delegate from Georgia who crossed swords with Brougham and learn more of the racial question then discussed. Just one glimpse of Judge Longstreet in his last days is here offered to justify the apology of Lord Brougham when he stood corrected before the American delegate: "During the War between the States he spent some time with his kindred in or near the little village of Enon, in Eastern Alabama. The war had broken up the village school, and, seeing that the little boys and girls were left without instruction, he set up for them an open-air academy of unique pattern. Seated under the wide-spreading branches of a shade tree, the white-haired sage called the children around him and taught them orthography, reading, writing, and arithmetic, the moist, clean sand serving as copybook and blackboard. He had some pet arithmetical theories and methods which he thus put into practice, much to his own satisfaction and to the delight of his little pupils. That was a happy little school. The gentleness of the venerable teacher overcame the timidity of the shy little lassies and the awkwardness of the bashful country lads, while his quaint humor and funny little stories held them a delighted band. The little negro children shared in the privileges of this peculiar school, their black faces wreathed in smiles and their white teeth visible. Holding as he did the strongest proslavery views, the negro race had no truer friend than Judge Longstreet, a paradox hard to reconcile by those who looked at the question from a distance, but readily understood by those who inherited the institution of slavery and were brought up in the midst of its peculiar conditions. The ex-President of the University of South Carolina and of Emory College teaching little negro children the rudiments of learning almost within hearing of the bugles of the Yankee cavalry then raiding the vicinity is a picture that tells its own story."

A CLOSE CALL.

BY A. J. CONE, RALEIGH, FLA.

In the second battle of Cold Harbor, 1864, Hood's old division, embracing his old brigade, constituted of the 1st, 4th, 5th Texas and the 18th Georgia Regiments, was drawn up in line of battle, and just in our front and running parallel with our line was an impassable jungle with considerable water therein, and only about thirty yards away. Picks and shovels were provided us (we knew what that meant), and we went to work with great enthusiasm to make our position more formidable; yet we knew from a cursory view of our position that not a living Yankee could by any possible means get to our works through the jungle in our front. We could hear them on their side ordering the attack, and we were sure they would soon be seen by us, though not in line of battle, for that was impossible; and soon we observed them coming



GEN. JOHN B. GORDON, C. S. A.

in single file, struggling through the water and the vines. We opened a deadly fire on the places where they were trying to get through the bog and mass of tangle and kept at it for the space of half an hour, not seeing a single man, neither did they get in sight of us or fire a single gun.

With the sure position we had all enjoyed the fun. Sure of a crushing victory, I laid aside my accouterments—knapsack, blanket, and even haversack and cartridge box. In this seemingly safe place every one of the boys entered the unequal combat with the greatest zest and zeal of victory already achieved. Certainly the slaughter must have been fearful to the enemy as they came on in single file, and one shot may have killed or wounded half a dozen men, one right behind the other.

But in battle, as in every other activity, changes come—and quickly too—that shatter all plans and hopes. In this battle Company K formed our extreme right, and General Hoke's North Carolina troops on our right left a vacant space of a hundred yards, and through this gap the enemy came rushing, causing Company K to retreat precipitately. I had been firing so rapidly that my gun got hot, and the bullet could not be sent home. I was so intent in ramming the ball down that I did not hear any order to retire, neither did I hear any noise when our men left the works. All vanished as silently as spirits, and when I awoke to the real situation, looking toward Company K, I saw the Yankees clambering over their breastworks, not twenty paces from me. I jumped out of the ditch, leaving all my equipment, and began to limber to the rear amidst a chorus of "Halt there!" But being young and active, with nothing to impede my progress, I sprinted away at a breakneck speed, though only about twenty yards from a full company. A volley was fired at me, and the

[Continued on page 396.]

THE MUTATIONS OF WORDS.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

It is not an unknown occurrence in the history of nations during seasons of political vicissitude or convulsion that the science of lexicography and the mutations of words, illustrated and reflected in the development of dictionaries, reveal and interpret the ideals and standards of patriotism (as they conceive them) that characterize the spirit and genius of a people. Examples in proof of my generalization rise spontaneously to memory, and within the present week one has arisen that comes home to the very heart of our "Southern story" with its significant and resistless comment.

In the American press of August 25 there appeared a dispatch from London to the effect that the New English or Oxford Dictionary in a supplement to be issued at an early day would incorporate the term *Huns* as a legitimate and accurate epithet, descriptive of the Kaiser and all those who participated in his campaign of desolation in Belgium and France or who were in sympathy with his attitude as a supreme architect of ruin to the regions lying prostrate at the feet of his advancing hordes. Dr. Henry Bradley, editor in chief of the dictionary, distinctly states that the odious acceptance of the word is to be attributed to Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Hun Is at the Gate," published during the earlier stages of the recent European conflict. Its notes fell upon responsive ears, and the assimilating power of the press speedily assured its abiding fame. The New English Dictionary, in the sphere of lexicography, is the noblest achievement of British, if not of European, scholarship. In range, minuteness of detail, delicate and penetrating discernment, richness and affluence of citation from every period of our linguistic evolution, the work stands without peer or rival. Yet its almost omniscient editors have failed to discover that the Huns were stigmatized nearly sixty years ago—to be exact, in 1861—by Henry Timrod, our most brilliant and gifted Southern lyric poet, in the fourth and seventh stanzas of his "Carolina." The empire of the Hohenzollerns became an accomplished and grim historic creation a decade later, 1871, but there lay at our Southern doors many concrete types of

Hunishness unsurpassed in malignity and diabolism by the most luxuriant varieties that bore up the banners of the German legions. The distinction was in race, not in character; in blood, not in spirit or vital essence. The "Huns" of Timrod—Sherman, Sheridan, Milroy, Hunter—were the prototypes and harbingers of the Huns who sacked Louvain and waged war upon mothers and children in France and in Belgium. Let our poet, however, bear witness for himself. We turn to his "Carolina," cantos four and seven, our first example being quoted from number four, stanza third:

"Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!"

From canto seven, stanza third:

"Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!"

Is it just or becoming, however, above all in us of the South, to impute blame or censure for this unfortunate omission, involving a chronological error of nearly threescore years, to the editors of the Oxford Dictionary? To illustrate my meaning in concrete and specific form, the most accurate and comprehensive work of its character ever issued in America (I have in mind Bartlett's "Dictionary of Familiar Quotations"), including both prose and poetry, does not contain a single reference to Lanier, Timrod, Randall, Ticknor, or a single line drawn from their rich and varied range of productivity, Lanier being a master of the critical sphere as well as a consummate artist in "the other harmony" of verse. A Briton or a New Englander would never infer or imagine the existence of a Southern poet from a perusal of Bartlett. Not a marvel is it, but rather a logical result, that a Northern scholar associated with one of our foremost universities in the capacity of historical professor asked me at no remote period in the past, "Who is Henry Timrod, upon whose works you are lecturing"? Assuredly we cannot hold the editors of the Oxford Dictionary to account when the light, or rather



darkness, of our own record in reference to these lords of melody is brought to bear upon us. The story of Spenser and Otway is not richer in all the elements of pathos than that of Timrod and Lanier. Each of them might justly assume the part of "Child Roland" in a drama devoted to the portrayal of heroic ideals as revealed in the history of literature.

More than two years ago I directed attention to the special significance implied in the term "Hun" as employed by Timrod in his "Carolina" (1861) through the medium of the American press. Yet when ages have passed over us an English poet bears off the palm awarded by the most renowned of tribunals in the sphere of scholarly attainment, and the Southern lyricist receives no meed of praise or voice of recognition, above all at the hands of those in whose behalf he had poured his heart's blood into the notes "he gave to glory" in "Charleston," "Carolina," "Carmen Triumphale," "Christmas," "soul-animating strains, alas! too few."

Is it not with a sense of shame, as well as regret, that we recall the ludicrous errors that have so frequently marred our collections of Southern war poetry, flagrant blunders in regard to the origin, authorship, time, and circumstances of fashioning into artistic form by the shaping spirit of imagination? Even "Stonewall Jackson's Way" and Randall's peerless ode have not been immune from the contagious tendency to deviation from truth which has been characteristic of more than one of our Confederate editors and annotators. When the existence of Henry Timrod has been challenged in the cultured academic circles of New England and our lyricist assigned to the dream world of fantasy, with what pretense of reason or claim of consistency can we impute negligence or ignorance to an editor beyond the seas who has never looked upon his works nor heard even the echo of his name? Timrod's genius in 1861 impressed upon the term "Huns" the specific significance which Kipling reproduced with the advent of the European war. The difference lies in chronology and racial application. Timrod's "arrows of flame" were "headed and winged" against the Northern Huns of our American conflict, 1861; the shafts of Kipling were brought to bear upon the German type which wrought the desolation of Belgium and France, 1914-18, whose harbingers and heralds were Sheridan and Sherman. The moral essence is identical; the distinction involves the element of times and epochs alone.

It is to be regretted that our Carolina poet has been deprived of the philological as well as literary fame associated with the fortunes of a word which has become historic in both England and America. More to be deplored is the fact that some of the oracles of our Southern culture are so completely absorbed in self-prostration before the shade of Abraham Lincoln that they have neither leisure nor disposition to cherish and conserve the memory of their own lords of melody. The "Gettysburg speech" exhausts the measure of their intellectual capacity and the range of their oratorical aspirations. If some St. Paul of our modern world should appeal to "your own poets" in confirmation or corroboration of his reasoning, as the apostle to the Gentiles did in addressing an Athenian audience on Mars Hill, his voice would in large degree fall upon irresponsive and unheeding ears. The notes of our dead songsters would seem as strains from fairy realms, awaking "no deed from sleep" or fading echoes of a heroic and irreclaimable past.

VOX POPULI.—In all our associations, in all our agreements let us never lose sight of this fundamental maxim, that all power was originally lodged in, and consequently derived from, the people. We should wear it as a breastplate and buckle it on as our armor.—George Mason, 1775.

HONOR TO SOUTHERN GENIUS.

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The VETERAN has contained some well-deserved criticisms of the bold claims of the North, the New England part of it especially, to preëminence in inventions, writers, poets, etc. A perusal of the book entitled "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-to-Be," given to the world by that cultured and refined Georgia woman, Mrs. Howard Meriwether Lovett, representative of the highest ideals and best traditions of Southern womanhood, puts many of these claims to the test of accuracy. It is not denied that the North has given many inventions, noted men, and heroes to the world, but many inventions that are claimed by them as first and heroes that are claimed as preëminent do not and cannot stand the test of the records. "The ride of Paul Revere" is held up as a wonderful achievement. That ride was made without being surrounded by the enemy. How does it compare with the ride of Sarah Dillard to Cedar Springs, S. C., in July, 1780, who, after hearing Ferguson, the British commander, say at her house, after she had prepared supper by his order for him and his men, that he was going to ride to Cedar Springs that night to surprise and capture the "Rebels" encamped there, stole out of the house while they sat at the table, bridled an unbroken colt, and, without saddle, mounted and rode away through the darkness alone to tell the patriots of Ferguson's coming? Paul Revere was a man, Sarah Dillard a woman. Which was the more heroic?

Though I have not the record evidence to establish it as a fact, I believe I can show constructively that Sarah Dillard was the sister of Thomas Stovall, the great-grandfather of Pleasant A. Stovall, our Minister to Switzerland. Thomas Stovall was born in Henry (or Amherst) County, Va., about 1755. He had a sister, Sarah, who married a Dillard in Henry County, Va., about 1776-78, and in 1780 she would have been in the full vigor of young womanhood. Many Virginians removed from the Henry County, Va., section to South Carolina and Georgia (Wilkes County) about 1776-78, and Captain Dillard was doubtless one of them.

As to "Inventors and Their Inventions," my article in the VETERAN sometime last year showed conclusively, on the authority of "Pickett's History of Alabama," that a cotton gin was in operation at Mobile and one at Pascagoula, Miss., more than twenty years before Whitney invented (?) his gin, after getting the general idea from others who had formulated a machine for doing this work. Now comes Mrs. Lovett's book, in which it is shown that the great-grandfather of Judge William F. Eve, of Augusta, Ga., "had made a cotton gin while living in the Bahama Islands during the Revolutionary War." Except that this gin had "rollers with teeth in them," the principle of action was similar to that in the gin described in Pickett's history of Alabama. I knew Judge Eve in his young boyhood, as well as his venerable and lovely father and mother. All this would seem to negative any claim to the invention of the cotton gin by a New Englander. In a previous article in the VETERAN I wrote of the invention by Thomas Cooper, of Hancock County, Ga. (the father of Hon. Mark A. Cooper, of Etowah, Ga.), about 1793, of a gin for the short-staple (upland) cotton.

In the invention of the sewing machine credit is given to Elias Howe, of Connecticut, by letters patent in 1845. Another case of a New Englander appropriating the product of the brain of a Georgian, as it is shown by Mrs. Lovett's book that Dr. Frank R. Goulding, of Georgia, invented this same machine in 1842. Howe, while on a visit to Georgia, met Dr. Goulding, who showed him his machine, with whose mecha-

nism he familiarized himself, and on his return North set it up, taking out letters patent in 1845. Dr. Goulding's idea in giving his invention for the good of the women at large had none of the Yankee faculty for making money out of it, and thus he lost the credit for its invention. The little "Silver Bird" for holding the mother's work I remember very well. My mother had and used one of them for many years. Until up around eighty years of age she did the most beautiful needlework. That most interesting boys' book, "Young Marooners," was given to the world by Dr. Goulding.

Mrs. Lovett's book shows that William Longstreet, of Georgia, was ten years in advance of Fulton in inventing the steamboat, and that three years before he put the Clermont on the Hudson River William Longstreet demonstrated his invention of the steamboat on the Savannah River at Augusta, Ga. Judge Augustus B. Longstreet, his son, was one of the most brilliant and learned men this country has produced. That inimitable character book, "Georgia Scenes," was written by him. I have seen in the Public Library in Washington a revised copy of this book, which has none of the charm of the original. My mother knew some of the characters in this book. I have often heard her speak of Ned Brace, the singer (?), who lived in Jasper County, Ga., where she was born in 1818.

While the first attempt at railroad operation was that of a few miles out of Baltimore about 1825, the first railroad of any length in the world was the South Carolina Railroad, extending from Hamburg, S. C., just across the Savannah River from Augusta, Ga., to Charleston, S. C., a distance of one hundred and thirty-seven miles. This road was completed about 1830-31. Between Hamburg and Aiken, S. C., there were some ravines which were spanned by trestles, but near Aiken was an especially deep and wide one, and for many years this was negotiated by the aid of a stationary engine at Aiken, which by a long pulley hawser aided the engine in bringing the train up the hill to Aiken, that being the long side of the ravine. In later years a trestle spanned this ravine, and it was filled in, making the solid roadbed that now exists and has existed for many years. After rising the hill the track was laid down the center of the street to the depot, which was near where the present freight depot stands. Away back in the fifties Mr. John Marley was the agent of the railroad at Aiken. I remember him very distinctly when as a small boy I visited my aunt, Mrs. George B. Lythgoe, whose husband was one of the engineers employed in the building of this road. In later years he built the Blue Ridge Railroad from Anderson to Walhalla, S. C., now a branch of the Southern Railway. That gallant soldier and gentleman, Augustus Jackson Lythgoe, colonel of the 19th South Carolina Regiment, C. S. A., who was killed at the head of his regiment in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862, was the son of this railroad builder, George Birkenhead Lythgoe. His youngest child was named Issaqueena (now Mrs. Addison C. Harmon, of Savannah, Ga.), after the beautiful falls of that name in the northwestern part of South Carolina. On the South Carolina Railroad between Hamburg and Aiken are the great kaolin beds, owned by Mr. Barney Dunbar Lamar, known as the "Kaolin King," the son of Col. Thomas G. Lamar, C. S. A., who was killed in the battle of Secessionville, near Charleston, S. C., in 1862-63.

For many years before and after the building of the South Carolina Railroad Hamburg was the market for Middle and North Georgia, Northwest South Carolina, Western North Carolina, East and Middle Tennessee, and North Alabama. From these sections cotton and produce of all kinds were hauled by wagon, and goods for the people of these sections

were taken back by the wagons. Goods from the Northern markets came to Savannah, Ga., by vessels, thence up the Savannah River to Hamburg. For many years, even long after the war of the sixties, boats were poled up the river above Augusta, carrying freight to different landings. I recall the name of one engaged in this business in the seventies, operated by Stevenson, more familiarly called Stinson by the negroes.

In those days (1830-70) and until a few years before the war of the sixties, when light "T" rails were installed by some of the railroads, the tracks were made by fastening with heavy spikes flat iron about three-quarters of an inch thick by three inches wide to stringers laid parallel on the cross-ties. Even after the war, as late as the early seventies, a part of the now Southern Railway between Columbia, S. C., and Charlotte, N. C., was laid with this flat iron.

I remember traveling from Macon to Atlanta, Ga., in 1852 with my mother on this flat-iron track, and William Arnold Huff, of Macon, was the conductor. This road was then known as the Macon and Western Railroad (now Central of Georgia), a continuation of the old Monroe Railroad from Macon to Eorsyth, Ga. The time between Macon and Atlanta was about ten hours, the distance one hundred and three miles. Stops were made about every ten miles or so to take on wood and water (no coal burners in those days), and at stations passengers had to go to the baggage car and claim their baggage. Now travelers can check baggage from New York to San Francisco, to the hotel they wish to stop at. At Atlanta "old man Thompson" kept the hotel, located where the Kimball House was built after the war. I can see the old frame building now, situated on rising ground, with its broad piazzas and shade trees all around. In front was a park occupying the space bounded by Pryor, Decatur, Wall, and other streets I cannot now recall. This space was built up after the war with business houses.

Of the poets, I refer to only a few of the noted Southerners in that field. Where are any finer gems found than in the poems of Henry Timrod, Paul Hayne, James R. Randall, and Sidney Lanier? I knew these last two personally. I went to school with Lanier in 1855, and the last time I saw him was in 1879 in Augusta, Ga., when I heard him draw heavenly music from that magic flute he played so divinely. I do not deem myself competent to speak of the transcendent qualities of these men and others who swell the list of noted writers of the South.

Save a few able men from the North, who were in Congress up to 1861 who dominated that body in point of brains, culture, and statesmanship? The Senators and Representatives from the South. And, in my opinion, this superiority was doubtless a large factor in bringing about the war of the sixties. Envy and jealousy of the South had as much to do with it as the slave question.

In speaking of the war some years ago with a Republican adherent he referred to the "rebellion of the South." I asked him what it rebelled against. He replied: "Why, against the government of the North." The North assumed that it was the government, and this feeling is still latent with some in the North, though the South has proved its loyalty to the government in the last two wars, a Southern soldier, Sergt. Alvin C. York, of Tennessee, standing out as the grandest figure in achievement in the great world war just ended.

General Grant's injunction, "The war is over; let us have peace," struck some bone(y) heads, glancing off without penetrating their brains or hearts. And now some Senators are arrogating to themselves the brains of the country and consider themselves keepers of its honor and integrity in the

peace settlement. Who are the statesmen in Congress now? There are some very able men there, but how many who rise above the politician?

The story of Zora Fair and her heroic adventure takes me back to the old mill and dam across Yellow River, which she crossed. It was there that, long "befo' de war," we boys went from Oxford to go in washing. On the way we went across the Flat Rock, an outcropping of Stone Mountain at Decatur, Ga. I can see and smell the fragrance of the yellow jasmine and honeysuckle that covered this beautiful spot, the picnic ground. Alas! how changed now from those happy days! What happy days those were!

"Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-to-Be" should be in every Southern home, and it would doubtless enlighten many Northern ones.

The following in the *Star*, Washington, D. C., June 10, 1919, is a claim that is misleading: "The first woman's college in the United States, incorporated as such under the laws of the State, was Elmira College, chartered as Auburn Female University in 1852 and transferred to Elmira the following year." Wesleyan Female College, at Macon, Ga., was the first chartered female college in the world. Its charter was granted in 1836, sixteen years prior to the time referred to above. Another instance of claiming credit as being first where it does not belong.

THE LANIER BROTHERS, OF GEORGIA.

[The following is also contributed by Frank Stovall Roberts, of Washington, a boyhood friend of the Laniers.]

Sidney and Clifford Anderson Lanier were the sons of Mr. Robert S. Lanier, of Macon, Ga., a prominent lawyer for many years before and after the war of the sixties. His partner was Judge Clifford Anderson, who was a member of the Confederate Congress and an attorney-general of the State of Georgia, and Judge Anderson's sister was the mother of Sidney and Clifford Lanier. It is of the boyhood of these brothers that I desire to write, and in this brief sketch I believe I can present very clearly their characters.

In 1855 my brother Joseph ("Jody") and I attended the school in Macon taught by the Rev. Jacob Danforth, which the Lanier brothers also attended. I recall these two boys so distinctly, how immaculate they always were in their dress and appearance, betokening the gentlemen, and they were very studious, standing high in their classes. Of quiet and dignified manner, they did not indulge in the rougher sports of the boys, but they were not too proud to participate in our recreations. Courage was a predominant trait in their characters, while gentleness dominated their dispositions. We were school fellows for only a short time, but the impression they made on me has lasted a lifetime. Our family removed from Macon shortly after this time, and our lives fell apart, not coming together again until after the war, when we met in Macon.

At the call of the South in 1861 Sidney Lanier, nineteen, and Clifford, seventeen years of age, responded and bore their parts bravely and well to the end. These brothers were glorious types of thousands of the youth of the South who answered the call to come to the defense of their loved land, who gave their lives on the battle field or died from wounds and disease, the result of hardships and imprisonment. Sidney Lanier remained in Macon for several years after the war, and there he married the accomplished Miss Mary Day. To them two sons were born, one of whom died a few years ago in New York. The other one, Henry Day Lanier, is



BIRTHPLACE OF SIDNEY LANIER, MACON, GA.

still living there, I believe, connected with a leading magazine.

The last time but one that I saw Sidney Lanier was in February, 1876, when I attended a concert at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, in which he played first flute, and what heavenly music he evoked from that instrument! He seemed inspired, and never have I heard one who brought more, if as much, out of it. The instrument seemed instinct with life, telling of the tenderness of his soul. He was the incarnation of music.

When Mrs. J. Monroe Ogden (Miss Gussie Lamar, the "song bird of the South"), of Macon, died, the editor of the *Telegraph* wrote: "What a gush of song went out when she died!" The same sentiment applies to the death of Sidney Lanier.

Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Ga., on the 3d of February, 1842, and a picture of the house in which he was born is here given. It is located on High Street, on a terrace overlooking a pretty little triangular park, which the city might appropriately name "Lanier Place," and it is to be hoped that in time a life-size statue of this peerless gentleman and soldier of the Confederacy, gifted scholar, poet, and musician may be erected. It would be fitting indeed if the Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C., of Macon, could acquire this home as a shrine for future generations to visit.

Clifford Anderson Lanier was born at Griffin, Ga., April 18, 1844, and died a year or two ago at Montgomery, Ala., to which city he went to live shortly after the close of the war, and there he married. He was a writer of some note, also a musician.

HIS SILENT FLUTE.

To S. L., 1881.

Each life is tinct with joyousness and pain:
A web of measured silences and sound
In subtle plan of patterns deftly wound,
And with a heart of love is music. Rain,
Sunshine are tides of one wavering main
Whose throbbing bears the prow of life to port.
E'en on the parapet of Hatred's fort
Some bruised violet of love will fain
Its banner wave for brotherhood and God;
Such alternates do flock the whole vast round.
A star, a comet lost is a planet found.
This comfort would I take from star and clod;
I hear it murmuring from his silent flute:
"Death is not death, but life that's briefly mute."

—Clifford Lanier.

A GREAT GAME OF STRATEGY.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., CHAPLAIN OF QUARLES'S
BRIGADE, ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

Perhaps the history of warfare furnishes no more remarkable display of consummate skill in strategy than the campaign in Northern Georgia, in which two accomplished masters of the science and art of war contended, striving to bring the campaign to an issue in a great battle whose result should be the destruction or scattering of the defeated army. General Sherman, with practically unlimited resources and with an army of one hundred thousand veteran soldiers, sought to force his way to the heart of the Confederacy. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, with about half as many men and with poor equipment, contested every step of the way.

General Sherman wished to force his adversary into a battle where his own vast superiority of men and means would assure him the victory. On the other hand, General Johnston sought to force his enemy to fight where the advantages of position would be so greatly with the Confederates that it would make up for his inferiority in men and resources. If the Federal army could destroy their opponents, the way would be open to the rear of General Lee's army in Virginia. On the other hand, if the Federal army were decisively defeated far from its base of supplies, its retreat through a hostile country would end in its destruction, and the way would be open to the rich fields of Tennessee and Kentucky and to an abundant recruiting ground for the Southern armies. The farther General Sherman was drawn from his base in Chattanooga, the more disastrous would be his defeat; and the nearer General Johnston was to Atlanta when the decisive battle was fought, the more easily could he save his army in case of defeat by retiring into his stronghold.

Thus the Southern general was daily fighting behind breast-works and losing few men in comparison with the losses of his enemy, who was attacking him, and so the disparity in numbers of the two armies was reduced, and the fighting was getting to be on nearer equal terms. Federal dispatches to

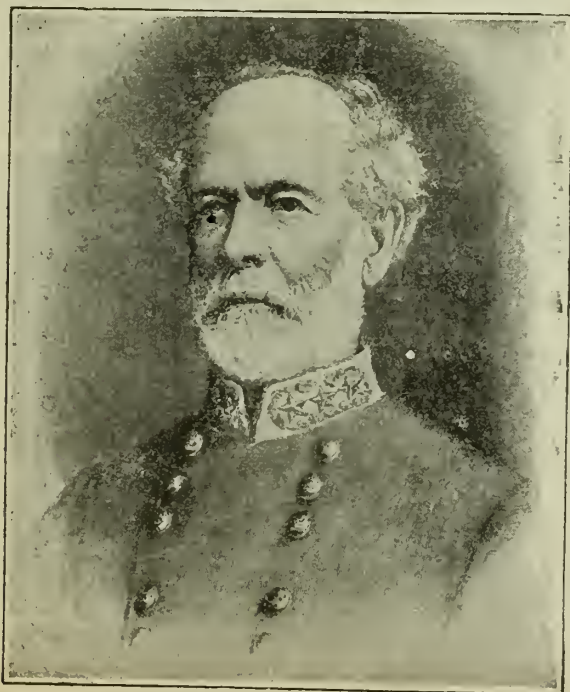
Washington stated: "Johnston retires slowly, leaving nothing and hitting hard if crowded." His theory of war seemed to be to give up territory where necessary rather than sacrifice the army; and if the army gained the victory by retiring to a better position, it would be easy to regain the territory. He gave up only certain positions, but he lost none of the things needed for fighting.

It is going beyond my depth for me to try to explain the plans of generals. I am only telling the comments that I heard from soldiers, privates as well as officers, in accounting for the retreat of our army before General Sherman's advance. We all expected that when "Old Joe" got ready to fight we would win. I heard this remark often when we abandoned a position and fell back: "Well, I don't see why we have to fall back again, but 'Old Joe' knows what he is doing. He will show them Yankees a thing or two when he gets 'em where he wants 'em." They believed that he would not sacrifice them needlessly, and that if he ordered them into the imminent deadly breach it was because he saw it was necessary. Men were willing to face death for such a leader. I believe they would have followed him to the Gulf of Mexico without a murmur.

They all loved and trusted him, and none the less because they knew that he had a habit of getting himself shot in nearly every battle. He was quiet, reserved, dignified, yet he was brave almost to recklessness. There seemed to be something about him that won our devotion without any effort on his part. I remember the hot July day on which he was relieved. At first the men in our division refused to believe it; and one officer in our brigade threatened to put a man under arrest for spreading such a report that would damage the morale of the army. But when the order relieving him was read to us on parade, I saw rough, burly fellows sit down with their guns across their knees, and I heard them say as tears came to their eyes: "So it is true, and 'Old Joe' is gone. What will become of us now?" One thing impressed me about him. He was so thoughtful for the comfort of his men. He tried to get the best rations for them, and I recollect that for a while he had fresh vegetables issued to us. I don't recall just where it was, whether in Mississippi in 1863 or in Georgia in 1864. It was while we were resting for a time from active service.

We were expecting to make the decisive fight just when he was relieved. Of course we know not how it would have terminated, but we all believed that if he had been let alone a few days longer he would have won. But he was removed, and General Hood, lion-hearted, impetuous, dashing, was put in command. It was like putting "Mad Anthony" Wayne in place of George Washington.

While I was away in South Carolina gathering needed clothing for my regiment our brigade had been ordered from Mobile to the Army of Tennessee. It was about the middle of June, 1864, that I reached them as they were entrenched on Kenesaw Mountain, near Marietta, Ga. They had been in time to reinforce General Cleburne in the bloody battle of New Hope Church, on the 27th of May, when General Hooker's 4th Corps of the Federal army was repulsed with heavy loss. There had been constant skirmishing as our army was slowly driven back after the engagement. There had been heavy rains, often filling the trenches with water, until most of the men had a coating of Georgia mud dried upon them. But they were full of enthusiasm as they told of some of the heavy losses inflicted on the enemy with light loss to the Confederates. Their statements were afterwards confirmed by General Johnston's narrative, published after the war.



GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, C. S. A.



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RESACA, FIELD OF THE FIRST HEAVY FIGHTING.

Two days before the battle of New Hope Church Major General Stewart's division was attacked by the 20th Federal Corps and after two hours of fierce fighting repulsed the attack. This was on the 25th of May. On the 27th General Cleburne's division was heavily attacked by the 4th Corps of the Federals under General Hooker. In this action the Federals were repulsed, leaving seven hundred dead on the field by actual count. This indicates a loss of thirty-five hundred, counting four wounded to one killed. General Cleburne's loss was eighty-five killed and three hundred and sixty-three wounded, a total of four hundred and forty-eight. He captured two hundred and thirty-two prisoners and twelve hundred small arms. General Johnston estimated that the Federal loss on the 25th was equally as great.

Now, I mention these figures, which are official, to contrast them with statements of Northern writers referring to the same events. In a standard work by Charles E. Little, "Cyclopedia of Classified Dates," published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, in 1900, are these statements of the operations from May 25 to May 30: "1864, May 25, 26, Georgia, at Pumpkin Vine Creek, near Dalton, General Hooker has a severe but indecisive engagement with the Confederates under General Hood, losses about 1,000 each side. [Cleburne and Stewart were in Hood's Corps.] May 28, Georgia, near Pumpkin Vine Creek, General Hardee furiously attacks General McPherson and delays his union with General Hooker. General Sherman having outflanked the Confederates under General Johnston, they retreat to Lost Mountain. Loss, Federals, 300; Confederates, 2,500, besides 300 prisoners. May 30, General McPherson captures 400 prisoners."

This cyclopedia, evidently referring to the battles at New Hope Church, puts the losses of each side at 1,000. General Johnston gives Cleburne's loss as 448 and estimates Stewart's at about the same, while the losses of the Federals on the 27th were 3,500 and on the 25th estimated also 3,500, a total of 7,000. The cyclopedia makes the losses of the Confederates in six days 4,200, while General Johnston's official report of the losses of his three corps from May 19 to May 30, eleven days, was 2,005. It seems to be the policy of the Northern historians of the war to minimize the losses of the Federals and to exaggerate the losses of the Confederates.

When I reached our brigade, I found that the 4th and 30th Louisiana Regiments had been transferred to Gibson's Louisiana Brigade, and we were placed in a division with Rey-

nolds's Arkansas and Cantrey's (afterwards Shelly's) Alabama Brigade, with Major General Walthall in command of the division. General Walthall was from Mississippi and had won promotion by his gallantry and skill. He was one of the handsomest men in the army and one of the bravest. We became greatly attached to him. One of the officers of our regiment, Capt. A. F. Smith, was chosen a member of his staff.

Our brigade line on Kenesaw Mountain extended from a dirt road near the eastern foot of the mountain nearly half-way to the top. The rains had ceased, and for two weeks after I reached there we had delightful weather. There were frequent heavy bombardments of our works, with no serious damage, and there was one heavy assault on June 27, which met with a terrible repulse. There was some skirmishing at the rifle pits of the pickets, but on the whole it was a pleasant time we had.

Those bombardments came on sometimes so unexpectedly that they caught us unawares out of our holes. Generally about midday the negro cooks, who stayed in the rear, brought dinner for the officers who were their masters, and also wagons came to the line about that hour bringing rations for the men or needed ammunition. The rattle of the wagons sometimes attracted the attention of the Yankee artillerists, and they would turn loose a regular fusillade along the roads over which the wagons came. There was hurrying then of drivers and cooks to get back to safer quarters.

One of our captains, my closest friend, who was engaged to a lady of Mobile, like all love-lorn swains, loved to talk of his lady love. He had received a letter from her, and he asked me to go with him to a secluded spot where we would not be interrupted while he read part of the letter to me. Just across the road, about three or four hundred yards distant from our quarters, was a nook formed by some great bowlders which had fallen from the mountain. The place was thickly set with small trees or saplings. There we went, and he was in the midst of a glowing talk about his plans after the "cruel war was over" when one of those unseasonable cannonades began. We did not know but that it meant a charge upon our works. It would never do for us to be away from our post if there was to be a fight, so we started on a run to our places. When we came to that road, it seemed as if hundreds of shells were hurtling along its whole breadth and length and that it would be certain death to

attempt to cross it. The Yankee gunners had gotten the exact range and direction. We sought the protection of the trees standing near the road, but there was not one of them more than six inches in diameter, and as a shell cut down a bush we would try to shrink into smaller space. I was quite small, but my friend was a large man of nearly two hundred pounds weight. As he stood behind his sapling he tried to reduce his dimensions by stretching himself upward and drawing his sides inward until he was looking like a big lizard against a post. At last he gave it up with a laugh, calling to me: "Parson, don't you wish you were a shoe-string?" In a few minutes there was a let-up in the firing, and we dashed across the road and were soon safe in our hole.

Another of our officers had with him an old negro named Charles, who took good care of his master, foraging, cooking, and making himself generally useful. He was popular with all the brigade, white and black; but Charles had the most lively imagination, and he was a genius in inventing facts. On the smallest basis of fact he could build a grand edifice of events, which he gave out to his admiring colored friends after every visit to the lines. Here is a specimen. Charles was in "a weaving way." The more he talked, the more the story grew in details.

"I jes' tuk Mars Tom's dinner to him," said he, "and was stan'in' dar waitin' on him, and here come erlong a shell, zizzin' and fizzin', and struck top of a tree. Done tare it all to pieces. Den here come 'nother shell jes' a-whizzin' an' a-sizzlin' 'long. Hit a cabin. Went right through it like nothin' dar, but I ain't scared. Den here come 'nother great big shell, ker-chu, ker-chu! Struck old mule in de neck. Jes' knock he head windin'. I look at Mars Tom. He cool as cucumber, so I ain't scared yit. By an' by here come biggest kin' o' shell, spec' hundred poun's. It say: 'Whar is ye? Whar is he?'"

All the while Charles was getting more excited and didn't know what to hit on next, so he went on: "Dat shell went zooting 'long. I 'gin to git scared. Fus' thing I know dat shell hit me right on de haid. Den I lit out. Uh, uh! You oughter see me run!"

The eager listeners followed the story to the point. They

were silent for a moment, then one cried out: "Look here, Charles, what dat shell do to you?"

But Charles was equal to the occasion. He had gone a little too far, but he wouldn't come down an inch.

"Humph!" said he, "dat shell didn't faze me. Don't you see here I is?"

After that he was the "nigger that butted against a cannon ball."

Marietta, a very pretty town, is near Kenesaw, and there were quarters of the various officers who furnished our supplies, quartermasters, ordnance officers, and their clerks. They usually dressed well and were the beaux of the place. Of course they were held in sovereign contempt by the rank and file, who never lost a chance to guy them about their looks, clothes, and so on. I was told a story of an apology which a regiment tendered to a dudish young fellow. I don't vouch for its truth, and the young fellow, so my informant said, did not seem satisfied with the apology. The young officer was handsomely dressed and had a big mustache, waxed and pointed. He rode past a regiment drawn up in line, standing perfectly silent. As he came by one of the men remarked in a casual way: "Swallowed a rat. See his tail stickin' out?"

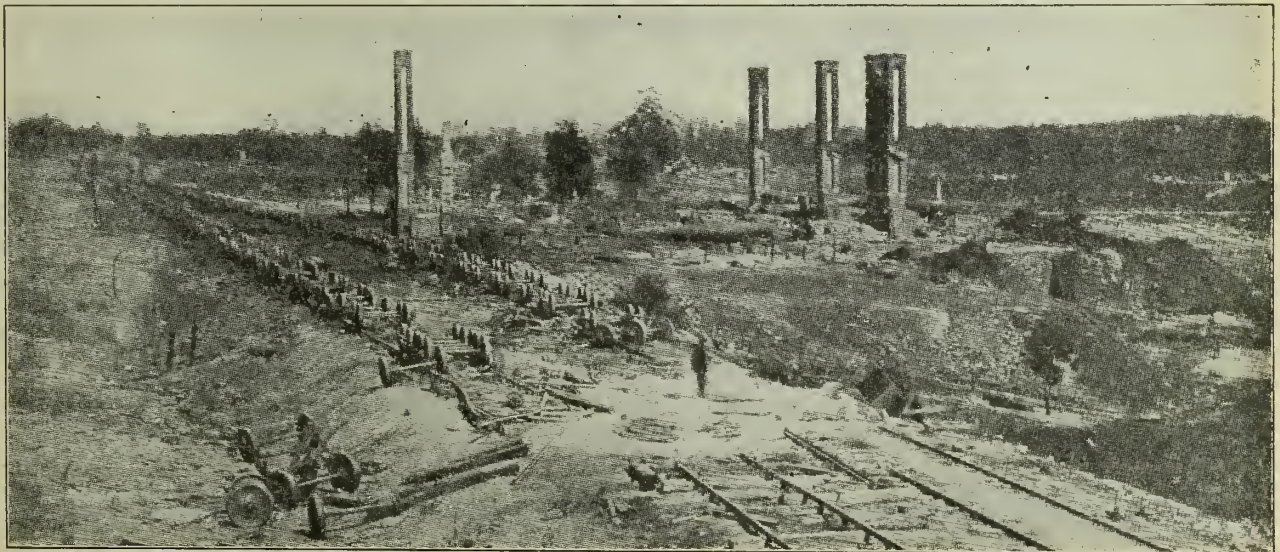
That started it. Another remarked in a deep bass voice: "Yes, swallowed a rat."

The next man in a clear tenor repeated: "Swallowed a rat."

Then a shrill treble said: "Swallowed a rat."

Thus it went down the line with every variety of voice and tone to the end: "Swallowed a rat."

The victim was furious, and he complained bitterly to the colonel that a man couldn't pass his regiment without being grossly insulted. The colonel was a kindly, good-natured man. He scolded the men roundly for their rough manners and told them that the young man whom they had insulted was a brave officer; that he would be going back in a few minutes and they must apologize, give him three cheers, or give some greeting that would show they didn't mean to insult him. He gave them the officer's name, and they promised to make it right with him. So as he got opposite the regiment on his return they were standing like so many graven images at present arms, every man looking straight ahead.



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THE WASTE OF WAR. WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE ROLLING MILL AND AMMUNITION TRAINS DESTROYED ON HOOD'S RETREAT FROM ATLANTA.

As he passed the end man remarked in a sepulchral voice: "He did not swallow a rat."

The next man in penitent tones said: "No, he did not swallow a rat."

The third spoke in a kind of meditative way: "No, he didn't swallow a rat."

And thus many took up the refrain, some of them very emphatic: "No, indeed, he did not swallow a rat."

But this was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the young man put spurs to his horse and fled, followed by: "Come back, sonny, and see us when you have more time to spend with us. Good-by."

Our line of intrenchments extended to the top of the mountain, where he had a battery. From this point the view was magnificent, taking in both armies. Artillery duels between our gunners and a Yankee battery across the valley were sometimes indulged in, usually with no serious results. Still, it was rather dangerous to stand exposed while the firing was going on, as the artillerists on both sides were quite skillful in their aim. General Polk was killed on Pine Mountain on the 14th of June by exposing himself to the fire of a battery of the enemy. Here on Kenesaw the gunners warned men to keep behind the breastworks.

One day I was strolling toward the top, and in front of me was a citizen of heavy weight, quite stout, who had come out from the town, and was toiling along up the steep mountain side behind the lines. He wanted to get the splendid view from the summit. He had left his horse hitched at the foot of the big hill, for the ascent was too abrupt for a horse to climb. About halfway up he stopped to rest, and a Yankee battery turned loose. There was opposite him an opening in the mountain side formed by a shelving rock projecting over the lower layers of stone. The opening faced away from the enemy and made a safe retreat. Into it he rolled the moment the first shell went over. Right in front of the little cavern was a small tree with bushy top. As I got to the place and was thinking I would take shelter in the opening, I saw my fat friend squatting in the entrance, his eyes stretched and his face blanched with fear. Just then a shell exploded in the top of the little tree, tearing the bushy branches off and scattering twigs and leaves all about. It was more than Falstaff could endure, although he was perfectly safe. He sprang out of his den as nimbly as a boy and hit the ground running. He went down that hill in 2:40 time, his speed increased by the bursting of a shell, and the boys in the trenches yelled after him: "Run, nigger, run, the paterol will ketch you!"

He didn't stop to get his horse. Indeed, he didn't stop running until he got into the town. He sent back for his horse. His mad flight reminded me of the story told of a panic-stricken soldier in Virginia. In one of the battles he became demoralized and was running from the field as fast as his legs could carry him when an officer tried to stop him with the question: "Man, what are you running for?"

And the answer came as he rushed by: "Jest 'cause I hain't got wings, and cain't fly."

The advance of General Sherman from the 20th of May to the 4th of July, 1864, was marked by almost constant fighting. With a force double that of General Johnston, he advanced about twenty miles, losing three or four times as many men as his adversary. Quarles's Brigade reached the Army of Tennessee on May 26 with 2,200 men. But I did not reach it until about the middle of June, so in these sketches I cannot give anything on my personal knowledge. But the men told me of what they had done, and I feel that it will make my story continuous to mention the order of events

until I rejoined the army on Kenesaw Mountain. I have confirmed the story by reference to the narrative of General Johnston, the story of Tennessee in the war written by Gov. J. D. Porter, and sketches of the Army of Tennessee by Capt. B. L. Ridley, of General Stewart's staff.

There seems to be some confusion in the minds of many of my old comrades as to the battle of New Hope Church, some putting it May 25 and some May 27. In fact, there were two battles of New Hope Church. On the 25th of May the 20th Federal Army Corps late in the afternoon assaulted General Stewart's division of Hood's Corps and were repulsed, losing heavily. Then on the 27th the 4th Federal Army Corps, under General Hooker, attacked Cleburne's Division, of Hardee's Corps, and were again repulsed with heavy loss. It was in this last battle that Quarles's Brigade participated and received the thanks of General Cleburne for timely aid. The statement in one of the histories that Quarles's rifle pits were attacked and all the assailants were killed or captured in this battle is a mistake. That occurred on the Kenesaw line June 27, and I was present. General Johnston states the Federal loss on the 27th of May in front of Cleburne as 3,500, and he says also that the Federals lost at least as many in front of Stewart on the 25th, making a total of 7,000 in the two battles.

It was on the 14th of June that General Polk, commanding our corps, was killed on Pine Mountain, an advance post of the Kenesaw line. He was one of the grandest men in our army, and his death brought sorrow to the whole country. General Loring, the senior division commander, was numbered 300. The total loss of the Federals must have Corps, and the loss in front of our corps, commanded by

It was on the 27th of June, just one month after New Hope Church, that General Sherman made another disastrous assault on our lines. The heaviest attack was made on Cheatham's and Cleburne's Divisions of Hardee's Corps. At one point, called the "Dead Angle," the loss of the Federals in killed was 800. There was also an attack on our brigade in rifle pits, and most of the assailants were killed or captured. I well remember it was reported that the killed and wounded numbered 300. The total loss of the Federals must have reached 8,000. There were 1,000 dead in front of Hardee's Corps, and the loss in front of our corps, commanded by General Loring, was estimated at 2,500.

It was two days afterwards that a truce was observed to bury the Federal dead. And I remember that by that time the odor of the dead men and horses in our front was becoming quite offensive. I was so engaged with our own brigade that I did not go to Dead Angle; but some of our officers went, and they were deeply impressed with the terrible slaughter of the Federals and also with their courage in making the assault. I had a cousin killed at Dead Angle, but I did not know of it until after he was buried.

I think it was two or three nights after this battle that we were awakened by volleys of musketry away to our left, and we were expecting to be ordered into line of battle when it stopped, and all was quiet. The next morning I asked what it meant. No one seemed to know, and the only explanation I ever heard was that it was a brigade firing on the lightning bugs.

We occupied Kenesaw Mountain until July 3, and there was frequent cannonading, but no further attack was made on us. General Sherman, finding that he could not break our lines by direct assault, resorted to his usual tactics and began to flank us, moving past and beyond our left.

Early in July it was announced that Maj. Gen. A. P. Stewart was promoted to the command of Polk's Corps, con-

sisting of the divisions of Loring, French, and Walthall. We Tennesseans were pleased with this appointment of a Tennessean, and he had our affection to the last.

General Stewart had won his way by faithfulness, courage, and capacity. He was a West Pointer, a trained soldier, a modest Christian gentleman, a leader who was thoughtful of the comfort of his men. He was a friend of the chaplains and was ever ready to promote their work. He was one of the coolest men in battle I ever saw, and his self-control under all circumstances was wonderful.

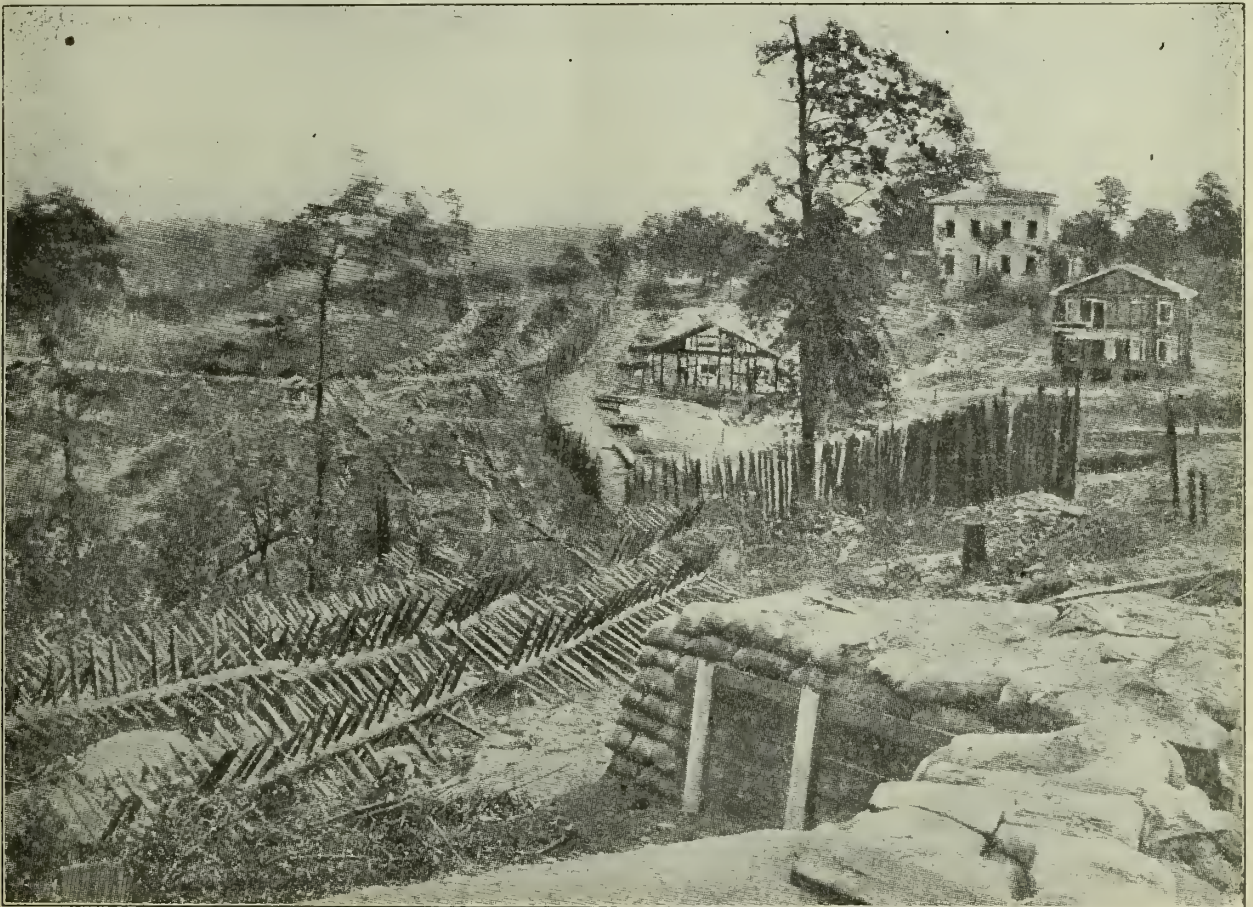
As an example of his consideration for his men, I have seen him, when we were on the march and had halted at the roadside to rest and he wished to pass through the line of tired men lying or sitting by the road, most politely ask the men to make room for him and his staff to get through and ride through slowly and carefully lest the horses trample some of the men. In contrast with this I have seen a brigadier with his staff dash through the line at full speed, crying, "Get out of the way there!" and the men rolled or scrambled to one side to escape the horses' hoofs.

I had the fortune to be near him in two or three most severe engagements, and I noticed him as he rode along encouraging the men. And he seemed to be as calm and composed as if he were in his room at home, and his tender sympathy was manifest. An instance of his self-restraint was told me by one who said he saw it. When he was commanding a division he saw an opportunity to capture a large Federal force that had unconsciously moved into a real trap. He

ordered one of his brigades to march to a position in the rear of the enemy and by no means to attack until he gave the signal, after getting his other two brigades in position. But the general in the rear of the Federals brought on the action too soon, and the enemy, thus warned, lost no time in retreating. General Stewart was fiercely indignant, and, riding up to the disobedient officer, every one expected an explosion of wrath; but, biting his quivering lips till they bled, he sat for a minute before he spoke. Then in quick, gentle words he said: "Sir, you have by your haste ruined a splendid opportunity. You are ordered under arrest."

General Sherman's vast superiority in numbers enabled him to keep a larger force than ours in our front and at the same time extend his line past either wing of our army as he might choose. After his heavy losses on Kenesaw, he moved a strong force past General Johnston's left and so made it necessary for him to retire to a new line, ten miles south of Marietta. On the night of the 4th of July we heard the Federals celebrating with music and oratory. We were near enough to hear the sound of the voices, but could not distinguish the words. We got into our new line by the 5th. It was noticeable that General Sherman was careful to fortify all of his positions as he advanced, although his forces were so much greater than ours.

This new line of ours was occupied for only a few days, when we had to move again. I don't remember that we had any fighting while we were at Vining Station. On the 7th Lieutenant General Stewart took command of our corps, and



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DEFENSES ABOUT ATLANTA, PALISADES AND CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE. THE OLD POTTER HOUSE, IN THE BACKGROUND, OCCUPIED BY CONFEDERATE SHARPSHOOTERS, WAS A SPECIAL TARGET FOR SHERMAN'S ARTILLERY.

all the rest of my service until after the disastrous battle of Nashville was under him. We crossed the Chattahoochee River, and I remember that the next day was Sunday, and I noticed that the men were busy washing themselves and mending their clothes, a thing they had not had a chance to do for several weeks.

Things were quiet for some days after we crossed the Chattahoochee. But we were all expecting a battle, probably the decisive battle of the campaign, when the announcement was made that General Johnston had been relieved and General Hood had been placed in command. There was bitter criticism of the President. I did not feel that the criticism was altogether just, for the President had to consider not merely the military situation, but also the effect of our retreat upon the political situation. Still, I do not believe that a loss of 10,000 men would have been as disastrous as the removal of "Old Joe." We all felt that a battle was imminent and were confident that we would win.

An illustration of the feeling of our men over the removal of General Johnston occurred after the fall of Atlanta. Mr. Davis visited the army, and it was drawn up for review. Our colonel was an enthusiastic man, and several who knew his temperament warned him not to call for cheers for the President. They told him that our men would not do anything to insult him, but they would not cheer him. So they urged the colonel to remain quiet in his position while the President passed, and the men would present arms and salute. He promised to do as advised. The President passed the Mississippi Division and was greeted with ringing cheers. Our colonel's enthusiasm got away with him. As the President came opposite us our colonel spurred his horse out of the line and, swinging his hat about his head, cried: "Three cheers for our President!" But there was no response. The men were as silent as the grave. I never pitied a man more than I did the crestfallen colonel as he got back into line. We all loved him, for he was a grand man and a lovable one, but the men felt that they had warned him. Mr. Davis passed on as if not noticing, saluting as he rode by.

For two months and a half the army under General Johnston had acted on the defensive, gradually retiring before a largely superior force, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy and saving all of its resources for the decisive battle which, it was believed, would have defeated General Sherman and destroyed his army. Suddenly all was changed. General Hood, impetuous, dashing, brave, was put in command, and he was expected to assume the aggressive, and he did.

When General Johnston was relieved on the 18th of July, we were expecting the big fight to come off right away. There was a general feeling of confidence among the men of our division. The expressions I heard were such as these: "'Old Joe' has got them where he wants them"; "Now we will do the attacking." In his narrative General Johnston says that his plan was to attack General Sherman before he could concentrate his army. But the change of commanders involved a delay of two days, and it was the 20th of July before the attack was made.

I remember that we were for several hours drawn up in line expecting to be ordered forward. It was late in the afternoon when the attack was made. It was my duty to select a place for the field infirmary, to which the wounded should be taken to the assistant surgeons. It was in the midst of thick woods, and I was separated from the command, and to the place which I selected only a few of our wounded were brought; so I can tell only of what occurred in my immediate observation.

It was evident that our attack was repulsed, and I heard

that Colonel White, of the 53d Tennessee, was killed or captured. What his fate was none ever knew. I have believed that in the woods where he fell his body lay undiscovered. I am strengthened in this belief by my discovery of the body of one of my regiment lying by a little woods road where he had fallen. I have told of the burying of this boy with the help of one of my litter corps who was with me. When the battle was over and our men were driven back, I was with this litter bearer between the lines, and it was some time before we got our bearings so as to go to our own lines. It was the only action I was in during the war in which I was separated from my brigade.

Two days after the failure of our first attack under General Hood another most determined assault was made by General Hardee's corps and Hood's Corps under General Cheatman, which was partially successful.

My memory of that day is emphasized by the double-quick time we made under the hot July sun. The Georgia militia were occupying part of our works, which Hardee had left as he advanced on the Federal position. Our brigade was ordered to take the place of the militia. I was told that the distance was five miles, and we made it in fifty-five minutes. I can't vouch for the distance, but I can for the time, for I noticed my watch as we started and again as we jumped into the trenches.

As we passed through the town we went by a large body of Federal prisoners. I was told there were 2,200. Our brigade set up a wild cheer as we passed them, and I heard a man behind me yell out: "Just look, the parson is a-holler-ing!" And so it was. In the excitement I was throwing up my hat and cheering as lustily as any of them. I usually had too much to look after to be making much noise, but here I did not have anything to do but to keep up with the boys and "holler."

I understood that Capt. Joseph Breckinridge was among the prisoners. He was a brother of our Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge and is now inspector-general of the United States army on the retired list. I heard that several of our Kentucky brigade who knew him offered him Confederate money to be used in prison, but he was so angry he refused it with contempt. It illustrates the tendency of Northern historians to minimize their losses that in the cyclopedia of dates, which I have before referred to, the loss of prisoners by the Federals in this battle is put at 100. I can't say there were 2,200 in the lot I saw, but it was many times more than 100. Our losses were very severe.

A ridiculous feature of the day was the actions of the militia. They were well provided with blankets, rations from home, and conveniences to make them comfortable. They had spread these things out and were expecting to occupy the trenches for some time, when they were notified that a Tennessee brigade was coming to take their place, and it was added significantly: "You would better gather up your things, or you can't find them after those boys get here." But the old fellows were in no hurry and didn't begin to pick up their belongings until they heard the sound of our coming, and in less than three minutes our men were swarming into the trenches, and each one picked up and appropriated whatever was handy. The countrymen stood amazed, and one of them asked me: "Whar did you-all come from?" And when I said, "From Tennessee," his reply was: "Wall, if I had a horse on my place that could run like you-all can, I would win all the money in Georgy racing him." I don't know whether he thought we had come all the way from Tennessee that day or not.

A week from the last-mentioned attack General Hood or-



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THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA AS SHERMAN LEFT IT.

dered another attack, this time on the right of General Sherman's line, in which our brigade suffered very heavily. The attack was first made by Lee's Corps, and the enemy were driven some distance into their works, when the division of Lee's Corps was repulsed, and Walthall's Division of Stewart's Corps made an assault, which was also repulsed with very heavy loss to us. This was to me, with the exception of the battle of Franklin, the most terrible of all my experiences of the war, and its details were more vividly impressed on my memory. Our brigade sent in 900 men, and in two hours we lost in killed and wounded 515. When the assault had failed, instead of withdrawing the men they were ordered to lie down. Part of our line was only twenty or thirty steps from the enemy's works and part at a greater distance. But it was two hours before they were withdrawn.

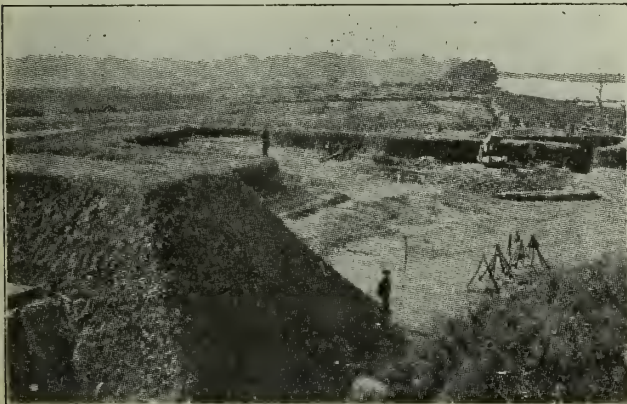
For nearly six weeks General Hood had held Atlanta. There had been some severe engagements, but our constantly diminishing force could not be replenished, while General Sherman's losses could be replaced indefinitely. His effort was to reach the railroads to the south and west of us and so cut us off from our sources of supply. If he could coop us up in Atlanta, the experience of Vicksburg would be repeated and the army starved and captured. I remember well the last three days of August. On the morning of the

29th, I think it was, there was suddenly a great quiet in front of us northward, and the enemy's camps in that quarter were deserted. It was reported that General Wheeler or General Forrest, with the cavalry, had destroyed the railroads in General Sherman's rear and that he was in full retreat. But it was also recognized as possible that he was simply playing his well-tryed game of flanking us. It became necessary to know certainly whether or not the bridge over the Chattahoochee River had been destroyed. If it had, then it meant retreat; but if it was still standing, it would indicate only a flank movement of the enemy. An order came to Quarles's Brigade to make a reconnoissance through the enemy's abandoned camps. Scouts were sent out with orders not to return until they had actually seen the conditions at the bridge. I went out with a squad of three of these scouts. As we passed through the site of their field hospitals there were plentiful evidences of their heavy losses. We came upon a little fire which seemed to have been recently used for cooking by a picket. A nice new coffeepot was on the coals, and one of us picked up a tin can containing about three pounds of toasted and ground coffee, which we appropriated, of course.

We met several squads, both cavalry and infantry, who were returning with the report that the bridge was certainly gone. None of them had actually seen it, but they had seen the smoke of its burning or heard the sound of axes chopping it down. There was a line of low hills that hid the river from view, and it was difficult to get to the top of these without being seen by the enemy if he still occupied the line of the river. At length we found a narrow backbone ridge covered with bushes and leading to the top of a hill overlooking the river. Up this ridge we crawled through the bushes, and when we reached the top there was the bridge in full view unharmed, with hundreds of wagons parked at each end of it. We at once reported what we saw.

It was plain that no retreat was under way, and pretty soon the sounds of skirmishing on our left flank of the army warned us that another big battle was imminent, for unless we could drive the Federal forces back we would have to give up Atlanta.

Two corps, Hardee's and Lee's, were sent to attack General Sherman's army, and for two days, August 30 and 31, at Jonesboro the battle was fiercely contested. Our losses were very heavy, and we failed to drive the enemy back.



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FORT M'ALLISTER, NEAR SAVANNAH, WHICH HELD THE
FEDERAL FLEET AT BAY.

Our corps (Stewart's), left to hold the city, was in line all day, the 31st, within hearing of the battle. Again and again did I hear men, eager for the fray, saying: "O, why are we kept here? Why don't we give up Atlanta and fall on Sherman's flank?" But all day long we remained inactive, while another corps was driven back. Then when night came we left the city and marched to join our comrades at Lovejoy Station.

I heard men of military ability say that if on August 31 General Stewart's corps of 10,000 or 12,000 men had been hurled on the flank of the Federal army it could have been disastrously defeated, and we could have marched back into Atlanta and taken the offensive against Sherman's defeated army.

The difference between Johnston's and Hood's plans seemed this: Johnston would give up a position to save his army, knowing that if at last he gained a victory the position could be regained. But Hood would sacrifice his army to retain a position, which was sure to be lost in the sacrifice of his army.

Thus ended the long struggle for the possession of Atlanta. General Sherman, in possession, drove out the inhabitants, setting them adrift, homeless and penniless, to find such refuge as they could among their friends in the South. It was in accordance with his theory of war—to make it hell—to make women and children suffer as a means of making men lay down their arms. It was the policy of his "march to the sea," in which he boasted of destroying \$100,000,000 of property, the means of subsistence of helpless noncombatants. It was his policy as he burned his way through South Carolina, turning thousands of women and children out of their homes to freeze and starve. We hear and read endless wails over Southern cruelty to prisoners at Andersonville, where every death could have been prevented by an exchange of prisoners, but exchange was absolutely refused; where the prisoners received the same rations as our army received; yet we hear of no pity for the thousands of women and children and old men who perished of cold and hunger in the line of march of this modern Attila. One has but to read the accounts of this march as given by General Sherman himself and by the war correspondent, Whitelaw Reid, once Ambassador to Great Britain, to know that it was a blot on modern civilization.

After leaving Atlanta our army lay at Lovejoy Station and at Palmetto, Ga., for three weeks before starting on our disastrous campaign into Tennessee. It was in this time that President Davis visited us and reviewed the troops, when there occurred the refusal of our brigade to cheer him.

One of the most remarkable things about our army was its spirit under all of its discouragements. In spite of defeat and disaster, the men were just as ready to undertake the campaign into Tennessee as if victory had followed them in all the past months. On this review they were full of confidence, eager to be led against the enemy. They believed in themselves and their cause.

HIGH MORALE.—Henry Van Dyke, former Minister to the Netherlands, tells this: "The morale of the Allied soldiers is always excellent. They joke about their wounds. I met a wounded young American aviator from the Escadrille Lafayette at a tea. He sat in a bath chair, with his two crutches at his side. 'How is the leg coming on?' I said. 'Well, anyhow,' he laughed, 'it isn't coming off.'"

SERVICE WITH VAN DORN'S CAVALRY.

BY W. P. M'MINN, SUMMERFIELD, TEX.

After we fell back to Holly Springs in October, 1862, we had about one month's rest. At this time I had seen about a year's service in the army. In November General Grant moved from Jackson, Tenn., down the Illinois Central Railroad, his object being Vicksburg and General Van Dorn's army. His army outnumbered Van Dorn's about two to one. As he advanced Van Dorn fell back to the Tallahatchie River at Abbeville and began fortifying. There was not much fighting, only a few cavalry skirmishes. At one time part of Grant's army was out on a scout and led Lieutenant Colonel Montgomery (Colonel Penson being wounded) into an ambush and got his men badly stampeded, about thirty of them being captured.

General Grant advanced to Holly Springs, and General Van Dorn got all of the negroes he could and put them to work fortifying. Our regiment did picket and scout duty between the two armies, keeping Van Dorn informed as to the movements of Grant.

About the 10th of December, 1862, General Grant made an advance toward Van Dorn's army. At the same time he sent General Washburn with several thousand men out on a flank movement on Van Dorn and to strike him in the rear. General Washburn advanced as far as Oakland, Miss., and Van Dorn fell back to Grenada and went to fortifying on the Yalobusha River.

General Van Dorn sent all of the cavalry into Grenada with orders to cook ten days' rations and to be ready to start by midnight. At midnight we were ordered to "Saddle up," "Fall in line," and "March"—to where we had no idea. We marched in an easterly direction all the remainder of the night and nearly all of the next day, passing through Calhoun County. The next evening we began to go toward the north. We traveled all the next night, stopping only about two hours to rest and feed. Then the bugles sounded, and we were up and away. We passed through Pontotoc County and through New Albany, on the Tallahatchie River, early in the morning of the second day; then on to Ripley, where we fed our horses and rested. Eben Young's horse died that day. We spent the afternoon there. All of us were wondering where we were going. Some thought one place and some another. When orders came to mount, we started west in the direction of Holly Springs. Then we all knew we were making for Holly Springs and Grant's rear.

When night came on we started, and our orders were not to make any unnecessary noise nor speak above a whisper. It was very dark, and we could neither see nor hear anything except an occasional owl off in the distance, which made it seem more lonesome. When we passed the farmers' houses, everything was still and quiet. Occasionally a dog would warn us that he was still on picket duty at his master's house.

Everything was so still and quiet that I went to sleep on my horse and slept nearly all of the night. When I awoke I discovered that some bush must have brushed off my cap with the tail that waved so beautifully at old Ruckersville. They were both gone, probably miles behind, tramped into some mudhole. But on we went, with an occasional halt to close up ranks. After a long time the roosters began crowing, and we knew that day was coming. At daybreak we were halted and ordered to "form fours," and we knew then that we were near the enemy and there was hot work ahead.

Some of our brave scouts had captured the pickets, and our orders were, "Forward, march! Strike a trot!" and from

that we went into a lope. When about halfway up a long hill we passed the reserve picket. They had such a nice hot fire and my hands were so cold that I did wish I could stop and warm. But this was no time for stopping, for we had hot work ahead.

The generals had stopped on the side of the hill to watch us pass, and when we reached the top we could see Holly Springs. We received orders to charge and yell, and of all the yelling we did it. When a good way down the slope, Dallas Low's horse fell with him. This got our ranks so confused that they were not straightened out until the fight was over.

To reach the town we had to cross a bridge, at which were encamped about twelve or fifteen hundred Yankees. They had their arms stacked and made no resistance. One old fellow came out of his tent and took deliberate aim at our captain, but missed his mark, and no one was hurt.

We paid no attention to them, for our orders were to cross the bridge, turn to the right, and go around the edge of the town to the Fair Grounds, where the 2d Illinois Cavalry was encamped. When we reached the north side of the Fair Grounds, the Federals ran out at the west side on to a little rise and formed in line of battle. We were on one hill and

they on another in plain sight, the Fair Grounds being in a low place between.

Our ranks had gotten badly scattered, and there were but five or six men with Colonel Montgomery and Captain Taylor. When the Yankee captain saw our scattered condition, he drew his saber and ordered the men to charge. Colonel Montgomery also drew his saber, and he and the Yankee officer had a hand-to-hand fight. This was the first and only fight of this kind I witnessed during the war. The Yankee made about two licks at Colonel Montgomery, and all the while the Colonel was trying to hurt him. Colonel Montgomery got one of his fingers nearly cut off. The rest of the Yanks stopped about fifty yards from us, but two of them came to within twenty-five paces, and one of them killed Zip Wiley's horse. When the Yankee officer saw that his men had not followed, he turned and ran. We went after them, shouting to them all the while to surrender. We chased them over the hill. One of their horses fell in a gully, and the rider was fastened under him.

The rest of our command was now coming up, and, our horses being tired and jaded, we turned back and went over the hill. You can bet we were the proudest set of men that ever got into a fight. When we reached the railroad bridge,



FAIR REPRESENTATIVES FOR ATLANTA REUNION ON STAFF OF LIEUT. GEN. V. Y. COOK, COMMANDING TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Top row: Miss Ione Gaston Finley, Dallas, Tex., Maid of Honor; Miss Annie Stedman, Paragould, Ark., Sponsor; Miss Coleman Carlotta Walker, Scipio, Okla., Maid of Honor.
Bottom row: Mrs. William Hamilton Gottfried, Springfield, Mo., Chaperon; Mrs. Edward Newton Brown, Denver, Colo., Matron; Mrs. Frank S. Leach, Sedalia, Mo., Herald.

the command that was behind us had captured the Yankees encamped there. They were a well-dressed set of men. I understood that there were about eighteen hundred men. There were not many more than that in our whole command.

History says that General Grant had warned Colonel Murphy, the Yankee colonel, to look out, for we were coming. But I think that is a mistake, for Mrs. Grant was there in town at that time, and, being very frightened, she asked General Van Dorn for a guard. He told her that his men were not making war upon women and children and they would not hurt her, but if she so desired he would send her a guard. However, after that reassurance she did not want one and seemed as much at home as among her own men.

After we paroled the prisoners and burned all of the supplies—ammunition, provisions, and everything else—we left on a long trip out through West Tennessee, by Summer-ville, around close to Bolivar, back through Saulsbury, on down to Ripley, through New Albany and Pontotoc, thence to Grenada, Miss. Thus ended ten days of hard service, day and night.

General Van Dorn had defeated Grant's army. General Grant fell back to Memphis for supplies, and there he loaded his men on boats and went to Vicksburg by that route.

General Van Dorn had raised himself so much in the estimation of President Davis that he ordered him to take his cavalry and march into Tennessee and see if he could make General Rosecrans take the back track as he had Grant. In addition to his own cavalry, he had Wheeler's, Forrest's, and John Morgan's cavalry. But these combined forces failed to move Rosecrans, who had but little cavalry in his support.

While in Tennessee General Van Dorn was killed by Dr. Peters. Thus ended the career of one of our best generals, which was a great drawback to the Western Army.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS KILLED IN WAR.

ALEX BAGWELL, IN NASHVILLE BANNER,

There have been published various lists of the Confederate generals who were killed in battle during the War between the States, but all of them that I have seen were incomplete or inaccurate or both. I have compiled and carefully verified the following list, which I believe to be complete and accurate: John Adams, Tennessee, brigadier general, killed at Franklin November 30, 1864; Robert H. Anderson, Georgia, brigadier general, at Jonesboro September 1, 1864; Turner Ashby, Virginia, brigadier general, at Harrisburg, June 6, 1862; William Barksdale, Mississippi, brigadier general, at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; Barnard E. Bee, South Carolina, brigadier general, at First Manassas July 21, 1861; Lawrence O'B. Branch, North Carolina, brigadier general, at Antietam September 17, 1862; John R. Chambliss, Virginia, brigadier general, on the Charles City Road, near Richmond, August 16, 1864; Patrick R. Cleburne, Arkansas, major general, at Franklin November 30, 1864; Thomas R. R. Cobb, Georgia, brigadier general, at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862; James Dearing, Virginia, brigadier general, at High Bridge April 6, 1865; James Deshler, Alabama, brigadier general, at Chickamauga September 20, 1863; George Doles, Georgia, brigadier general, at Bethesda Church May 30, 1864; John Dunnivant, South Carolina, brigadier general, at Armstrong's Mill February 5, 1865; Richard B. Garnett, Virginia, brigadier general, at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; Robert S. Garnett, Virginia, brigadier general, at Craddock's Ford July 13, 1861; Isham W. Garratt, Alabama, brigadier general at Vicksburg June 17, 1863; Victor J. P. Ghirardi, Georgia, brigadier general, at Reams's Station August 2, 1864; S. R. Gist, South Carolina,

brigadier general, at Franklin November 30, 1864; Adley H. Gladden, Louisiana, brigadier general, at Shiloh April 6, 1862; Archibald C. Godwin, North Carolina, brigadier general, at Winchester September 19, 1864; James B. Gordon, North Carolina, brigadier general, at Yellow Tavern May 10, 1864; Archibald Gracie, Alabama, brigadier general, at Petersburg December 2, 1864; Hiram B. Granberry, Texas, brigadier general, at Franklin November 30, 1864; John Gregg, Texas, brigadier general, at Burgess's Mill October 27, 1864; Maxey Gregg, South Carolina, brigadier general, at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862; Martin E. Green, Missouri, brigadier general, at Vicksburg June 27, 1863; Thomas Green, Texas, brigadier general, at Bayou Pierre April 12, 1864; Roger W. Hanson, Kentucky, brigadier general, at Stones River December 31, 1862; Robert Hatton, Tennessee, brigadier general, at Seven Pines May 31, 1862; Ben Hardin Helm, Kentucky, brigadier general, at Chickamauga September 19, 1863; Ambrose P. Hill, Virginia, lieutenant general, at Petersburg April 2, 1865; Albert S. Jenkins, Virginia, brigadier general, at Cloyd's Mountain May 9, 1864; Micah Jenkins, South Carolina, brigadier general, in the Battle of the Wilderness May 6, 1864; Albert Sidney Johnston, Texas, general, at Shiloh April 6, 1862; John M. Jones, Virginia, brigadier general, in the Battle of the Wilderness May 5, 1864; William E. Jones, Virginia, brigadier general, at Piedmont June 5, 1864; John H. Kelly, Alabama, brigadier general, at Franklin November 3, 1864; Henry Little, Missouri, brigadier general, at Iuka September 19, 1862; Ben McCulloch, Texas, brigadier general, at Pea Ridge March 7, 1862; James McIntosh, Missouri, brigadier general, at Pea Ridge March 7, 1862; John H. Morgan, Kentucky, brigadier general, at Greeneville September 4, 1864; Alfred Mouton, Louisiana, brigadier general, at Mansfield April 9, 1864; Elisha F. Paxton, Virginia, brigadier general, at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; John Pegram, Virginia, brigadier general, at Hatcher's Run February 6, 1865; Abner M. Perrin, South Carolina, brigadier general, at Spotsylvania Courthouse May 12, 1864; Leonidas Polk, Louisiana, lieutenant general, at Pine Mountain June 14, 1864; James E. Rains, Tennessee, brigadier general, at Stones River December 31, 1862; Horace Randall, Texas, brigadier general, at Jenkins Ferry April 30, 1864; Robert E. Rodes, Alabama, major general, at Winchester September 19, 1864; John C. C. Sanders, Alabama, brigadier general, at Petersburg August 21, 1864; William R. Scurry, Texas, brigadier general, at Jenkins Ferry April 30, 1864; Preston Smith, Tennessee, brigadier general, at Chickamauga September 19, 1863; William E. Starke, Louisiana, brigadier general, at Antietam September 17, 1862; Otho F. Strahl, Tennessee, brigadier general, at Franklin November 30, 1864; James B. Terrill, Virginia, brigadier general, at Bethesda Church June 1, 1864; Loyd Tilghman, Kentucky, brigadier general, at Champion Hills May 16, 1863; Edward D. Tracy, Alabama, brigadier general, at Port Gibson May 1, 1863; Robert C. Tyler, Tennessee, brigadier general, at West Point, Ga., April 16, 1865; William H. T. Walker, Georgia, major general, at Atlanta July 22, 1864; Edward Willis, Georgia, brigadier general, at Bethesda Church June 1, 1864; Charles S. Winder, Maryland, brigadier general, at Cedar Run August 9, 1862; Felix K. Zollicoffer, Tennessee, brigadier general, at Fishing Creek January 15, 1862.

The following general officers of the Confederacy died from wounds received on the battle field: George B. Anderson, North Carolina, brigadier general, mortally wounded at Antietam September 17, 1862; Lewis A. Armistead, Virginia, brigadier general, at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; Samuel Benton, Mississippi, brigadier general, at Atlanta July 28, 1864; John

C. Carter, Tennessee, brigadier general, at Franklin November 30, 1864; Junius Daniel, North Carolina, brigadier general, at Spotsylvania Courthouse May 12, 1864; Stephen Elliott, South Carolina, brigadier general, at Petersburg June 15, 1864; Richard Griffith, Mississippi, brigadier general, at Savage Station June 29, 1862; Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, Virginia, lieutenant general, at Chancellorsville May 2, 1863; William D. Pender, North Carolina, major general, at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; James J. Pettigrew, North Carolina, brigadier general, at Falling Waters July 12, 1863; Carnot Posey, Mississippi, brigadier general, at Bristol Station October 14, 1863; Stephen D. Ramseur, North Carolina, major general, at Cedar Creek October 19, 1864; Paul J. Semmes, Georgia, brigadier general, at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; William Y. Slack, Missouri, brigadier general, at Pea Ridge March 6, 1862; Leroy A. Stafford, Louisiana, brigadier general, in the Battle of the Wilderness May 5, 1864; Clement H. Stevens, South Carolina, brigadier general, at Atlanta July 28, 1864; James E. B. Stuart, Virginia, major general, at Yellow Tavern May 10, 1864; William H. C. Whiting, Mississippi, major general, at Fort Fisher January 15, 1865.

They are dead—these peerless patriots—but their names, from Adams to Whiting, will brighten the pages of history to the last line of recorded time. They are dead, the Confederacy is dead, but not the cause for which they fought, and the memory of their knightly courage and unswerving devotion to their country's crucial days will live on forever in history and in marble, in song and legend, and indelibly inscribed in the pantheon of human hearts. And yet they were no braver, no truer, and no more devoted than the thousands of privates who laid down their lives beneath the Stars and Bars.

"O, band in the pinewood, cease,
Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead are the bravest of all!"

GRIMES'S BATTERY.

Regarding it as an appropriate time for the preparation of a history of Grimes's Battery, following the return of that organization from the world war, Adjt. Cary R. Warren, of Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, Portsmouth, Va., who was formerly commanding officer of the battery, has prepared data covering the activities of the command over a long period of years.

"The history of Portsmouth's battery," he says, "dates back to its organization, in 1810. It is the oldest artillery organization in the State of Virginia. It was commanded by Capt. Arthur Emmerson, whose descendants are honored citizens of this city, in the War of 1812. They were stationed at Craney Island and assisted in the repulse of the British in their attempt to take this port.

"They were also in the Mexican War and served with credit in many engagements. At that time it was commanded by Capt. V. O. Cassell, Sr. The organization was kept up, and after the yellow fever epidemic of 1855 Capt. V. O. Cassell, Jr., became commander. He resigned his commission in 1859 or 1860 and organized the Jackson Light Infantry, Company D, 61st Virginia Infantry.

"At the resignation of Captain Cassell as commander of Grimes's Battery Capt. Cary F. Grimes was chosen as his successor and continued to serve until killed in the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862. On April 20, 1861, they were called into service by Gov. John Letcher. Their equipment consisted of four smooth-bore muzzle-loading iron

field guns and eleven small arms, called musketoons, similar to a United States carbine.

"On that night, April 20, 1861, the United States naval forces partially destroyed and evacuated the Gosport navy yard. On this night Grimes's Battery field guns were parked at the corner of High and Court Street, but they were practically useless, as they had no ammunition. Next morning they were sent to the naval hospital grounds, remaining there until May 16, when they were ordered to Hoffer's Creek to assist in guarding the shores of Hampton Roads. While there they had one small engagement with the United States steamship Harriet Lane. And while at Hoffer's Creek they changed their name from Portsmouth Light Artillery to Grimes's Battery. Their officers were: Cary F. Grimes, captain; John H. Thompson, first lieutenant; William T. Fentress, second lieutenant; Thomas J. Oakum, third lieutenant; Francis Russ, fourth lieutenant. The force consisted of about one hundred volunteers.

"In April, 1862, Fort Hatteras and Roanoke Island having been captured by the United States forces under General Reno, the battery was ordered to join Col. Rance Wright, of the 3d Georgia Infantry, who, with the 1st Louisiana Regiment and the Portsmouth Rifles Company, had orders to check the enemy, who was advancing and threatening the Dismal Swamp Canal. The enemy was checked at Sawyer's Lane and driven back to Camden C. H.

"On May 2 they fought an engagement with two United States gunboats, forcing them to retire considerably damaged. A few days after the battery returned to Portsmouth and was furnished two additional guns, one three-and-a-half-inch gun and one howitzer Wakeby in a six-gun battery. On May 10 they marched for Petersburg, Va., arriving May 14. On May 24 they were ordered to Drewry's Bluff and on the 28th to Richmond, where they became part of the Army of Northern Virginia. They never slacked nor shirked an order, no matter how dangerous, and they soon became known as "Grimes's Fighting Battery" and were often commended by the commanding general. On June 25 they were engaged in the first of the Seven Days' Battles and took part in all of them, Malvern Hill being the most severe, where they behaved with distinguished gallantry against eighty guns of the enemy, having five men killed and eight wounded. They also had thirteen horses killed, but held their position until ordered to retire. It required three trips to get the guns off the battle field. The next engagement was at City Point, where they made an attack on gunboats lying in the James River at that point. This was on July 27.

"On August 26, 1862, they fought an all-day duel with United States field artillery of the regular army at Warrenton Springs, and three men were wounded. On August 30 the men engaged in the fight at Second Manassas and added laurels to their reputation made in previous battles. They charged in line with Mahone's Brigade in the final charge and defeat of Pope's army. It was at the capture of Harper's Ferry, at Crampton Gap, Sharpsburg, Md., that Captain Grimes was killed.

"Lieut. John H. Thompson became commander, but was detached October 24, when one-half of the battery became attached to Huger's Battery of Norfolk, and the other half went with Moorman's Battery of Lynchburg; but they remained with and took part in all the fights of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"On July 18, 1861, the battery was reorganized, with George W. R. McDonnell as captain, but he resigned in February, 1862, and was succeeded by Capt. Cary R. Warren, a nephew of Capt. Cary F. Grimes, in March of that year. He served

as captain for fifteen years and was then placed on the retired list on his application.

"C. A. Cuthriell was the next captain, but served only a short time. The next was Capt. Harry A. Brinkley, a grand-nephew of Captain Grimes. He resigned in 1915, and I. Branch Johnson was made captain. He was with the battery on the Mexican border, and when the United States entered the war against Germany he commanded the battery until just previous to their departure for France. The next commander was Captain Wildheimer, a United States army officer. He in turn was succeeded by Lieut. A. E. Sullivan, who later was commissioned captain. He commanded them until they were mustered out at Camp Lee.

"And now Grimes's Battery is no more except in the minds and the hearts of the people," concludes Captain Warren.

THE LAST MARCH.

[Extracts from a letter by Dr. B. M. Cromwell, late resident physician of the Consolidated Coal Company of Eckert Mines, Md., giving account of the close of the war as he saw it and of his journey home.]

On the 19th of September, 1865, I was ordered to remain behind when Early's army retreated from the battle fields of Winchester and to take charge of the wounded already there, who were to be brought to my field hospital. Three hundred wounded men were dumped down on me. Only two assistant surgeons were given me and no supplies at all. After my duties there were through I was, of course, in the hands of the Northern troops and was sent to the old Capitol Prison, at Washington, and thence to Camp Hamilton, near Fortress Monroe, where I remained until duly exchanged, returning to Richmond about the middle of March, 1865.

When I reached my destination, Petersburg, I found that the regiment to which I was ordered to report was in the trenches a little above that place. I was without my horse, for it had been turned over to the quartermaster when I was captured; so my journey to meet my command had to be made on foot. I started my medical wagon off, first taking the precaution to stuff into my pocket about a pound of good tea. In attempting to follow I think I must have taken the wrong road, for I never saw the wagon again nor my command until I arrived at Appomattox, footsore, exhausted, and half starved, on April 9, the very day of Lee's surrender.

The first night of my march I stopped at a farmhouse and exchanged some of my tea for some corn bread, which gave me my supper and lasted into the morning. Next day I found some corn in the road which had been spilled from a wagon, and I was very careful in gathering it up. At night when I stopped I would parch some of it, and this was my ration for five or six days, until I came to my journey's end. Once I came to some woods where there was a brisk skirmish going on between a detachment of Confederates and a body of Northern troops. Between their lines was a woods road, and down this road came a wild turkey, which stopped and looked from one side to the other and then seemed to decide, like a sensible bird, that the middle of the road was safest, when he began to give a capital exhibition of how fast a wild turkey could run; but he seemed not to perceive that a hungry Confederate was behind him giving another and even better exhibition of leg work. It was not long before I heard two pistol shots, and the turkey returned—but hanging over a soldier's shoulder. I offered him \$100 for his prize, but, giving me a contemptuous sideways glance, he passed me in silence.

On the morning of the 8th, or it may have been the 9th, I

was trudging along the road when I came upon a group of officers standing at the gate of a little farmhouse. I knew General Lee at once, and in the one with whom he was talking with some vehemence—a small, dried-up man with white hair reaching to his shoulders—I recognized Gen. Henry A. Wise. He seemed a good deal excited, and his gestures were sharp and decisive. I did not stop or slow up, so I heard nothing of what was said; but I was told afterwards that he (Wise) was quite angry and was charging General Lee with doing or failing to do something or other that he thought ought or ought not to have been done. General Lee, after trying to explain it to him, said: "I see, General Wise, you are trying to make me put you under arrest. Now you go there," pointing to wash basin, "and wash your face and then go to the house and get some breakfast."

And so I went on to Appomattox, not more than a mile away, where I came up with my command. The regiment, with other troops, was on the march and was in the act of climbing a very steep and high hill when it was brought to a halt and kept standing for some time. I thought it strange, but on looking back I saw a number of Federal officers with a white flag in front of them. Then it was that the truth flashed on me, and I realized that I had made my last march. The command was ordered back to the level ground and to stack arms and rest. In a little while I saw General Lee in his best regalia and his staff ride past. The terms of surrender were even then undergoing completion. I joined the officers of the regiment, but there was no conversation of any kind. The soldiers had broken ranks and were sitting about in groups, many of them crying. I saw many officers sitting with their heads in their hands and weeping like babies, and a little later I saw General Lee with a group of officers of high rank standing by a worm fence. Many of them were in tears. The General when I observed him was dry-eyed, but he looked more like a dying man than anything else. I envied those who could weep; I had gotten past the power.

Some hours later, when the acuteness of conditions had somewhat ameliorated, I hunted up the colonel of my regiment, told him of my hungry state, and asked for something to eat. He had not a mouthful, and General Grant had sent word that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee had captured his commissary train, so that all he could supply was some beef. Toward night this came along, but I could eat but little of it, and what I did manage to swallow was not palatable to me. The truth is that I had passed the hunger stage.

Next day I hunted up General Lee's quartermaster general and told him that the Confederacy owed me a horse. In view of this I asked for permission to take one of the mules from my medical wagon to ride home on. His reply was what I knew, of course, to be true—that the surrender had taken all authority from him, but that if I saw fit to take the mule on my own responsibility he thought there would be no trouble. So I went to the wagon, saddled my steed, turned his face to the south, and was on my way.

Only once on that long journey was I refused lodging and such food as was available when I would stop at a house and tell my story. On one occasion I stopped for an hour or so at the house of Mr. Morrison, where I had the great pleasure of meeting Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and her daughter, then about four or five years old. Mrs. Jackson was quite cordial in her greeting and seemed pleased to know that I had been one of her distinguished husband's soldiers. The little girl shook hands with me and gave me a kiss, the memory of which I treasure to this day. It is something to have had a kiss from General Jackson's daughter, even though she was so small.

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

Far up the lonely mountain side
My wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The pine sighed overhead.
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
Upon the lowly mound;
The simple headboard, rudely writ,
Had rotted to the ground.
I raised it with a reverent hand
From dust its words to clear,
But time had blotted all but these—
"A Georgia Volunteer."

I saw the toad and scaly snake
From tangled covert start
And hide themselves among the weeds
Above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
Unheeding, there he lay,
His coffin but the mountain soil,
His shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below;
I saw the Alleghanies rise
Toward the realms of snow.
The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind—
Its leader's name—and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say?
Whose tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell?
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair—
Her hair which he held dear—
One lock of which perchance lies with
The Georgia volunteer?

What mother with long-watching eyes
And white lips cold and dumb
Waits with appalling patience for
Her darling boy to come?
Her boy, whose mountain grave swells up
But one of many a scar
Cut on the face of our fair land
By gory-handed war!

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,
All are unknown to fame.
Remember, on his lowly grave
There is not e'en a name.
That he fought well and bravely too
And held his country dear
We know, else he had never been
A Georgia volunteer.

He sleeps. What need to question now
If he were wrong or right?
He knows ere this whose cause was just
In God the Father's sight.
He wields no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's thrust.
Who but a coward would revile
An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll
Adown thy rocky glen;
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedar and the pine
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
A Georgia volunteer.

—Mary Ashley Townsend.

BABES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The old city of Portsmouth, Va., is notable in many ways, and now especially as being the birthplace of the youngest children of the Confederacy. The picture here given shows Comrade C. H. Eckert, of that city, with his—grandchildren, you say? No, indeed, his own youngsters, of whom he is immensely proud, for they are distinctive as being the very youngest son and daughter of a Confederate veteran. Miss Winnie Davis Eckert is now three and a half years old, and Master Woodrow Wilson Eckert rounded out one year on August 8, 1919, while the proud father is a hale and hearty gentleman of eighty-one years. He served in the famous Maryland Line, C. S. A., having left Baltimore immediately after the Massachusetts troops passed through that city. He enlisted in Company G, 1st Maryland Infantry, and was afterwards transferred to Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry, commanded by the gallant Col. George H. Stuart. Comrade Eckert is an active member of Stonewall Camp of Confederate Veterans at Portsmouth, proud of his record as a Confederate soldier, and interested in everything pertaining to the perpetuation of the glories of the Old South and the cause for which he fought.



COMRADE ECKERT AND HIS BABIES.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, VA.

[This article was sent to the *VETERAN* some years ago by H. H. Stevens, of Byhalia, Miss., captain of Company I, 17th Mississippi Volunteers, who stated that it was written by his comrade, Captain Benson, of the same regiment.]

My brigade (Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Regiments, Gen. B. G. Humphrey commanding) was in camp on Fisher's Hill when, about ten o'clock on the night of October 18, 1864, General Early issued orders for all to be ready to march at a moment's notice and for everything that would make a noise to be left in camp. Soon after orders were given to move out by right flank. Of course we did not know, but supposed it was General Early's intention to surprise the enemy. Imperative orders in a whisper went down the line that no matches be lighted, no talking, no noise of any kind be allowed. Fisher's Hill, where we were in camp, was about four miles from the line of the enemy, and we were about eight hours making that distance.

When the head of the column was nearing the Yankee vidette, the line of Rebs, with heads up, hand to ear to catch any sound or order from the front, like a monstrous reptile noiselessly moved along the foot of the mountain. Not a word was uttered except in a very low tone, and that with mouth to ear. The occasional low croak of a tree frog seemed to admonish us of the impending storm.

When the first gray light of dawn was seen, the head of the column was not far from the ford of Cedar Creek. A few brave and trusty boys were sent in advance to capture the Yankee vidette, which was done with but little trouble. Slowly we marched on until our advance guard struck the Yankee reserve pickets. Here a few shots were fired. This broke the profound silence, and without further orders the Rebs sprang forward like a lion upon his prey. The head of the column struck Cedar Creek. We did not care for the water nor how deep, but we cut the creek plumb in two. Then the head of the column filed to the right of the public road, and after all the brigade had crossed the entire line faced to the left. This brought us in line of battle, and with that "hellish Rebel yell," as the Yankees called it, we charged up a hill, through a skirt of woods, to an abatis. Through this we passed, and on we charged up to the Yankee breastworks without the loss of a man. There we expected to do some hand-to-hand fighting, but to our surprise and great delight we found not a Yankee there. All had gone. Some of the boys said they could see something like ghosts running through the woods and could hear some of them mournfully exclaiming: "Mine Gott, mine Gott! I wish I vas to hum mit Rebecca!" A volley from our line fired in that direction drove them out of sight and hearing. Then our line passed over the breastworks. Good gracious, what a feast we had! Edibles of every kind and in great abundance were there. Five- and ten-gallon camp kettles on the fire were full of boiling coffee. We got some of the good things, filled our tin cups with the coffee, and moved on after the Yankees, eating, drinking, and feeling big and brave.

Great quantities of commissary stores were left by the Yankees, sutlers' tents, and wagons full of goods, etc. Our boys were in great need of shoes and clothing, and they could not resist the temptation, so many broke ranks and supplied themselves. This weakened our lines considerably. Tents had been left standing with blankets and pants in them, and some of the poor fellows had evidently skipped in nothing but their shirts. As we advanced we found pieces which had been torn from the fleeing Yankees' shirts hanging on bushes. We had no trouble in keeping the trail, for Yankees had a

peculiar scent—at least those did—and the boys said they could smell them afar. We followed them about a mile, when we found artillery and infantry waiting for us, and, raising the old Rebel yell, we went at them. In this charge we had four color bearers wounded and one killed, of the 17th Regiment. This was a hot place. The 17th and 18th Regiments charged this battery when not over two hundred strong, the stragglers having failed to come up.

About this time Gen. John B. Gordon struck the left wing of the Yankee line. The enemy in our front, hearing the firing on their left, gave way and left us in possession of the field, and we had no more fighting until sometime in the evening. I do not know how far we had driven them. Some of the boys said six miles or more. When we halted, our line was fearfully weak, caused principally by straggling.

At the Reunion in Memphis, Tenn., one of my friends, Tom Eason, of Fayetteville, Ark., told me that I took the colors of the regiment just as we were expecting an advance on our line and ordered the boys to form on the colors; that I wanted to know how many of the 17th Regiment were present and who they were. I don't remember that, but it must have been so, for Tom Eason was truthful, and there was not a braver soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia.

About this time General Sheridan brought up a fresh corps against our left wing and pushed it back, and our line began giving way from left to right. Just a few moments before our part of the line gave way some one said: "Look at General Ramseur!" We looked to our rear and saw him sitting his horse, not over fifty yards from us, in plain view of a long line of Yankees advancing and shooting like the mischief. At that instant he was wounded and got off his horse and lay down. My brigade was not in Ramseur's Division. General Cook's brigade was in his division and to our right about ten steps. I went to General Cook and told him that General Ramseur was wounded and ought to be taken off the field, for he would be shot to pieces. I do not remember Cook's reply, but two of his captains volunteered to go with me and take him off. We started in a run and had not gone ten steps before our entire line gave way. We thought every Yankee was shooting at us. I will never know how we escaped unhurt. I was hit three times, but not hurt. General Ramseur was wounded again while we were carrying him off. After we had taken him about fifty yards, a soldier came up on a horse, and the General was helped on it, and the rider, getting behind and holding him on, took him to the rear and put him in ambulance. He was captured at the bridge and, I think, died that night. Poor fellow! We all loved him, for he was as gallant a soldier as ever drew a sword or marched to the tap of drum.

I have told you how we ran the Yankees and enjoyed eating their good things for breakfast, but I have not told you how the Yankees ran us that evening, nor do I feel much like doing so. Did they run us? Yes, they did, and I never will forget it. I don't know but that the fellows after us were the ones we were after in the morning. If they were, they did not look like ghosts, for they had on breeches. We ran. Yes, we struck the ground in high places only. Bill Mims (now Dr. Mims, of Cockrum, one of the most prominent physicians in North Mississippi) said he had stringhalt in one leg, and on our retreat that night he made up his mind several times to sit down and surrender. He had to drag one leg along; but when the Yankee bugle sounded an advance he made a requisition on his leg, and it promptly responded to the distress call. He went "half hammon" (hop, step, and a jump). At the second bugle note he sailed and never lit

until he struck Fisher's Hill. I was there when Bill lit. He pulled himself together, drew a long breath, and, looking around, said: "Boys, we have played h—l." He was one of the bravest boys we had. When we reached Cedar Creek again, we were not expecting to find that Moses had divided the water for us to pass over dry shod, as he did the Red Sea for the children of Israel, but we cut that creek in two just as we did in the morning. We did not hear the serenading of the tree frogs and katydids that sounded so sweet in the morning. We were looking for something bigger—Fisher's Hill. The Yankees halted at their breastworks. We halted at Fisher's Hill. Then there was a quietus.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

Another Brilliant Charge.—Colonel Devin, 6th New York Cavalry, reported on September 2: "I picketed all approaches and sent a detachment to scour the country around Leesburg, Va. A troop of cavalry appeared on the east front of the town with skirmishers advanced. Captain Ayres, of the 9th New York, with his troops, endeavored to get in their rear, but they retreated, when he charged and chased them to the Potomac. They were found to be a troop of the 11th New York." The captain of this "flying brigade" reported that he was chased by about four hundred and fifty Rebels, who continued to pursue him until he had reached the river and crossed it by swimming his horses.

After Chickamauga.—On October 4 General Polk wrote President Davis: "Two weeks ago to-day this army, elated by a great victory which promised to be the most fruitful of the war, was in readiness to pursue the defeated enemy. That enemy, driven in confusion from the field, was fleeing in disorder and panic-stricken across the Tennessee River. To-day, after having been twelve days in line of battle in that enemy's front, within cannon range of his position, the Army of Tennessee has seen a new Sebastopol rise steadily before its view. Whatever has been accomplished heretofore, it is now certain that the fruits of Chickamauga have escaped our grasp. This army, now stricken with a complete paralysis, will in a few days' time be thrown strictly on the defensive and may deem itself fortunate if it escapes from its present position without disaster." Gen. D. H. Hill said: "Never before was there a battle in which the troops were so little disorganized. The corps were ready to march or fight at dawn in the morning with buoyant and exultant spirits. The morning, however, was spent in burying the dead and gathering up arms. The next day was spent in idleness. On Wednesday the corps moved up directly toward Chattanooga, with what object is unknown and perhaps never will be."

Frazer's Command at Cumberland Gap.—Brig. Gen. John W. Frazer, C. S. A., after his surrender at Cumberland Gap, reported that his disaster was forced, amongst other reasons, by the quality of the troops he commanded, saying: "The 62d North Carolina was very indifferent, being badly disciplined and badly drilled. The colonel was absent, soon after resigned, and became an open advocate of reunion. One captain was in arrest for disseminating papers hostile to the Confederacy, and the regiment of four hundred and fifty men was commanded by the major. The 64th North Carolina was small, having been reduced by desertions, at one time five hun-

dred in a body. The colonel and lieutenant colonel had left in disgrace for dishonorable conduct. Major Garrett was left in command, but had been suspended for incompetency. The 55th Georgia had about five hundred men for duty. This I regarded as the best regiment for discipline and efficiency, though the men did ride the colonel on a rail, which he never resented, but on promise to them of better behavior was allowed to resume his command." If this disgraceful gang of Georgians (I mean disgraced by such a colonel) was the best-disciplined force in Frazer's command, I am surprised that he had not surrendered at first.

Hurrah for Tennessee!—Col. R. C. Tyler, 15th Tennessee (Confederate), says of the Chickamauga fight: "I ordered 'three times three' for Tennessee and a charge, both of which were responded to with alacrity. Advancing in a line and with the yells of demons, we soon swept the enemy from the field."

Some Battle.—Col. R. H. Keeble, 23d Tennessee (Confederate), speaking of Chickamauga, said: "The battle field baffled description. The most vivid picture of Waterloo would fail to depict it. Leonidas with his three hundred never withstood such desperate assaults and charges." A rather broad assertion, but it looked that way to him, at any rate.

The Heroic Dead.—General Bate, C. S. A., winds up his report of the Chickamauga campaign thus: "While I recount the services of the living, I cannot pass unremembered the heroic dead. The bloody field attested the sacrifice of many a noble spirit in the fierce struggle, the private soldier vying with the officer in deeds of daring and distinguished courage. While the river of death shall float its sluggish current to the beautiful Tennessee and the night wind will chant its solemn dirges over their soldier graves, their names, enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, will be held in grateful remembrance as the champions and defenders of their country who had sealed their devotion with their blood on one of the most glorious battle fields of our revolution." Very pretty. These Western generals seemed to take to this kind of thing naturally.

Dogs of War.—Lieut. Thomas Key, of Calvert's Arkansas Battery, says of the battle of Chickamauga, "General Wood's brigade had fallen back under a heavy artillery fire, when I moved up on a trot and let fly the dogs of war into the Yankee ranks, and in a brief period the enemy fled in confusion." The Lieutenant also said a prisoner told him that two shots of canister from his guns had killed and wounded thirty-eight of his company. Here's Wise's gun again. First in West Virginia, then Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and now at Chickamauga.

Stripped Naked.—Col. E. McCook, 2d Indiana Cavalry, reported on November 7: "In response to communication of Major Reed, C. S. A., charging me with having formally robbed the prisoners captured at Anderson's Crossroads, I have the honor to state that many of the Rebels captured were wholly clothed in our uniforms, and I ordered them stripped of every vestige of captured property and nothing more. As far as the Major was concerned, he was so stupidly intoxicated from the effect of our sutler's bad liquor that he knew nothing that passed. I sincerely regret the occasion for making such a charge against any person claiming to be a soldier, more especially from the fact that Confederate officers with whom the chances of war have heretofore made me acquainted have always left with me a high appreciation of their courage and their sense of military honor."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: October ushers in the closing of our U. D. C. year of work.

The Tampa Convention, November 11-15, draws rapidly near. The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Parry, mailed on September 13 the official "Call" for this meeting, together with the credential blanks and instructions to all Chapters, according to the requirements of our constitution. Careful attention to these instructions is again urged. Note that your *per capita* tax and the registration with Mrs. Trabert, the Registrar General, will determine the voting strength of Chapters and Divisions at this Convention. Let every Division President follow these requirements carefully and so save the Credential Committee the trouble of explaining them over again in checking up their report for Tampa. Mrs. Trabert and Mrs. Little are both members of the Credential Committee, and their books will be consulted in every case in deciding the status of credentials.

The Treasurer General reports sending out in September, according to our constitutional requirements, the list of delinquent Chapters to all State Presidents, so that these Chapters may be reminded in time to pay their *per capita* tax and not lose their representation at Tampa. There is another and higher reason for this appeal. The U. D. C. have contracted financial obligations which must be met by your Executive Board and can be discharged only through the collection of your *per capita* tax. If you delay in paying these taxes or fail altogether to do so, you impose a hardship on your officers who serve your name and prestige to the limit of their ability for a sincere love of the cause you are organized to represent. Will not every Chapter member who reads this letter make it her own personal duty to ask if her Chapter dues have been paid; and if not, why not?

The Transportation Committee for the Tampa Convention, Mrs. Charles Granger, Chairman, reports that a special rate of \$45 for the round trip from Port Tampa to Havana, Cuba, and return has been granted for the month of November. A P. and O. steamer will sail from Tampa Sunday night, November 16, with a party of U. D. C. delegates, who will take this opportunity when so near to go over and see the "Pearl of the Antilles." All delegates interested should make an effort to use this rate and opportunity.

Incorporation.—Your Executive Board was authorized at the Louisville meeting to proceed with the legal incorporation of the United Daughters of the Confederacy under the laws of the District of Columbia. This your President General began on her visit to Washington April 14-16, and through the advice and help of J. J. Darlington, Esq., of Washington, this incorporation was completed and recorded in July. Mr. Darlington generously donated his legal services to the U. D.

C., so that the cost of this piece of work was merely the usual clerical fees for recording such legal papers in the District of Columbia. Your Executive Board will make a full report of this incorporation matter at the Tampa Convention; but this information is given you so that you may know that you have become a great national incorporated patriotic society under the laws of the District of Columbia.

The Hero Fund should not be forgotten. Your pledges made at Louisville should be redeemed in time to be reported at Tampa. The Treasurer of the Fund, Miss Moses, attaches her collections for August to this letter below. What ten States will lead the lists of contributions to this fund? State pride should prompt a material expression of interest in education as a coöperative work of the U. D. C.

"Southern Women in War Times," the book you authorized a U. D. C. committee to undertake with the editorial help of Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore, has been a subject of careful and deep concern by that committee, composed of your President General, Miss Poppenheim, your Historian General, Mrs. Hyde, and your Chairman of War Relief, Mrs. Rountree. The G. P. Putnam's Sons Co. has undertaken the publication for us, and the book will retail at \$1.50. Every Division which made a pledge to take some of these books is hereby requested to send the money for this pledge to the Treasurer General, Mrs. Little, at once, as the publishers require a deposit of \$1,000 before they begin the publication of our book, the first edition of which is limited to two thousand copies. U. D. C. members are expected to subscribe for the book through their State Divisions or Chapters, as the ruling of each State may be on this subject.

War Relief.—In this book will be one chapter on the U. D. C. war work for 1917-19, compiled by your Chairman of War Relief, Mrs. Rountree. For this reason I urge every State Director of War Relief to see that her State's war work is as completely reported as possible and *at once*. There is no time to lose if you are to receive recognition in this book, which is one of our monuments to our women of the sixties.

Individual record blanks for men serving in the world war have been gotten out by the War Relief Committee, and these when filled out will give the U. D. C. the necessary data by which they will be able to bestow the insignia they are planning for our heroes of 1917-19. Apply to your State War Relief Director for these blanks and give your sons and loved ones their just tribute in thus recording for all time their brave and unselfish services to our country.

The Confederate Veterans' Reunion.—These boys whose records we are asking you to file are the sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans, whom the U. D. C. love and live to honor. Their history and their records are our inspiration and our charter of incorporation. These brave old warriors

will meet in annual Reunion in Atlanta, Ga., October 7-10, and all U. D. C. who can possibly be with them, I am sure, will be there to do them honor. Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, Historian General U. D. C., will, by appointment of the President General, officially represent the United Daughters of the Confederacy at this Reunion. As the daughter of Dr. Bachman, the Chaplain General U. C. V., she binds the two Associations together in her own person and will be in touch with the interests and best efforts of each organization. I regret very much my inability to be present at Atlanta and take part in the Reunion, but I feel sure that Mrs. Hyde's presence will satisfy the veterans both personally and officially.

Memorial Hour.—Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, of Washington, D. C., Chairman of the Memorial Committee, has been obliged to decline the chairmanship of this committee, and Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, has kindly consented to accept the appointment and discharge the duties at the Tampa meeting. All States having names of deceased members to report for the memorial hour are reminded to send these lists typewritten at once to Mrs. Wallace Streater, Corresponding Secretary General U. D. C., 3160 Eighteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

Let every member of the U. D. C. who is appealed to for data for any U. D. C. report to be made at Tampa answer at once, so that these reports may be a perfect record of our work.

And, finally, your President General wishes to impress upon you all the desirability of a conscientious completion, if possible, of all we started out to do. No higher ideal can an

organization set for itself than the determination to *finish* in good form any endeavor it has put its name behind to accomplish. One of the inspirations of our organizers in the years gone by was "to be faithful unto the end." Let us hide that motto deep in our hearts and upon it build all of our U. D. C. work.

Faithfully,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE HERO FUND.

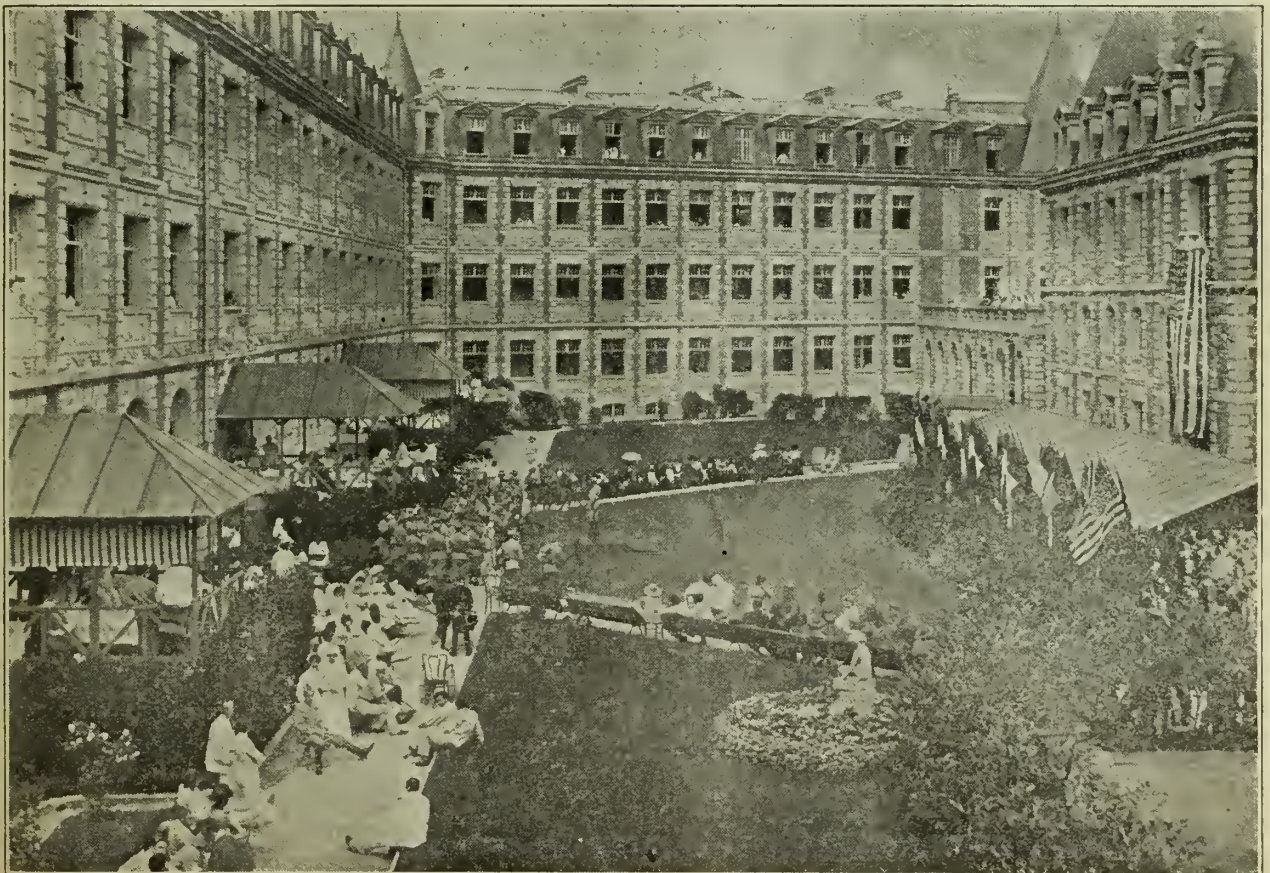
STATEMENT FOR AUGUST.

Arkansas: John R. Homer Scott Chapter.....	\$ 19 50
Colorado: Robert E. Lee Chapter.....	6 00
Georgia: Cabaniss Chapter.....	10 00
New Mexico: Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter.....	16 00
North Carolina: Robertson County Chapter.....	15 00
Oklahoma: Chickasaw Chapter.....	3 00
South Carolina: Stonewall Chapter, \$5; Edisto District Liberty Bond, \$100.....	105 00
Virginia: Grandchildren of the Confederacy.....	5 00
(Washington: Dixie Chapter, previously credited to Washington Division, \$99.84.)	

Total	\$ 179 50
Previously reported	13,877 92

Total September 1.....\$14,057 42

ARMIDA MOSES, *Treasurer.*



THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL NO. 1, AT NEUILLY, FRANCE, IN WHICH SEVENTY BEDS WERE ENDOWED BY THE U. D. C. AT A COST OF \$42,000.

DIVISION NOTES.

North Carolina.—At the reunion of the Confederate veterans of North Carolina, held at Rocky Mount in August, the item of importance discussed by the veterans, and subsequently unanimously adopted in resolution, was the question of allowing the United States government to take over and care for Confederate cemeteries. This matter was presented through the efforts of Mrs. R. E. Little, of Wadesboro, Treasurer General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with the consent of Gen. James I. Metts, Commander of the North Carolina Veterans.

The idea originated with Rev. W. B. Love, a Presbyterian minister of Sidney, Ohio. The suggestion is simply that the national government be allowed to take charge of the upkeep of the Confederate cemeteries. No funds whatever are to be raised, but the consent of the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy—in fact, the South's consent—must be secured before Mr. Love presents his proposition in the name of the North and with the approval of the South to Congress for concrete action. The matter will be placed before the Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Atlanta and before the Confederate reunions of all Southern States.

OFFICERS OF LOUISIANA DIVISION.

President, Mrs. Charles Granger, 3907 Canal Street, New Orleans.

First Vice President, Mrs. Mattie McGrath, Baton Rouge.

Second Vice President, Mrs. M. G. Swan, Shreveport.

Third Vice President, Mrs. C. M. Richard, 1032 Ryan Street, Lake Charles.

Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Arthur Weber, 2725 Esplanade Avenue, New Orleans.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Fred C. Kohlman, 2233 Brainard Street, New Orleans.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. Krause, 902 Division Street, Lake Charles.

Treasurer, Mrs. James Rainey, 1329 Burdette Street, New Orleans.

Historian, Miss Bessie Rusell, Natchitoches.

Honorary Historian, Mrs. J. S. Allison, Benton.

Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Rugg, 2300 General Taylor Street, New Orleans.

Custodian, Miss Lise Allain, 1422 Josephine Street, New Orleans.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. M. Pagaud, 1674 Soniat Street, New Orleans.

Organizer, Mrs. F. F. Fromann, 1626 St. Andrew Street, New Orleans.

Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. L. U. Babin, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge.

Director of War Relief, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, 3727 Coliseum Street, New Orleans.

Honorary President, Mrs. J. Pinkney Smith, 1408 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans.

PRIZE OFFERED BY THE VETERAN.—All Daughters of the Confederacy who are interested in the prize of twenty dollars offered for the largest number of new subscriptions to the *VETERAN* secured within a certain time are asked to write for particulars. All members of a Chapter might coöperate to secure the prize for the Chapter.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To the State Historians: In addition to our regular historical work, I hope that in season and out of season we will continue to urge the collecting of names of Confederate descendants in the world war and all reliable data we can get of their heroic service, whether at home or overseas.

Through the kindness of Miss Poppenheim, our President General, we have the accompanying list of regiments where Southern men were in the majority:

NATIONAL GUARD.

29th—men from Maryland, Virginia, and District of Columbia.

30th—men from North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee.

31st—men from Georgia, Florida, and Oklahoma.

35th—men from Mississippi.

36th—men from Texas and Oklahoma.

39th—men from Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

42d—men from Rainbow Division, all States.

NATIONAL ARMY DIVISION.

80th—men from Virginia, Maryland, and District of Columbia.

81st—men from Tennessee, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

82d—men from Georgia and Alabama.

87th—men from Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi.

In addition to these, a number of Southern men were with the "Lost Battalion" of the 77th Division. In order to build a foundation for the future let us make this compilation as accurate as possible. I feel that it is a labor of love.

Sincerely your friend,

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

To the Children of the Confederacy: It is well for us to learn all we can, not only of the history of our beloved South, but also of its wonderful products.

In no encyclopedia could I find any information about the culture of indigo in the South, nor any reference to the fact that just before the Revolutionary War the South exported in one year \$1,000,000 worth of this valuable dyestuff.

I have been at some pains to get all the information possible about this industry and put it in such shape that it may be used for reference.

I am your sincere friend,

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

Thou wouldst be loved? Then let thy heart

From its present pathway part not;

Being everything which now thou art,

Be nothing which thou art not.

So with the world thy gentle ways,

Thy grace, thy more than beauty,

Shall be an endless theme of praise,

And love a simple duty.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer General*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian General*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Miss Anna Caroline Benning
GEORGIA—Columbus.....Mrs. James Dinkins
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

REUNION ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY MRS. LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE, ATLANTA.

The social side of the Confederate Reunion will eclipse anything heretofore projected in Atlanta. The calendar is brimful of interesting events, and it is with a feeling of pride that Atlantians welcome the fact that the President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association is an Atlanta woman. Mrs. Wilson will be assisted in her official duties by the most prominent women of the city, and the entertainments planned will include many distinguished people.

An unusual program has been arranged for the memorial service to be held in observance of the deaths of members of the Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Veterans, and the C. S. M. A. during the past year. This service will be held jointly by the three organizations at the Auditorium-Armory on Thursday, October 9. Miss Mildred Rutherford, former Historian General U. D. C., will be the principal speaker of the occasion.

At the initial meeting of the C. S. M. A. on Wednesday morning, October 8, there will be several prominent women speakers. Mr. S. W. Foster, Vice President General D. A. R., a woman of exceptional charm and influence, will make a welcome address in behalf of the National D. A. R., which she represents. Mrs. J. H. Morgan, President and founder of the Woman's Pioneer Society, will respond to the addresses of welcome. Mrs. Morgan is also the founder of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, the second oldest Chapter in the organization.

Mrs. Wilson, the President General, will open the social calendar with a luncheon at the Georgian Terrace to the Executive Board of the C. S. M. A.

Mrs. William A. Wright, President of the Atlanta Memorial Association, will entertain for Mrs. Wilson and members of the C. S. M. A. at a brilliant reception at her home on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 8, from four to six o'clock. At the same time Gen. William A. Wright will have with him members of Gen. R. A. Wright's brigade.

On Wednesday night the Capital City Club will be the scene of a large reception given by the Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., in honor of the C. S. M. A., the U. C. V., the S. C. V., and all official ladies.

The luncheon by Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., in honor of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson and members of the C. S. M. A. will be given on Thursday at 1:30 o'clock at the Capital City Club.

Mrs. Hugh M. Dorsey, wife of the Governor of Georgia, will entertain Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Wilson, delegates to the C. S. M. A. convention, and other distinguished visitors.

A grand ball will be given at the Auditorium on Thursday night, to which the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, members of the C. S. M. A., sponsors, maids, matrons, and chaperons of the official staffs will be invited. A reception will be held

on the same evening at an earlier hour for Admiral A. O. Wright and the Confederate naval veterans.

The Uncle Remus Memorial Association will open the Wren's Nest, the home of the late Joel Chandler Harris, for a public reception on Friday afternoon.

MEMENTO MORI

[The following poem was dedicated to the women of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association as a tribute to their unflinching loyalty to a beautiful cause and adherence to the sacred sentiments and traditions of a South that will live forever in the hearts of the people of the Confederacy. This poem will be read at the first official meeting of the C. S. M. A. held in Atlanta during the Reunion as part of the official program. It was written by Mrs. Lollie Belle Wylie.]

As Jesus lay within the tomb.

His mother stood near by and wept;

Her tears, a subtle, sweet perfume,

Into the grave gloom gently crept.

Then flowers of love—

Of woman's love—

On that sad day

Sprang from the sod where Jesus lay.

Upon the South a gray gloom fell

And gathered like a fearful storm;

Her heroes heard the cruel knell

Of death bells through the strange alarm.

Then flowers of love—

Of woman's love—

Bloomed bright and sweet

At every quiet hero's feet.

The hand of death from hill to sea

Has touched the world. A human cry,

As that which rent Gethsemane,

Has reached the Master of the sky.

And flowers of love—

Of woman's love—

Are woven into chaplets bright

For those who journey through the night.

The laurel and the fleur-de-lis

Are mingling with the English rose,

And sweet the bloom of Italy

Within the fragrant garland blows.

And so on through the coming years

The flowers of love—

Of woman's love—

Will mingle with the great world's tears.

A CLOSE CALL.

[Continued from page 372.]

boughs cut by the balls from the low branches of old pines almost blinded me, though not a scratch did I receive.

I ran about a hundred yards and met our brigadier general, W. T. Wofford, on foot, who knew me by name and asked if that firing was at me. I told him it was, and he then asked the whereabouts of the 18th Georgia. I replied that I did not know even when they left the works, heard no order nor any confusion when they left, but the enemy was climbing over the breastworks of Company K, and I saw none of my comrades. General Wofford said: "You ran a great risk of being killed." I then told him that we must get away from there, for they were only a little distance from where we were standing. We leisurely walked back over the hill, and there the regiment was in line of battle. I never heard such an exhortation as the regimental commander got on that occasion. General Wofford was one of the bravest men I ever knew. We hastily intrenched there and remained until General Grant's flanking tactics caused us to cross the James River to meet him at Petersburg. I had one more thrilling escape, but was never caught.

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING AS A MEMORIAL TO GENERAL LEE.

An undertaking which should be most heartily commended and helped by every Southern man and woman is that of raising a fund to erect a memorial building and endow the School of Engineering at Washington and Lee University as a memorial to Gen. R. E. Lee. Such a memorial would be of practical benefit to the coming generations of Southern youth, and no nobler or more fitting tribute could be rendered to the memory of the great man whose last years were spent in training the sons of those he had led in battle. Who cannot see in vision the thousands of trained engineers who will go out from the Robert E. Lee Memorial School of Engineering in future years to build up the South and the nation in the arts of peace? This special endowment will be a part of the million-dollar fund now being raised for the university, and the movement has received the indorsement of the Virginia Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, who at their recent session in Harrisonburg unanimously and enthusiastically passed resolutions to that effect and, further, invited the United Confederate Veterans of other States to join in this enterprise to perpetuate the life work of the immortal Southern leader, and it is hoped that President Henry Louis Smith, of Washington and Lee University, will be given the opportunity to present the plan at the Atlanta meeting in October.

Robert H. Adams, Secretary of the Endowment Fund Committee, sends a copy of these resolutions, passed by unanimous standing vote by the Virginia Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans at their annual meeting, Harrisonburg, September 3, 1919, as follows:

"Whereas the Virginia Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans recognizes Washington and Lee University not only as General Lee's personal memorial, the inheritor of his name, the guardian of his tomb, and a most sacred shrine of Southern memories and traditions, but also as an active agent in bringing the future leaders of the South under the influence of his matchless character and perpetuating for all time the ideals and principles which constituted the greatness of the Old South; and whereas it recognizes also that, since General

Lee's institution has no connection with Church or State, its ability to meet the present financial emergency and continue its great work unimpaired depends entirely on the voluntary liberality of those who believe in these ideals and traditions and wish to see them handed down to future generations; and whereas the School of Civil and Highway Engineering at Washington and Lee was established by General Lee, himself an accomplished engineer, as one of the first acts of his administration, has been maintained ever since, and is now in this age of universal road-building facing an era of greatly enlarged usefulness, yet is still without an endowment, a special building, or adequate equipment; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That the Virginia Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans heartily approves the plan to make this school a memorial of its founder under the name of the Robert E. Lee Memorial School of Engineering and to provide it with endowment, equipment, and a special memorial building.

"2. That it hereby invites the organized Confederate Veterans of other States to join it in thus perpetuating the life work of their immortal leader.

"3. That the commanding officer be authorized and requested to appoint before the close of this meeting a committee of seven, of which he shall be a member, to collaborate with the authorities of the university in carrying this resolution into effect.

"4. The Grand Camp of Virginia hereby requests the United Confederate Veterans to give the President of Washington and Lee University an opportunity to present this matter at the Atlanta meeting in October."

The Grand Commander appointed the following on the committee: Gen. John Lamb, Richmond, Va.; Col. Boyd Smith, Mineral, Va.; Col. T. B. Jackson, Norfolk, Va.; Gen. H. C. Michie, Charlottesville, Va.; Capt. Thomas Tate, Pulaski, Va.; Gen. William Brown Freeman, Richmond, Va.; Ex-Gov. J. Hoge Tyler, Radford, Va.

HEROES OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

The following communication comes from A. O. Wright, Admiral commanding the Confederate Naval Veterans, who asks that it be given place in the *VETERAN* and that the matter be taken up by the Confederate veterans in Reunion at Atlanta:

"At the beginning of the War between the States some five hundred Southern officers resigned their commissions in the United States navy to join the Confederate navy, and the records at Washington show that about two-thirds of these resignations were accepted. However, one hundred and thirty-six of them were branded by the same records as having been 'dismissed' from the service. Had all been so branded or had any reason been given in the records to show why the one hundred and thirty-six were 'dismissed,' we would not to-day be seeking to correct that record. No charge was made against these men, and they left the service with splendid records. At our Reunion at Birmingham in 1916 I was directed by my comrades of the Confederate Naval Veterans to see what could be done to correct this unjust discrimination. I took it up with Congressman Stedman, of North Carolina, who asked to have charge of the bill, in June, 1918, but to date nothing has been done.

"In the list is the name of Capt. Sidney Smith Lee, brother of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The latter resigned April 25, 1861, and his resignation was accepted; Captain Lee resigned April 22, 1861, and the Navy Register records him as having been dismissed on that date.

"Every reader of the VETERAN should bring this matter before his Congressman and try to have this stigma removed from the names of such heroes as Franklin Buchanan, S. S. Lee, and Matthew F. Maury. Every man on this list of immortals is dead, but their sons and grandsons are American heroes to-day, and they are denied the privilege of joining patriotic orders because their ancestors have this stigma against their names on the records at Washington. My petition as submitted to Congress met with no opposition whatever, even from Republicans. All agreed that the time had come to remove the unjust stigma."

UNITED STATES NAVAL REGISTER, 1862-63, PAGE 112.

Dismissals from January 1, 1861, to December 31, 1862.

Captains: French Forrest, Franklin Buchanan, Samuel Barron, George N. Hollins.

Commanders: William T. Muse, Robert G. Robb, Archibald B. Fairfax, Richard L. Page, Arthur Sinclair, John R. Tucker, Thomas R. Rootes, McBlair, Charles E. McIntosh, Sidney Smith Lee, Thomas L. Page, Thomas T. Hunter, Matthew F. Maury, John P. Mitchell, Charles H. A. Kennedy.

Lieutenants: John Taylor Wood, Charles M. Fauntleroy, George T. Sinclair, Robert B. Pegram, Washington Gwathmey, James H. Rochelle, William Sharp, Charles F. M. Spotswood, Carter B. Poindexter, John S. Maury, John W. Bennett, Harry H. Lewis, John Wilkinson, William H. Parker, William L. Powell, John M. Brooks, Peter U. Murphey, William H. Murdaugh, Edward L. Winder, Charles C. Simms, Robert D. Minor, Oscar F. Johnston, Hunter Davidson, Isaac N. Brown, Silas Bont, J. Pembroke Jones, David P. McCorkle, Joseph N. Barney, Charles N. Hays, Alphonse Barbot, Van R. Morgan, Hamilton H. Dalton, George S. Shryock, Joseph W. Alexander, Francis E. Shepperd, John J. Guthrie, William H. Ward, Thomas K. Porter, William P. A. Campbell, Henry K. Stevens, Benjamin P. Loyall, Walter R. Butt, Julian Myers, Alexander M. DeBree, Dulaney A. Forrest, William T. Glassell, Nicholas H. Van Zandt, John Henry Parker, James Iredell Waddell.

Surgeons: Lewis W. Minor, William B. Sinclair, Randolph F. Mason, James F. Harrison, William M. Page, Daniel S. Green, Richard W. Jeffery.

Past Assistant Surgeons: Charles W. Williams, H. W. M. Washington, J. W. B. Greenhow.

Assistant Surgeons: Joseph Grafton, Frederick Van Bibber, Algernon S. Garnett, Bennett W. Green, John W. Sanford, Jr., Robert J. Freeman, Marcellus P. Christian, James E. Lindsay, James W. Herty, S. Iglehart.

Paymasters: George W. Clark, John DeBree, John Johnson, Richard T. Allison, James H. Harwood, Felix Senac, Thomas R. Ware, James A. Semple.

Midshipmen: Edmund G. Read, Thomas L. Dornin, James L. Hoole, Francis L. Hoge, Samuel W. Averett, James L. Tayloe, George A. Borchert, Thomas L. Harrison, Henry D. Claiborne, Hilary Cenas, Arthur D. Wharton.

Chief Engineers: Michael Quinn, William P. Williamson, Thomas A. Jackson, James H. Warner.

First Assistant Engineers: Edward W. Manning, Henry A. Ramsey, Virginius Freeman, George W. City.

Second Assistant Engineers: John W. Tynan, Marshall P. Jordan.

Third Assistant Engineers: Henry X. Wright, John T. Tucker, Charles W. Jordan, Edward L. Dick, Benjamin Herring, Henry Fagan.

Boatswain: Charles H. Hasker.

Gunners: Charles B. Oliver, John W. Lovett.

MARINE CORPS.

Maj. Henry B. Tyler.

Capt. and Brevet Maj. George H. Terrett.

Captains: Jabez C. Rich, Algernon S. Taylor, Robert Tansill, John D. Simms.

First Lieutenants: Israel Green, John R. F. Tattall, Julius E. Meiere, Thomas S. Wilson.

[None of these resignations were later than December, 1861.]

THE RED CROSS IN ATLANTA.

The coming of the United Confederate Veterans to Atlanta in their annual Reunion is being anticipated by the people of the city with genuine pleasure and universal interest. Every possible provision is being planned for the comfort and recreation of these heroes of a past era, and, in addition, the Southern Division of the Red Cross is making every effort to safeguard the health of the men, to serve them in case of sudden illness or accident, and to give them the benefit of the most expert medical and nursing care in case of need.

Sixteen Red Cross nurses have been secured to serve during the Reunion, and a large central emergency hospital will be provided in the most convenient location available, while "first-aid" tents, thoroughly equipped with every needed appliance for accidents or illness, will be situated at a number of places throughout the city, particularly along the line of march of the parade and adjacent to the auditorium, where the sessions of the convention will be held.

The Red Cross will also have a special detachment in the parade itself, and these nurses and doctors will be fully prepared to serve the veterans in every possible way. It is hoped that this assurance of protection for health and provision against accident will serve to alleviate the natural anxiety of friends and relatives of veterans who realize the great strain that the Reunions always are on the physical endurance of the men. The fact that this Reunion is to be held during a season when good weather is the rule, when no extremes of temperature are liable to occur, coupled with the fact of the Red Cross plans for the protection of the men, cannot fail to give a sense of security to the Reunion plans, which, it is hoped and believed, will be fully realized without a serious casualty.

THE VETERAN'S PRIZE OFFER.

A good friend of the VETERAN, always interested in its welfare, has contributed twenty dollars to be offered as a prize to the one securing the largest number of new subscriptions within a given time. This brings up thought of a special campaign to build up the VETERAN's list of patrons, which is due some consideration in this time of campaigns for whatever is needed. All who are interested in the VETERAN and want to have a part in this special work are asked to write at once for particulars.

In addition to the twenty-dollar prize, there will be special inducements offered by the VETERAN to those who enter the competition; so there will really be two prizes to the winner, and all will get something.

W. H. Cleere, Haleyville, Ala.: "Inclosed find check for renewal of my subscription to the VETERAN, which I hope to read as long as I live. I get the worth of a year's subscription from every copy and wish everybody knew its value as history."

Is Your Blood Hungry for Iron?

Iron Is the Red Blood Food That Gives You Strength, Energy, and Power—How to Make the Test That Tells

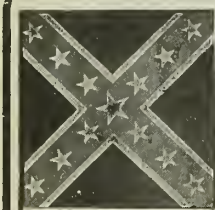
Actual blood tests show that a tremendously large number of people who are weak and ill lack iron in their blood and that they are ill for no other reason than lack of iron. Iron deficiency paralyzes healthy, forceful action, pulls down the whole organism, and weakens the entire system. A pale face, a nervous, irritable disposition, a lack of strength and endurance, and the inability to cope with the strong, vigorous folks in the race of life—these are the sort of warning signals that Nature gives when the blood is getting thin, pale, watery, and literally starving for want of iron. If you are not sure of your condition, go to your doctor and have him take your blood count and see where you stand, or else make the following test yourself: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. By enriching the blood and creating new red blood cells Nuxated Iron strengthens the nerves, rebuilds the weakened tissues, and helps to instill renewed energy and power into the whole system.

Unlike the older inorganic iron products, Nuxated Iron is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Old Postage Stamps and Envelopes

Look in your attic for old letters, anything mailed from 1845 to 1875. Search especially for envelopes mailed during the year 1861 in the Southern States. These may bear either special stamps or simply an imprint giving the names of the towns. These are called Local Issues, as they were prepared by postmasters of the principal towns awaiting receipt of the national issues from the confederate Government. Some of these are quite valuable. Send in anything you may find, to me for inspection and I will immediately advise what I can pay for it. I am a private collector of postage stamps, but am willing to buy some of the early stamps and envelopes to help complete my collection. You need have no hesitancy in forwarding stamps to me for inspection and as to my reliability I refer you to the First National Bank of this place. Address Harold C. Brooks, Box 145, Marshall, Michigan.

CATALOG 352



shows PETTIBONE'S Uniforms and Supplies for **CONFEDERATE VETERANS**

Also shows a beautiful photograph of

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

the matchless son of the South.

Free—send for copy

PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

Headquarters for U. C. V. Uniforms

Established 50 Years

A JOKE ON "DOC."

The Red Cross doctor was examining a doughboy who had been badly wounded in both hands.

The boy reviewed his injured members ruefully.

"Do you think I'll be able to play the piano when I get well?" he asked.

"Certainly you'll be able to play the piano," said the doctor emphatically.

"That's funny," remarked the soldier, "I never could play one before."

ONE OF THOSE MIRACLES.

"What impressed you as the most remarkable thing about the war?" asked a Red Cross canteen girl of a doughboy.

"The number of bullets that missed me, ma'am."

Tom Rattan, of Fort Worth, Tex. (General Delivery), writes: "I'm in a reminiscent mood to-night. I'm thinking of the sudden demise of my friend Adjutant Doolin, of Burnett's Battalion, Maxey's Brigade, who was killed by my side in Jackson, Miss., on July 5 or 6, 1863. He was a fine specimen of Kentucky manhood. Now, if this meets the eye of any of the Doolins, I shall gladly answer all inquiries."

In renewing his subscription, George H. Smith, Adjutant of Camp Ewell at Manassas, Va., writes: "I love to read the VETERAN and think of following General Lee. When a boy of nineteen I left school and joined Ashby's old command, the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Division. I was paroled at Winchester and went home to work. I am now an old farmer, seventy-two years old.

Mrs. Howard Hall, of Cheriton, Va., writes: "I am always talking up the VETERAN, which grows more interesting each month. I look forward to its coming with pleasure and use articles, poems, President General's letter, etc., in making up my historical programs. I appreciate all you are doing to bring the magazine up to such a high standard of excellence."

Robert Heriot, of Little Rock, Ark., says: "I derive more pleasure from reading the VETERAN than from all other publications for which I subscribe. There is something fascinating about it."

L. F. Mullikin, of Piqua, Ky., writes that he "was one of Morgan's horse thieves," and he wants to hear from surviving comrades of E. P. Byrne's battery.

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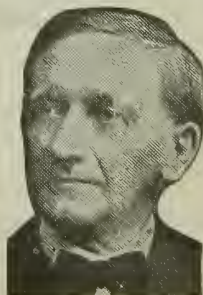
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Robert A. Marshall, of Delaplane, Va., wants the address of Sergt. I. W. Short, Company F, 6th Missouri Infantry.

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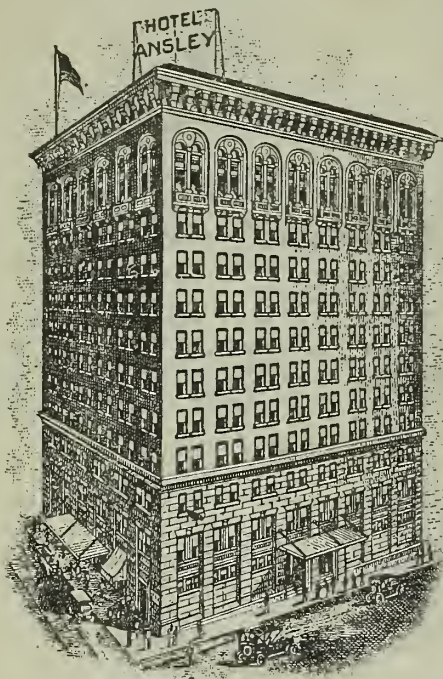
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WANTED—To communicate with some one who knew Mr. Archie Sinclair, who lived in Selma, Ala., at the beginning of the War between the States and had charge of certain work in the canteen

factory in Selma. Later he was detailed for building pontoon bridges for the Confederacy. Address Mrs. Archie Sinclair, 2119 Gartland Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

E. N. Hardy, of South Boston, Halifax County, Va., who was a private of Company E, 12th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, says he "will be pleased to hear from Comrade Jim McMullan, of the same command; and if he no longer lives, I hope that some members of his family will kindly write to his former comrade in arms."



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VOL. XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1919

NO. 11



GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.
Unanimously Re-elected at Atlanta Reunion, October, 1919

773-705
8788



KUKLOS ADELPHON

To Old Confederate Veterans and Their Sons

Were you in college before the Civil War? If so, were you a member of or do you know anything of the old Kuklos Adelpheon (or Alpha Society) and of the Phi Mu Omicron Fraternity, which were in Southern colleges before the War? I am working up the history of these societies. A reply will be appreciated by a son of a Confederate Veteran. Address

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
Official Thanks and Convention Telegrams, U. C. V.....	403
The Reunion in Atlanta.....	404
The Jefferson Davis Memorial. Report by Gen. W. B. Haldeman, President...	406
Sons of Confederate Veterans. By Matthew Page Andrews	409
The Gallant Old Boys in Gray. (Poem.) By Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers.....	409
Where Past and Present Blend. By Cassie Moncure Lyne.....	410
The Battle of Cedar Creek. By I. G. Bradwell.....	411
Gallant Sons of North Carolina. By Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.....	413
Confederate Cavalry Leaders. By J. G. Witherspoon.....	414
An Autumn Idyl. By James H. McNeilly, D.D.....	417
The First Ether Operation. By Frank Stovall Roberts.....	418
Reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade. Address by Will Gordon Knox.....	420
The Defensive South. By A. F. Fry.....	422
Departments: Last Roll.....	426
U. D. C.	434
C. S. M. A.	438
The Garden of Memory—Tribute of a Comrade—Generals Killed in Battle....	439

WAR'S GREAT DOCTOR.

When the "Greatest Mother" went overseas to work for the doughboy, she learned to be a good doctor. In the Red Cross program for the promotion of public health in this country America will receive the full benefit of the experience gained in the rigorous school of war and human suffering over there.

A Red Cross health nurse in your town, competent care of your sick, inspection of your schools, classes in hygiene and home nursing for women, search for tuberculosis and other preventable diseases—these are some of the blessings which the Red Cross purposes to give to every community in the country where such work is not already actively under way.

That's the *why* of the great Red Cross Roll Call November 2-11. Pay your dollar and join the crusaders who march steadily toward the goal of a healthier and happier America.

"LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE."

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., has written a book on the life of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army, which also gives all the Confederate history of the Indian Territory. The book should be of great interest to all Southerners and to the lovers of history as well. Price, 55 cents, postpaid. Send all orders to the author.

Request is made that Finis Donnel Burrow, or any one who knows of him, will write to William Witherspoon, Box 180, Route 2, Bickford, Tenn.

Every dollar contributed to the Red Cross buys a dollar and two cents' worth of relief.

Old Postage Stamps and Envelopes

Look in your attic for old letters, anything mailed from 1815 to 1875. Search especially for envelopes mailed during the year 1861 in the Southern States. These may bear either special stamps or simply an imprint giving the names of the towns. These are called Local issues, as they were prepared by postmasters of the principal towns awaiting receipt of the national issues from the Confederate Government. Some of these are quite valuable. Send in anything you may find, to me for inspection and I will immediately advise what I can pay for it. I am a private collector of postage stamps—not a dealer. Have nothing to sell, but am willing to buy some of the early stamps and envelopes to help complete my collection. You need have no hesitancy in forwarding stamps to me for inspection and as to my reliability I refer you to the First National Bank of this place. Address Harold C. Brooks, Box 145, Marshall, Michigan.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

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Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. VOL. XXVII. NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1919. No. 11. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

OFFICIAL THANKS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
ATLANTA, GA., October 10, 1919.

GENERAL ORDERS.

With a heart full of gratitude to Almighty God for his numberless kindnesses and mercies, the General commanding announces the termination of the twenty-ninth annual Reunion. Once more his beloved associates have had the opportunity of holding sweet communion and indulging in reminiscences of the past.

The great Roman commander when he achieved a victory sent home the laconic but expressive message: "Veni, vidi, vici!" The people of Atlanta must have thought of this message when they invited the veterans to be their guests and determined that they should be able to say: "We have conquered." No city in so short a period has prepared and carried out more plans for the entertainment of the veterans. The highest praises are heard on all sides, and no Reunion has ever given more satisfaction than the one that has just closed. Long will the recollections live in the hearts and minds of all who were so fortunate as to be present.

The General commanding on his own behalf returns hearty thanks to all who have contributed so much to the pleasure of the men he has the happiness to command.

By command of K. M. VANZANDT,
General Commanding.

WILLIAM E. MICKLE, Adjutant General.

GREETINGS TO THE U. C. V.

This cordial greeting came from the American Legion during the Reunion in Atlanta:

"Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Commanding General U. C. V.: The American Legion sends greetings to the United Confederate Veterans and congratulates those who are now participating in the twenty-ninth Reunion. The members of the American Legion are sons of those who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray, and in the baptism of fire and blood through which we have just passed in the world war the ex-

ample of valor set before us in the older war made us strive to more worthily represent our country."

"In their diminishing numbers the United Confederate Veterans represent a cause sacred to the heart of our Southland, and it is a privilege for the strong young giant, the American Legion, with its potential membership of nearly five millions of men, to extend to the gray-haired and gray-uniformed veterans who gather for their twenty-ninth Reunion a hearty greeting which enfolds in its embrace every veteran of the South.

HENRY D. LINDSLEY, Chairman."

The following reply was sent by order of General VanZandt:

"Henry D. Lindsley, Chairman American Legion, New York: The United Confederate Veterans deeply appreciate the loving greetings of the American Legion. Your record of the conduct of our sons in the baptism of fire makes our old hearts warm, and we shall ever be grateful that the members of the Legion have not counted their lives dear unto themselves that they might serve God and their country. The veterans of the Southland stand with you of the world war ready for service for our united country.

WILLIAM E. MICKLE, Adjutant General U. C. V."

The following was sent to the President:

"Hon. Woodrow Wilson, White House, Washington: The United Confederate Veterans' Association in their twenty-ninth Reunion most heartily and unanimously by a rising vote indorse the treaty and the League of Nations and your work in its behalf. They make special prayer for your speedy recovery and the continuance of the good work.

WILLIAM E. MICKLE, Adjutant General U. C. V."

The reply from the White House said:

"Adj. Gen. William E. Mickle, Atlanta: Cordial thanks to you and your comrades for your generous message of sympathy and support. I know the President will be cheered and touched by this heartening message.

J. P. TUMULTY, Secretary."

THE REUNION IN ATLANTA.

The Twenty-Ninth Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans is numbered with the joys of the past.

With only sixty days in which to prepare for this great Confederate Reunion, Atlanta made a wonderful record in being ready for the veterans as they began to arrive. And those who have given expression to their idea of the subsequent entertainment say it was of the best that has been accorded this gathering.

The real heart of Atlanta was shown when the veterans' camp in Piedmont Park was flooded by the rain on Wednesday, and it was necessary to remove a large number of the veterans to more comfortable quarters. Many homes not before opened for their entertainment responded to this need, many others took an additional number of guests, while quarters for a great many were provided in the auditorium and other large buildings. One incident of the many brought out by this crisis is recorded here. One of the Atlanta veterans, notwithstanding he had a sick wife and no servant, took several comrades into his home, fixing them beds wherever possible, then got up very early and prepared breakfast for them himself. Here was indeed true-hearted hospitality.

The first business session of the Reunion was held on Wednesday morning, October 8, and, except for the announcement of the credentials and resolutions committees, it was devoted to the welcome addresses and responses. Gen. J. A. Thomas, Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., called the convention to order, and the invocation was offered by Dr. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General. The opening address was made by Walter P. Andrews, Chairman of the Reunion Executive Committee; Mayor James L. Key gave the city's welcome to the veterans of the sixties; Dr. Plato Durham, Dean of Emory University, delivered the welcome on behalf of the State, Governor Dorsey having been called away; and Judge George Hillyer, commanding the North Georgia Brigade, U. C. V., gave welcome on behalf of the veterans of the State.

The feature of the afternoon session was the address by the Hon. Luther Harrison, of Oklahoma, which was enthusiastically received, and a resolution was passed to have it printed in pamphlet form for wider distribution. The paragraphs here given are expressions of true Americanism:

"I come before you," said Mr. Harrison, "with a feeling of holy recollection. Fifty-four years ago to-day my father died at Richmond fighting for the Confederacy; one year ago to-day my baby brother died in the Argonne fighting for the same ideals that impelled my father through these periods of stress.

"I consider the cause that my dear brother fought and died for no more holy, no more just than the cause that called my father. Both were founded on the same ideals—love of liberty and the right to self-government.

"It is a pity that the history of the Civil War has been recorded so universally by men prejudiced against the cause of the South. The historians cannot be blamed, for their prejudice is a natural result of their geographical and hostorical environment.

"The War between the States was inevitable, but slavery was not a cause; it was an excuse. Geographical and historical circumstances had made the struggle inevitable, but the South was no more responsible for the slavery trade than the North. Movements against slavery were made in the South

before they were in the North. The slave trade was begun by men of the North before the Southerners took it up.

"Geographically, the Northern States were not fitted to use slave labor, and the South was. The mountainous conditions near the coast in the States above the Mason and Dixon line make waterfalls numerous, and in the days before hydro-electric power was known this made it an industrial district. Economic law has proved conclusively that this sort of labor is not suited for industrial work, but is eminently suited to agricultural pursuits, such as have always abounded in the South. This is the reason that slavery continued in the South to a greater extent than in the North.

"The hope of America lies in the South. Years ago we thought our lack of immigration was a calamity; now we see that it was a blessing. The pure strains of Americanism that exist in the South are to be depended on for safe convoy through these periods of stress.

"Do not tell me that there is a 'New South' and a 'Lost Cause.' The spirit of the South still lives. It rang in the battle cry of Southern soldiers fighting their way through the wilds of the Argonne Forest. It rang in the message of Wood-



COL. HENRY MOORMAN, OF OWENSBORO, KY., AND HIS TWIN GRANDSONS, MERCER AND FRANCIS MOORMAN.

Colonel Moorman has served on the staffs of all the Commanders in Chief U. C. V. from General Gordon to the present Commander, General VanZandt, and has never missed a Reunion. These beautiful boys are the 3-year-old sons of his son, Dr. S. Mercer Moorman, physician, of New York City, who was named for his grandfather, Maj. S. M. Moorman, of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade. A great uncle of these boys was Gen. George Moorman, First Adjutant General of the United Confederate Veterans, and another great uncle was Capt. Julius Thompson, of Gen. Loring's staff, a brother of their Grandmother Moorman. At one time Maj. S. M. Moorman and his two sons, George and Henry, were all connected with the famous Orphan Brigade.

row Wilson when that great man with the voice of an archangel declared to the world the principle of self-determination for small nations. He was uttering again the same old principles for which you fought and your comrades died.

"If the day ever comes when the spirit of the South is dead, then on that day will the great republic of America die. For the spirit of the South is America's spirit, the real America undefiled by alien blood.

"To-day the Anglo-Saxon manhood of the South is the hope of American civilization. The South stands to-day between America and the rising tide that will sweep away our institutions unless it is checked."

Other addresses were made at the Thursday morning session. Miss Mildred Rutherford spoke to the veterans, stressing the importance of eliminating falsehood from school histories, and her efforts in that direction were heartily indorsed by resolution, given elsewhere in this number. Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, Historian General U. D. C., made a brief address, telling what her organization is doing to preserve the truth of Southern history. Judge Hillyer spoke on the pension question and was followed by Congressman W. D. Upshaw, of Georgia, who told what he was doing in Congress to secure pensions for Confederates on the same terms as the Union soldiers—as loyal citizens of this country. Gen. J. S. Carr spoke in the interest of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., which has the greatest collection of Confederate relics in existence.

MEMORIAL HOUR.

Memorial hour was held on Thursday at twelve o'clock, the program for which was arranged by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson. President General C. S. M. A.:

Assembly call.

Song, "How Firm a Foundation!" vested choirs of cathedral.

Invocation by Rev. Robert P. Martyn, Chaplain North Georgia Brigade, United Confederate Veterans.

Reading honor roll of Confederate Veterans by Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff United Confederate Veterans.

Reading honor roll of Confederated Southern Memorial Association by Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

Reading honor roll of Sons of Confederate Veterans by Nathan Bedford Forrest, Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Song, "Lead, Kindly Light," vested choirs.

Address, "Lest We Forget," Rev. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General United Confederate Veterans.

Address, "The Women of the C. S. M. A.," Miss Mildred Rutherford.

Address, "Our Heritage," Rev. Henry W. Battle, Chaplain in Chief Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Hymn, "God Be with You Till We Meet Again."

Benediction.

Taps.

In his short address Dr. Bachman said: "We will forget the bitterness and the desolation, the privation and suffering of the war, and we will remember only the truth and righteousness of the Southern cause, the principles for which the South fought, and the cherished ideals which to-day are dearer to us than ever before."

Much business was transacted during the afternoon session. Of special importance was the report made on the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview, Ky., work on which was stopped during the recent war. It is about half completed, and a good sum of money is needed to finish it. The report was made by Gen. W. B. Haldeman, President of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, succeeding the late Gen. B. H. Young, and his appeal for the coöperation of the whole South in making up the amount necessary should have the widest response. Following this report, Col. E. Polk Johnson, of Louisville, moved that the women of the South be asked to have "Tag Day" on Thanksgiving for the benefit of this fund, and the suggestion was unanimously indorsed by resolution. All funds collected should be sent to Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville, Ky.

The closing action of the convention was the election of officers, General VanZandt being unanimously reelected Commander in Chief, and the Department Commanders were also reelected: Gen. C. B. Vance, of Mississippi, Army of Tennessee Department; Gen. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, commanding Trans-Mississippi Department; Gen. Julian S. Carr, commanding Army of Northern Virginia Department.

The parade on Friday morning presented the usual features, with some additions, and moved to the enthusiastic greeting of the dense crowds filling the sidewalks along the line of march. Leading the way was Gen. J. A. Thomas, commanding the Georgia veterans, followed by Gen. E. M. Lewis, U. S. A., commanding officer of Camp Gordon, with his staff, escort of honor for Commander in Chief VanZandt, who came next with his staff and official ladies. Then came the Old Guard of Atlanta as escort for the ladies of the C. S. M. A., who were typified by three maidens dressed in the old-fashioned hoop skirts and crinoline. But it was the veterans for whom the crowd was eagerly watching, and they were there in full force, marching or riding and drinking in the adulation so freely given. After the veterans came the Sons of Veterans, led by their new Commander in Chief, N. B. Forrest, grandson of the famous general. The surprise of the parade was the participation of the Knights of the Ku-Klux Klan of Atlanta, led by the Grand Wizard, J. W. Simmons. All were masked and garbed in white robes, on which were the mystic symbols. A great float bore a purple throne on which was seated the figure of Death swathed in the flowing garb of the order. This great host moved silently along in strong contrast to the lively demonstrations in other parts of the parade, its silence expressive of that strength which was the salvation of the South in the days of Reconstruction.

When the famous Company B of the Nashville veterans started out with their old muskets polished and their "fours" dressed with precision, their commander, Capt. P. M. Griffin, warned his men about keeping "eyes front" and their lines straight.

"We've got to show the folks that we can still march with the best of 'em," he said.

For the first few blocks they got along nicely, then one of them on the end yelled at Captain Griffin: "Cap'n, 'tain't no use. I can't keep my eyes to the front with all these pretty Atlanta girls on the sidewalk."

So the idea of the captain's had to be abandoned, but their "showing" could never be questioned. The cheers that greeted them along the line testified as to that.—*Atlanta Journal*.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were passed by the convention:

"Whereas we have heard with the deepest interest the patriotic, historic, instructive, and suggestive address of the illustrious Southern historian, Miss Mildred L. Rutherford; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That our thanks are due and are hereby tendered to Miss Rutherford for her eloquent and truthful presentation of the facts of Confederate history.

"2. That we accept her suggestion as to having such facts imparted to the young of our country, so that they may learn correctly the rights and the history of that great struggle for which we offered our lives and gave everything save our sacred honor.

"3. That to make an organized effort to accomplish what she suggests a committee of five be appointed, and if by it deemed practicable, to carry out the same under the authority of this Federation.

"4. That the cooperation of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and United Daughters of the Confederacy be invited and each asked to appoint five members to form a part of our committee."

1. Memorializing the Senate of the United States to speedily ratify the Treaty of Peace and the League of Nations covenant without amendment or textual reservations.

2. To change the name of the war of 1861-65 from the "Civil War" to the "Confederate War," on the ground that the term "Civil War" implies a war between two factions of the same nation, whereas the Confederate States of America during the progress of the war was a separate nation, legally born by the Confederate States through the exercise of their constitutional rights of secession.

3. Requesting the Federal government to pay Confederate pensions on the ground that \$68,000,000 worth of cotton was illegally confiscated by the Federal government and has never been repaid; that the South for more than thirty years has paid \$50,000,000 a year in taxes toward Federal pensions; that the Federal government further owes the South an unpaid debt of \$25,000,000 for captured property which was sold. This resolution was introduced in the committee by Judge George Hillyer, of Atlanta.

4. Requesting Congress to appropriate an additional \$50,000 to complete the Vicksburg memorial arch in the Vicksburg National Park, the previous appropriation of \$32,000 being insufficient because of the very heavy increase in labor and material.

Some other resolutions passed were to hold the Reunion hereafter in the fall of the year, to accept the invitation of the American Legion to have delegates from each Division of the U. C. V. sent to the convention of the Legion to be held in Minneapolis on November 11, and a resolution of sympathy was sent to the widow of General Pickett, lying ill in Washington City.

R. E. LEE MEMORIAL SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING.

One of the most important things brought before the convention was the plan for the R. E. Lee Memorial School of Engineering at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., and this was heartily indorsed by resolution. Owing to the great amount of business coming up that session, Dr. Lewis Smith, President of the University, did not have opportunity to make his address on the subject, but the following

resolutions were put before the convention and enthusiastically adopted:

"Whereas the United Confederate Veterans recognize Washington and Lee University not only as General Lee's memorial, the inheritor of his name and the guardian of his tomb, but as his living representative, carrying on his life work and perpetuating for all time the principles and ideals with which he endowed the institution; and

"Whereas General Lee's institution, being independent of Church and State, must depend for its financial support upon those public-spirited citizens who believe in these principles and traditions and desire to disseminate and perpetuate them; and

"Whereas the university is now overcrowded with students and facing an era of rapid growth and expanding usefulness, yet is retarded and handicapped by lack of equipment and endowment; and

"Whereas the School of Civil and Highway Engineering, which General Lee, himself an accomplished engineer, established as the first act of his administration, is still without endowment, adequate equipment, or a building of its own; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That the United Confederate Veterans regard the adequate financing of General Lee's institution for its great work as a nursery of American leadership not only as an obligation, but as a high privilege and a sacred duty. They, therefore, urge all members of the various Confederate organizations not only to contribute to this end, but especially to remember the university in their wills, that after their departure they may thus for all time become working partners, as they were once fighting partners, of their beloved leader.

"2. That they heartily approve the plan to endow and equip the Robert E. Lee Memorial School of Engineering as their tribute to the memory and their contribution to the life work of their old commander.

"3. That the commanding officer appoint an Executive Committee of seven members, of which he shall be one, whose duty it shall be to create other committees, organize the campaign, and in collaboration with the university authorities raise not less than half a million dollars for this end."

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

NEW ORLEANS, LA., November 1, 1919.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 6.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at the recent Reunion at Atlanta, Ga.:

"Resolved, That it is the sense and will of this convention that the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans issue a general order naming Thanksgiving Day of the present year as a day on which the women throughout the South shall solicit and receive contributions for the completion of the Jefferson Davis Memorial and Park at Fairview, Christian County, Ky., the birthplace of Jefferson Davis.

"It is the further wish of this convention of Confederate Veterans that their Commander in Chief shall request the publication of his general order in every newspaper published in the South."

In pursuance of this resolution this general order is published. The General commanding is confident that this appeal to the womanhood of the South will not pass unheeded, remembering the intensity of their devotion to the cause of Southern independence during the War between the States, and knowing now, as we knew then, that from every

southern hearthstone the prayers of the devoted women daily ascended in our behalf, and that while we were fighting the battle in the field they were fighting a greater battle than we in their desolate homes—for "the bravest battle that ever was fought was fought by the mothers of men."

When the end came and chaos reigned in all the South, it was the Southern woman who cheered the Southern man and with him brought back from wreck and ruin the land they loved so well, the land glorified for all time by the blood of the precious dead; when once again the fields smiled with abundant harvest, it was the Southern woman who filled our land with monuments in honor of the heroic armies of the South. No nation ever rose or fell that has so many such testimonials. The General commanding makes no plea. It is not believed that it is necessary. The birthplace of the first and only President of the Confederate States should be marked by a completed testimonial to his worth, to his devotion to the South, whether at the head of the government or wearing shackles for his people in a prison cell. The patriotic women of the South need but a single call to duty. Their answer has always been "Ready," as it will be in this emergency.

Contributions received on Thanksgiving Day, 1919, under this order should be forwarded to Maj. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, Louisville National Banking Company, Louisville, Ky.

K. M. VANZANDT, *General Commanding.*

WM. E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*



MRS. R. L. IRWIN, MATRON OF HONOR FOR FORREST'S CAVALRY, ATLANTA REUNION.

In 1917 Mrs. Irwin, who was Miss Dollie Kimbrough, daughter of Mrs. Mary H. Southworth Kimbrough, of Mississippi, was appointed to unveil the Memorial Window to Southern Women in the Red Cross Building at Washington, D. C., which had to be postponed because of the war work going on in the building. Mrs. Kimbrough was Chairman of the U. D. C. Committee having in charge the raising of funds for this Memorial Window.

REPORT ON THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

A full report on the status of the Jefferson Davis Memorial, now in course of erection at Fairview, Ky., was made by Gen. W. B. Haldeman, President of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, to the convention in Atlanta in the following:

"The memorial monument is not completed, owing to the death of the eloquent and matchless Young, whose enthusiastic devotion to Confederate ideals strengthened his purpose and his aim to place at the birthplace of Jefferson Davis a fitting memorial to the great leader of a great cause.

"Called to the post of duty left vacant by the death of General Young by comrades throughout the South and on the Jefferson Davis Home Association Board, I have undertaken the completion of General Young's work of love. I take up this work as a duty that I must perform. I found a bankrupt treasury, and I propose, through your help, my comrades, and that of the women, the men, and the children of the South and the blessing of God upon the work, to bring it to a successful fulfillment and to have the Jefferson Davis Park a beautiful and fitting place for this memorial to the illustrious leader of the South and the monument, a tribute to his memory, completed and turned over to the State of Kentucky on the anniversary of his birth, June 3, 1920.

"To do this will require prompt and energetic effort throughout the Southland within a brief space of time. I hope and believe that the amount necessary to complete this memorial and put the park in thoroughly presentable condition can and will be raised before the year 1920 is ushered in. In the early spring work can be resumed on the monument and grounds and within two months' time everything completed for the dedication of the memorial. That which is necessary to complete the work is funds in bank, and I cannot doubt what the response of the people of the South will be when the privilege of furnishing the amount needed is placed before them.

"I have secured the promise of the candidates for Governor of Kentucky upon the Democratic and the Republican tickets that whoever may be elected Governor in November of this year will recommend to the legislature of Kentucky, which assembles in January, 1920, the passage of a bill that upon the completion and dedication of the monument to President Jefferson Davis this memorial and the park will be taken over by the State and properly maintained for all time to come.

"The world war prevented General Young from completing this work in 1918. It has been truly said of him by his associates on the Jefferson Davis Home Association Board: 'He went into his gigantic task with the cheers and benedictions of his comrades and of the Southern people ringing in his ears.' When he died, February 23, 1919, the marvelous Jefferson Davis obelisk was over half completed on the spot where Mr. Davis was born, and it now remains for the people of the South to see to it that the necessary sum for the early completion of the monument is promptly raised.

"In this memorial to our great leader the South pays tribute to its sainted dead and as a people who glory in an ancestry that wrote in letters of blood on more than 2,600 battle fields the story of Southern manhood and womanhood, resplendent with the highest and best that humanity can give. And who is there can doubt the readiness of the response that the people of the South will make?

"Jefferson Davis, statesman and soldier, was born in Christian County, Ky., June 3, 1808, and one hundred and twelve years from the date of his birth, on June 3, 1920, it should be, and I believe will be, your desire and your purpose, my com-

rades, to actively aid in seeing to it that the memorial to his memory shall be fully completed and dedicated.

"About one hundred and forty miles from the birthplace of Jefferson Davis another great Kentuckian, Abraham Lincoln, was born. In the days of our civil strife Mr. Davis was President of the Confederate States and Mr. Lincoln President of the United States. The United States government has taken over the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln and assumed the care of the land and the memorial there erected to his memory. The State of Kentucky will take over and maintain the memorial to Jefferson Davis, and it is with us to complete at once this tribute to his memory.

"Fairview, the name of the little village in which Jefferson Davis was born, had been given its name more than a century ago because of its location in the midst of hills and valleys and forests providing scenery unsurpassed anywhere for beauty and grandeur. At the suggestion of General Young, ratified by Confederates throughout the entire Southland, the obelisk memorial, now over half completed, was concluded upon as the most fitting monument to the memory of Mr. Davis. Here, we hope, will be the Mecca of the Southern people, a shrine to which our thoughts can ever turn and which we can visit when opportunity offers as the spot on which a beloved President was born. The memorial decided upon is of obelisk form and will be when completed the second highest monument in the world. Mr. S. F. Creelius, formerly a citizen of Georgia, now a citizen of Kentucky, who married a daughter of Judge Emory F. Speer, of Macon, an engineer and architect of great ability, who laid out Yellowstone Park for the government, is the man whose plans and figures were finally selected by the Association, and on those plans and figures the monument is being built. Mr. Ernest McCullough, who is recognized as the equal of any concrete expert in the United States, volunteered his services as consulting engineer, which offer was accepted by the Board of Directors very gladly and gratefully.

"Early in 1917 ground was broken and work commenced on the foundation, and then the United States of America entered the world war, and Mr. McCullough was among the first to be sent to France with a corps of engineers. In August of that year Mr. Creelius went to France as a major of engineers, and both rendered faithful and efficient service to their country. The contractor, Mr. Gregg, carried on his work under very great difficulties until the prices for labor and material advanced so greatly and the prohibition of the government as to the sale of cement and the lack of funds by the Association early in the fall of 1918 rendered necessary the suspension of work upon the Jefferson Davis Memorial and the Jefferson Davis Park.

"Two monuments in all the South have been erected to President Davis, one by the women of the South at Richmond, Va., and one at New Orleans, also by the women of the South.

"I cannot refrain here and now from refreshing the memory of our people by making a few extracts from the great address delivered at New Orleans, La., on the occasion of the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis monument. The dauntless spirit that engineered through countless difficulties the erection of the Fairview memorial as far as it was possible for the energy of man to execute a work, Gen. Bennett H. Young said of President Davis what I believe will be considered as a just tribute. In that address General Young said: 'His life was pure and his career upright, his integrity beyond suspicion, and his patriotism immeasurable. He became the leader of his people over his personal protest of unworthiness. He assumed a task at which any human being might hesitate.

The South had no resources, no factories, no arsenals. I had a vulnerable seacoast six times longer than that of the other States. It had no standing army upon which even to base the conflict. Mr. Davis became the head of the Confederate States, and no responsibility more stupendous was ever laid upon human heart, no burden so great ever placed upon human shoulders. He was the head of the Confederacy. He had the chivalry and devotion of a brave and patriotic people upon which to rely, but in his own soul was pulsing a national life beat, and its throbs and agonies both burdened and strengthened his undaunted mind. A stranger to fear, instantly responsive to every demand of duty, with the poise and calmness of a great man, he met every crisis dauntlessly measured up to every just expectation and demand of his people. He stood suffering, humiliation, and imprisonment for the South, and in the dreadful hours of confinement he became a thousand times dearer to his people, and their love and gratitude go out to him in boundless measure and with resistless force. Never did he falter, never did he hesitate when manhood and patriotism called to action.'

"The duty placed upon me of carrying to a successful conclusion work so well begun by General Young and his colleagues cannot, will not fail of success. Back of me I have a great, a sympathetic people to whom it is only necessary to present the case, and their answer will be quickly forthcoming. I will request that a resolution be presented to this organization, the United Confederate Veterans' Association, naming a committee from the States which fought under the Confederate flag, consisting of one member from the State at large and a member from each Congressional district of these States. These men should be selected and named by our Commander in Chief and should be men of the highest character, well known to the people of their States and districts. I will promise that there will be given to these men to do the work of soliciting an organized body of solicitors thoroughly up in the work of this kind. A gentleman, ardent in devotion to the cause of the South and personally devoted to the late Gen. B. H. Young, Mr. James R. Duffin, of Louisville, Ky., will, through the Underwriters' Association and similar organizations in the Southern States, furnish the men free of all charge to do the active work of soliciting. I also make the request that this body of Confederate Veterans pass a resolution which will be submitted to them naming a 'Jefferson Davis Memorial Day,' and I suggest Thanksgiving Day of this year on which in every city, town, and hamlet throughout the South a special effort shall be made by the women to secure contributions to complete the memorial to President Davis, these contributions to be forwarded to Col. John H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, Louisville, Ky. The quicker way, the more appreciated way, however, will be for every one who hears or reads this plea for needed funds to complete the Jefferson Davis Memorial to not await the call from a solicitor, but at once to send his or her contribution to Colonel Leathers.

"When I note from the newspapers that the sum of \$5,000,000 is asked by the Roosevelt Memorial Association (and this large sum will be speedily contributed) to perpetuate the memory of a great American, I cannot doubt that what appears almost an incalculably small sum compared with the \$5,000,000 asked for Mr. Roosevelt will be within sixty days contributed by the men and women of the South, whom the President of the Confederacy honored when living and whom they should honor by the tribute they are called upon to make to his memory.

'I prefer to make my appeal to the masses for the sum of (\$30,000) and not to make it solely to a few wealthy men, for I believe that the people of the great South will promptly make response and give the world full knowledge of their continued love for the great President of the Confederate States. Every one in the Southland and every lover of the Southland will be given an opportunity to pay a tribute of love and homage to our great leader, for I believe that those words inscribed upon his monument at New Orleans, 'his fame is forever enshrined in the hearts of the people for whom he suffered and his deeds are forever wedded to immortality,' are as true to-day as when they were written. Mississippi is the adopted State of the great President of the Confederacy, but by the accident of birth he was a native-born Kentuckian; and while Kentucky is doing and has done and will do her part toward this memorial tribute to him, it belongs as much and will belong as much to the entire people of the South as it will to the people of Kentucky. From every Southern heart and home I ask an early and prompt response. I do not, cannot doubt what that response will be.'

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE.

It is often and but too truly said that personal ambitions play a prominent part even in the best of our patriotic organizations. It is for this reason that I would call attention to an inspiring incident where a sense of service and unselfishness swept through an entire convention. I refer particularly to the meeting of the Sons of Confederate Veterans recently held in Atlanta. I was present at this convention, and after the regular order of business had been transacted with unusual smoothness and, fortunately, at the expense of oratorical flights, the meeting came down to the election of officers.

Rumors had been afloat the night before and all that morning to the effect that a bitter fight would be waged on the floor of the house. Rumor had it that this or that candidate had said sundry and various things about conditions in general and about the candidacy of others in particular. One patriotic but excited delegate had gone so far as to state that he "would prevent" the nomination of a certain candidate. Politics at its worst might have been evolved, and conservative spirits were talking about and praying for a compromise to avert serious trouble.

When the time for the election of officers was announced, however, a former Commander in Chief arose and spoke of the noble work of Nathan Bedford Forrest, grandson of the great Confederate chieftain, who had faithfully and at tremendous sacrifice and in the face of every obstacle and discouragement served the Confederation for a period of thirteen years. He said that, as Forrest was unable to take office again as Adjutant in Chief, he had arisen to urge that the Sons recognize the services of their faithful Adjutant in Chief and elect him to the highest honor which the Sons could confer, that of Commander in Chief.

I was then much disturbed to see one of the strongest backers of another candidate arise to speak. He, like the preceding speaker, had been a Commander in Chief. Evidently the predicted fight was on. Instead of that, however, the second Past Commander seconded the motion of the first with even greater earnestness. It was a touching tribute to one who had performed fine services for the organization, and the climax was reached when the present Commander in

Chief, at one time a candidate for reelection, arose and spoke in the same vein and added his support to the other two.

Other prospective and possible candidates began at once to rise all over the house, but with the sole and laudable purpose of adding their hearty support to the nomination of Forrest, which was promptly carried by acclamation amid the greatest enthusiasm that any reunion of the Sons had ever seen.

I take pleasure in holding up this inspiring example of recognition of true service on the one hand and of unselfishness on the part of candidates for office on the other. Only too often when candidates announce their intentions of running for office their pride becomes involved, self-seeking takes the place of self-sacrifice, and a fight is precipitated at the expense of the organization which they are supposed to support and represent.

What a splendid precedent the Sons have set for themselves, and what a fine example for others!

THE GALLANT OLD BOYS IN GRAY.

They are marching to-day in their armor of gray

Where proudly in youth they so gallantly trod
Ere Sherman invaded in battle array

And swore that each Rebel should sleep in the sod.
But the strife and such boasting are all cast aside
As they glance on their banner with joy and with pride,
Still beaming with justice and mercy and right,
For it waved over Lee in heaven's own light.

No cause that is just and guarded with trust

Can ever be lost to a patriot soul,
Nor the rights of a State be trampled in dust
When honorable valor leads on to the goal.
Then bravely look upward with conscience unstained
By reckless disorder or vice unrestrained,
For you won that glory which never shall fade;
It's pure as thy banner, thy musket and blade.

Four wars have displayed of what metal they're made;
Old Guilford, Monterey, and Manassas proclaim;
Then Spain with her heraldry, her pomp, and her power
Eclipsed as Hobson won honor and fame.
This God-given spirit came down to the son
When Germans retreated and victory won,
Then cheer upon cheer for our veterans in gray,
Who honor both flags of America to-day.

All hail to Atlanta, queen city of light,
Whose ministering love gives welcome and rest
To all who battle for justice and right!
From the North and the South, the East and the West.
To be trained on her soil, by thousands they came,
And her own Camp Gordon won crosses of fame.
So welcome them gladly with peans to-day,
For they deem it an honor to march with the Gray.

—Loula Kendall Rogers.

[Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers, of Tennille, Ga., was a "girl of the sixties" and is the widow of a splendid Confederate soldier, a captain in the 3d Georgia Regiment. Her son followed his soldier father's example and remains overseas. Mrs. H. M. Franklin, President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., is the only daughter of Mrs. Rogers.]

WHERE PAST AND PRESENT BLEND.

AN APPRECIATION BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE, RICHMOND, VA.

When President Wilson was touring the West in behalf of the League of Nations, he gave voice to this remark: "I have the blood of the Covenanters in my veins." And the speech conjured up at once Grey Friars Abbey and St. Giles Graveyard in Edinburgh, so that fancy could glimpse "Old Mortality" with his chisel picking out on time-worn sandstone those names which stood for conscience and for country, written with their hearts' blood as "loyal unto death."

Even so at the Confederate Reunion in Atlanta we harked back to our glorious past as "stepping-stones to higher things," for, as has been said, "A nation that careth not whence it came careth little whither it goeth." This is no vain boast in the mouth of the Southland to the Union save as St. Paul saw fit to observe: "Have they whereof to boast? We have more."

We have to resort to Scripture to keep up with the Mayflower descendants, or soon Bunker Hill Monument will overshadow the tomb of Napoleon as the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" spreads in the Champs-Élysées. Sooner or later extremes meet, and the "Puritan in Paris" will doubtless be as interesting an anomaly as the Witch of Salem.

Yet as the proud past of the South to-day blends with the glory of the present the heart of the nation is quickened by the tread of heroes, veterans from Bull Run and Chickamauga and veterans from Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, and the Marne.

Never was there such a military pageant in American history as when Pershing led the victorious American expeditionary army through the Triumphal Arch at Washington. Many of them were the sons of Dixie, whose fathers had followed Gen. Robert E. Lee's advice at Appomattox to "go home and rebuild the South."

Be it ever remembered that an Alabamian, Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, whose name was a talisman of bravery, turned the tide at Chateau-Thierry by his determination, expressed in this epigram that will forever live in history: "It is not within the dignity of our flag to retreat. My men would not understand such an order. I mean to counter-attack."

That is a sentiment as sublime as Pershing's salute to France: "La Fayette, we have come."

"The blue and the gray together sleep
In the heart of our native land,
But their offspring dared the deep,
To rally to Pershing's command."

It fell to my honored privilege to arrange the flowers on the bier of the noble gentlewoman, Miss Mary Lee, the last of the Lees. The floral offering which bore the card of "The President and Mrs. Wilson" I placed at the head of the casket, while by request the Jefferson Davis Chapter in Washington put their beautiful tribute at her feet. Never did a more representative assembly enter any edifice than that which, despite the press of world war, left everything and came to Epiphany Church to the funeral services of the daughter of Robert E. Lee, Chief Justice White and Secretary Baker, being of the pallbearers, walking next to the casket. All was quiet and dignified and simplicity personified, for every one present realized that it was in truth and verity "the end to the chapter of Confederate history."

Like Alsace and Lorraine, the South waited for fifty years to come within her own; but since Gettysburg has healed as a red scar of honor across the nation's heart, the South that gave Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, and Monroe

to the Union is no longer a military district dominated by carpetbaggers and policed by Ku-Klux. In the White House rules a Virginian-born, whose first wife sleeps at Rome, Ga. and whose present helpmate springs from Pocahontas, the little Indian maid who saved the colony of Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement on the continent of North America.

Most of the great mobilization camps for training our expeditionary army were located in Dixie Land, due to our balmy climate; nevertheless, it was a tacit acknowledgment by the Union of the military ability of our great Confederate leaders that they were named after Lee, Jackson, Gordon, Wheeler, and Beauregard. And since we have forgotten our differences as a great country and think of our many unities, the fact that our "boys" wore khaki and not the blue or the gray makes us feel as a nation that we are woven out of a whole piece of cloth, and this is as it should be in the strength of our world power. And yet "to reminisce" is one of the sweet aftermaths of memory's privilege.

When we think of the origin of names, it is also a great compliment from the United States that its most famous army general hospital is called after that great young Virginian Walter Reed, who gave his life to prove the theory that the mosquito carries the yellow-fever germ. This medical fact established was the realization of the Panama Canal. Great is the work science is doing to-day at Walter Reed Hospital, where our maimed are being cured and cared for and the scars of war effaced so far as is humanly possible. They are the men who were carried back from the blood-stained waste of Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, the Marne, Argonne, and St. Mihiel. When Pershing's men, swung down Pennsylvania Avenue, with the dome of the Capitol as a background and the Triumphal Arch awaiting them, these brave fellows went on cots, crutches, and canes to cheer their comrades in arms as they passed; men that had sailed the sub-harassed seas and gone "over the top." Every eye that witnessed their waving empty sleeves was wet with tears. The crowd felt the presence also of those who sleep in Flanders fields, as our own Tennessee bard has so beautifully expressed it:

"O, death is long and the grave is deep
Where the spade-packed turf is swarded,
But one by one we could see them creep
From the mounds which their rifles guarded;
For faint and low on the winds that crept
On by where the poppy tosses
They heard, 'Fall in!' and the echo swept
Back to their wooden crosses."

And yet the veterans in gray at the Confederate Reunion, men who had fought in the battle of Atlanta, wearing their crosses of honor, the thin gray line, seemed the halo of where the past and the present blend.

PRISON HORRORS COMPARED.

The following appeared in the *Literary Digest* of September 13 under the heading, "Were Yankee Prisons in France Worse Than Libby or Andersonville?": "Several Southern readers object to comparisons between conditions prevalent in Southern prisons during the Civil War and those which prevailed recently in American prisons in France, where soldiers of the A. E. F., as recent investigations have disclosed, were horribly mistreated. The conditions revealed in France, it is said, are worse than those which have been proved of the famous Libby Prison, in Richmond, or the equally famous one

Andersonville. 'Why should not this comparison have been made of Camp Chase, Camp Douglas, or Johnson's Island, all famous Northern prisons, with a reputation in the South quite equalling that which Libby and Andersonville enjoyed in the North?' asks C. G. Fennell, proprietor of the Guntersville (Ala.) Democrat. 'Were prisoners ever more cruelly treated than in the Northern prisons?' Mr. Fennell continues: 'And is there any reliable evidence that any cruelty was practiced at Libby or Andersonville that could be avoided? Prisoners were on short rations, so was the army in the field. Overtures for exchange were met with rebuffs from Washington that were in poor keeping with the high plane on which the government claimed to be waging war. This protest will probably find its way to your wastebasket, as it has been my experience that the most excellent papers in the North will publish anything that reflects on the South, but are timid about giving publicity to a rejoinder.'"

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, VA.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Having received some reinforcements from Lee's army at Richmond after some defeats at Winchester and Fisher's Hill a month before, General Early decided once more to advance down the Valley and assume the offensive if opportunity offered. Accordingly we marched to Fisher's Hill and bivouacked there out of sight of the enemy, who were holding a well-fortified line along the north side of Cedar Creek. So strong were their works, and the superiority of their numbers was so great, that they did not seem to suspect that our army, after being defeated twice, would attempt in so short a time to put them to any trouble.

After Gen. John B. Gordon had surrounded and captured the Federal signal station on the highest point of the Massanutten Mountain, which ends abruptly here, he had an extensive view of the enemy's position in every direction. He saw that he could lead the army by a cow path around the thickly wooded foot of the mountain at night, cross the Shenandoah, into which Cedar Creek flows, and throw the weight of our small force on the Federal left wing, while the main part of the army crossed the creek and carried the works along the center and right of the Federal line. His plan of battle was perfect and was carried out in every detail as he suggested; but for some unaccountable reason General Early failed to make any effort to secure the fruits of the most remarkable victory won by the Confederates during the war.

The object of this article is not to criticize the failings of that brave old patriot, but to give my own observations on that occasion and a truthful account of what I actually saw. As stated already, we were resting at Fisher's Hill on the evening before when orders came to move to the right at dusk and to be careful not to make the least noise, as our route lay near the enemy's line. The path was so narrow and the ground so rough that we marched in single file silently all night to reach our destination at a ford of the river near the extreme left of the enemy's line. Day was just breaking as our brigade (Gordon's) assembled there, when suddenly two or three shots were fired from the other side, I suppose by their pickets at our scouts. This was a signal for our advance, which began immediately. We rushed to the ford, only a hundred yards or so away, and plunged into the icy waters. A scramble then took place to see who should first get across, the stoutest in the advance. When they reached the precipitous bank, by some means they succeeded in getting to the top, leaving the mud sticky and very difficult for those

in the rear to climb. Being among the hindmost, I stuck my hands and toes into the muddy soil to mount, if possible, with my struggling comrades and was just about to succeed when some one jostled me, and I slid down into the cold water. O, how cold! I made the attempt once more and got to the level, where we trotted up the road and formed for battle. The Yankee line followed the winding course of the creek, running in a general direction east and west, but at this point, their left, it curved to the north and ran parallel with the road which runs north, but several hundred yards from it. This line of works was well protected by a heavy abatis of timber cut down with their tops toward us. Between their works and the public road was their wagon camp, guarded by a considerable force. As we were forming in the gray dawn we could see fires kindling in these camps to burn the great collection of army supplies of every kind there collected.

The advance began in less time than it takes to tell it, and before we reached the blazing fires the enemy opened on us. We replied to their salutation and charged them with a yell. They immediately fled, and we followed them through the burning wagons and piles of army equipment in flames. We were now considerably mixed up, but steadily advancing in the direction the enemy had gone. Between the wagon camp and the breastworks was a very deep ravine with tall timber in it, the tops of which were only a little above the level of the ground on each side. When we reached this place we found the whole force which we had been fighting lying down at the bottom of it to escape our fire. Poor fellows! It looked like murder to kill them huddled up there where they could not defend themselves, while we had nothing to do but load and shoot. At the first volley the most of those who were not killed or wounded began a scramble to ascend the steep side of the ravine, catching to bushes and any object that offered help. Their knapsacks on their backs presented a conspicuous target for our rifles, and I was surprised as I crossed the ravine to see how few of them were killed. I took good aim at one of these fellow and was just pulling the trigger to send a bolt through his body when I noticed that he was assisting a wounded comrade in his effort to get away. I turned to another and pulled down, but if I hit him he did not show any signs of it and proceeded on his way. When they reached the top, they made no further resistance, but fled to their works, followed by us, picking our way leisurely through the woods in squads with little or no organization, until we came in sight of their main force in the breastworks. They greeted us with a heavy volley, but we sustained little or no harm and came to the abatis mentioned above. Here we were compelled to halt on account of the formidable nature of the defenses, the heavy fire from the works, and our scattered and disconnected forces. Advancing to this impassable barrier alone, with no one in sight on my left and a squad under Sergt. W. T. Warn some distance on my right, I came up face to face with a soldier clad in a blue uniform holding a loaded gun in his hand capped and cocked and ready to fire. At first I supposed him to be one of our own men dressed in a Yankee uniform, as some of them were; and since he did not fire at me, I had some doubts about shooting him. The fellow stood there in the tops of the fallen trees eyeing me in a shower of bullets coming from his own men. As soon as I sized him up I ordered him to surrender, but he stood like a statue. I repeated the command and brought down my gun to the proper position to fire first if he should make the least attempt, but he still stood immovable. About this time a small boy comrade to the right saw me and my Yank standing together, came running up behind him, and ordered

him to surrender. He immediately dropped his loaded gun, and Perkins started to the rear with him in a trot.

A comrade of my company now came to me, and we took position behind a large oak near by and replied to the fire of the enemy in their works, who were wasting a great quantity of ammunition. Sergeant Warn and his squad could see from their position that the Federal artillerymen were making a great effort to hitch a white horse to a piece of artillery immediately in the rear of their works. This he and his men kept them from doing, although they made several attempts. Finally Warn and his squad disappeared, and I and my comrade were the only Confederates facing the enemy. After keeping up the fight for some time, in which we could not injure them behind their secure works, I suggested to him that we retire and hunt our men. We had not gone more than two hundred yards when the enemy ceased firing. We now returned and made our way through the defenses and stood on the breastworks. From this elevated position we had an excellent view of the battle field. A lieutenant of our brigade and some of his men, who had had experience in the artillery, were working the piece left there by the enemy on their scattered and fleeing forces. I suggested to my comrade that we go and help the few men who were still keeping up the fight against the routed enemy, but he said: "No, let's go down the line of works and fill our haversacks with meat and crackers left by the Yankees, and then we will go." We did accordingly, and when we came to our men holding the front there were only a handful of them there, and no effort was being made to bring up the stragglers or strengthen our position, while one piece of artillery that had not fallen into our hands was keeping up a game fight.

This continued for some time, and there was ample time for energetic measures if our commander in chief had done something or had allowed his generals to do something to save the immense amount of booty captured in the first rush on the enemy that morning. Where he was or what he was doing all this time has never been explained. We had driven the enemy in complete rout back toward Winchester, where Sheridan was with a fresh army larger than ours, and every private soldier knew that these would arrive and put heart in the fugitives and renew the battle.

Shortly after my comrade and I arrived on the firing line Gen. Clement A. Evans, then commanding our brigade, came along and ordered Captain Harrell, of Company F, of our regiment, 31st Georgia, to take his company (F) and ours (I) and another, in all about thirty men, and go to the left to reinforce the cavalry supposed to be there. He took us far to the left and beyond any support from our men. We saw no cavalry, but he deployed us about a hundred feet or more apart. Our position was elevated and open, and from it we had a full view of our men to the right. We could also see the vast army of the enemy forming in front of them. In front of us we could see little on account of the woods, but their skirmishers made things very uncomfortable for us, and we had many close calls. Looking to the right late in the evening, when the general advance was made, we could see what there was of the Confederate line. This consisted of a few groups here and there, with wide spaces, one and two hundred yards, between and a few cavalry holding the right. I suppose our little detachment of thirty men and the cavalry, which had gone on a movement to the enemy's rear, was considered our left. The enemy had two well-formed lines of infantry, which extended from our right to the left of our skirmish line. In front of one-half of their double line we had no forces at all.

The advance came late in the afternoon and met with little

resistance from our men. The cavalry offered a stiff resistance for quite a while, but these were compelled by superior numbers to give up the unequal contest and seek safety in flight. One brave officer attracted my attention. He was mounted on a large black horse with flowing mane and tail. He fought with his pistol until the charging enemy were in a few feet of him, when he wheeled around, put spurs to his horse, and fled, pursued by a score of Yankees shooting at him. As far as I could see the race the space between them gradually grew greater until they were out of sight.

There were now no Confederates in sight on that side of the creek except our little line of thirty men. As Captain Harrell passed me I asked him what we should do. He replied very abruptly and told me to hold my position. He had hardly gone out of sight up the line when the Yankees in the woods in front began their advance. When they reached the open field, they saw us and opened with a volley that almost cut the dirt from under our feet. We did not await orders from Captain Harrell to retreat, but each of us fled in a shower of bullets until we had this hill between us and the enemy. From there we went leisurely to Fisher's Hill, leaving Strasburg to our left, for that place was now occupied by the Yankee cavalry after cutting down and capturing our artillery train. There we found our soldiers lying about on the ground, while General Gordon, standing in a wagon, was appealing to them in eloquent terms, begging them to get up and return to Strasburg, drive the Yankees out, and recapture his artillery train. Only one man responded, but as soon as my comrade and I rested a few minutes we went up to him and offered to do anything we could. The General seemed greatly pleased, and while we were talking to him Lieutenant Hood and Jim Ivey, color bearer, two of the bravest men in our regiment, came forward also. He told us to go to Strasburg and drive Sheridan's men out and recapture his train of artillery. We started on our hopeless mission, but of course we accomplished nothing, for it was now late at night, and we were exhausted by the activities of the previous day and night, and four men could not be expected to fight an army.

While we had been defeated by the bad management of our commander in chief, our loss in men was comparatively small. Sheridan, if he had been the general his friends claimed him to be, could have captured our entire army, but we marched away the next day leisurely to New Market, where we reorganized and were once more ready to fight under Gordon, who was honored and loved by every soldier in the army. Since June, when we routed Hunter's army at Lynchburg, we had fought four important battles, at Frederick, Md., Winchester, Fisher's Creek, and Cedar Creek, besides very many smaller engagements, in all of which we had caused a loss to the enemy greater than our own force, threatened the national capital, and given active employment to fifty thousand of Grant's best troops which he would have had to use against Lee's army at Richmond and Petersburg.

After either of the three last engagements mentioned an energetic commander, with the well-equipped force under Sheridan, could have gone on to the rear of Lee's army at Richmond and compelled the surrender of that army and put an end to the war. But he gave us time to recover and finally to rejoin General Lee and fight it out to the end.

OCTOBER.

Thy glory flames in every blade and leaf
To blind the eyes of grief;
Thy vineyards and thine orchards bend with fruit
That sorrow may be mute. —John Charles McNeill.

GALLANT SONS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

At a time not in the remote future I trust that a historian or biographer associated with North Carolina by ties of blood and community of ideals, as well as richly equipped with all the material available or accessible for the purpose contemplated, will portray in ample detail the lives, characters, and military careers of Gen. R. D. Hoke, Gen. W. D. Pender, Gen. I. Johnston Pettigrew, and Gen. Stephen D. Ramseur. Much admirable work in this direction was accomplished during the ephemeral life of "The Land We Love," 1866-69, and within recent years "The Booklet" has in a measure continued the noble task of guarding from extinction the fast-fading memories of our peerless heroes. Much devoted labor, however, is in reserve if we would arrest the tendency to oblivion which is the inevitable outcome of our own apathy or our own inert attitude with regard to the supreme heroic age coincident with the rise and fall of our "Ethnogenesis." The present article is not designed as a biographical outline of any one of the generals who are specifically introduced. Its modest aspiration is bounded by the personal memories and experiences of the writer drawn from his period of service as a mere lad in the army of the Confederacy. The aim is reminiscence, notes, observations relating to each as they were revealed to youthful eyes, not formal narrative or elaborate description of life or achievement in the field.

The first of them with whom I came in contact was Gen. R. D. Hoke, then a young lieutenant, probably not more than twenty-five at the time referred to, the summer of 1861, associated with the 1st North Carolina or "Bethel" Regiment, which formed part of the command of Gen. D. H. Hill, stationed at Yorktown, Va. His tent was hard by the historic Nelson house and the line of defenses constructed by Cornwallis during the siege of 1781. I retain a vivid remembrance of his affable and gracious bearing. No touch of self-idolatry marred the character of the young subaltern destined to mature into one of the foremost names on our hero roll, whose capture of Plymouth, N. C., April, 1864, assumes a brilliant rank in the record of strategic skill as well as bold and daring enterprise. When General Hoke was declining into the vale of years, his facial expression presented a most striking, even startling, likeness to that of Gen. R. E. Lee. Old soldiers visiting the Historical Museum at Raleigh and coming face to face with the portrait of General Hoke upon the wall have cried out in astonishment: "Why, there is General Lee!"

In July, 1886, I stood by the grave of General Pender in the cemetery of the Episcopal Church at Tarboro, N. C. There was no memorial to indicate or distinguish the resting place of this gifted and resourceful soldier save heaps of cannon shot strewed over the simple mound beneath a window of the modest but tastefully conceived structure. He it was to whom Jackson addressed his last command when borne from the field of Chancellorsville May 2, 1863. Lee, in commenting upon his death at Gettysburg two months later, July 2, is reported to have declared: "Had Pender remained in the saddle half an hour longer, we should have carried the field." A county in Eastern North Carolina perpetuates his name. I have not looked upon his grave since the time to which I have referred, yet I doubt not it is tended with devoted care by the loving hands of Southern women.

In June, 1860, as I was nearing the end of my single year in the North Carolina Institute, at Charlotte, I saw Lieut. Stephen D. Ramseur, a recent graduate of West Point, with all its "blushing honors thick upon him." He was visiting

his friend and former teacher, our superintendent, Maj. D. H. Hill, and during his sojourn was a critical observer of the training of the cadet corps, which was a band of novices in the tactical science. With the coming of the war drama young Ramseur moved rapidly "from high to higher," until in June, 1864, when only twenty-seven, he had attained the rank of major general. His fame and eminence, so nobly won in the mere dawning of his day, were thoroughly assured when "the thin-spun life was cut" at Cedar Creek during Early's campaign in the Valley of Virginia October 19, 1864. During the autumn of 1863 he had married Miss Richmond, of Milton, N. C., and the very "joy of battle" fell upon him in overflowing measure as, on the verge of his last grapple with the foe, the tidings reached him of the birth of a daughter. Within recent years this same daughter presented the portrait of her father to the State of North Carolina. Upon the occasion of General Ramseur's death General Sheridan displayed a touch of humanity strangely at variance with his characteristic attitude of wanton and exuberant cruelty, tendering his services and dispatching the dead body of our hero through the lines under the protection of a flag of truce. Like Pettigrew, Ramseur proved "a bright and shining mark" for the fire of the enemy. He was painfully wounded at Malvern Hill, slightly at Chancellorsville, severely at Spotsylvania, and fatally at Cedar Creek. His pure and irreproachable character rises above the need of eulogy or panegyric. "The white flower of a blameless life" adorned him like an encircling grace or charm. No one associated with the fortunes of the South had achieved at so early a period of development in years a more brilliant and abiding fame.

I pass to the contemplation of a character which presents itself to my imagination as among the most inspiring and appealing ever linked with the history of North Carolina, not as contemplated from the viewpoint of the soldier alone, but as it is revealed in its range, richness, diversity, and almost resistless power to suggest and develop the loftiest, noblest exemplars and ideals. I trust that the North Carolina Historical Commission may deem it expedient to reproduce or render accessible the "Memorial Tribute to Gen. J. Johnston Pettigrew," published by his kinsman, William Henry Trescott, in 1870. All the distinctive phases of his life—social, professional, intellectual, military—are set forth with minuteness of detail, critical discernment, and a grace of language as rare as it is fascinating, even to the uncultured intellect. We have Pettigrew exhibited in his relation to the two Carolinas, the State of his nativity and that of his adoption, his phenomenal university career at Chapel Hill, 1843-47, and his pursuit of the law in Charleston under the guidance of that renowned legal light James L. Petigru, who was the preëminent head of the family connection in South Carolina. General Pettigrew was born at Lake Scuppernon, Tyrell County, N. C., July 4, 1828. Wounded severely at Gettysburg July 3, 1863, he remained at the head of his brigade as Lee retired toward the Potomac, and on July 14 received a second wound at Falling Waters, during a sudden dash of the Federal cavalry, and died on July 17 at the home of Mr. Boyd, Bunker Hill, between Martinsburg and Winchester. The bishop of Louisiana was with him as he was passing into the splendor of eternal day. At Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, he was wounded, captured, and mourned as one dead. I saw him after his exchange and return to the field, still pale and emaciated, his arm suspended in a sling, but the glory of the combat lingered upon his enfeebled features, and there was "noble luster in his eye." The heroic part sustained by his brigade at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, has

passed into the world's record and been absorbed into the very consciousness of the race. He was but thirty-five as he entered into rest, "sublimely mild, a spirit without spot." Despite his most honorable record as a soldier and his critical mastery of jurisprudence, to which he had devoted himself under the guidance of its foremost oracles in both Europe and America, the appropriate sphere for the development and exercise of his versatile powers lay rather in the field of science, literature, or æsthetic acquirement than in the pursuit of strategy or in the gross empiricism that marked the processes and methods of the common law. His rare creative power asserted itself in his college days by his original and improvised methods of solving complex and subtle problems. Even during this dawning period the lad Pettigrew was

"Nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science
And the long results of time."

Mr. Trescott has given an admirable account of his European experiences, his diplomatic services, his study of the military systems prevailing in the older lands beyond the sea. In art his judgment was delicate and discriminating. An excellent illustration is afforded by his description of the cathedral of Seville. His literary appreciation was chaste, finely touched, penetrating. Under more congenial skies and more auspicious influences Pettigrew might have been idealized as another "Thyrsis" or have become the theme of another peerless elegy such as "In Memoriam." Alas! for us of the South

"His leaf has perished in the green,
And while we breathe beneath the sun
The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been."

CONFEDERATE CAVALRY LEADERS.

BY J. G. WITHERSPOON, CROWELL, TEX.

In looking over the old numbers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which I frequently do (and, taken as a whole, it is one of the most interesting histories of the War between the States), I find an article in the number for October, 1917, by John Witherspoon DuBose in reply to an address delivered by the Rev. W. H. Whitsett before the R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans at Richmond, Va., published in the August number of that year, in which he severely criticizes, by implication at least, the Confederate War Department, including Mr. Davis and also some of our most prominent Southern generals, and more particularly Jeb Stuart and General Forrest.

While not so familiar with the unwritten or inside history of those who were prominent in the War between the States as the writer of that article, an author of considerable repute, one of his books being "Joe Wheeler and the Army of the Tennessee," and who in all his writings makes Joe Wheeler *par excellence* the greatest cavalry leader developed by the war, and which seems to be more than anything else his object in this article, still, having served under General Wheeler for one year and under General Forrest for two years and six months of my life as a soldier, I believe that I am as competent as he to judge of their respective ability, or the "military genius," as he would put it, of the two generals; and perhaps I should have as good idea of Jeb Stuart's military genius, although I never served under him. He brushes Stuart aside by saying that "in the summer of 1862 General Stuart rode around McClellan in the peninsula, an expedition fruit-

less and almost bloodless." As a parallel to this he says "Colonel Wheeler made his first raid by going into North Mississippi and West Tennessee, around Buell, Grant, and others at Corinth, with some one hundred thousand troops. He succeeded so well that Bragg, only forty miles from Corinth and Buell, reached Chattanooga unmolested, without firing a gun or losing a wagon. Perhaps comparison is invidious."

If the word "invidious" is here used in the sense of "state of being envious," I believe he is right. What does history tell us about it? It says: "At the time this raid was made [the raid by Jeb Stuart around McClellan] General McClellan was within a few miles of Richmond at the head of the most numerous and the best-equipped army that had ever assembled on American soil. More than 150,000 troops were encamped on the banks of the Chickahominy, and the arsenal and machine shops of the North had left nothing to be desired in their armament and equipment for the great struggle before them." Over this large army was placed the ablest and most accomplished soldier the North had yet produced, and the Federal authorities confidently expected to defeat Lee and capture Richmond in a very short time. General J. E. Johnston had been wounded "while reconnoitering with General Stuart" a few days before near Fair Oaks, and General Lee had been given the command of the Army of Virginia. In order to ascertain the defenses and the strength of McClellan's army, he directed General Stuart, with 1,500 men, to make a reconnoissance in McClellan's rear, and in which he entirely encircled McClellan's army. And it is said: "The raid around McClellan was long remembered not only by those who took part in it, but by the entire people, who were delighted with its audacity and pleased with the annoyance which it caused the enemy." And history tells us: "The result of this reconnoissance decided General Lee to bring on the battle of Cold Harbor. And General Jackson was promptly directed to move his corps to the Chickahominy for an attack on the enemy on flank and in reverse." So the battle of Cold Harbor was fought and resulted in a great victory for Southern arms, and there the sun of Lee arose never to set, but to shine on with increasing splendor through the ages, while the star of McClellan went down in blood. Then was Stuart's raid around McClellan in 1862 "fruitless and almost bloodless"? Let the facts of history answer.

I should like to follow Jeb Stuart, the Chevalier Bayard of the South, through his meteoric career—to the Wilderness, where the mantle of the immortal Jackson fell upon his shoulders, and on the next day to Chancellorsville, and in fancy see him riding up and down the lines of Jackson's old brigade in order to dispel the gloom from the minds of those brave men caused by the fall of their great commander, moved by that exuberance of spirits peculiar to him which even in the turmoil of battle never failed him, and in fancy hear him break out in that rollicking impromptu song made to fit the occasion, "Old Joe Hooker, come tearing out of the wilderness"! Then as they approach near the enemy see him rise in his stirrups, with drawn saber and flashing eye, and hear him give the command in a voice that rang up and down the line like a bugle blast, "Charge, men, charge, and remember Stonewall Jackson!" Then see Hooker, with his broken, discouraged, and bleeding army, fleeing in disorder to the north bank of the Rappahannock. So the results of Jeb Stuart's raid around McClellan's army in the summer of 1862 were not so "fruitless and bloodless" as one might be led to suppose. And I should like to follow him on through his many engagements and achievements to the place where he fell, just a short time

before the close of the war, a glorious sacrifice to his country's cause. It is unkind at least to bring up at this late day a lot of table talk that is not history (for it is certain that General Lee trusted Jeb Stuart as implicitly after Gettysburg as he did before), and for no other apparent purpose than to cast reflection on the phenomenal "genius" of one Southern general in order to magnify that of another.

After giving General Forrest a dig for what he said to General Wheeler on that wretchedly cold night soon after the unsuccessful storming of the fort at Dover in February, 1863, the writer says: "Forrest sprang to his feet in the greatest fury. * * * His rage could not be described or imagined. * * * Wheeler might take his sword; he might put him in his grave; his men lay on the ground dead and dying; he would never follow Wheeler into battle again." This in substance is true.

Under a rugged exterior General Forrest had a tender heart, and his love for his men, as it has been said, "surpassed that even of woman," and he would never lead them into unnecessary danger simply for the purpose of aggrandizement or personal glory. What he did say is this (General Wheeler was writing his report to General Bragg): "General Wheeler, I advised against this attack, * * * and nothing you can now say or do can bring back my brave men lying dead or wounded and freezing around that fort to-night. I mean no disrespect to you. You know my feeling of personal friendship for you. You can take my sword if you demand it, but there is one thing that I want you to put in that report to General Bragg. Tell him that I will be put in my coffin before I will fight again under your command." (Maj. C. W. Anderson, in "Life of General Forrest," who was present and heard it.) And no one who participated in that charge on that cold February day in 1863 will dispute the fact that General Forrest was justified in what he said to General Wheeler. And in looking back over the fifty-six years that have passed since then we know that from a military point of view it was an unwise thing to do.

Mr. DuBose closes his article by saying: "General Forrest failed to come to the aid of Wheeler at Shelbyville in a most critical moment of Bragg's army. Wheeler alone saved the day." I don't believe the writer was well informed as to conditions at Shelbyville, or he would not have said that. General Bragg had decided to fall back across the Tennessee River and had ordered General Forrest, who was then at Spring Hill, to move by way of Shelbyville to Tullahoma. Arriving in the vicinity of Shelbyville late on the evening of the 27th of June, 1863, expecting to join General Wheeler and cross Duck River with him on the bridge at that place, Forrest found both the town and the bridge held by the Federals.

To General Wheeler had been assigned the duty of protecting Bragg's wagon train and the moving of the immense amount of army stores that had been accumulated at Shelbyville. But I shall let Dr. John A. Wyeth, who was a private in Wheeler's command at that time and who plunged into the river with him in his escape after the Federals had taken the bridge, tell the story. Dr. Wyeth is still living in New York City, the Dean of the New York Polyclinic, a noted medical institution, of which he is the founder. He is a surgeon of wide reputation and the author of several valuable books on surgery. In his "Life of Nathan Bedford Forrest" he does General Forrest absolute justice and at the same time shows a high appreciation of General Wheeler. In an article by him which is reproduced in "The Life and Campaigns of Joseph Wheeler," by W. C. Dodson, who refers to it as "an extract from his (Wyeth's) pen, as bright and as incisive as the surgical instruments which he wields with so much skill," Dr.

Wyeth says: "The last wagon had crossed the bridge; the cavalry and artillery were all safely over the river, and the bridge was about to be fired, when Major Rambaut, of General Forrest's staff, rode up and informed General Wheeler that General Forrest, with two brigades, was within two miles of Shelbyville and coming at a rapid rate to cross the river. General Wheeler at once appreciated the danger in which General Forrest was placed. Although the enemy was then in strong force in the outskirts of the town, General Wheeler, calling for volunteers to follow him, with the gallant General Martin and five hundred men of his division and two pieces of artillery, crossed the river to charge the enemy and drive them back and hold the bridge until Forrest could cross. It was a generous and daring deed and characteristic of the impetuous and self-sacrificing man he always was." After giving a vivid pen picture of the charge against overwhelming numbers that came pouring down the streets of that little city, the cannon lost, the bridge in the hands of the enemy, and General Wheeler had given the order, "Every man take care of himself as best he can," Dr. Wyeth goes on to say: "The movement of General Wheeler in recrossing the river was not necessary to save Bragg's wagon train—that had already been accomplished—but it was done on a grand impulse to save General Forrest from disaster. There is in all history no nobler or more chivalrous act than was performed by this young cavalry leader on that eventful day."

General Forrest knew nothing about all this at the time it was going on; but when he arrived at the outskirts of the town and found himself cut off from the bridge by overwhelming numbers, he, as on many other occasions to avoid unnecessary hazard, marched rapidly to a bridge four miles below the town, over which he crossed without losing a man. And it was well enough that he did, for we read from Dr. Wyeth again ("Life of Nathan Bedford Forrest," page 234): "Forrest had turned back when he arrived near Shelbyville and found it and the bridge in the hands of the Union forces. As it was four miles to the nearest bridge on which he could cross, he was forced to make a detour of eight miles in order to get back to the rear of the train for its protection. Martin's Division was temporarily in disorganization. There was not a handful of effective troops between General Granger and the train, and, with the bridge in his possession, had he been as bold and as persistent in pursuit as Forrest, he would have destroyed those wagons before daylight and inflicted a staggering blow on General Bragg." But instead of following up his victory, with the way open to him, he bivouacked near the railroad station in Shelbyville. So nothing but the stupidity of the Federal general saved Bragg's wagon train that night. By morning it was too late. Forrest was in his front and behind the train, and it was safe.

I do not write this in disparagement of General Wheeler, for I am proud to be able to say that I followed him in many battles; and the time has long since passed for the rivalries and jealousies that existed between the different commands of the Southern army. In looking back over the years those of us who followed Wheeler and Forrest find glory enough for both. General Wheeler possessed military genius. Few men of his age (from twenty-five to twenty-nine) surpassed him in history. But those of us who followed them both know that his was a different order of genius from that possessed by General Forrest, whose military genius is unique in its character and possessed but by few in the history of the world. It was innate, inborn, natural to him. It did not come to him through schools or books, although his lack of education has been woefully exaggerated even by some of those who knew him best. Both his plans and action in bat-

tle seemed to come to him intuitively and to be produced by the conditions that prevailed in each particular case, and when not handicapped by those above him or by extraneous circumstances or pure accident he always succeeded. Unconsciously on his part, he was more like Stonewall Jackson in his tactics than any other general in the Southern army. The rather irreverent remark that I heard a soldier make one day well expresses it. He said that "Jackson went into the battle praying and Forrest went in cursing, but both came out with victory." He always selected his own ground when it was possible for him to do so, even if he had sometimes to fall back in front of the enemy to do it; and his favorite movement was a charge in front, with flank and rear attack at the same time, and this was also a movement peculiar to Jackson.

In order to draw a parallel between Forrest and Wheeler. I shall refer to two incidents that occurred under my immediate observation. One of these was on the 25th of June, 1863. General Forrest was making a raid from Spring Hill around Franklin. We, Forrest's old brigade (then and now our great pride to call it so), under the command of Colonel Starnes, had moved out on the Hillsboro Pike. I belonged to the 9th Tennessee, commanded by Col. J. B. Biffle. The prisoners that had been taken at Brentwood early in the morning had just passed us, and I noticed that they were being hurried along pretty fast, but there was no special excitement. We had not been in the fight at all that morning and knew nothing about it. I was second sergeant and was in command of the rear guard that day. We were halted about halfway down a lane, with fields on each side fenced with stone and with other stone fences running off at right angles from the lane about a quarter of a mile north of us. Company A, of our regiment, commanded by Capt. John Hill, was stationed at a branch that crossed the road three or four hundred yards in front of us, I understood, for our support. The other part of our regiment had gone on, at least was not in sight. All at once firing commenced in our rear. Looking back, I saw about two regiments of infantry coming in double-quick from toward the railroad and forming on the stone fences north of us. We mounted our horses and fired a few shots at their skirmishers as they advanced down through the fields. We retreated to the branch, but when we got there Captain Hill and his company were gone. We dismounted, got behind trees, and commenced firing on the skirmishers as they advanced toward us. In a few minutes one of General Forrest's escort came dashing up and told us to hold our ground; that the wagon train which had been captured at Brentwood that morning had been attacked, that the guards had been stampeded, and that Biffle was off on the right (or somewhere else) cut off and fighting like hell. This was the first that we had heard of the fighting in front of us. He pleaded with us to hold them back, and, with his help, we did hold them back. In a very short time General Forrest came charging up the pike, cursing a blue streak as he came. He had a considerable force, seven or eight hundred men. (I learned afterwards that in coming up the pike he had gathered a conglomerated medley of men of different commands that had been stampeded.) He had a flag in his hand which he waved over his head. As he came up I heard him say: "Fall in, every damned one of you." I presumed then that he thought we had stampeded too. We fell in, of course; we couldn't have stayed out even if we had wanted to. I dropped in immediately in his rear, and we charged up the pike like the Old Scratch was after us. When we got within good long range of their muskets, which we could see glistening from behind the stone fences, two or three to one of us, and I began to think, "Old man, I wonder if you are going

to charge those fences in the shape we are in"—for we were then in column marching by fours—he reined up his horse and gave the command, "Halt!" Turning his horse, he looked back down the line as if he wanted to see how many men he had with him, then said as coolly as if he were simply on his way to church: "Boys, I'll be damned if it will do to charge that." Then I thought again: "Old man, you have certainly said something." In an instant he gave the command: "March to the left flank! Double-quick!" And when we had cleared their right he threw us into line on their right flank, dismounted us, and in less time than it takes to tell it we had them whipped, chased them back about two miles toward the railroad, and were bothered with them no more that day. We got out with all the prisoners and most of the wagons that had been captured.

The other incident occurred near Franklin, Tenn., on or about the 29th of August, 1864. Forrest's old brigade, by the famous order issued by General Bragg on September 28, 1863, soon after the battle of Chickamauga, was ordered to report to General Wheeler; and this was the second time that Forrest was deprived of his command by General Bragg. Wheeler had started from Covington, Ga., on August 10 on his raid through North Georgia, East and Middle Tennessee, around Sherman's army. Colonel Biffle had been sent back from Atlanta to Middle Tennessee to recruit his regiment, which had become very much depleted during the past fall and winter campaigns and was then down on the Tennessee River. We had then no regimental officers, and our captain, J. W. Johnson, was in command of the regiment. All of our lieutenants, from some cause or other, were absent, so I, a mere strip of a boy, was in command of the company, which was at the head of the regiment, and the regiment was in front of the brigade, then commanded by General Kelly, a splendid young officer and much beloved by his men. We were tearing up the railroad. About half a mile in front of us and toward Franklin the turnpike, a short distance to our left, ran through a gap or between two hills rising perhaps fifty feet above the surrounding country, making these hills a very strong position. The approach to these hills was a lane with fields on each side fenced with stone and which at the foot of the hills ran off in both directions at right angles to the pike.

The Federals had advanced out from Franklin and taken possession of those hills, from which in a desultory way they were firing at us at long range. I was within a few feet of General Kelly when a courier dashed up to him and told him that General Wheeler said to form his men and charge that position, pointing toward the hills. General Kelly said: "Go back and tell General Wheeler that we can't take that position." In a few minutes he came back and repeated the order. General Kelly looked around, hesitated a moment, and said: "Well, boys, I reckon we will have to try it." He formed his men in the lane by platoons and gave the order to "Forward at double-quick!" When we got within fifty or seventy-five yards of the end of the lane, the Federals opened on us with a terrific fire of musketry and also with artillery, according to my recollection. General Kelly gave the command to "Halt, dismount, and form on these stone fences," waving his sword toward the front. I dismounted my company, climbed the fence, and ordered it forward. I tucked my head and made for the other fence, but was the only one that got there. After firing two or three shots, I looked around and found that I was alone, within less than two hundred yards of the enemy's lines, with the command in full retreat in considerable disorder. If the enemy had not overshot them, the loss would have been terrible. I soon saw that it was either cap-

ure or run for me, and I decided to run. I noticed a small hicket about a hundred yards up the fence that would give me some protection, and to that I crawled. I had to "stoop low," for every time my back got a little too high a bullet would whiz over me. With the slight protection the thicket gave me, I "lit a shuck," as the boys say, down a corn row and literally outran the bullets, for they continued to fire on me till I was out of range.

When I reached the fence on the south side of the field, I happened to run right into my company. An uncle of mine, J. F. Pitts, brought my horse to me as I was climbing the fence. He told me that General Kelly had been killed; that Captain Johnson had caught him in his arms as he fell and had carried him to a brick house about half a mile away, which he pointed out to me. He said that everything was demoralized and for me to get on my horse and try to form the company and get things in some shape. After getting my breath a little, I got on my horse, rallied my company, and we covered the retreat. Fortunately for us and for the whole command, the Federals did not follow us. I have often wondered why General Wheeler ordered that charge and what he expected to gain by it. I know that General Forrest would not have done it. From my knowledge of his tactics I know that he would have fallen back, and if the enemy had refused to follow him and he had thought it necessary to make the attack he would have done so by flank and rear, and in nine cases out of ten he would have whipped them.

In "Life and Campaigns of General Joseph Wheeler" we read: "Near Franklin General Rousseau again attacked us, but he was soon so routed that he made no attempt to follow us during that or the next day. Among the wounded of the enemy was the Federal Colonel Brownlow. It was here that we lost our gallant and beloved General Kelly, Lieutenant Staples, and other brave men." This is all that is said of that tragedy. If this was a rout for Rousseau, I should have liked to see a sure-enough defeat for Wheeler.

I do not claim the credit for wounding Colonel Brownlow, but if he was wounded that day I must have done it, for I believe I was the only man who fired a gun. I did fire two or three shots before I ran away. As soon as General Kelly was killed the whole command went back down the lane in disorder, and the boys told me afterwards that ours was the only company that dismounted, and they did not fire a gun. If there was any other fighting in that vicinity that day, I did not hear of it. But I am glad the Colonel was not hurt very badly (and I don't really think I did it); and when we meet beyond the mystic river that divides this world of "wars and rumors of wars" and sometimes of "trials and tribulations" from that other world of peace and eternal happiness, our disembodied spirits will shake hands and let the "dead past bury its dead."

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

FROM "OLD DAYS IN THE SOUTH."

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

It was an old-fashioned farmhouse, roomy and comfortable, such as was common in the blue-grass country of Kentucky and Tennessee before our great war. With its big rooms and broad fireplaces, with its servants' quarters in the rear, its barns and outhouses, it gave the impression of a large home life, prosperous and happy, generous and hospitable. From the lawn and garden stretched broad and fertile acres of field and forest and pasture lands, with flocks and herds. With its orchard bending with fruit and its abundant crops just

now coming into the barns, it was a typical old-time Southern home of well-to-do people.

Just over the hill, a mile or so away, was the village with its neat churches in which the neighborhood worshiped, and there was the schoolhouse, or academy, as it was called, where the children were taught the elementary branches of learning.

Over all there brooded an air of pastoral and patriarchal calm, of unhurried ease and contentment, of restful activities.

By a window of the big house, which overlooked the fair scene, sat the mistress, "Ole Miss," well on toward three-score years and ten, yet vigorous in mind and body, with an air of great strength that told of a happy and useful life. Her white hair was indeed a crown of glory, and her gentle face was a benediction. Her well-proportioned figure and youthful coloring showed how lightly the years had touched her. She was happy in the love of all who knew her and in the devotion of her servants.

From the fields, softened by distance, came the shouts and songs of the "hands" as they gathered in the abundant crops, prophecy and promise against wintry weather. Now it was autumn weather, and this was one of those soft October days, balmy as spring, yet with a little touch of sharpness. Nature on hill and vale glowed with the splendors of all bright colors, yellow, crimson, purple, gold. Over all there hung that misty and mysterious haze that comes at this season to glorify a dreaming world, as if the fading year would "wrap the drapery of his couch about him" as he gently sinks to sleep in his wintry tomb. It was a scene and a season to awaken loving and tender memories in hearts that were drawing near the end of their pilgrimage.

As "Ole Miss" sat alone the spell of the past came upon her, and she was living again the old days. It was nearly fifty years ago that her husband brought her as a bride to this his ancestral home, and they started on their life journey together. Then he was John, vigorous, confident, masterful; and she was Mary, timid, trustful, inexperienced. Then as the children came and burdens increased, he was father and she was mother—he earnest, grave, energetic; she patient, tender, thoughtful; but always all in all to each other, dearer as the years passed.

Now the children, boys and girls, had grown up to be men and women, had married, and had homes and children of their own. And father and mother were again in the old home by themselves, as at first, with only the servants to minister to them. Of course the home was often brightened by the visits of neighbors and friends and, above all, by the oft-coming of children and grandchildren for a longer or shorter stay.

As mother sat looking toward the village she forgot the present world and all its work, and her mind and heart were with the children in the days long ago. As her eyes wandered along the familiar path over the hill, she was busy getting them ready for school, seeing that their lessons were learned, answering their thousand and one questions, seeing them all comfortably clad; and with swelling heart of love she watched them as with well-filled lunch baskets they trudged over the well-worn path, just bubbling over with the joy of living. Then late in the afternoon—for in those times school was an all-day business—she watched for their coming back, that she might tell Aunt Miranda to put the supper on the table, for they were a hungry brood with healthy appetites. And then as she looked and saw again the children racing home with their shouts of joy a mist that was not October haze came into her eyes as she remembered that twice when the children got home one of them, sweet little

Lucy, was so tired that she could not eat; and then it was one of the boys, pale, delicate Charles, who had to go to bed too sick to eat. And O how anxiously she watched and tended them until God took them, and they were laid to rest in the little churchyard, where for many a year they had slept, now under the flowers and the dew, now under the frost and the snow, until she should go to join them in the better land! But through all the long years of sleep they nestled in the mother's heart, her own little children who never grew up. It was all as real to her as if they all actually lived and moved before her. And the dear old face was transfigured in the light of the sad, sweet memories, for she was looking beyond the things which are seen and temporal and seeing the things which are unseen and eternal. The gentle, gracious spirit had passed for a while beyond the bounds of time and space.

The hour was getting late, the sun almost down, when father came from the fields, hale, hearty, and hungry. As he passed the kitchen he called: "Miranda, is supper ready?" And her answer was a surprise: "Law, Ole Marster, I don' know what de matter wi' Ole Miss. She jest been sittin' dar lookin' outen de winder and ain' sayin' nothin' dis whole evenin'. She look lak she mos' asleep. She ain' said a word 'bout bringin' in de supper." Father was alarmed and ran into the house, and as he saw mother so still, with the far-away look in her eyes, he cried: "Why, mother, what is the matter? Are you sick, my dear? Miranda says you haven't spoken a word all the evening. Tell me, what is the matter?" Suddenly mother came back to this present world and realized that father needed his supper, and she hadn't told Miranda to put it on the table. And, lifting up a face all aquiver with tenderness and love, with a catch in her throat and a note of apology in her voice, she said: "Why, father, I must ha' been dreamin'. I was just waitin' for the children to get home from school, and they were late this evenin'." And father understood as he put his arms about her in the old way.

Dear, dear heart, sweet dreamer of dreams, the children are still at school, but it is the hard school of this world, with its stern lessons in discipline, with no mother breast to lean upon when they want to cry, and no mother voice to soothe when discouraged! But they are studying life's deepest problems and learning grander lessons than the wise old village pedagogue ever taught.

Father and mother long ago left the farm for a heavenly home, in which they watch and wait for the children to get home from school. And we may be sure that their waiting shall not be in vain, for "the evening brings a' home" to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

A MODEST REQUEST.—During the summer of 1864, while the hospitals of Richmond were crowded with wounded, the ladies of the city visited them daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and vied with each other in their efforts to comfort and cheer up the wounded. On one occasion a bright-eyed damsel of about seventeen summers was distributing flowers and speaking tender words of encouragement to those around her when she overheard a young officer who was suffering from his wounds exclaim: "O, my Lord!" Approaching him rather timidly in order to rebuke his profanity, she said: "I think I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for you?" A hasty glance at her lovely face and perfect form caused his countenance to brighten as he instantly replied: "Yes; please ask him to make me his son-in-law."

"THE FIRST ETHER OPERATION."

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In a pamphlet on "Some Interesting Boston Events," printed in 1916 for the State Street Trust Company, Boston, Mass., is an article with the above caption which reads:

"The 'Death of Pain,' so called by Dr. Weir Mitchell, took place on October 16, 1846, when the first public operation was performed with ether. The credit for this discovery, which was the greatest gift of American medicine to mankind, belongs chiefly to Dr. W. T. G. Morton, though others doubtless deserve some credit. Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, holds the honor of making the first trial of ether inhalation in surgical operations; and Dr. Horace Wells, a dentist of Hartford and once a partner of Dr. Morton, a few years later administered gas while extracting teeth. Dr. Wells at one time journeyed to Boston to exhibit his discovery, but the result was such a failure that the poor dentist returned to Hartford and died suddenly while experimenting with chloroform.

"Dr. Morton's life is most varied and interesting. * * * Previous to his discovery patients were given brandy, laudanum, and even opium in some cases. Occasionally mesmerism was tried with doubtful results. Usually, however, surgeons relied upon their own strength to hold down the patient, often using pulleys to set the limb. Dr. Morton at once realized the relief that the application of ether would be to dentistry, and he gave his whole time to the study of medicine and different gases at the Massachusetts General Hospital. * * * His first experiment was upon his dog and was so successful that he jocosely told his friend Dr. Hayden and his lawyer, R. H. Dana, Jr., that he should have his 'patients come in at one door, having all their teeth extracted without pain, and then, going into the next room, have a full set put in.' [In old times in the South such a man as this was called a "jackleg."] A short time later, while again etherizing his dog, the animal struck his ether bottle and broke it. Morton placed his handkerchief over the broken bottle and then, holding it to his nostrils, soon became unconscious. [See how "philosophically and logically" (!) he "hit" upon the value of ether as an anæsthetic!] He was so encouraged that he then began to hunt around the wharves for a person who would submit to a test; but he discovered that, while they would gladly render themselves unconscious with bad rum, they could not be bribed to take ether. His next step was to use gas in extracting a tooth for Eben H. Frost at his office at No. 19 Tremont Row, now Tremont Street, opposite the old museum, on September 30, 1846. This experiment was so successful that he asked permission of Dr. John C. Warren, then senior surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital, to administer his ether there. Dr. Warren had a patient named Gilbert Abbott, who was suffering from tumor of the jaw, and he allowed Dr. Morton to etherize him. The operation was performed on October 16, 1846, and was entirely successful. Dr. Morton was unavoidably detained and arrived at the hospital just as Dr. Warren was about to perform the operation without ether, the latter thinking Dr. Morton did not dare make the experiment. Dr. Warren's first words when the operation was over were: 'Gentlemen, this is no humbug.'

"The discovery was then disclosed to the world through Dr. Warren's efforts and the assistance rendered to Dr. Morton by the hospital.

"Dr. Warren wrote: 'A new era has opened on the operating surgeon.' And Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in a lecture said in part: 'The fierce extremity of suffering has been

deeped in the waters of forgetfulness, and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever.' Dr. Holmes coined the word 'anæsthesia.' * * * About a week after this successful trial at the hospital Dr. Charles T. Jackson, a chemist, demanded a percentage of the profits derived from the sale of the ether or the patents. Much space could be devoted to the quarrel between these two doctors and to Dr. Morton's repeated attempts to get his invention patented. * * * In 1848 the trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital and other citizens presented him as the true discoverer with \$1,000. He figured his profits due to his discovery at \$1,600 and his expenses at \$187,561. During his controversy with Dr. Jackson some one suggested that the only way of settling the dispute would be to have a duel between the two belligerents with ether bottles, and he who remained conscious the longer should be declared the winner. Several times a bill very nearly went through Congress carrying an appropriation of \$100,000. He (Dr. Morton) died of apoplexy while driving in Central Park, New York; and although he died a poor and unsuccessful man, never does a day go by without his discovery bringing joy to suffering humanity. Exercises are held at the Massachusetts General Hospital every year on the 16th of October to commemorate this discovery. [NOTE.—It does not say *his* discovery.] A monument, the gift of Thomas Lee, of Boston, in the Public Garden near the head of Marlboro Street, was erected to the discoverer of ether, and the inscription reads as follows:

“To Commemorate
the Discovery
That the Inhaling of Ether
Causes Insensibility to Pain.
First Proved to the World
At the Massachusetts General Hospital
October 16, 1846.”

It has often been asked why Dr. Morton's name wasn't on the monument. It certainly should be. Dr. Holmes said that the inscription should read to “Either.” This question is suggestive of a doubt as to the propriety of it, and Dr. Holmes's cheap pun does not altogether clarify the question. They did not dare put Dr. Morton's name on the monument, thus pillorying him as a fraudulent claimant to this great discovery. Observe the coolness with which credit is claimed for Dr. Morton and the condescending admission, “though others doubtless deserve some credit.” Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, holds the honor of making the first trial of ether in surgical operations. Again, Dr. Morton's “profits due to his discovery” (\$1,600) are somewhat out of proportion to “his expenses, \$187,561.” No wonder that he died a poor and unsuccessful man. Observe also the claim that Dr. Holmes coined the word “anæsthesia.” The whole article is a labored effort to prove a claim for which not one positive bit of evidence is adduced to sustain it. Notice the admission that after Dr. Long's “first trial” of ether Dr. Horace Wells, a dentist of Hartford, “a few years later administered gas while extracting teeth.” He (Wells) did this more than two years after Dr. Long had demonstrated the use of ether in surgical operations.

Now let us see what is said of this “discovery” in Appleton's “Cyclopedia of American Biography,” 1888 edition: “Long, Crawford W., physician, b. in Danielsville, Madison County, Ga., 1 Nov., 1815; d. in Athens, Ga., 16 June, 1878. He was graduated at Franklin College, Pa., in 1835 and at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1839. He then practiced in Jefferson, Jackson County,

Ga., until 1851, when he removed to Athens, Ga. He claimed that he performed on 30 March, 1842, the first surgical operation with the patient in a state of anæsthesia from the inhalation of ether. In his history of the discovery of anæsthesia Dr. J. Marion Sims says that Dr. Long was the first ‘to intentionally produce anæsthesia for surgical operations’ and that this was done with sulphuric ether; that he did not by accident ‘hit upon it, but that he reasoned it out in a philosophical and logical manner’; that ‘Horace Wells, without any knowledge of Dr. Long's labors, demonstrated in the same philosophic way (in his own person) the great principle of anæsthesia by the use of nitrous-oxide gas in December, 1844, thus giving Long the priority over Wells by two years and eight months and over Morton, who followed Wells in 1846.’ He was named with William T. G. Morton, Charles T. Jackson, and Wells in a bill before the United States Senate in 1854 to reward the probable discoverers of practical anæsthesia. Dr. Long's contributions to medical literature relate chiefly to his discovery.”

It is thus seen that this eminent authority, Dr. J. Marion Sims, gives credit for the discovery of “anæsthesia” to Dr. Crawford W. Long, not by his stumbling upon it, but by “philosophical and logical” reasoning, more than four years before Morton “discovered” it. He even gives Dr. Wells credit for its philosophic demonstration nearly two years before Morton stumbled upon it. Dr. Holmes's coinage of the word “anæsthesia” is a little far-fetched in view of Dr. Sims's reference to that word in connection with Dr. Long.

While attending Mr. Scudder's school in Athens, Ga., in 1861 I knew Dr. C. W. Long and his family and remember hearing of his great discovery for the relief from pain in surgical operations. In later years I heard Dr. Claudius H. Mastin, of Mobile, Ala. (my wife's father), a noted surgeon, speak of Dr. Long's discovery of anæsthesia. All the evidence goes to show that Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, was its discoverer.

A life-size statue in enduring bronze of Dr. Crawford W. Long should be placed in Statuary Hall at the Capitol in Washington “commemorative of his discovery of anæsthesia.” And it is not too late for an award to be made by Congress to his heirs in recognition of his great boon to mankind. Who will take this up with the Georgia delegation in Congress?

It is high time that New England's claims to all great discoveries and inventions should be shown up as unblushing frauds. Their claims have gone so long unchallenged that it would not be surprising if they should eventually claim the discovery of the world. The South has always been abreast with the world in inventions (see some of them listed, beginning on page 368 of the October VETERAN), among its latest and greatest being the ironclad (Stevens's Battery) used in Charleston Harbor in 1861, which revolutionized naval architecture.

OPPOSED THE CONSTITUTION.—The Convention of 1787 was composed of members a majority of whom were elected to reject the Federal Constitution, and it was only after the clause declaring that “the power granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury and oppression, and that every power not granted thereby remains with them at their will,” was inserted in the ordinance of ratification, that six or more of the majority opposed to the measure consented to vote for it. Even with this accession of strength the Constitution was carried only by a vote of 89 to 79.

[From editorial in Charleston Courier, 1861.]

REUNION OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

[Address by Will Gordon Knox, of Floresville, Tex., to the surviving members of Hood's Texas Brigade in reunion at Bryan, Tex., June 25, 26, 1919.]

Comrades: You have bestowed upon me for the fourth time the highest honors that could be bestowed upon any Southern boy. Please let me say to you to-day what I said to you in Floresville when you elected me an honorary member of your magnificent organization, that I come to you with a feeling of gratitude and a bosom swelling with pride, love, and admiration, for all the blood in my veins is Southern blood. My ancestors were Confederate soldiers and were with you at Fredericksburg, Yorktown, Gaines's Mill, Richmond, and Seven Pines; their blood stained the soil at Gettysburg and Malvern Hill, and the unimposing monuments on the battle field of Shiloh mark the last resting place of many who are dear to us.

It is once more the springtime of the year, and vigor fills the entire universe. Springtime is the season of roses, of happiness, and the spirit of love fills our very souls with light and a strong desire to live, to climb, to accomplish. It is this time of the year and with this feeling in our hearts that we assemble in the city of Bryan, which is so manifestly showing its appreciation of the presence of exalted valor, and you revel in the beautiful memories of the past. It is here that the desire to close your grand careers as nobly as you began them, to lift yourselves higher into the realms of happiness, and to fill your old bones with a new life of love is made manifest. You have withstood the storms of another winter since last we met, and you now stand forth in all your gallant bravery and defiance as does that old lighthouse upon a rock-bound coast with the raging billows thundering at its base.

You, my dear old comrades, are heroes. Is there no tribute in the language of men that we may portray our exact esteem, love, and honor for you? I wish that I were an orator of unlimited vocabulary, that my tongue might be responsive to the thoughts of tenderest emotion. I would place you upon the sacred pages of immortality and speak your names down the endless sweeps of time to generations yet unborn and establish your lives among the countless liberty-loving Americans of to-day and make for yourselves a permanent place in the halls of fame.

We love you, comrades, and our hearts are filled with the respect and admiration due from every Southerner to our Southern patriots; you who gave all your earthly belongings and faced the black and sickening glare of death for the cause you thought was right and for the love of our old Dixie and the pride of every true Southern gentleman.

Then who dares to frown and interrogate our rights to come here? or who shall ask the purpose of our reunions and wonder who you are that we assemble here to pay homage and to honor you in your old age? Indeed, who are these grim, battle-scarred veteran Confederates that to them such demonstrations of love and adoration should be made? How joyously can these queries be answered: "They are soldiers and heroes the like of which this world has never known!"

A peaceful and pastoral people suddenly called to war; you found yourselves without arms, without ships, without factories where arms or ammunition could be made, without an army, without a government. You were five millions of free whites, with a black slave population of four millions in your midst, confronted by twenty millions of the most warlike people in the world, bone of your bone, rich in every material, with the trained nucleus of a superb army, with unlimited credit and unparalleled resources, an equipped navy and an

old established government, and you organized a government trained an army larger in the aggregate than the whole number of your adult free males, captured in the main their arms and military supplies, and for four years faced armies which in number, equipment, resources, and facilities the world had never equaled.

When you laid down your arms at Appomattox and returned to your firesides, you found a land of ruins, but you discovered a land of memories. History points to no light so bright as that of the Confederate soldier, no music so rare as the strains of "Dixie."

Many fell during the four years of this terrific and unequal strife and many more from 1865 until now, while you of the stalwart and the brave remain. You had come from the plow and the desk, the plane and the office, the beautiful valley farm and the outstretching plantation, of every age and rank and vocation, and submitted your lives and all you had to Fate in that unparalleled struggle. Heroes indeed are you who fought where Albert Sidney Johnston died, you who crowned Hood with immortality, followed Lee with intelligent faith, made Chickamauga run red with fraternal blood, rode with Morgan, shared in the victories of Forrest, and were willing to die if need be.

With scant rations and scantier clothing, with inferior numbers always relatively decreasing, with the circle of ever-increasing foes narrowing upon you, homes lost to many, your lands devastated by the severest rigors of war, with wondrous victories bearing no fruit, with loved ones homeless and dependent upon the straitened for daily bread, with a future all dark and uncertain, you never faltered, and to those distant queries we can proudly answer: "You are heroes."

But is this all the answer we can make at that illustrious bar? Who are these Confederates? You are American citizens of the Southern States of the American Republic.

There is a fixed though obscure relation between a people and its institutions and a certain, though often imperceptible, progress in the development of each, and they mutually affect each other. Noble races unconsciously develop noble institutions, noble institutions produce noble races, and this upward growth must be difficult, slow, and, alas! has always been bloody, and out of these conflicts emerge a better people and wider institutions. And for seven centuries this race from which we sprang had grown from soil the richest under the stars with the blood of martyrs and of heroes. The luminous track of British history shines resplendent with the reddest blood, and the most precious milestones, which indicate the progress of our ancestors, are the scaffolds where the martyrs died or the poles on which the severed heads of traitors were lifted up.

Down through the ages came the English colonists to America, who brought with them inherent, inalienable rights as men, immemorial and constitutional rights as Britons, chartered rights as new colonists under royal grants, and they grew with their new life into greater desires, the colonies became thirteen States, the colonists American citizens. Thus came into being American institutions.

The South, comprising the fifteen southerly States, was in the main agricultural; in religion, believing; in life, simple; in manners, cordial. In these States you were born; you sprang from these people, under these institutions you were fostered, and amid such scenes of peace and tranquillity you spent your early boyhood. You are the descendants of the men who made England a commonwealth, preserved the freedom of Scotland, ceaselessly protested against the servitude of Ireland. Your

sires had colonized America, conquered the French at Quebec, driven the Indian inward; your grandfathers sat in the Continental Congress, served with Washington, conquered at King's Mountain; your fathers were with Perry at Erie or with Jackson at New Orleans; your elder brothers fell at Buena Vista or received the surrender of Mexico.

Amid the crash of resounding arms which almost at times encircles the globe in a world war your sons, noble sons of noble sires, have measured up to all the glorious traditions of our fair Southland, and under the silken folds of the banner of the free they will rebaptize the name of "Dixie" with the consecrated valor of the Anglo-Saxon. It was a son of a Confederate veteran who planted the Stars and Stripes on the bloody crest of Vimy Ridge and dedicated the battle fields of Europe with American valor.

The battle of our energies is in its prime. The splendid statute of to-day is only the progress and present culmination of that grand struggle of recuperation and improvement which has had no equal or proximate parallel among the nations of the world. The history of the South has been an epic of commerce, an industrial romance in which her hero spirit has driven blood and chivalry as inspiration to the heart and wrapped endeavor in the grandeur of practical achievement.

In the honest experiment of secession the South emptied five billions of her treasury and faced this appalling loss when she bent bravely over the ashes to lay the foundation of another life. If every manufacturing establishment standing at the time between Maine and Maryland had been suddenly swept away, the North would not have suffered one-half the ruin written in these mighty figures. Out of this abyss of financial despair the South has fought her way through diligence and courage into a magnificent prosperity.

You, my dear old comrades, were equal to your ancestors. With equal courage and perhaps greater skill you faced more tremendous odds and had a sadder fortune. Who can adequately represent in language that host and the four years of its struggle and sacrifices?

My friends, in the long and glorious procession of armies which have been used by the subtle forces which raise and move armies in the development of men none need be ashamed of the companionship of these defeated and surrendered men. We can with proud confidence leave your glory to history and trust your deeds to fame; and as the story of those years is more accurately told, as the cost of your defeat is more fully understood, and as your achievements are better known, all who love heroic virtues and are inspired with lofty purposes will revere the memories of your immortal array.

You, our brave comrades, constituted a part of that illustrious army and bore your full share in its labors and dangers, obscure, perhaps, and in the simple vocation of peaceful life you followed where duty led and were willing to die where honor ordered; and reverently but proudly we dedicate these grand reunions to the grizzled heroes before me and to all your comrades wherever they rest waiting for the resurrection morning, and now we lift up our faces with inexpressible pride and claim you as our comrades and challenge all that questioning posterity in its days of peril and disaster to match you.

When the last earthly pain has racked your body, when the last sad tear has been gathered from your eyes, when the last farewell has fallen from your lips, no more suspense, no more sleepless nights, no more weariness and dreariness of spirit, having fought "a good fight and kept the faith," reaching the age of threescore years and ten and come to pay that

debt of nature, may you "go not like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon," but like the soldier "who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." And may those dreams be as sweet and as gentle as the sunlight that leaves the hills at the end of a perfect day!

A YOUNG ORATOR.

Will Gordon Knox is a grandson of W. H. Knox, of Batesville, Miss., who is the only survivor of six brothers, five of whom took part in the great War between the States, going out when the first guns were fired and remaining until the close. W. H. Knox was a first lieutenant and was with

General Hood at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. A picture of the six Knox brothers appeared in the VETERAN for June, 1897, when all were living.

Young Knox is the only son of L. B. Knox, of Floresville, Tex., and he graduated from the high school in May, 1919. He is only seventeen years old, and shortly before his graduation he tied for first honors in the State senior declamation contest held at Austin under the direction of the University Interscholastic League, in which there were thirty-one contestants, representing thirty-one districts in Texas, 2,475



W. G. KNOX.

schools, and approximately 10,000 contestants. At the age of eleven years he won first place at Austin as the champion junior declaimer of Texas. At the reunion of Hood's Brigade in 1917, held at Alto, Tex., he was made permanent orator of this Association of Confederate Veterans.

CARELESS WITH FIRE.—"What was my offense? My husband was absent—an exile. He had never been a politician or in any way engaged in the struggle now going on, his age preventing. The house was built by my father, a Revolutionary soldier, who served the whole seven years for your independence. * * * Was it for this that you turned me, my young daughter, and little son out upon the world without a shelter? Or was it because my husband was the grandson of the Revolutionary patriot and "rebel," Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, the greatest of generals, Robert E. Lee?"

[Letter from Mrs. Henrietta Lee to General Hunter after the burning of her home at Shepherdstown, Va.]

THE DEFENSIVE SOUTH.

BY A. F. FRY, BENTON, ARK.

I take the ground that the South in the period leading up to and including the War between the States was ever on the defensive. The North as a whole for a long time had been thoroughly impregnated with the Puritanical spirit of hate which offered no concessions and which from the beginning had animated and sustained an aggressive propaganda whose chief characteristic was a puerile sentimentalism and which was not in the slightest degree compatible with the rules of logic. The Southerner had lived with the negro for generations in the closest conceivable relationship. The word "slavery," which is invariably suggestive of clanking chains and gloomy dungeons, has never been correctly employed in giving expression to that mild tutelage to which the negro in the South was subjected and which was used providentially in his uplift. The negro slave, to all purposes and intents, was a member of his master's family, sharing in its joys and griefs and becoming an object of love and adoration to the extent even that often great sacrifices were made in order that his earthly existence, especially that portion of it embraced within the period of old age, might be devoid, to the greatest extent possible, of penury and grief.

The story of the pre-war period has been preserved to the present generation in song and story. Indeed, the poetical characters as suggested by Uncle Ned, Aunt Jemima, and Old Black Joe are not the products of a whimsical imagination, but lived and moved and played their part in that intricate relationship once existing between the two races. If ever an opportunity was given any one to study the negro at close range and become thoroughly acquainted with his possibilities and limitations, surely the opportunity was granted the Southerner, and that, too, in the form of a trust. This being true, is it to be wondered at that he has ever contended, oftentimes to his own hurt, that there exists a chasm between the African and Caucasian which cannot possibly be bridged, inasmuch as racial characteristics are elemental in nature and cannot be considered otherwise than as the result of an unalterable status of providential designment? The Biblical passage referring to the habitation of the races being fixed might be cited to those who desire Scriptural proof. The theory, once adhered to tenaciously by so many throughout the North, that racial characteristics are the result of a divergent process of evolution, due chiefly to differentiating climatic conditions, and that, therefore, it is within the range of man's possibilities to reverse the process and bring the human family back to a condition of harmonious unity, distinguished chiefly by individual similarity, has within comparatively recent years been discarded by all as not only unphilosophic, but the very essence of absurdity.

The fact remains, however, that this utter lack of fundamental knowledge concerning racial differences once rendered the Northern States an easy field for selfish exploitation. Thus it was that William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and hundreds of other New England abolitionists, in their eagerness to play the part of reformers and thus appease an insatiable craving for notoriety, made the War between the States all but inevitable several years before it really came. They contended in a way calculated to appeal to the prejudices of the people that the slavery question was merely one of personal rights and as easily amenable to governmental jurisprudence as a question pertaining to banking or interstate commerce. The appeal of the Southerner that the question should be viewed solely from a physiological or psycho-

logical standpoint seldom brought forth from them anything but sarcasm and snarls of contempt. They insisted that the clause in the Federal Constitution referring to all men being created equal should be interpreted as literally true in all its phases and that to do otherwise was in direct violation of a just conception of racial equalization and liberty. The curse placed upon Ham and his descendants seems to have been regarded by them as of no significance whatsoever, notwithstanding their attitude of sanctity and their pose as a divinely appointed agency thoroughly versed in Biblical lore. God was too good to have elevated one race above another. The substance of their philosophy in the miniature was this: Give the poor negro an equal chance, and he will quickly rise to the level of his white brother and assume his obligations and bear up under his responsibilities with the same degree of capability and zest. Would amalgamation result? Well, what if it did? Would not the Southern white man profit most of all? Would not the pigment transmitted to his cuticle through amalgamation serve as a shield against the glaring rays of a semitropical sun?

In describing the average abolitionist some will contend, perchance, that I lean to exaggeration, but instead of this I am sure I adhere to the bounds of moderateness and strict frugality. The Southerner of sixty years ago, instead of being the aimless creature practically dispossessed of individuality, a prey of self-seeking politicians, as so often suggested by Henry Watterson, was correctly informed as to prevailing conditions and properly realized the significance of that illogical prejudice so completely dominating the Northern mind and so rapidly assuming proportions of abhorrence and hate. He realized, indeed, to the fullest extent the significance of that dark and sinister storm cloud then lowering beyond the Ohio and so rapidly assuming a contour of cyclonic semblance and which with irresistible force would some day vent its hellish fury upon his head. Rather than assume an attitude of meek and humble submission to the execution of the designs of his adversaries, as would have seemed appropriate, considering his helplessness—rather than submit to the inculcation of a system born not of equity and reason, but of implacable enmity, which openly contemplated the destruction of the racial integrity of his posterity, there entered deep into his heart a resolution, thereafter unchanged and unchangeable, that he would fight as long as it was within the range of the possible for mental ingenuity and physical endurance to uphold the principles of right. Did he adhere to this resolution?

In answer to this question I believe I can say definitely that if sufficient diligence be exercised in the transmission to our children of undefiled records and substantiating data, fifty years from now, when all animosity shall have been allayed and racial questions shall have indeed assumed a national aspect, the story of the Confederacy, with its successes and failures, will adorn the brightest pages of American history. The New York *Herald* in an editorial on this subject recently said that the mystery as to how the South managed to obtain powder and lead with which to fight during the last two years of the war has not abated, but is assuming a more enigmatical aspect as time goes by. It is, indeed, a thing to be wondered at that seven hundred thousand men, cut off from the world and living from hand to mouth, could have stood for four years against three million men (counting three hundred thousand marines) supported by inexhaustible resources drawn uninterruptedly from every port and clime. Some attribute it to the superior physique of the Southerner soldier,

due to the fact that he was born and reared on the farm. Others attribute it to superior generalship, being supported in this contention by the leading military men of to-day. Of this I will cite proof: A correspondent of the *Saturday Evening Post* at the beginning of the world war interviewed Generals Roberts, French, and Joffre individually as to whom they considered the greatest military genius of history. The reply in each case was forthcoming and emphatic, "Stonewall Jackson," all three putting forth the claim that Jackson's marvelous feat in Winchester Valley of crushing in rapid succession the three armies under Fremont, Banks, and Shields, respectively, each being much larger than his own, is without parallel in the history of military maneuvers.

The Puritanical spirit of hate, which for generations had contemplated with unsurpassed hilarity the Southerner's complete destruction, was as stir as never before with the thrills of realization, and he knew it. Viewing the world war from the standpoint of to-day, do the depredations committed by Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff assume greater proportions than those committed by Sherman and Sheridan during the closing days of the War between the States? I contend again, knowing that the verdict of history will sustain me, that Sherman in his unopposed march to the sea—which is conspicuous not so much for its military strategy as for its devastations and atrocities, resulting as it did in thousands of innocent women and children, not to mention old men and cripples, being turned out of doors to endure hunger's pangs and winter's cold—was but the poignant instrumentality in the execution of infamous designs born generations before of Puritanical malignancy and which to-day reveal to the world the sordid depths of shame and depravity to which the human mind aflame with errant fanaticism can descend. What I have said of Sherman might apply to Sheridan also, for he openly boasted that his ravage of the Shenandoah Valley was so complete that a crow flying across would be compelled to carry its provisions with it. And then, too (should I speak with hesitancy?), when we remember that Abraham Lincoln summoned Stanton, Grant, and Sherman to the White House and there joined with them in planning these crimes, when we remember that he held a deaf ear to the piercing screams of frantic women and the heart-rending wails of little children, when a mere word from him would have sufficed for relief, we are prone to assume a contemplative attitude to this effect: if Lincoln personifies, as his worshipers claim for him, all that's good and just in human life, why did he with a stifled conscience hold aloof when purity and innocence were yearning for mercy?

During the last fifty years every effort has been made to strip Lincoln of his human characteristics and adorn him with the attributes of a god. Preachers and editors have vied with one another in the employment of lucid metaphors and nerve-tingling similes to give expression to their admiration and wonderment, which they at the same time, through the assumption of a sanctimonious demeanor or a holy, holy attitude, fain would impress upon all as being beyond the range of articulate utterance or symbolic transmission. From behind him thus deified men of exceptional ability (or opportunity), like the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis and the editors of *Collier's Weekly* and the *Chicago Tribune*, have attained even international notoriety by casting slurs at the South and her traditions and picturing the Southern people as the very scum of humankind. The Northern youth is taught almost from his infancy to believe that Abraham Lincoln, "the man of sorrow and acquainted with grief," was foreordained of God to perform the greatest task known to history. To this end they

claim it was part of the divine plan that he should have been born in a log cabin and should have endured through many long years the hardships and disappointments to which a soul enslaved to poverty and want is direct heir. He is taught to believe that Lincoln in espousing the cause of the poor slave loomed up "like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form," etc., the storm of opposition raging unabatingly around his head being characterized chiefly by vile denunciations, ridicule, and threats.

Such a policy is conspicuous for its misrepresentation. Lincoln was born in 1809, when pioneer days had not passed away. Do I exaggerate when I say that ninety-five per cent of the people of this country were then living in log cabins, of which the overwhelming majority neither exceeded the Lincoln cabin in size nor in magnificence of structure? And it may be said truthfully that long before Lincoln reached his majority Illinois had become a veritable rendezvous for abolitionists; therefore when he began his public career it was far more in accordance with political ethics for him to have espoused the cause represented by them than that of their adversaries, who were then rapidly dwindling in number. If Lincoln was the rail-splitter he is represented to have been, he must have done the splitting act while yet a mere boy, for it is a matter of record that he was elected to the legislature when only twenty-four years of age. As to the contention that Lincoln was altogether conservative in his views and never adhered to the doctrine of the ultra-abolitionists nor indorsed their plans, I might offer inexorable proof to the contrary, but the want of space forbids. A little incident, so often referred to, however, is significant within itself. It is said that once while attending a public reception he was introduced to Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Seizing her by the hand, he exclaimed with an outward show of exhilaration and esteem: "I am indeed glad to meet you, madam. I understand that you are responsible for this great war." Which remark was greeted with applause on every side.

I do not mean to imply that Lincoln was altogether of the same cast as William Lloyd Garrison, for on numerous occasions he gave evidence of real greatness which, in the estimation of the genuine Southerner, who is so little disposed to be swayed by prejudice, has ever had at least a tendency to lift him above the plane of pure demagoguery and selfish exploitation. Indeed, he may excuse certain acts of far-reaching consequence committed in direct violation of the principles of right and justice, believing that, perchance, Lincoln considered himself justified in adhering for a time to the old Jesuitical doctrine that the end justifies the means. Then, too, there are many things to indicate, inasmuch as he was born in Kentucky, of Southern lineage, that he really appreciated more than he dared make known the magnitude of the racial problem, with all of its intricate phases. It may be true, as many have claimed, that he contemplated, after having freed the slaves, the inauguration of a recuperatory policy toward the South, cost what it might, which he calculated would do much to eliminate the contempt in which he was then held. In fact, a United States Senator from Ohio, who was closely associated with him for many years, said that had he even attempted to carry out his plans the North in turn would have rebelled, and in consequence he would have gone down in American history as the very personification of ignominy.

It is natural for the human mind to regard the instrumentality of a successful and long-yearned-for accomplishment with a reverence that may even transcend earthly limitations

and assume the attributes of divineness. New England in her insatiable eagerness to see the execution of designs so long harbored, notwithstanding as years go by these designs assume a character of greater and greater malignancy and are sure to be interpreted by the future in terms of drastic contempt, entered into the war with a spirit of jocundity, which, however, was soon to yield to bewilderment and then to dismay. After the four years of fighting, which to her, considering the odds, must have been characterized by an inexplicable capriciousness, stirring as it did her very soul to its utmost depths, it is but natural, as suggested above, that she should have regarded Lincoln, the chief instrumentality of a successful though ofttime dubious accomplishment, with even a greater degree of reverence than had things moved in strict accordance with inviolate anticipation. To designate the extent of the departure from the paths of equitableness and veracity made by so many in seeking (principally for self-exaltation) to gratify a preternatural longing on the part of the public for eulogisms of Lincoln of an ever-extending scope and grandeur, a Northern writer a few years ago published to the world that after diligent study and close scrutiny of all the events given in connection with Lincoln's life, especially those told individually as being of unquestionable authority, he had come to the conclusion that Lincoln, provided his daily life conformed to the usual requirements of time and space, must have lived at least one hundred and fifty years!

Do Northern preachers, in holding Lincoln up as a model like unto Christ, give any consideration to the fact that there is no record of his ever having joined a Church? There is a tradition to the effect that his forefathers were Unitarians, some claiming that he in consequence more than once exhibited his preference for this denomination and creed. If this be true, does the fact of itself elevate him in the minds of Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians? And then the tales, so well verified, of his descending oftentimes in delivering speeches to male audiences and in telling private anecdotes to the level of obscenity and rank vulgarity are proof conclusive of his human characterization. The assassination of Lincoln was indeed a great misfortune to the South, inasmuch as voluminous measures of pent-up hate were poured out irrevocably upon her defenseless head. In looking back from the standpoint of to-day, however, we old Rebs can see fulfilled in many ways the Scriptural passage which says: "Those who kill by the sword shall die by the sword."

I should like to cite a few crimes of the awful period of Reconstruction which were committed in my own neighborhood to reveal, if possible, the full significance of its soul-staggering heinousness, but should I attempt such a thing the lack of an adequate power of expression would have a tendency, even at this late date, to force me into the use of vituperations. I contend, however, that the spirit of New England Puritanism is therein reflected and will be seen and marveled at by generations yet unborn. This aggressive hatred of the Southern blood, the offspring of envy, class inferiority, and fanaticism, had its beginning in England long before the Mayflower sailed and through succeeding years played an ever-increasing part, until finally it assumed a form of revengeful intrigue that was loath to establish any bounds to its operations. How strange it should have worn with complacency a sanctimonious demeanor, which in reality was naught but a surface gild under which was concealed, to the South's woeful detriment, a duplicity of character the import of which, particularly as respects the Confederacy, is as yet unappreciated by the outside world!

The Puritan, even while still posing as a heaven-bound pilgrim, in whom all earthly aspirations merged in a transcendental yearning for things celestial, became known to his business associates for a skillfully cultivated adroitness which when closely analyzed was found to contain none of the hand marks of sanctity. Indeed, a hundred years ago he was recognized for his penuriousness, avariciousness, and emphasized lack of hospitality, a fact of which more than one American writer of early date makes mention. A close study from the standpoint of morals or racial probity of the Puritanical and Cavalierish strains as developed in America will reveal as respects the two an intervening chasm of such colossal proportions as to seem inconsistent with the laws of social evolution. Nor was the Puritanical spirit of Reconstruction days a sudden outburst of righteous indignation, as the North once claimed, which gave absolution for adhering to a policy of justified retaliation, even though perchance the policy did for a time exceed the recognized bounds of discretion. It was rather, as its appearance even then indicated, the direct result of a close, obstinate adherence through generations to a wrong principle. Puritanism has, however, with the lapse of time opportunity for selfish aggrandizement becoming more and more rife, gradually, though unintentionally, bereft itself of its sanctimonious characterism and revealed itself to the world as being literally intoxicated with worldly ambition, in the gratification of which it uses without regard to honor's code every instrumentality that the human intellect can devise.

To the south of New England lay the Southern States, a region not only inhabited by a people whom she hated in compliance, as it were, with a sacred tradition, but one lying across her path as an inextirpable rival. Thus, I contend, the story of the war and Reconstruction may justly be considered the direct result of a historical antipathy interwoven as woof and warp in the social development of the South's most implacable foe. The word "reconstruction," as the whole world now knows, is merely another term for murder, rapine, and robbery—the commission of every crime known to the realms of jurisprudence.

When the Confederate soldier, having fought for principle to an extent almost incredible and in consequence bereft of everything of earthly value, staggered back home to his wife and children—provided they were still alive—it was with a steadfast resolution to make the most of fortune, to build the new on the ashes of the old, to exhibit the same courage in the humiliation of defeat as in the exhilaration of success, and to this end he set to work with as much vim and energy as his war-worn body could muster. But how vain were his resolutions! Simultaneous with the inauguration of this policy was the inauguration of another policy, the character of whose hellishness so far exceeds the capability of the human mind to describe as to make any effort along this line seem altogether futile. Nor can one cite a historic parallel in which the similitude of circumstance and deed is sufficiently marked as to prove of service. The fact remains, however, that the Reconstruction period, whose horrors will in some way be transmitted to future generations, stands forth in itself, to the South's eternal vindication, a consummate symbolization of Puritanism unthwarted in the accomplishment of its age-long purpose.

The railings of Garrison, Phillips Brooks, Beecher, and innumerable others, so rampant as they seemed to be with piety and so expressive of an immeasurable love for the poor brothers in black, were the very essence of hypocrisy, for the fact is conclusive to-day as never before that the attitude of

the North as a whole toward the negro, having been forced during the last decade into a conjunctural relationship with him on its own muchly vaunted plane of social and political equality, is not one of love and compassion, but one of execration and hate. The appeal of the Chicago *Herald* and other papers to the Southern governors, following the racial riots in Chicago and Washington, to offer inducements to the negroes in the North to return South is extremely pathetic and at the same time laughable. It is also virtually an acknowledgment that the Southerner is the negro's best friend.

The *Outlook*, published by Lyman Abbott, a friend of the South, recently said: "That Northerner who henceforth will assume a 'holier-than-thou' attitude toward the Southerner will be audacious indeed." This could have been truthfully said many years ago, but Lyman Abbott just wouldn't recognize the fact. Henry Watterson too, we dare say, feels like a mugwump, for he in an article published in the *Saturday Evening Post* just prior to the Chicago and Washington racial riots claimed that he was among the first to advocate political equality for the negro. If Henry, having alienated by his blabbings his Southern friends, should now give his Northern admirers the jerks, being deprived at the same time of his "Bourbon," his last days will be anything but propitious. Was New England Puritanism in its bloom, especially in its dealings with the South, actuated by goodly motives and influenced to the slightest extent by Scriptural precepts? History will answer, Reconstruction.

Let me say again before leaving this subject that had the South remained undisturbed the slavery question would have been solved long before 1860, and that, too, in compliance with law, common sense, and equity. The Southern soldier did not fight for slavery as an institution; he fought for his home and his constitutional rights.

Is Puritanism still vindictive? Professor Warren, President of Boston University, one of the leading educators of New England, published to the world a few days ago that had the administration, as so urgently requested by himself and others throughout the North, nullified the separate coach laws of the Southern States the racial riots of recent date would never have occurred. (Hatred of the South!) The South of to-day stands as a monument to thrift and industry and faith in the future, to accomplishments achieved under circumstances which to another people less brave and resolute would have proved insurmountable, for, as the *St. Louis Republic* says, almost every law passed by Congress during the last sixty years has been in favor of the North and against the South. New England at the close of the War between the States advocated the payment by the South of a large indemnity and was aggressive in her demands. Her desires, however, which were ignored by other sections, were gratified in another way, inasmuch as millions of dollars have been drained from the South without return in support of a pension system whose colossal expenditures stagger the mind. President Garfield in one of his messages to Congress stated that the yearly sum then distributed to the soldiers, amounting to forty million dollars, had reached its maximum and thenceforth would decline with rapidity. The President was woefully mistaken. The maximum amount of yearly expenditures for pensions was reached some thirty years later, being in the neighborhood of two hundred million dollars. I am one of those who believe that the elements of degeneracy, so apparent at times in our national government, can be traced without circumlocution to this iniquitous pension system, whose proportions transcend all others ever dreamed of in the history of the world. It has not only bred corruption direct,

but has enabled hundreds of thousands of men to spend almost their entire lives in abject idleness, and idleness begets crime and degeneracy. Secretary McAdoo in rejecting with vehement expressions of disdain the old pension system and devising the new for the soldiers of to-day displayed both courage and wisdom.

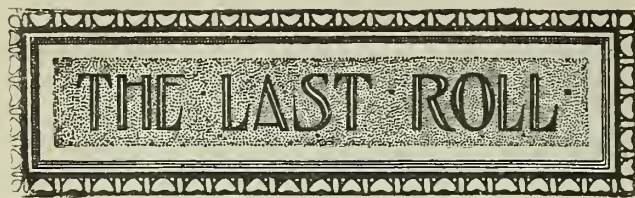
The Southern States, I am glad to say, are beginning to realize on the grandeur of their possibilities. A few years ago our people raised scarcely anything but cotton, which resulted in a continual state of pauperization. Then it very slowly dawned upon them that by shipping vegetables through to Northern markets while the North was yet in the embrace of winter they could practically fix their own prices. This they proceeded to do and made good. Cotton to-day is slowly giving way to other crops, some of which are proving profitable beyond the dream of avarice. Secretary Lane in a speech delivered last year in Arkansas said that the South would soon surpass every other section of the country in the raising of cattle, inasmuch as conditions here approach nearest to the ideal for such a purpose.

At a great meeting held last fall in Chicago for the purpose of advocating and devising plans for the opening up of the Mississippi River to the extent that ocean-going vessels might ascend to that city from the Gulf of Mexico and thence pass out through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River to the Atlantic many speeches were delivered in eulogy of the future of the Mississippi Valley, especially the southern portion of it, and predictive of the early fulfillment of the prophecy of Green, the English historian, that some day the Mississippi Valley would support a population of a hundred million people. One of the chief orators of the occasion (president of the city aldermen) said that hitherto the trade routes had been east and west, in accordance with the demands of political ethics, but that henceforth they would be north and south, in accordance with topography and geographic acclivity. The thought seemed to dominate the entire conference that the Mississippi Valley would profit most of all through the development of the vast region lying between our Southern border and Cape Horn and that in consequence great cities between Chicago and the Gulf would spring up as by magic.

The South to-day, politically speaking, is the hope of the nation. Slavery served one purpose for the South of far-reaching significance. It preserved the purity of its English, Scotch, and Irish lineage from contamination. Ex-President Taft in a speech delivered recently stated that the Southerner has a pedigree to maintain, and as a consequence in the future he would be, above all others, the decisive factor in government proceedings. Vice President Marshall in speeches delivered in the South two years ago voiced the same sentiment.

With this great possibility before us, surely we cannot fail to act well our part and gain that heritage.

RESISTANCE JUSTIFIED.—This button here upon my cuff is valueless, whether for use or for ornament, but you should not tear it from me and spit in my face besides; no, not if it cost me my life. And if your time be passed in the attempt to so take it, then my time and my every thought shall be spent in preventing such outrage. Let alone, the Virginian would gladly have made an end of slavery; but, strange hap, malevolence and meddling bound it up with every interest that was dear to his heart—wife, home, honor—and by a sad providence it became the midmost boss, the very center of that buckler of State rights which he held up against the worst of tyrants—a sectional majority.—*George W. Bagby.*



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"Our God is sweet, our grave is sweet;
We lie there sleeping at his feet,
Where the wicked shall from troubling cease,
And weary hearts shall rest in peace."

GEN. C. W. HOOPER, U. C. V.

Gen. Charles Word Hooper, Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., who died at Selma, Ala., on September 6, 1919, was born at Lafayette, Ga., near Rome, the son of Charles Jefferson and Jane Byrd Word. His record as a Confederate soldier was a brilliant one, and the bestowal upon him of the highest honor in the Alabama Confederate Veterans' organization was highly merited and was discharged with credit.

Elected Brigadier General of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., in 1913, General Hooper was two years later, in October, 1915, elected to head the State Division as Commander and was reelected three successive terms by acclamation. Among the achievements credited to his régime is the securing of an appropriation of \$1,000 from the State to be used at the yearly Reunions. For the past three years General Hooper devoted his efforts to obtaining a pension of \$12.50 per month for every Alabama veteran, a plan which had much opposition at first, even among the ranks of the veterans.

Charles W. Hooper entered the Confederate army as a private in the 8th Georgia Infantry May 17, 1861. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the 21st Georgia Infantry the next year. It was while he was recuperating at his home, near Rome, from wounds received that Streight made his raid on that city. An interesting bit of history is related by Gen. D. E. Scott, adjutant to General Hooper in the U. C. V. organization, who had the story from General Forrest some years ago.

Young Hooper, although still suffering from his wound, organized a company of young men and those exempt from military duty for the defense of Rome. Each man furnished his own equipment, and Hooper was chosen captain. The gallant little company made a juncture with Gen. N. B. Forrest and without the formality of being mustered into the Confederate army.

Streight was captured with their help, and afterwards General Forrest asked Captain Hooper to what command his company belonged.

"None, sir," answered the young captain.

"Will you join my command as an escort?" asked General Forrest.

The matter was favorably voted on by the company, which thenceforth was known as Forrest's Escort, No. 2.

Captain Hooper served as a scout for General Forrest and spent much time within the enemy's lines. His services were dashing and brilliant, and General Forrest years afterwards

characterized him as one of the most reliable of that picturesque band of men who were eyes and ears for the army.

When General Forrest surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865, Captain Hooper was with him and received his parole at the same place.

General Hooper was a man of wide charities and for years past had been one of the most prominent citizens of Selma. As merchant, banker, city builder, his work has been of the enduring and lasting quality which leaves Selma better than when he found it.

Surviving him are two sons and four daughters. The funeral services were very simple, and he was laid to rest attended by many friends.

CAPT. C. T. FURLOW.

Capt. Charles Timothy Furlow, of Atlanta, died on the night of September 3, 1919, at Clarksville, Ga., where he had gone on a visit of a few weeks. He was one of the best-known and best-loved officials at the State Capitol for many years, being in the office of Comptroller General Wright and later for a long time in the State Treasury Department as assistant and as bank examiner.

He served with distinction in the War between the States. Going out from Emory College with his class in 1861 to the Virginia Army, he remained actively in the service up to Appomattox. He was captain on the staff of General Doles and was heart and soul in the cause he loved so well.

He was born April 15, 1841, at Holton, near Macon. His father, Thomas M. Furlow, lived in Americus, Ga., where also Capt. "Tim" Furlow lived until a few years after the war, when he removed to Atlanta. He married Miss Carrie Meriwether, of South Carolina, in 1864. His children are: Floyd C. Furlow, President of the Otis Elevator Company, of New York; Capt. Felder Furlow, of Washington, D. C.; William Meriwether Furlow, of Gastonia, N. C.; and Hal Furlow, of Gaffney, S. C., with the engineering and construction department of the Southern Railway; Carl Furlow, with the Otis Elevator Company, now located in Chicago; and Miss Eugene Furlow, recently a teacher in Mount de Sales Academy, at Macon.

Captain Furlow had many relatives and thousands of friends in Georgia and over the South. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Americus, Ga.

DAVID A. AND ANDREW C. MCCLOUD.

These brothers, both of Glade Spring, Va., were members of the 63d Virginia Regiment of Infantry, David, the elder, being with it for three years and Andrew a shorter period. Both served loyally in the campaigns and battles of the Army of Tennessee, to which this regiment and the 54th Virginia were attached. Andrew was wounded at Missionary Ridge and sent home, where he remained disabled for military duty and enfeebled for life. He married Miss Mary Edmonson, engaged in railroad service, had a family of six children, and died after a protracted illness March 30, 1919. David remained single, caring for his two sisters, and engaged in farming until forced to desist by a painful malady which terminated his life April 14, 1914.

Both were good soldiers, good citizens, and their loss was sincerely mourned by all who knew them when taps called them to

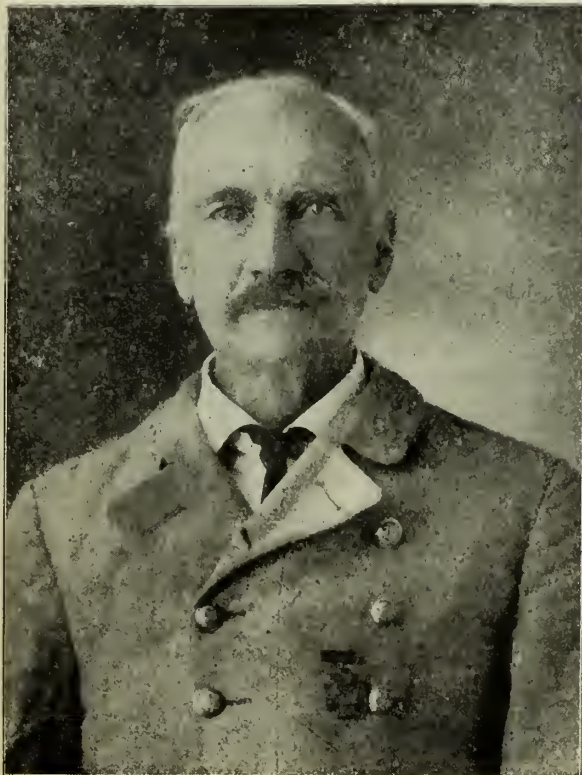
"The low green tents
Whose curtains never outward swing."

[J. A. L.]

GEN. A. C. L. GATEWOOD, U. C. V.

This gallant Confederate veteran died at his home, at Linwood, Pocahontas County, W. Va., July 31, 1919. He was born at Old Sweet Springs, Va., on June 30, 1843, and spent his boyhood days there and at Mountain Grove, Bath County, Va. He had entered the Virginia Military Institute, but at the outbreak of war he enlisted with the Cadet Corps in the service of his State. He was first in the Army of Northwest Virginia and was with General Garnett at Carrick's Ford. On the reorganization of the army in the spring of 1862 he was elected second lieutenant of Company F, of the famous Bath Squadron, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Robinson's (afterwards Rosser's) Brigade, and served continuously in the Army of Northern Virginia throughout the war. He was twice wounded, the first time in a cavalry fight near Bunker Hill, Va., in 1862, when he received a saber cut over the right temple. He was again wounded in the battle of the Wilderness by a Minié ball in his neck. "He was one of the beardless boys in gray who helped to make the Confederate soldier famous throughout the world for courage and endurance and to emblazon upon the pages of history unparalleled feats of arms."

He was genial and kind-hearted, popular with both officers and men. In 1869 he married Mary S. Warwick, daughter of Judge James W. Warwick, of Warm Springs, Va., and is survived by his wife, four sons, and one daughter. After the war he was awarded his diploma from the Virginia Military Institute as a graduate in civil engineering. In 1877 he moved from Mountain Grove, Va., to Big Spring (now Linwood), W. Va., where he became prominently connected in the affairs of the county and devoted his life to farming and stock-raising. He assisted in organizing Confederate Camps in his county and was an active member of Moffett Poage Camp,



GEN. A. C. L. GATEWOOD, U. C. V.

No. 949, U. C. V., at Marlinton, W. Va. At the organization of the West Virginia Division he became Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, which position he held until 1912, when he was elected Brigadier General of the First Brigade of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., which he held at the time of his death.

[J. Z. McChesney, Charleston, W. Va.]

JUDGE JOHN CHOWNING EWELL.

Judge John Chowning Ewell, the oldest member of Lancaster County's bar, died suddenly at his home, in Bertrand, Va., on August 25, 1919. Although he had been in feeble health for many months, his death was a shock to the community, where he was much honored and loved by all who knew him.

Judge Ewell was born November 26, 1842, the son of James and Myra Chowning Ewell, and had lived on his ancestral estate, on the Currotoman River, all his life. When the war between the States broke out he was at Randolph-Macon College, but he left school and joined Company D, 9th Virginia Cavalry, in which his oldest brother was already an officer. He participated in all the battles of his company until he was wounded in Dismal Swamp. He was there for days in the water, until carried out by his faithful slave and taken to a hospital in Richmond, where he lay for many months. After the war he took up the practice of law and soon became one of the strongest members of the bar. He was commonwealth attorney of Lancaster County for a number of years and was then elected judge of Lancaster and Northumberland, a position he held for sixteen years. He helped to organize the Lawson Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans and was Commander of the Camp for many years. He also made two special attempts to organize a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and when our Chapter budded and bloomed in 1912 his delight knew no bounds.

Judge Ewell was a vestryman and lay reader of St. Mary's Episcopal Church. At the time of his death he was President of the Lancaster National Bank and the Northern Neck Mutual Fire Association, which positions he had held since their organization. He was never married and was the last of his family, so the name of Ewell has gone forever from Lancaster.

Amid many sorrowing hearts he was laid to rest in the family burying ground at Bertrand. The floral offerings were beautiful and wonderful. A Confederate flag, which he loved so well, was placed on his grave.

[Mrs. L. G. Connelle, Historian Lancaster County Chapter, U. D. C.]

JAMES O. HARDING.

James O. Harding was born at Lagrange, Northumberland County, Va., November 11, 1843, and answered the last roll call at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lacy Spriggs, of Whitestone, Lancaster County, Va., on August 8, 1919.

In 1861, when Lancaster called for her sons to defend the Southland, Mr. Harding was among the very first to respond. He was one of the fifty-four who formed Company D, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and camped and drilled in the Old White Marsh Churchyard. They were assigned to William Henry Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, where he served with devotion and gallantry. He participated in all the engagements of his regiment and was ever ready to help a wounded friend or foe. He knew no fear and was ready to go wherever duty called him. Early in 1865, while below Petersburg, General Lee requested Captain Ball to send four of his most reliable and bravest men out on a scouting expedition. Mr. Harding was

selected as one of the four. They were all captured by the Jessie Scouts and sent to Point Lookout, where he suffered the hardships of prison life. He was discharged from prison in July, 1865, and returned to his home, in Lancaster County, where he married Miss Williamette Brent April 12, 1866. He was a member of the Lawson Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans and was sent a number of times as a delegate to the Reunions.

JOHN Y. THOMAS.

John Y. Thomas, member of Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316, U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., answered the last roll call on August 23, 1919. He was born in Hertford County, N. C., February 2, 1836. In 1858 or 1859 he came to Arkansas and taught school, but in 1861 he returned to his native State and enlisted with his schoolmates at Murfreesboro, N. C., in Company C, 7th North Carolina Regiment, afterwards made the 17th. He was taken prisoner at Cape Hatteras, N. C., in August, 1861, and sent to Governor's Island, N. Y., but was exchanged and reached Norfolk, Va., on the 25th of December, 1861, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender, in 1865. Going back to the old home in North Carolina, he taught school for a year or more, then came back to Arkansas and engaged in the mercantile business at Wittsburg. In December, 1873, he was married to Miss Josie Robertson, of Memphis, Tenn., who, with two daughters, survives him.

Comrade Thomas was a member of the Baptist Church. He was loved by all who knew him for his strict piety and honesty. He retired from business several years ago, but continued to look after his farming interests. I knew him in his boyhood days and went to school with him in 1856. "None knew him but to love him."

[W. P. Brown, Adjutant Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316, U. C. V.]

JOSEPH H. BARLEY.

Joseph H. Barley was born near Stamford, Lincolnshire, England, June 19, 1839, and died at the family home, in Wichita, Kans., December 29, 1918. He came to America with his parents in 1845, and they resided near Keyport, N. J., until the spring of 1852. The family then moved to Virginia and lived in Hanover County, near Ashland, until the fall of 1861.

Joseph Barley enlisted for the Confederacy in April, 1861, serving with Company C, 15th Virginia Infantry, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, and was paroled in April, 1865. In September, 1865, the family removed to Illinois, where Joseph joined them in 1867, and in August, 1869, he was married to Miss Lucy A. R. Hayes. In 1873 the family removed to Reno County, Kans., and two years later Joseph joined them there with his wife and two children, making that his home until 1879, when he located in Wichita, Kans., where for more than thirty years he followed the business of stationary engineer in the employment of some of the most prominent firms of the city. He had been in ill health for a number of years and never entirely recovered from the effects of a severe attack of influenza in the fall of 1918.

He leaves to mourn his death his wife, three sons, two daughters, and one brother, W. P. Barley, of Arlington, Kans. His family lost a loving husband, kind father and brother, and all who knew him a friend. He was a good soldier, a good citizen, and was loved and respected by all with whom he had dealings.

[Tribute by his brother, W. P. Barley, Company D, Virginia.]

JOHN M. BERRY.

John Moses Berry, son of Hugh Campbell and Harriet Ann Berry, was born at Fauchenaunt, Washington County, Mo., December 12, 1838, and passed away at his home, in Los Angeles, Cal., on May 25, 1918, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was the second son of twelve children. He was married to Martha Sprague November 6, 1872, in Salem, Mo., and three children of this union survive.



J. M. BERRY.

When war broke out in 1861 he went from his home, in Gasconade County, Mo., into Arkansas, where he became a member of Company J, 8th Arkansas Infantry, C. S. A. He was first a member of Captain Cullin's company, the 7th Arkansas Battalion, which was consolidated with the 8th Arkansas Regiment at

Corinth, Miss., in the spring of 1862. After the battle of Shiloh he was made orderly sergeant. He was captured in the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, and was taken to Camp Douglas, Ill., where he remained until the close of the war. He was ruling elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church close to fifty years and was sent many times to the Assembly, Synod, Presbytery, and other meetings of his Church. At one of these meetings, held at Little Rock, Ark., he met his old captain, William F. Gibson.

DR. NATHANIEL GOOCH.

At a regular meeting of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac of Confederate Soldiers held in the city of Nashville on January 3, 1919, the committee heretofore appointed to draft resolutions on the death of our comrade, Dr. Nathaniel Gooch, submitted the following, which was unanimously adopted:

"Frank Cheatham Bivouac has lost a defender of the sacred cause of the South in the death of Dr. Nathaniel Gooch, and with bowed heads we mourn this irreparable loss.

"Dr. Gooch was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., on July 19, 1840, and died in the city of Nashville on September 7, 1918, in the seventy-eighth year of his life. In April, 1861, he was sworn into the Confederate army and was appointed drillmaster of the 18th Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. J. B. Palmer.

"When Colonel Palmer was appointed brigadier general, Comrade Gooch became a member of General Palmer's staff and was twice wounded in the charge of the brigade in the battle of Murfreesboro. He was paroled with the Army of Tennessee on May 1, 1865.

"He was a Christian gentleman, *sans peur et sans reproche*, a warm friend without guile, and all in all a true man. *Sit tibi terra levis!* Therefore be it

"Resolved by Frank Cheatham Bivouac, That in the death of Comrade Nathaniel Gooch the Bivouac has lost a true soldier and a staunch friend whose loss cannot be replaced.

"Committee: W. L. McKay, Chairman; H. R. Lee, C. R. Temple.

"In testimony whereof the Bivouac has caused these presents to be signed by its President and Secretary and attested by the great seal of the State Association.

W. R. RANDALL, President;

JOHN P. HICKMAN, Secretary."

COL. E. M. ROBERTS.

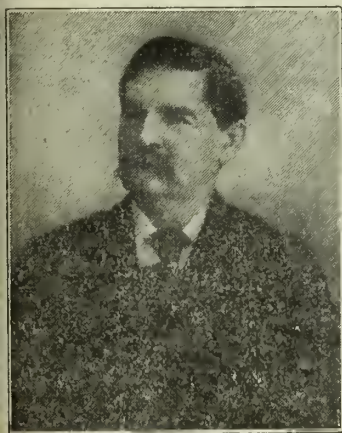
Col. Elisha M. Roberts, pioneer resident of Kern County, al., died at his home, in Bakersfield, on March 27, 1919, after short illness. He was born at Chapel Hill, Marshall County, Tenn., on September 11, 1843. In 1862, when scarcely nineteen years of age, he enlisted in Company A, 3d Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, and served to the end, surrendering his arms at Shreveport, La., in 1865.

Soon after the war Colonel Roberts left Missouri and went to California and in 1876 located in Kern County and became interested in the building of canals for the reclamation of the desert lands, and in this way he acquired considerable land, which was planted to alfalfa and fitted for the stock industry. In 1909 he sold his ranch and removed to Bakersfield, where he became prominent as a political leader. For twenty years he had been chairman of the Board of Supervisors and was also a member of the Board of Trade and fraternally was identified with the Order of Elks and Odd Fellows. For years he was an active supporter of the temperance movement, and his last political activity was in favor of prohibition. He was a man of kindly good nature, loyal to his friends; and while he amassed a good fortune in his lifetime, he built what is of more worth in a circle of friends throughout that section.

He was married to Miss Lydia Eaton, who died a year ago. Three children survive him—a son and two daughters. One son died while serving with the California forces in the war with Spain.

DR. THOMAS CRITTENDEN JONES.

Dr. Thomas Crittenden Jones died on June 21, 1919, at Athens, Ala., after a protracted invalidism, aged seventy-six years. He was born March 4, 1843, in Giles County, Tenn., and while at school enlisted in the 1st Tennessee Regiment, Company K, C. S. A. He served with conspicuous gallantry throughout the war, receiving four wounds, one of which was supposed to be fatal. He was confined several months of the final year of the struggle at Camp Douglas, Ill., and after an interval of recuperation on his father's farm he entered a medical college preparatory to his life work.



DR. T. C. JONES.

Dr. Jones was a skillful surgeon and successful practitioner of medicine. He was married on January 10, 1878, to Miss Lillie Crittenden, of Lauderdale County, Ark., who survives him. They removed to Athens, Ala., which was their home and the scene of his labors, in which he won the confidence and regard of a large clientele.

His only child, Mrs. Charles I. Smith, resides at Indianapolis, Ind., whose son perpetuates his grandfather's name and inherits worthily his Confederate cross of honor.

Dr. Jones was from early manhood a faithful member of the Christian Church, and in his obsequies his pastor, P. H. Mears, paid a just tribute to his character and loyalty to his Master.

JAMES E. THOMAS.

James Edwards Thomas, called from earthly cares August 6, 1917, was born in San Augustine, Tex., June 1, 1844. Brave, loyal, and true, he heeded his country's call for volunteers in 1861 and became a member of the 3d Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, and served faithfully with his comrades until captured while as courier bearing dispatches. Then followed twenty-two months of life as a prisoner of war, dividing the time between Alton, Ill., and Fort Delaware. He was exchanged a few months before the end and returned to face the complexity of issues from which he had been shut off so long behind prison bars. In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary L. Blount, who survives him with their four children: S. Seymour Thomas, one of America's foremost portrait artists, Mrs. W. C. Raymond, J. Edwards Thomas, and Mrs. H. B. Angur.



J. E. THOMAS.

NATHAN BELL SPENCER.

Nathan Bell Spencer died at his home, in Redlands, Cal., on June 14, 1919. He had been a resident of Redlands for ten years. He was born in Prince Edward County, Va., on March 13, 1837, and was married to Pattie F. Flournoy at Briery Church, Va., by the Rev. Thomas Wharey, on November 7, 1860. He enlisted for service in the War between the States in April, 1861, serving with Company K (Capt. Jack Thornton), 3d Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, and laid down arms with the immortal Robert E. Lee at Appomattox.

He was Southern "from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet," often saying that he wanted his principles to die with his posterity.

True American to the core, when President Wilson asked for men to go with the Stars and Stripes across the seas, but for the infirmities of old age he would have answered the call.

He was the Southern type of which few are left. He met the "great mystery" without a struggle, just went to sleep. He was majestic in death. All that was fine and best in this true, clean man was written on his face.

He sleeps in the beautiful Hillside Cemetery at Redlands under the blue, sunny skies of Southern California. He lives in the hearts of those who loved him best.

[His daughter, Margaret E. Spencer.]

RILEY FOSHEE.

Riley Foshee was born in South Carolina August 11, 1841, and went to Alabama when a boy. He died at the home of his son, G. L. Foshee, at Thorsby, Ala., on July 16, 1919. He served as first lieutenant of Company H, 29th Alabama Regiment, and was in the service for three and three-fourths years. He was a brave and fearless soldier and was well liked by all who knew him.

[A. M. Piper, Company C, 62d Alabama Regiment.]

CAPT. W. T. HARDISON.

Capt. W. T. Hardison, a paroled Confederate veteran, died at his home, in Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday, July 20, 1919. He was a native of Maury County, Tenn., born on March 20, 1839, being the sixth child of a family of ten, six boys and four girls. His grandfather, James Hardison, a native of North Carolina, was a soldier in the American Revolution, and his name is engraved on a tablet in the courthouse yard of Davidson County, Tenn. James Hardison moved to Maury County, Tenn., and was granted a pension as a Revolutionary soldier in 1832. He died in 1842.

Captain Hardison's father, Humphrey Hardison, was born in North Carolina in 1804, and after moving to Tennessee he lived in the eastern part of Maury County on a large farm and was known as one of the most successful farmers in that part of the State.

W. T. Hardison attended the common schools of the neighborhood until he was sixteen years of age, when he was sent to a high school for one year, after which he taught school for a year and then finished his education at New Hope Academy. In an autobiography, written by him in 1913 for the benefit of his immediate family, he states that he was elected valedictorian of the high school and also was elected valedictorian of his class at the academy, and that after he had written his valedictory speech in English the principal of the school insisted that he should put it into Latin, which he did, and gave it in Latin the last day of the school.

In October, 1860, Mr. Hardison started to Texas with a party moving from Maury County, and they were thirty-seven days on the road. He remained in Texas until June, 1861, when he started home, traveling by stage until he reached the first railroad. Returning to his father's place, near Hardison Mills, Tenn., he and his brother, R. C. Hardison, joined a cavalry company on July 5, 1861, and were mustered into the Confederate States service near Mount Pleasant, Tenn., as members of Capt. Andrew Polk's company. After drilling about one month in Maury County, the company was ordered to Camp Trousdale, in Sumner County, near the Kentucky line. Before that time the company went into a battalion, of which Col. Nick Cox was elected major, and it was known as the 2d Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry.

In writing about the march from Maury County to Camp Trousdale, Captain Hardison says: "We were three days on the road to Camp Trousdale. I am inclined to think that when we left Mount Pleasant we had more cooking vessels, camping supplies, tents, wagons, etc., to move than Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's entire army had when it surrendered at or near Charlotte, N. C."

He has told the writer that at the beginning of the war the captain of his company used a fine carriage and span of horses, having a carriage driver and extra horses.

Later a regiment was organized, and Jake Biffle was elected colonel. After the battle of Fort Donelson his regiment retreated to Nashville, where he saw the old wire bridge across the Cumberland River destroyed. They then fell back to Corinth, Miss., and his brother, R. C. Hardison, was elected second lieutenant. After the battle of Shiloh his regiment was left at Corinth for some time and had a number of engagements with the Federals. After the evacuation of Corinth they fell back to Tupelo, Miss., where the regiment was reorganized by consolidating the 2d Battalion with the 4th Battalion, and the consolidated command was known as the 1st Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, James T. Wheeler, of Giles County, being elected colonel, and the regiment from that time

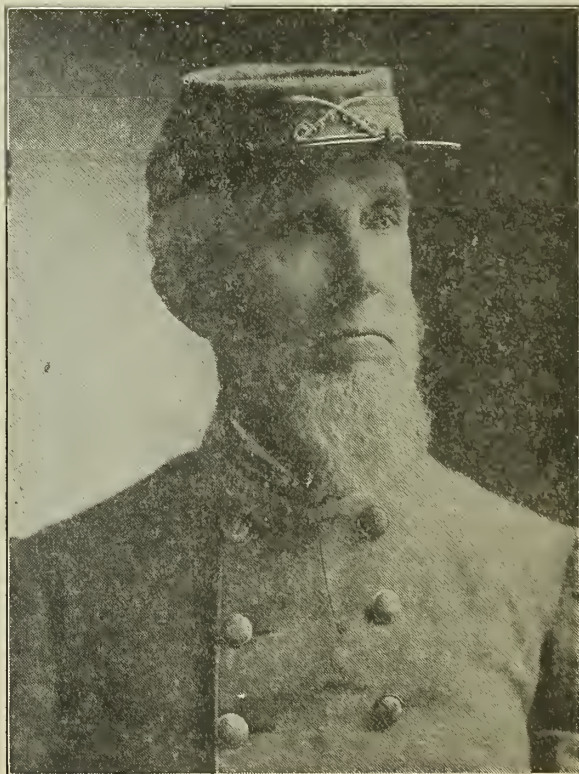
to the close of the war was known as Wheeler's 1st Tennessee Cavalry.

On October 22, 1862, Generals Van Dorn and Price attacked Corinth and captured the breastworks, but could not hold them, and later in the year they fell back to Holly Springs, on the Mississippi Central Railroad. General Grant, having failed to capture Vicksburg with his gunboats, left Memphis to move with his army by land down the Mississippi Valley Railroad, and when he reached Holly Springs he made that his base of supplies.

About that time Gen. Van Dorn, who had been operating west of the Mississippi River, was put in command of the cavalry, and on December 22, 1862, his command went around the flank of General Grant's army and captured Holly Springs. Captain Hardison says he was told by Capt. H. B. Douglas, of Aurora, Ill., who was one of General Grant's engineers at that time, that General Grant had over a million dollars' worth of supplies which were captured, together with quite a lot of greenback money in sheets which had not been separated.

After that the 1st Tennessee Cavalry went to Thompson's Station, Tenn., and, with the other members of the command, captured a regiment of Federals on March 4, 1863, and another regiment at Brentwood on March 25.

After Gen. Van Dorn's death, in 1863, the regiment was under Gen. N. B. Forrest for some time, and in the second battle of Thompson's Station they captured Major (afterwards Major General) Shafter, who was in command of the American army in Cuba in the Spanish-American War. This regiment participated in the battle of Chickamauga and after that was with General Wheeler and under him until the close of the war. The regiment was in a number of hard-fought bat-



CAPT. W. T. HARDISON.

les and many skirmishes, and Captain Hardison was with it all the time.

About the 1st of September, 1864, the commissary of his brigade was relieved. The assistant commissary was in very delicate health, and Mr. Hardison was detailed to act as commissary for the brigade, which he did from then until the surrender in May, 1865, that being a position held by a major, but he filled it while still a private.

When his command was paroled under the generous terms granted by General Sherman, the paroled prisoners were permitted to retain their side arms, cavalry horses, and equipment. They started marching for home in a body on May 4, and on May 14, while at Strawberry Plains, in East Tennessee, a Federal general forced the command to surrender to him, and he took all their horses, saddles, bridles, and arms; but many of the soldiers when they learned that their arms were being taken threw theirs in the river. They were then placed in box cars like cattle and shipped to Nashville and from there to Columbia, where the company was disbanded. Captain Hardison and his younger brother, Humphrey A. Hardison, walked from Columbia to their father's, about ten miles, not having had anything to eat since their arrival in Nashville.

When Captain Hardison left Columbia to go home he had a negro man who had been given to him in Georgia, and he had only two dollars in greenbacks. He gave one to the negro man and kept one for himself. In his autobiography he says: "Four years before this, when I left home, there must have been one hundred and fifty mules, horses, and cattle on the place, and thirty or forty negroes; but when we arrived at home things looked very gloomy."

He says that the stock had all been taken except a couple of old mules and an old lame horse, and they had no way to make a crop. He was not accustomed to manual labor, but his father had a fine field of timothy and orchard grass, and he and his brother cut and housed this hay, and then, beginning the 1st of August, 1865, he taught school for five months. After that, as there were very few horses in the neighborhood, he made two or three trips North and bought horses, bringing them down to sell to the neighbors.

On October 29, 1867, he was married to Miss Martha G. McLean, one of the grandest women in the country, and they lived happily together until her death, on December 29, 1911. He left surviving him a daughter, Mrs. Mackie Hardison Montgomery, and a son, Humphrey Hardison. Another son, W. T. Hardison, Jr., died April 1, 1905, soon after arriving at the age of twenty-one years.

Mr. Hardison moved to Obion County, where he bought land and ran a store from the latter part of 1868 until about 1872, when he moved to Nashville. He was in the family grocery business until 1890, being with the firm of McLean & Hardison and later Hardison & White. In July, 1890, he bought an interest in the firm of Ireland & Phillips, and the name was changed to Ireland & Hardison. Afterwards he bought out Mr. Ireland, and from that time until his death he was the senior member of the firm of W. T. Hardison & Co., dealing in lime, cement, sand, etc.

Mr. Hardison was an honest, capable, and successful business man. He professed religion and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church when about twenty-six years of age. He was made a ruling elder in 1866 and was an active elder in his Church until it united with the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America in 1907, and he continued a ruling elder in this congregation until his death. He was also a member of the Board of Publication of the Cumberland

Presbyterian Church for a number of years and of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., until the Nashville branch was removed to Philadelphia. He was largely instrumental in the building of Grace Presbyterian Church in Nashville, being by far the most liberal contributor. Mr. Hardison was one of the most thoroughly charitable men I ever knew, but he never spoke of his good works. In his autobiography he says: "I never ran for any office. I never wrote or received a letter that I was not willing for my wife and daughter to read. I never went to any place that I was not willing they should go with me."

The Broadway National Bank in Nashville was organized on July 5, 1906, and he was elected President of that organization and served for a long time; and although he offered his resignation on different occasions, the directory refused to accept it.

Mr. Hardison was an unassuming, plain citizen. When Troop A of Forrest's Veteran Cavalry was organized in 1895, he was elected first lieutenant and continued to hold that office until his health got so bad that he could not remain with the company. Over the protest of the officers and members of the troop, he later declined to be reelected to the office; but whenever any money was to be raised for the troop or for any other Confederate cause, never waiting to be asked, when he learned of the need he at once sent in his check.

When W. T. and his younger brother, Humphrey A. Hardison, reached home in May, 1865, his brother, Lieut. R. C. Hardison, who had been captured at Sand Mountain, Ala., was in prison at Chattanooga, but was released and returned home within a few days. His oldest brother, Marshall E. Hardison, was in the 48th Tennessee Infantry and was captured at Fort Donelson, but died on his way to prison in February, 1862.

Besides being in all the battles and skirmishes with his company, Captain Hardison had a number of narrow escapes during the war. Just after the capture of Holly Springs, Miss., he was on picket duty with four other members of his company when the Federals ran into them just at daylight and killed one and captured the others. They captured his hat and gun and mare and his breakfast, which he was eating, and he says that they must have shot at him a hundred times as he was running for life, yet he escaped by overtaking one of his company who took him up behind him on his horse.

At another time, just before the battle of Chickamauga, his regiment was picketing in McLemore's Cove when late in the evening a command of Federal infantry came up and drove them back and went into camp. That night his captain was ordered to send two reliable men to investigate and find out the strength of the infantry force, and he and George Tate were selected. They went into the Federal camp and got behind the command of the Federals, but about daylight were discovered by the enemy, who made an attempt to capture them; but they outran the infantry and got into a field of weeds about waist-high, where they lay down in the hot sun for the entire day without anything to eat or drink. During the day the Federals searched the field constantly for them, and at one time one was within a few feet of where they were lying in the weeds. The second night they attempted to go back, but got into other Federal camps and could not get through for the picket lines; so they crawled into a bluff on Chickamauga Creek within a very short distance of the Federals and in their lines. George Tate determined to take a bath in Chickamauga Creek in plain view of the Yankees, which Mr. Hardison opposed, but Tate said they could not

tell him from a Yankee with his clothes off. So he went in and took a bath and came back, and they stayed there all day without anything to eat, although they had water to drink. That night on the battle field they found a woman whose husband was in the Confederate army, and she gave them some stewed chicken and dumplings, which she divided between them and her children. She told them that the Yankees were all around them, and it was impossible for them to get back to the regiment. They traveled all that night, and on the morning of the 18th of September, the day before the battle of Chickamauga commenced, they reached their command. Their captain had given them up for lost and had turned their horses and other belongings over to other men who were not well mounted. They then fought through the battle of Chickamauga, the 19th and 20th of September. In writing of the food given him by the woman, Captain Hardison says: "I have always regretted that we did not take her name and address. There has never been a day since that time that I would not have been glad to have given that woman one hundred dollars."

In the fall of 1864 Captain Hardison got permission to visit his home for a few days. The Federals at that time had possession of the entire country, but he and six others started to join their command at Pulaski. They found that General Wheeler's command had been driven south and had crossed the Tennessee River, so they changed their course and started east across the Cumberland Mountains. After passing Bell-buckle they were attacked by a company of homemade Yankees, as they were called, but these seven men made a charge and drove the entire company back in rapid retreat.

To show the kind of a father Captain Hardison had, he says that in the spring of 1864 a Federal captain by the name of Luttrell, a homemade Yankee, with his company, most of them Tennesseans, came to his father's house at night, after hearing that he had sold some mules to an agent of the Federal army, and demanded the money. Captain Hardison says: "After trying every way to get him to give them the money, they told him they would kill him if he did not give it to them and took him out to a pile of firewood in front of the house, where they had him to sit down on the wood, and as he sat down he pulled the money out of his pocket and dropped it in the pile of wood. He told them to search him and see that he had no money. After searching him and finding that they could get no money, they told him that unless he would give them the money they would burn the house, and did set fire to the side of the house. My father said to Captain Luttrell: 'You can kill me if you wish to, for I can't live much longer anyway, but I make a request of you as my friend not to burn the house over those orphan children.' The captain then called the lieutenant and told him to put out the fire, as they did not believe the old rascal had any money."

Capt. W. T. Hardison was truly one of the purest and best men I ever knew and one who had thousands of friends who loved him dearly and mourn his death.

[Hamilton Parks.]

COMRADES AT HERNANDO, MISS.

W. L. Glenn, Commander, reports that the following comrades of De Soto Camp, No. 220, U. C. V., have died during the past year: John T. Oliver, lieutenant, Company C, 27th Mississippi Infantry; R. H. Cooper, captain, Company D, 17th Mississippi Infantry; J. M. Gray, Stafford's Battery, Mississippi Artillery; J. G. Davie, Forrest Cave, Miss.

W. A. BELLAMY.

After a brief illness, W. A. Bellamy, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Russell County, Ala., died at his home, in Seale, in August, 1919. He was born on July 11, 1842, at the old homestead in Russell County. With the exception of three years in Texas, he had passed his life in that county.

In January, 1862, young Bellamy enlisted in Capt. James F. Waddell's battery, and he served under Gen. Kirby Smith in the Kentucky campaign. Coming back to Tennessee, from Murfreesboro he was sent with Stevenson's Division of ten thousand men to Vicksburg and served through that campaign under Pemberton. He was severely wounded at Baker's Creek and was taken back to Vicksburg, where he went through the siege and after the surrender was brought down the Mississippi on a transport to New Orleans. He was sent to his home in Russell County, and after his recovery and exchange he was made sergeant of artillery and placed in the battery of his brother, Capt. R. H. Bellamy, then commanding a part of Waddell's Battery. Comrade Bellamy joined his command at Decatur, Ga., and went through the campaign under Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta. When Hood took command he was sent to Macon with others to help hold that city against raiders, and later he took part in the defense of Columbus against Wilson. This was the closing service of W. A. Bellamy. He never missed a roll call during his service and was never absent without permission.

Comrade Bellamy was for many years a member of the Baptist Church, active and prominent in the Church work, and for forty years was superintendent of the Sunday school at Seale. He was also prominent in the political affairs of the State, was sheriff of his county three times, and had been councilman and mayor of Seale. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Williams. He is survived by his second wife, who was Miss Fannie Bickstaff, and by a sister, Mrs. D. B. Waddell, of Meridian, Miss.

CAPT. W. D. RODMAN.

On the 28th of May, 1919, Capt. W. D. Rodman died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Conger, at Van Buren, Ark. He was born in Chester County, S. C., September 29, 1841, and was at college in Due West, S. C., when the war came on in 1861. Just after graduating he went to his home in Mississippi, where his mother had removed while he was in school in South Carolina. He enlisted at once in the Confederate army and was elected first lieutenant of Company C, 1st Mississippi Regiment, and afterwards became captain of Company C in the 22d Mississippi Regiment. With his regiment he was taken prisoner at the fall of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and was a prisoner of war about seven months. After his release he served to the end, surrendering with his command at Goldsboro, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

In the early part of 1888 Captain Rodman removed to Altus, Ark., and for several years engaged in mercantile business there. While in Mississippi he was twice elected to the legislature in Reconstruction days and also served twice in the State legislature of Arkansas. After the death of his wife, two years ago, he made his home at Van Buren. He was a member of Camp Stonewall Jackson, No. 865, U. C. V.

[P. R. Stanfield, Adjutant, Altus, Ark.]

J. R. TABOR CAMP, BERNICE, LA.

R. J. Tabor, Commander of Camp No. 1780, Bernice, La., reports the deaths of two members, J. B. Lynch, a Missouri soldier, and Alex Tucker, of Alabama.

FISHER AMES TYLER—AN APPRECIATION.

In the early hours of lovely springtide, the third morning of April, 1919, at his home, in Gainesville, Tex., surrounded by those nearest and dearest of earth, the big soul of Fisher Ames Tyler heard the call of his divine Master and obeyed the summons, "Come up higher."

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, the 3d of December, 1847, as a lad not sixteen years old he volunteered in the army of the Southern Confederacy on the 20th of June, 1863, joining Company F, 3d Mississippi Cavalry, and he was paroled near Gainesville, Ala., on the 12th of May, 1865. The cause for which he so bravely fought was as dear to him as life itself. He ever felt that his old comrades of the gray had a right to claim his time and his purse, and to them he gave gladly, generously. On the march, in the bivouac, or leading the fierce charge his chivalrous spirit cheered and encouraged his companions, inciting them to deeds of high daring. No braver lad ever vaulted saddle and rushed the mad charge along—always in the van.

On one occasion, when the Yankees were in hot pursuit, he and his scout companion attempted to make their horses jump a fence. His horse cleared it, but his companion's horse fell in the attempt and threw its rider. Seeing his comrade unhorsed and flat on the ground, Ames Tyler called to him to catch hold of his stirrup leather and climb up on the side of his horse, while he reached down and helped him hold on. In that position Ames Tyler carried his companion three hundred yards across an open field, while the Yankees fired at them every step of the way. After escaping the enemy bullets and reaching his command, he did not mention this daring incident until called on to confirm his companion's narration of it. In the battle of Jackson, Miss., he ran in front of his charging regiment, mounted the shoulder of a chimney (from which the house had been burned), and fired repeatedly from that perilous position. A comrade called to him to jump, which he did at almost the same second that a cannon ball struck the chimney, cutting it off at the shoulder. He immediately jumped back on the chimney shoulder and began firing again. In the battle of Jonesboro, Ala., August 30, 1864, when he saw his brigade waver and about to break in retreat, he dropped his gun at a trail arms, advanced seventy yards in front of his brigade, and, turning his back upon the enemy and facing his brigade, took off his hat, waved it over his head, and called out: "Come on, boys. Don't you see they can't hit us?" This daring act gave courage to the brigade, and the boys in gray rallied, charged the enemy, and drove them across Flint River, Ames Tyler leading them, private though he was. In the battle of Sakatonchee, near West Point, Miss., General Forrest ordered him to get down from the top of the rail breastworks because he was exposing himself to the enemy fire. Ames said: "You are exposing yourself. Why cannot I do the same?" General Forrest replied, "It is your duty to obey orders, mine to enforce them if necessary," and made him get down from the top of the rail pile.

When a guest in my Mississippi home about fifteen years ago, I invited Capt. Robert H. Turner, his old captain, now living and in his ninety-fifth year, to join him there. They had not met in nearly a quarter of a century. Never shall I forget that scene. At sight each rushed into the arms of the other and clung together in warm embrace, tears flowing down their furrowed cheeks, while each war-worn frame trembled with deep, unutterable emotion. I felt that my presence was an intrusion upon the sanctity of that meeting. His old captain, writing of him, said: "Ames Tyler was the Mar-

shal Ney of the regiment." Of the part he played in many brave acts he never spoke unless compelled by the narration to do so and then always with modesty. In rehearsing such deeds I have often seen his eyes fill and and his voice become choked, and he would leave the room, so moved was he with emotion. 'Tis said "the bravest are the tenderest," and such was true of him. He once said to me that he desired no better epitaph than "A brave Confederate private soldier who rode with Forrest lies here."

"Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking!
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking!"

In 1879 he entered the wholesale grocery business in Gainesville, Tex., with his friend Mr. William Worsham under the firm name of Tyler & Worsham. This firm was later changed to Tyler & Simpson Company, under which title it still exists. Up to within a fortnight of his death he continued the active head of the business. Into it he threw the strong force of his charming personality, suavity of manner, and inflexible integrity. No method short of honor's high standard was for a moment countenanced in business dealings with his fellow man. He was as sensitive of his personal honor as a woman of her virtue. To him was largely due the prominence of his firm in the commercial world. Prosperity sweetened his disposition and enlarged his heart.

He married Miss Eva May Hudson, of Gainesville, in June, 1880, and of this happy union four children were born. His widow and all his children survive him. His love for them was with him a passion. The nearer you drew to his fire-side, the brighter and more beautiful his character shone. The precincts of the shattered family circle are too sacred for the footsteps of those not of it to be heard. However, freely our tears may flow for them. They sit in their bereavement and

"Sigh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Some thirty years ago he openly professed Christ as his Saviour and Redeemer and joined the Presbyterian Church. A more humble, faithful follower of our Lord never walked with his divine Master. He took a leading part in whatever looked to the advancement of God's kingdom among men. He was a truly converted man—heart, soul, and purse. He wore his religion with his business suit. His example moves the best of earth to emulation. To his loved ones he leaves the priceless comfort of an exalted Christian character, a legacy greater than earth's gold can bestow.

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past,
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

[Armistead C. Leigh, Los Angeles, Cal.]

T. H. TAYLOR.

T. H. Taylor was born January 1, 1840, in Catoosa County, Ga., and served in the Confederate army over three years, in Company F, 39th Georgia Regiment. He was a faithful, brave, and true soldier. He was married twice and is survived by three sons. He lived an honorable, honest, upright, exemplary man and Christian, and departed this life June 28, 1918.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOURIE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. THOS. WOOD PARRY, Kansas City, Mo. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. WALLACE STREATER, Washington, D. C. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Historian General*
MRS. CHARLES L. TRABERT, Berkeley, Cal. *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. H. M. FRANKLIN, Tennille, Ga. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: This is my last message to this department of U. D. C. work as your President General, and I shall give you only a brief outline of the past month's activities, for when this copy of the VETERAN shall reach you the Tampa Convention will probably be a part of your past, and my successor will have assumed the duties and responsibilities of the office.

It was my pleasure in passing through New York to attend the annual meeting of the New York Division at the Hotel Astor on the afternoon of October 9. Through the invitation of Mrs. S. Vick Jones, the Division President, I met at luncheon before the meeting the three Presidents of the Chapters which compose this Division and was thus enabled to hear about all their Division and Chapter interests, problems, and achievements. The meeting was an enlightening one for the President General, and I hope I was able to carry to the New York U. D. C. some message of appreciation and encouragement from the General Association.

On October 10 and 11 I was the guest of the Philadelphia Chapter and the house guest of Mrs. W. D. Mason, a former President of the Chapter and a member of our General Committees on Education and Insignia for Descendants. On Friday evening at a dinner where covers were laid for twenty-six in Mrs. Mason's beautiful and hospitable home I met the leading spirits of the Philadelphia Chapter. On Saturday morning at a council meeting of the Chapter in the Bellevue-Stratford I became familiar with the broad interests and splendid monthly benevolent and educational achievements of this Chapter. A luncheon of ten with Mrs. Goodwin furthered a closer acquaintance between the directing officers of the Chapter and the President General. At a delightful tea at the home of Mrs. Harrison Taylor, President of the Dabney Maury Chapter of the Virginia Division, I met the members of that Chapter and was able to take into account how large a circle U. D. C. influence touched in Philadelphia. A brilliant reception and musicale at the home of Mrs. John Cook Hirst, one of the Vice Presidents of the Philadelphia Chapter, on Saturday night enabled the President General to meet the entire membership of the Philadelphia Chapter, now one hundred and thirty-five, and a delightful circle of Mrs. Hirst's friends who were interested in the U. D. C.

Too much appreciation and praise cannot be given to these outposts in our U. D. C. work. When I learned how the Philadelphia Chapter managed its committees and the scope of the work of these committees, I realized that its methods were a model for many a large city Chapter in the South. If such methods should be employed in these cities, we could soon double our membership and triple our achievements of the past.

The Illinois Division met in its tenth annual convention in Chicago on October 8 and 9, the North Carolina Division met at Rocky Mount on October 8-10, and the Ohio Division met in Columbus on October 8-11. So while I was in conference with the New York and Philadelphia U. D. C. our thoughts and best wishes were with these sister Divisions meeting at the same time—all a fine preparation for the Tampa reports.

An invitation from the President of the National Council of Women of the United States to your President General to attend the sessions of the biennial meeting of that Council in St. Louis on November 11-14 was received and declined with appreciation, as the dates were coincident with our general convention in Tampa.

An invitation from the Confederate Memorial Literary Society to be present at the presentation of the sword of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson to the Confederate Museum in Richmond on October 11 was also regretfully declined because of the previous engagement to meet the Philadelphia U. D. C.

U. D. C. honors for war work are constantly being reported to the President General's office. In the District of Columbia Mrs. McAdoo and Mrs. Glass presented five medals for liberty loan work to U. D. C. members. No other society in the capital secured through its members more than one medal. Those receiving this honor for the U. D. C. were Mrs. Odenheimer, Mrs. Wallace Streater, Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, Mrs. Hutton, and Mrs. Bonham. Again the Washington State Division presented to their State Historical Association in October a roll of the men of lineal Confederate descent who served in the world war.

General U. D. C. achievements will be embodied in the report of the Tampa Convention, which will appear in the VETERAN.

The Hero Fund has passed the fifteen-thousand-dollar mark at this writing. Read the report of the Treasurer of this Fund as appended to this letter and be inspired to help it on.

These letters to our membership have been a great link between the individual Daughters and the President General.

My heart is full of thankfulness for all the untiring and loyal support that has come to me from our entire membership. I have given my best, and the best has come back to me. The personal messages of love and understanding which have come to me have lightened the task and warmed my heart.

I retire from office with the happiest memories and wish for my successor the same joy that you gave to me in our work together. God grant our Association a long and harmonious life of great usefulness!

Faithfully yours,

MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

THE HERO FUND.

Receipts for the 1917-18 Hero Fund for October, 1919, have been as follows:

Alabama Division: Alexander Stephens Chapter, \$5; Pettus Roden Chapter, \$1; Selden's Battery Chapter, \$10; Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, \$5.....	\$ 21 00
California Division: Los Angeles Chapter, \$30; Emma Sansome Chapter, \$11; Tyree H. Bell Chapter, \$16; Joseph LeConte Chapter, \$42.50; Wade Hampton Chapter, \$18.50; Sterling Price Chapter, \$14; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, \$17; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$21; Joseph E. Wheeler Chapter, \$22.50; S. A. Cunningham Chapter, \$8.50; Division, \$27.....	228 00
Florida Division	267 00
Georgia Division: Walter Clark Chapter, \$5; Fanny Gordon Chapter, \$25; John B. Gordon Chapter, \$25	55 00
Kentucky Division: Ned Merriwether Chapter.....	9 43
Louisiana Division: War Relief, \$40.68; Henry Watkins Allen Chapter, \$50; Joanna Waddell Chapter, \$50; Natchitoches Chapter, \$25; Camp Moore Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Feeny Rice, \$12; W. O. Hart, \$2; Mrs. Juan, \$1.....	185 68
Mississippi Division: Amory Chapter, \$5; John Marshall Stone Chapter, \$5; Nettleton Chapter, \$15; Lundy Gunn Chapter, \$5; John M. Stone Chapter, \$25; Vicksburg Chapter, \$10; Durant Daughters Chapter, \$5; W. S. Holder Chapter, \$5; Miss Banner Acres, \$5.....	80 00
Missouri Division: Confederate Home Chapter, \$2; George Edward Pickett Chapter, \$4; Sterling Price Chapter, \$2.50; Hannibal Chapter, \$10; Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$40; Upton Hays Chapter, \$1; Mrs. Girard, \$5.....	64 50
North Carolina Division.....	181 75
South Carolina Division: Mary Ann Buie Chapter, \$10; Edisto District, \$3.61; Ann White Chapter, \$5; Robert A. Thompson Chapter, \$10; Robert A. Waller Chapter, \$1; Calvin Crozier Chapter, \$51.80; Marlboro Chapter, \$2; Maxcy Gregg Chapter, \$10; Wade Hampton Chapter, \$5; Andrew Jackson Chapter, \$5; Black Oak Chapter, \$5; Mrs. H. E. Ravenel, in memoriam Capt. Lloyd W. Williams, U. S. M. C., 51st Company, 5th Regiment, killed in Belleau Wood June 11, 1918, \$25	133 41
Tennessee Division: Musidora C. McCorry Chapter.....	5 00
Total	\$ 1,230 77
Previously reported	14,057 42
Total October 1, 1919.....	\$15,288 19

ARMIDA MOSES, *Treasurer*.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Mrs. Robert D. Wright, of Newberry, S. C., Chairman of the Cunningham Memorial Committee, U. D. C., reports the following contributions received:

Texas Division, U. D. C.....	\$ 9
South Carolina: Fairfax Chapter, Fairfax, \$5; Mary Ann Buie Chapter, Johnston, \$1; Drayton Rutherford, Newberry, 5	11
Total	\$20

THE STUDY OF CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

BY MRS. A. B. WHITE, OFFICIAL EDITOR.

Many of our young women say they know so little of Southern and Confederate history and ask how and where they can learn it. Surely the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN can help them.

For several years many women's clubs have concluded that they were spending too much time on abstract literary work and that they should go into more practical matters and those more interesting to them personally.

Confederate history and related subjects would furnish most interesting work for Southern women's clubs, and if they can be induced to take it up it would fill the needs of the young women who want to know more of the history of the Confederacy.

DIVISION NOTES.

Kentucky.—The twenty-third annual convention of the Kentucky Division, which met in Paducah September 17 and 18, was not only a pleasant occasion, but was notable for real constructive work. Owing to the serious illness of Mr. James B. Camp, Mrs. Camp, the President, could not be present, and a telegram of sympathy and regret for her enforced absence was the first act of the convention. Mrs. J. W. Stone, the Recording Secretary, called the meeting to order and accorded the privilege of the floor to Gen. W. B. Haldeman.

General Haldeman has been selected by the other directors to finish the work of the monument to Jefferson Davis at his birthplace in Kentucky, the place of a leader having been made vacant by the death of Bennett H. Young. General Haldeman told of the progress of the work, and the Division renewed its pledge of twenty-five cents *per capita*.

After the report of the Credential Committee, the annual address of the President was read by the Secretary. A chairman for this meeting was selected, and Mrs. Bayley Winn, an ex-President, was chosen.

The Treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$201.50.

Items of interest from the Chapter reports:

Danville, Frankfort, Hickman, Mayfield, and Paducah Chapters are supporting French orphans.

Elkton (small Chapter) has given \$410 to the Jefferson Davis monument.

Guthrie Chapter has sold Lieut. L. D. Young's "Reminiscences of the Orphan Brigade."

Mrs. W. A. Calhoun, President of the Paducah Chapter, secured a special time at the beginning of the afternoon session and presented the name of Mrs. R. W. McKinney for the office of President General, the first opportunity the Division has had to take official action since the first announcement, and it was a real ovation. Mrs. Purcell in a seconding speech presented the resolutions, which were adopted. These gave a full account of Mrs. McKinney's U. D. C. work.

The committee on marker for Camp Beauregard reported \$820 on hand, which is sufficient to buy the sort of large boulder the Division wished to set up, so they were instructed to make the contract and finish the work.

The committee on the Kentucky room in the Richmond Museum has only \$850 on the endowment fund. The Cunningham Memorial Committee will not push their work until the form and cost of the memorial is decided.

The plan of doing educational work was entirely changed, and this is one of the best pieces of work of the convention. It was decided to give help to those filling Kentucky scholar-

ships in the form of a loan at the rate of one per cent interest. The feeling was that the young people who are beneficiaries will have more respect for themselves and for the Division under this plan. It was decided to try to have \$1,000 in the fund the first year, and on roll call of Chapters and individuals \$500 was subscribed in about fifteen minutes.

A greeting was read from Judge R. E. Johnson, State Commander of the Sons of Veterans, and the Division agreed to coöperate with the Sons when asked to do so.

It was decided also to ask the Board of Trustees of the Kentucky Confederate Home to ask for a change in the character of the Home by which the wives of soldiers may be admitted to the Home.

The Division ratified the action of delegates to the General Convention in taking \$100 worth of the book "Southern Women in War Time," to be compiled by Matthew Page Andrews, and will take the number of books that sum will buy at the rate of \$1.06 per book. It was thought at Louisville that the book would be published by the U. D. C. at 75 cents, but it is better to have it published by a large publishing house and get the benefit of their perfect work, also their advertising and publicity generally.

The historical evening was interesting and largely attended. Mrs. J. L. Woodbury read the essay on "Southern Ideals," for which she was awarded the Rose loving cup at the last General Convention, and Mrs. Mary Lanier Magruder, a gifted magazine writer, gave one of her stories, "A Handkerchief of History," an incident in the life of Jesse D. Bright and his daughter Margaret.

Officers were elected as follows:

President, Mrs. J. L. Stunston, Mayfield.

First Vice President, Mrs. C. L. Swinford, Cynthiaana.

Second Vice President, Mrs. W. H. Kline, Earlington.

Third Vice President, Miss Minnie Durham, Danville.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. B. Reeves, Hickman.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. G. T. Fuller, Mayfield.

Treasurer, Mrs. Sadie McCormick, Winchester.

Registrar, Mrs. A. G. Grube, Guthrie.

Historian, Miss Anna B. Fogg, Frankfort.

Chaplain, Mrs. Russell Mann, Paris.

Vice Chaplain, Mrs. Frank Atkins, Lexington.

Auditor, Mrs. Oscar Walker, Springfield.

Custodian Cross of Honor, Mrs. R. G. Stowe, Hopkinsville.

The next meeting will be the third Wednesday in September, 1920, at Cynthiaana, Ky.

DON'T KNOW THE SOUTH.—How little the South is understood or known by people of the North is brought out in a letter from Mrs. Virginia Newly Crowell, of Monroe, N. C., who writes: "We have let the North write our books and publish our magazines too long. This was brought to my mind very forcibly during the world war. As a captain of canteen service I talked with thousands of boys from all parts of our country. Many of them had such queer ideas of the South. One boy from Pennsylvania asked me what the South was doing to 'help win the war.' I replied: 'As always, she is doing her full share.' Then I cited South Carolina as having the proudest record of any State during the Revolutionary days. He thought I was mistaken, but I happened to know my history on that subject and told him that if his histories failed to mention Carolina's achievements they still remained facts."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The rose.

MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: Attendance upon the recent Reunion of Confederate Veterans in Atlanta convinced me more than ever that what we do about collecting original narratives from them must be done quickly. While many of these heroes are still strong and active, the ranks grow thinner every year, and there appears a tendency, which is natural in a way, for the events of the world war to absorb the chief interest.

The very reason for our existence as an organization is our connection with the men who wore the gray; and aside from the care of those who remain, our united purpose should be to see that a true record is made of their course of action and of the principles for which they fought. Many a deed of personal valor, many incidents of thrilling naval warfare, many narratives of statesmanship will go unchronicled if we do not collect the material now.

In the South we are prone to give carefully the oral account, but we procrastinate about the written record and are proverbially careless about correcting false statements which creep into history through a mistaken idea of politeness, and our sins of omission are greater than those of commission.

Let me urge upon you the importance of informing ourselves that we may know whereof we speak and be able "to refute and contradict" when the occasion demands.

Our veterans have bequeathed to us a proud heritage of unsullied patriotism. Let us cherish it as a precious possession and transmit it untarnished to those coming after us.

I am, faithfully,

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PRIZE ESSAY.

At the meeting of the Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C., on October 21, Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, a member of the Chapter, announced that she would offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best essay on "The Services of the Women of Maryland to the Confederate States."

Mrs. William Reed and Messrs. Edgar Allan Poe and Matthew Page Andrews, all of Baltimore, have consented to act as judges in the contest, which is to be held under the following regulations:

1. The contestant must be a Marylander by birth or adoption, either man or woman.
2. The essay shall be typewritten and shall consist of not less than three thousand nor more than five thousand words, and must be handed in or mailed so as to reach Edgar Allan Poe, Esq., Calvert and Redwood Streets, Baltimore, Md., on or before the 23d of April, 1920, the anniversary of the day on which James R. Randall wrote "Maryland, My Maryland."
3. Each manuscript submitted should be signed by some special mark or cipher and accompanied by the author's name in a separate sealed envelope.
4. The judges may reject all manuscripts and order a new contest if in their judgment none of the essays show such research or knowledge of the subject as to render them worthy of the prize.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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C. S. M. A. CONVENTION.

BY MRS. A. M'D. WILSON, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The Atlanta Reunion and the Convention of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association have been written into history, high in the calendar as among the most successful ever held. Our C. S. M. A. Convention was phenomenally influential, having had the largest attendance in years and giving its impress upon the membership in renewed pledges of fidelity, in reconsecration of effort for the strengthening and broadening of the work, and in the most harmonious unity of purpose.

In creating and filling the offices of First Vice President General with Mrs. C. P. Bryan, of Memphis, Tenn., elected to fill that office, and Miss Sue Walker, of Fayetteville, Ark., Second Vice President General, the Convention complimented itself and took an advance step that cannot fail to strengthen the work.

The State of Kentucky, with Miss Jennie Blackburn as State President, has joined our circle, and with so able a leader much is to be expected. Soon Oklahoma and Texas will be brought in as State organizations, and with "progress" the watchword of the hour we must gird ourselves afresh to put this the oldest patriotic organization of women in America to the forefront and make of our Memorial Day the Sabbath of the South—not of a part of the South, but of the whole South. Let "Organize! Organize!" be our watchword, and our motto, chosen by this Convention, be our ever-present thought to carry us on in the noble cause for which we stand pledged—

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

The C. S. M. A. has held its annual meeting, and it was a great success. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, the President General, for the part she played in bringing the Convention to Atlanta; for had it not been for her untiring interest and enthusiasm in behalf of the Confederate Reunion, the Convention would perhaps have met in some other city.

Every hour passed with some interesting event—sessions, social functions, and visits around the city to historic spots.

Every one was hospitable, and no one was neglected during the great gathering of people from all parts of the country.

The sessions of the Convention were well attended, and everything was done to show appreciation for the splendid

band of women who for over half a century have kept to the beautiful traditions of the Old South.

The gavel used at the Convention carried with it an interesting historic value. The head of the gavel was set in the silver napkin ring used by Winnie Davis, the daughter of President Jefferson Davis and known as the "Daughter of the Confederacy." The wood of the gavel was hewn out of a piece of the body of a tree from Beauvoir, the home of Mr. Davis for many years after the war.

The Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association presented the C. S. M. A. with a handsome banner of royal purple silk bearing the insignia of the Association in gold letters and having emblazoned thereon the motto of the C. S. M. A., which is,

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Mrs. W. A. Wright, President of the Ladies' Memorial Association, made the presentation, which was responded to by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, the President General.

An important resolution was passed at the Convention by which the office of two Vice Presidents General was created, and Mrs. C. P. Bryan, of Memphis, daughter of Admiral Symmes, was elected as First Vice President General, and Miss Sue H. Walker, of Shreveport, Ark., was named Second Vice President General. It was also made a ruling that hereafter the State Vice Presidents will be State Presidents.

A vigorous protest was registered by the Convention against the suggestion which has been made that the Federal government take over the care of the Confederate cemeteries. This work is the dearest task of the Memorial Associations, and under no consideration will it be relinquished.

Indorsement was given to the plan for raising an endowment fund for the Confederate Museum in the old home of President Davis at Richmond, Va.

Announcement was made by Mrs. Chappell Cory, of Alabama, that the White House Memorial Association, of Montgomery, Ala., had purchased the Jefferson Davis home in Montgomery, known as the first White House of the Confederacy, and had secured a large appropriation from the Alabama Legislature to move it nearer the Capitol.

Another interesting thing that came before the Convention was a resolution to give official recognition to the Confederate mothers, of which there are very few left to hold that honor.

Mrs. Bryan Collier, of College Park, was made official Biographer for the C. S. M. A. and will begin at once to prepare a handsome volume of biographical sketches for the Association, including in the book records of the distinguished members of the Memorial Associations who have affiliated with that organization.

The color adopted by the Convention for the C. S. M. A. is royal purple.

THE GARDEN OF MEMORY.

During the time our country was taking part in the recent war in Europe, when everybody here was doing more or less to aid the government, our Confederate veterans were among the most zealous in their war work, some of them knitting and some of them making gardens. Among the latter was Comrade Happs, of the Mississippi Confederate Home at Biloxi, of whom Mrs. Mary H. S. Kimbrough writes:

"When war was first declared and the call came from our government for conservation and economy, this old veteran, realizing that the appropriation made for the Home would not be sufficient to maintain it, converted his beautiful flower garden into a war garden to supplement the supplies for the Home. Over the gate to his flower garden he had always kept a Confederate flag floating.

"Mr. Happs was one of John Morgan's unreconstructed men and had never surrendered up to the time that war was declared between the United States and Germany, and he had manifested no willingness to overcome his feelings toward his old opponents; but now that the Southern boys were to fight side by side with the boys from the North, the old man realized that ours was truly a united country. So he took down the beloved Confederate flag and furled it with tears, replacing it with the starry banner of our country, and he wrote these lines:

"No man can serve two masters,
No man can follow two flags.
Furl the one you love so well,
Cherish its memory to the end of time;
It was born and baptized in blood,
Now let it rest in peace.
Hoist the other toward high heaven,
Let it float over land and sea,
Proud emblem of liberty,
Upheld by a united brotherhood
Who trust in God and the flag of our country.
Let the aged and infirm till the soil
And produce food for our soldier boys
With the aid of our patriotic womanhood.
Let the Scripture be fulfilled,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."'"

THE RED CROSS IN ATLANTA.

A Confederate veteran, C. Y. Eubanks, of Pittsboro, N. C., has the honor of being the first member of the Red Cross enrolled for 1920. Mr. Eubanks was a guest at the Reunion in Atlanta, and he was not asked to join the Red Cross, nor was it even suggested to him. To do so was altogether his own idea, and it was done to express his appreciation of the service rendered him in one of the emergency hospitals which the Red Cross conducted in Atlanta during the Reunion for the use of the veterans. Mr. Eubanks was very grateful for the care and attention he received, and he wanted to join the Red Cross right there. He gave his membership fee of one dollar to the nurse who had attended him for the slight indisposition he had suffered. He recovered quickly, but his appreciation was none the less deep and genuine on that account. In fact, all of the two hundred veterans who received help in the Red Cross emergency stations during the Reunion were very grateful indeed. Moreover, every one got well enough to return home. There was not a single death or serious casualty during the entire time; and although the fourteen Red Cross nurses worked day and night, still it was work that counted because of the ready recuperation of the men.

When the rainstorm made it necessary to remove the hospital and many of the tent dwellers as well, the Red Cross took all needed steps. Many of the men's suit cases were soaked, and they had no dry clothes to put on. The Red Cross distributed one thousand pairs of socks and one thousand pairs of dry underwear, and the Red Cross had good hot coffee ready to serve the men in the hospitals and helped many get to the big mess tent. The Atlanta Red Cross Camp opened food stations in town, at the Auditorium, and at railroad stations, and no veteran was permitted to be hungry if the Red Cross could help it.

It was a glorious Reunion! Its memory will remain with all who participated, and the part played by the Red Cross contributed no little to the success of those brilliant and crowded days.

THE TRIBUTE OF A COMRADE.

BY MRS. H. F. LEWIS, BRISTOL, TENN., FORMER PRESIDENT OF BRISTOL CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Along the pathway of life a few deeds stand out as mountains marking the way to the heaven beyond.

One such deed I want to record to gladden the hearts of the veterans and which proves that their noble sacrifices were appreciated by those who bore arms in defense of the Southland.

A Confederate veteran, Col. James M. Barker, of Bristol, Va.-Tenn., has donated a handsome monument, which is being made at Marietta, Ga., to the Bristol Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. This monument will be erected in Bristol in honor of the men who wore the gray, and no braver soldiers ever fought on any soil.

Colonel Barker entered the army when very young, defended his beloved Southland until 1865, when he laid aside his arms and went to work to develop and rebuild his country. He is closely associated with the development of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, and he has done much to make history in his generation.

"God bless the great gift! God bless the great giver
With love like the sea, with peace like a river!"

CONFEDERATE GENERALS KILLED IN BATTLE.

Referring to the list of Confederate generals killed in battle as published in the *VETERAN* for October, H. T. Owen, of Richmond, Va., calls attention to some omissions. Addressing the compiler, he says: "Many thanks for your contribution to Confederate history in furnishing the list of Confederate generals killed in battle, but it is not altogether complete. You left out Brig. Gen. Francis S. Bartow, South Carolina, killed in the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, and Brig. Gen. Samuel Garland, Virginia, killed near Boonsboro on the 14th of September, 1862, both of whom I have on the list published in 'Regimental Losses in the American Civil War, 1861-65,' by William F. Fox, lieutenant colonel United States army, Albany Publishing Company, 1889. Yet you have Major General Whiting and Brig. Gens. J. B. Ferrill, R. Tyler, and Edward Willis that he overlooked. Nevertheless we feel under obligation for your work."


J. W. Matthews, of Alvon, W. Va., says: "I use the *Bible* and the *VETERAN* for my Sunday reading. May God bless you, and the *VETERAN*! is the wish of your old comrade and friend."

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Being used by over three million people annually. It will increase the strength of weak, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances. Ask your doctor or druggist



GENERAL HOOKER'S MEDAL.


Mr. E. Oglesby, of McDonough, Ga., in his possession a silver medal on which is engraved: "Presented to General Hooker by Hooker's Division." The medal was found near McDonough a portion of Sherman's army landed on its march to the sea. Mr. Oglesby has had it since October, 1865, and has intended all the while to seek a member of General Hooker's family and return the medal, which he will do now if any member of the family will communicate with him.

Mr. M. Riddle, of Lancaster, S. C., wishes to know if any of those who were with him on the retreat from Little Round Top, at Gettysburg, are now living. He will be glad to hear from any old comrade.

The Red Cross activity in the Near East has been a harvest of international love and sympathy.

Don't Wear a Truss

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J. Brooks, 2390 State St., Marshall, Mich.

A HEALTHIER PEOPLE.

Why not enjoy life on earth as long as possible? And while you are enjoying it why not make the earth as pleasant a place as you can? For the time being at least our existence on earth is as important as our future life. It is not only our right, it is our duty to prolong this life as long as possible, protect it and preserve it, and help our fellow men to protect theirs.

In mapping out its campaign for future service the Red Cross has as its ideal a better, healthier, cleaner earth, with disease held in check and the knowledge of self-protection in every citizen's grasp. The Red Cross will initiate a tremendous campaign for better health and longer life, beginning with the third roll call, November 2-11. Communities will be provided with Red Cross public health nurses who will teach the people how to care for their families in time of sickness, how to live longer by making their homes and towns cleaner and better equipped to resist epidemic and such preventable diseases as tuberculosis. In addition, there will be the actual relief and information service rendered by the home service, courses for the women in home dietetics, where they will learn the value of proper nourishment in building up the strength of their families, and courses in first aid to teach every one how to cope with accidents. The whole campaign is designed to make a healthier American nation and increase the chances for a long life on earth.

Mrs. D. J. Banks, 48 Juniper Street, Atlanta, Ga., wishes to hear from any comrades of her husband, George Y. Banks, of Muscogee County, Ga., who first joined Company F, 39th Regiment of Alabama Volunteers, Deas's Brigade, Hindman's Division. His health failing, he was discharged after the first year. Later he joined the Georgia State troops and was quartermaster with the rank of major—Company D, 3d Regiment—and was stationed in Atlanta in 1864 during the siege. He died in 1887, and his widow is trying to secure a pension.

W. B. Weaver, of Shreveport, La., is anxious to get in communication with any comrades of Company E, 8th Mississippi Cavalry (Jeffries's Regiment), Marmaduke's Division, who were on that last raid in Missouri in 1864.

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What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
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Does any Confederate veteran who served under Captain Calhoun, Company K, 42d Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., remember Lott Roberts? His widow, Mrs. Emma V. Roberts, 207 Peachtree Street, Macon, Ga., is desirous of claiming the pension due her under the new law, but she must first get in communication with at least one of her husband's old comrades. C. L. (Lott) Roberts enlisted presumably from Morgan County, Ga. Any one remembering him is asked to communicate with Mrs. Roberts.

Mercy is the only creed of the American Red Cross.

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Says One Subscriber

Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs; so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 2528 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a package of "More Eggs" Tonic for \$1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request and the tonic costs you nothing. Send a dollar to-day. Profit by the experience of the man who has made a fortune out of poultry.

A Special Prize Offer

There are people in every community who ought to be subscribers to the Veteran--but they are not.

There are people in every community who could convince those other people that they should subscribe to the Veteran--but they haven't done so yet.

There are special inducements that would bring these people together to the benefit of the Veteran. What are they?

For that purpose a good friend of the Veteran has contributed twenty dollars to be offered as a prize for new subscriptions reported within a certain time. To that sum the Veteran has added enough to make the prize

 **\$ 5 0** 

which will go to the person reporting the largest number of new subscriptions to the Veteran from November 1 to December 31, 1919.

Chapters U. D. C. can enter this contest by having all subscriptions reported through one member.

Write at once for full particulars, sample copies, etc., and enter the contest to be a winner. You have as good chance for the grand prize as any other. And if you don't get it, you will have an allowance on your work that will pay well for your time.

===== ADDRESS =====

The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran

C. L. Willoughby
507 N Iowa Av
Lakeland
Fla
Aug 20

VOL. XXVII.

DECEMBER, 1919

NO. 12



MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.
Tampa Convention, November, 1919. (See page 472.)

973-705
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KUKLOS ADELPHON

To Old Confederate Veterans and Their Sons

Were you in college before the Civil War?
If so, were you a member of or do you know
anything of the old Kuklos Adelphon (or Alpha
Society) and of the Phi Mu Omicron Fraternity,
which were in Southern colleges before the War?
I am working up the history of these societies.
A reply will be appreciated by a son of a Confed-
erate Veteran. Address

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15 Seventh St., N. E., Washington, D. C.



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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
The New Age. (Poem.) By Frederick Lawrence Knowles.....	443
Of Kindred Name and Nature—The Jefferson Davis Memorial.....	443
The Soldier. (Poem.) By Anne Bachman Hyde.....	444
The Spirit of the Old South. By Dr. Henry Louis Smith.....	444
The Service Flag of the Confederacy. (Poem.) By Virginia Frazer Boyle.....	445
The U. C. V. Constitution. By Capt. Fred Beall.....	445
Discredits the South. By Lloyd T. Everett.....	446
The Real Lincoln. By J. A. Osgoode.....	447
Who Murdered Them? By James Callaway.....	447
The Myths of History. By A. Galpin.....	447
Pegram at Cedar Mountain. By James M. Hendricks.....	448
Forward, the Louisiana Brigade! By Capt. S. H. Chisholm.....	449
Southern Poets—Sidney Lanier. By Dr. Henry E. Shepherd.....	450
War-Time Journal of a "Little Rebel." By Ellen Virginia Saunders.....	451
Dixie. (Poem.) By Mary Moore Davis.....	452
Edward Bagby, of Virginia. Address by Hon. Henry R. Pollard.....	453
Battle of Sabine Pass. By Washington J. Smith.....	461
Federal Losses in Lee's Campaign. By B. W. Green.....	459
Our Patriots and Our Flags. Address by Dr. Henry W. Battle.....	460
Battle of the Wilderness. By I. G. Bradwell.....	458
Warfare in the Water and Air. By E. Polk Johnson.....	462
Col. Ashbel Smith, of Texas. By James H. McNeilly, D.D.....	463
In the Years of War. By John C. Stiles.....	465
Go Mark Their Graves. (Poem.) By Mabelle Brown Webb.....	471
Battle of Natural Bridge. By Gus H. West.....	475
Barbarity at Home and Abroad. By W. E. Doyle.....	476
Departments: Last Roll.....	466
U. D. C.....	472

THEY'RE GOING ONE BY ONE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH, CASSTOWN, OHIO.

They're going one by one, the men
Who nobly wore the gray;
They're passing over to the land
Where there is endless day.
They are the gallant hero souls
Who once saw waving free
Beneath the battle-riven pines
The gonfalons of Lee.

Their names are writ on Glory's roll.
Their deeds in history's tome.
They added luster to their land
And many a Southern home;
They followed oft where Johnston led
In battle long ago;
They heard the bugles sound afar
When Jackson struck the foe.

No more the charge, no more the ride;
No more the midnight march
On glory's fields to added fame
Beneath the starry arch.
Against the foemen's serried ranks
Themselves in youth they hurled;
Their tattered stars and riven bars
Are honored by the world.

Perchance they dream of victories,
Of camp and dire attack,
The while they're swiftly marching on
To endless bivouac.
For them, the remnant of the brave,
Love forms a diadem;
The rivers of the South will sing
A deathless requiem.
They're going one by one; the dusk
Comes softly, gently down;
The evening's stars full soon will shine
On valor's cherished crown;
The cause they served will live while Time
Hears battle bugles call,
While flow the rivers to the sea
And the mountain lifts its wall.

Hats off to greet the thin gray line!
Hats off to cheer the men
Who march to meet their comrades brave
Who rest in glade and glen!
Above the last ere many years
Have passed the rose will grow,
And o'er them all on fields of fame
The lily white will blow.

Mrs. Jettie Timon, of Ruston, La.,
asks for information of the service of
Thomas Lafayette McMurrain, who was
in the Confederate army as a member
of some Georgia company under a Cap-
tain Ellis. He lived near Americus, Ga.
His wife is in destitute circumstances
and is trying to get a pension, but she
does not recall his company and regi-
ment. Any information will be appre-
ciated.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

VOL. XXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1919.

No. 12. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE NEW AGE.

When navies are forgotten
And fleets are useless things,
When the dove shall warm her bosom
Beneath the eagle's wings;

When memory of battles
At last is strange and old,
When nations have one banner
And creeds have found one fold;

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight
With its powdered drift of suns
Has hushed this tiny tumult
Of sects and swords and guns—

Then hate's last note of discord
In all God's world shall cease
In the conquest which is service,
In the victory which is peace.

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

OF KINDRED NAME AND NATURE.

The similarity in names of the Commander of the United Confederate Veterans and a former Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic gave occasion for a brotherly sentiment to be expressed during the convention of the American Legion recently held in Minneapolis. Both Commanders had been invited to be present and to address the convention, but General Van Zandt, Commander in Chief U. C. V., notified Chairman Lindsley that he could not attend, and, upon being requested to name some one to represent the Confederate Veterans, he named as his representative the G. A. R. Commander.

Thus it came about that Samuel R. Van Zandt, of Minnesota, former Governor of that State and former G. A. R. Commander, addressed the World War veterans, greeting them first in behalf of the veterans of the North and then in behalf of the Southern veterans; and he then referred to the curious coincidence in the similarity of names of the Commanders of the two organizations.

"I would like to meet General Van Zandt, of the Confederate

Veterans," he said, "for we are brothers now. Under the environment of his rearing he fought nobly and gallantly and properly for his side during that great war. [Applause.] And I can say here that no men made greater sacrifices for what they believed to be right than the men who fought on that side. [Much applause.] The glory of Lee isn't to them alone; General Lee was an American general." [More applause.]

Such expression does more to weld this country together than any critical comment upon the South's patriotism, and the kindly feeling behind the expression gives the Northern Commander a place alongside our own gentle-natured Commander U. C. V., hence the appropriateness of the title given this article.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

The following letter has been received by Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, with a contribution to the fund, which is a flattering tribute to the worthiness of this undertaking, as the contributor is a Union veteran. Here is the letter:

"DANVILLE, KY., November 11, 1919.

"Col. John H. Leathers, Treasurer J. D. Memorial Fund, Louisville, Ky.—Dear Sir: I am and have been for a number of years a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville. I see in the November (1919) issue an appeal for funds to complete the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky. I desire to make a contribution for that cause, so find herein post office money order for three dollars to be applied to the fund for completion of the monument. This is a small amount, but I am an old man and have but little of this world's goods. I do this freely and voluntarily, without any solicitation whatever from any one.

"Allow me to say that this is not my first contribution to this cause. Gen. Bennett H. Young, if he were alive now, could testify to this statement.

"This enterprise must not, and I believe will not, fail.

"Truly and sincerely yours.

S. D. VAN PELT."

Truly the letter of a friend and well-wisher for this memorial cause. Can our Confederate veterans fail to do less in this interest?

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as the organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE SOLDIER.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

My lad, my little lad,
Who sat upon my knee,
I'll try to send a joyous song
To you across the sea.

'Twas I who read to you
From history's printed page
The noble deeds of valiant men.
The brave of every age.

We read of Hector bold,
The glories of the Cid,
Of Rupert's floating plume you heard,
And what Napoleon did.

And when the shadows fell
Across the land and sea,
I told you how my father fought
With Jackson and with Lee.

We set the toy soldiers up
To fight in mimic play;
I did not know 'twould seem so real
When you had marched away.

I taught your childish lips
The patriot's vow to keep,
"For God and country" oft you said
With "lay me down to sleep."

I send a joyous song
To you across the sea;
But, soldier lad, you'll never know
What Christmas means to me.

Christmas, 1917.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD SOUTH.

In his short address before the U. C. V. Convention in Atlanta Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University, referred to the spirit of commercialism pervading the whole country, but added:

"Let me be understood. I have no quarrel with national wealth or national prosperity. With all my heart I rejoice in both.

"Let the utilization of our wonderful resources continue and increase. Let mighty industrial enterprises testify to the business ability of our citizens. Let the whole South echo with the throb of engines and the busy whirl of machinery. Let every mountain cataract be yoked to the service of man. Let our wide fields grow whiter with fleecy cotton, more golden with ripening grain, more stately with waving corn, smiling back in still more fruitful beauty to our sunny Southern skies.

Let the wealth of the world flow in a thousand channels among our people till ease and leisure and culture and material comfort have lifted the heavy burden of hopeless toil from every Southern home.

"But let the old personal honor and personal dignity, the instinctive reverence for manly honor and maidenly purity, for the home and the marriage bond, which characterized the fathers, be the heritage of their busier sons. Let the old-time chivalry and courtesy and hospitality hold their place in spite of business cares and sordid haste to be rich. Let the scorn of the old-time Southern gentleman for trickery and meanness and the ill-gotten dollar hold our generation safe amid the perils of the market place. Let the moral and ethical standards you represent prove a bulwark against this muddy flood of luxury, frivolity, and shallow money worship. Let the spiritual insight of the fathers still touch the homely duties of everyday life with a glow from the skies. And, above all, let the deep religious spirit of the Old South consecrate her new-found wealth to the service of God and man, purify her politics, her homes, and her ideals, sweeten into loving fraternity the relationship of Southern rich and Southern poor, and thus make our type of Anglo-Saxon civilization not the admiration only, but the blessing of the whole world."

ERRORS OF CORRESPONDENTS.

Several patrons of the VETERAN have written to correct the error in the notice of "Confederate Generals Killed in Battle," page 438 of the November VETERAN, by which Gen. Francis S. Bartow was listed as a native of South Carolina. Of course it is an editor's duty to be on the lookout for such errors, but some will get by; and if correspondents would only be careful to verify their statements, it would be a great help in the work. It is not because of the trouble in making correction that this is asked, but because accuracy is so important, and one who reads the error may not see the correction.

The corrections referred to came from three States—a Georgian being first, of course, F. D. Bloodworth, of Savannah, whose note appears on page 445. Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradentown, Fla., and J. T. Eason, Adjutant of Dick Dowling Camp, at Houston, Tex., also wrote of this error.

Another correspondent in the same number referred to General Lee as the son of Richard Henry Lee instead of Gen. Henry Lee ("Light-Horse" Harry Lee), the friend of Washington.

DID GENERAL HANCOCK OPPOSE THE EXECUTION OF MRS. SURRATT?—Referring to the article by Dr. Shepherd in regard to the "judicial murder" of Mrs. Surratt, page 285 August VETERAN, T. H. Peebles, of Clarendon, Tex., asks: "Is it not a well-authenticated fact that General Hancock was opposed to the execution and had a well-mounted courier stationed at the White House up to the last moment that he might bear to the place of execution a reprieve from the President?" This was referred to Dr. Shepherd, who had never heard of it; but Mr. Peebles says he has seen references to it in newspapers and heard speakers allude to it, and he thinks some reader of the VETERAN can perhaps throw light on the subject. Newspapers are noted for seizing upon any sensational stories without regard to truth, and speakers, unfortunately, will indulge in just as unfounded statements. But the VETERAN would like to learn if there is anything to this story.

THE SERVICE FLAG OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[Reunion poem, Atlanta, 1919, by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Lyle, poet laureate United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Confederated Southern Memorial Association.]

Old comrades, peace has come, and we who wept
And prayed for him, then blessed and bade him go,
Have clasped him close, looked in his eyes again,
Or breathed a prayer for him where poppies blow.

We've seen the Croix de Guerre upon his breast
And then the Victory Cross of his own land;
We've watched them pin the chevron on his star,
While we stood by and proudly held his hand.

God! how this world war ground into our souls!
We felt his khaki'd breast press on and on,
We knew his warm, firm self was at the guns,
And we, we walked through Thierry and Argonne.

We heard his hoarse, wild shout of victory
Or saw his white lips quiver as he died;
His blood was spilled that liberty might live,
But Christ! it was our love they crucified.

But now 'tis done. The brawny soldier smiles,
And lovingly he leans upon our knee;
We hear of Soissons, Rheims, and all the rest,
And then we tell of Forrest and of Lee.

Once they were tales, just tales of chivalry
That men have told wherever valor grows;
Now he has stood with death in Belleau Wood,
And now, stern-lipped and calm, he knows, he knows.

He knows that he has held aloft the torch
Lit by the hand of Washington, of Lee,
That he has caught up from our feeble hands
The seeds of freedom, life, and liberty.

But peace has come, and now with reverent care
He brings a gray coat from the cedar chest,
And, dashing with his sleeve a single tear,
He pins his own cross on its ragged breast.

And so the twilight falls on youth and age
And blends the grandeur of the tales they told,
While love turns gently to a service flag
Where all the stars seem turning into gold.

THE U. C. V. CONSTITUTION.

Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of Camp No. 171, District of Columbia Division, U. C. V., calls attention to some of the actions of the convention at Atlanta in October in the following:

"Did we not at the recent Reunion in Atlanta violate Articles 2 and 9 of the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans?"

"Article 2 provides that the objects and purposes of this organization shall be strictly 'social, literary, historical, and benevolent.'"

"Article 9, Section 1, provides that 'no discussion of political or religious subjects nor any political action or indorsing of aspirants for political office shall be permitted within the Federation of United Confederate Veterans.'"

"How could we constitutionally, in the face of those two articles, adopt a resolution indorsing a political administration? How could we constitutionally adopt a resolution asking the United States government to pass laws granting pensions to Confederate veterans or for the payment of what is known as the 'cotton tax'?"

"No doubt a great majority of veterans present at the late Reunion were in full accord with the spirit of those resolutions, but we ought not to do things that violate the plain letter of our Constitution, however we may decidedly favor the principles of the resolution. Personally, I am in full accord with the spirit of those resolutions, but could not vote for either because of their conflict with the Constitution."

"In my judgment, we made another very great mistake at the Reunion in that we adopted a resolution stating that the United States Supreme Court had declared the law authorizing the collection of the cotton tax unconstitutional. The Supreme Court never made any such decision. The act of Congress, under the provisions of which the cotton tax was collected, never rendered any opinion declaring said act of Congress unconstitutional."

HISTORIC SIEGES.

The longest siege recorded in history was that of Azoth, which was invested by Psammetichus the Powerful and held out, according to Herodotus, for twenty-nine years. Next to this comes the siege of Candia (Crete). The Turks made their first appearance in the island in June, 1645, when they landed a large army, variously estimated at from 74,000 to 150,000 men. Gradually the whole island was in their hands, with the single exception of Candia, the capital, a well-fortified city, which held out, and it was not till it had been attacked off and on for twenty-four years that it capitulated. On September 3, 1669, the town surrendered to the Turkish Vizier after a siege which is estimated to have cost the lives of 40,000 Christians and nearly 120,000 Turks. The longest important siege of modern times was that of Gibraltar, when the rock was held by a British garrison under General Elliott against the combined efforts of the Spaniards and French for three years, seven months, and twelve days (1779-83). Troy is reputed to have held out from 1194 to 1183 B.C., but the dates are very doubtful. During the Middle Ages the siege of Acre by the Crusaders, which lasted two years and ended with its capture by Richard I. on July 12, 1191, was distinguished by its length as well as by its losses, six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, five hundred barons, and three hundred thousand men perishing in the course of it. The siege of Richmond during the War between the States lasted for 1,485 days, ending in its evacuation by the Confederates on April 2, 1865.

[From an old clipping sent by Mrs. J. M. Arnold, Covington, Ky.]

A CORRECTION CORRECTED.—In the VETERAN for November, page 438, the notice about "Confederate Generals Killed in Battle" contains an error in listing Gen. Francis S. Bartow as a South Carolinian. Attention is called to this by F. D. Bloodworth, of Savannah, Ga., who says: "General Bartow was a citizen of Savannah and entered the service as captain of the famous Oglethorpe Light Infantry of Savannah. In a spirited reply to a charge of insubordination made against him by Governor Brown, of Georgia, he uttered the now famous phrase, 'I go to illustrate Georgia.'"

DISCREDITS THE SOUTH.

In the memorial address of President Wilson delivered in France, as reported, there is a paragraph which has given pain and stirred indignation in the hearts of many old Confederates and their sons and daughters. And these men and women, loyal to the South, to her traditions and ideals, have been the warm friends and admirers of the President.

In the Baltimore *Sun* of June 9, 1919, Lloyd T. Everett, a young lawyer of Washington and Virginia, gives a criticism of President Wilson's utterance, and in answer to it he has received warm commendation from many soldiers and citizens of the South who knew that in the war of secession the South fought for the very principle so loudly proclaimed by the President as the principle for which the Allies fought in the great world war.

This article of Mr. Everett's was sent to the VETERAN some time ago with request that it be published; but the speech on Memorial Day seemed so contrary to the attitude which any Southern man would take as to that great conflict, especially a man whose father and all of his family were ardent supporters of States' rights, that the VETERAN felt he had been misquoted, and delayed, hoping for a correction of the report. Mr. Everett assures the VETERAN that every effort has been made to get the attention of the President so as to correct the statement if it were wrong, but there has been no response. Under these circumstances the VETERAN, as the organ of the various Confederate organizations, in loyalty to a great cause and to the memory of its heroic defenders, is glad to republish this article from the Baltimore *Sun* and to indorse every line of it as a just criticism and a complete answer not only to this, but to every other effort to discredit the South and the principles for which she fought.

MR. EVERETT'S LETTER IN THE BALTIMORE SUN.

In his Memorial Day address, delivered this year in France, President Wilson said: "I like to think that the dust of those sons of America (of the world war of 1914) who were privileged to be buried in their mother country will mingle with the dust of the men who fought for the preservation of the Union, and that, as those men gave their lives in order that America might be united, these men have given their lives in order that the world might be united. These men gave their lives in order to secure the freedom of mankind, and I look forward to an age when it will be just as impossible to regret the results of their labor as it is now impossible to regret the result of the labor of those men who fought for the union of the States. I look for the time when every man who now puts his counsel against the united service of mankind under the League of Nations will be just as *ashamed of it* as he is who regretted the union of the States."

In so saying Woodrow Wilson has gone too far in presuming on the condition of political helplessness of the South—a condition, by the way, resulting from that very outcome of the war of 1861 which he here lauds. He owes something to the memory of the dead Confederates (his own father among them); he owes something to the feelings of living, patriotic Southerners, whether or not he counts himself as one of them. It is one thing, if a Southern man be so disposed, to say, "It's all for the best as it turned out," as to which each man must speak only his own sentiments; it is quite another thing to attempt to declare that those who ever thought and fought otherwise are now ashamed of it.

"Ashamed" is a strong word, easily a wrong word, a word that readily becomes sinister and damning, particularly so in

this instance because of the plain, though utterly false, inferences and historical comparisons which arise from the connection in which used. Whittier essayed to write of the "flush of shame" on the face of Stonewall Jackson in an episode that never happened, and in so writing he maligned a dead hero who knew not how to espouse a cause or adopt a course of action of which he could ever be ashamed. But Whittier was a Northerner and wrote in a time of hot blood and high passion.

The dead Allies and the American dead of the great war of 1914 (if, indeed, they did, as Mr. Wilson alleges, give their lives that the world might be united) fought and fell for a union of choice, *not* a union of force. *Force* was the motto of Prussianism. The dead of the North in the great war of 1861, heroic patriots though they were, yet did fight for a forcible union along with other things; the Confederate dead fought and fell for the sacred right of self-determination, the same sacred right championed by the Allies of 1914, as professed.

No, Mr. Wilson cannot possibly square his argument with the stern facts of history any more than he can fit his utterance to the duty of every patriot to honor the living and the dead in his own country, State, or section who fought to repel the invader, conquer, and despoiler of their native land. Mr. Wilson might also be thought to owe something of gratitude and of good taste to that section of the country, his native section, which has done the most for his own political fortunes.

It is deplorable for any American to seize upon the present moment of a united American stand against Prussianism to reopen the old wounds of our own, doubly so when he happens to be the Chief Magistrate of what is called a reunited country.

I write as a Southerner who was born years after the war for Southern independence and as one who has many valued friends among Northerners, veterans of the G. A. R. included, yet as one who must always cherish the memory of the Confederate statesmen who were so much "wiser than their time"; moreover, as one who makes his own the utterance of General Early in his memorial address at Winchester, Va., in June, 1889: "If I ever utter one word against the cause for which Lee fought and Jackson died, may the lightning of heaven blast me, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!"

A letter of commendation written to Mr. Everett by "a gentleman of the older generation, a man known in his community as 'the honest lawyer' and formerly a justice of the Court of Appeals of Maryland," is here given. It is but one of many similar letters. He writes:

"It will always appear to me to be distinctly discreditable to him (President Wilson) as a Southern man and Democrat that he should have gone out of his way to reproach his kinsmen and his people for their devotion to high principle in the maintenance of constitutional rights and personal honor in that period of trial of the souls of men. It is, in my mind, a blemish upon his record which he should live to regret and wish in vain to recall. Instead of shame I feel only pride in the splendid courage and heroic devotion of the men and women of the South who risked and suffered everything in the maintenance of chartered rights as clear as day and the unsullied honor of freemen. Mr. Wilson was under the pressure of great and perplexing questions when he made his memorial address in France; and when he spoke of 'shame,'

he did in connection with the course of the South in the year of 1861, he wronged himself no less than he wronged his own kindred and people, and will himself live to be ashamed of his utterance, whether deliberate and inexcusable or unguarded only and not of set purpose.

"Such temperate and guarded criticism of that utterance is made in the letter in the *Sun* should give him lasting and keen self-reproach and ought to draw from him such excuse and explanation as he may be able truthfully to offer to his people of the South, who, as the writer warns him, will wait for him to make it."

THE REAL LINCOLN.

BY J. A. OSGOOD, LONDON, CANADA.

For some time it has been the fashion to exalt Lincoln as the greatest American that ever lived. Recent events and tendencies suggest an inquiry into the origin of this fashion and an examination of the confused beliefs which support it.

Most people have come to think of Lincoln as "the great emancipator," the unwavering antagonist of slavery, who stood in the same winepress as John Brown, Sumner, Garrison, Whittier, and other trampers of the "grapes of wrath," from which numberless befuddling currents of false history have been flowing ever since. But Lincoln was hardly an abolitionist and, indeed, ridiculed John Brown's crowning performance at Harper's Ferry. He never shared Garrison's and Phillips's opinion that the North should secede from the Union or that the secession of the slaveholding South would be a blessing to the "free" States. And in his "Recollections of Eminent Men" Mr. Whipple has related with evident satisfaction how Sumner triumphantly defeated the passage of certain legislation proposed by Lincoln and which he had nonchalantly defied Sumner to obstruct.

Lincoln seems also to be generally regarded as "the first real American," the far-sighted champion of democracy, who inaugurated the reign of "the plain people." So far no one has explained why Andrew Jackson, Stephen Decatur, and several thousands of others are not to be considered "real Americans." And nothing is more certain than that during and since the recent war the "plain people" of the world at large have suffered more grievous wrong, hardship, and distress than at any time before our "democratic" era.

Lincoln called the war waged by the seceding Southern States a "rebellion." Modern history, even when written by such as Goldwin Smith, has discarded this judgment.

Incidentally one observes that Lincoln's own speeches, messages to Congress, etc., give a picture of their author very different from that drawn by his innumerable biographers, who seem to insist that Lincoln as the stepfather of his country has somehow superseded Washington as the national hero.

But setting aside the question of Lincoln's true rank as a man and as a statesman, there is little doubt that the foundations of his present reputation were laid by Germans.

To Nicolay, his biographer, and to Carl Schurz, his trusted lieutenant, we chiefly owe our present fashion of regarding Lincoln as a "superman." Nicolay was a Bavarian and Schurz a Prussian. Through their efforts American history has been partly rewritten from a foreign standpoint, and how German is that standpoint a majority of our histories of the Confederate war bear witness.

According to this theory, as preached and practiced by Mrs. Stowe, John Brown, Whittier, Wendell Phillips, Lowell, Holmes, Sherman, Sheridan, *et al.*, the Southerners of 1861-65 were inexcusable, incorrigible Rebels who fairly dragged bit-

terest retribution upon themselves. It was not Sherman nor Sheridan nor Lincoln nor Stanton who was to blame for the devastation of Georgia and Virginia, the burning of Atlanta and Columbia, the horrors of Northern prison camps, etc., but the Southern people, of every age and sex, whose willful, traitorous rebellion entailed these richly deserved calamities upon themselves.

Now, what was the German theory of the late war as expounded by the late Kaiser and his prophets, including the author of the "Hymn of Hate," whose talent for cursing entitles him to a place in history with Sumner, Whittier, and other kindred spirits? Why, first, that on Germany's part the war was one of righteous self-vindication against foreign envy and intrigue; and, secondly, that all the ruin and agony endured by Serbia, France, Russia, and Belgium were really self-inflicted, as neither of these countries nor any other had any right to oppose Germany in her divine mission to "kulturi-ze" the barbarians beyond her borders. The German chancellor called the Belgian treaty "a scrap of paper," rather milder language than that applied by William Lloyd Garrison to the Constitution of the United States before making a public bonfire of a copy of that document.

WHO MURDERED THEM?

In an article that appeared in Mr. James Callaway's column of the *Macon Telegraph* some time ago was this letter, which is a powerful vindication of the South as to responsibility for the death of prisoners at Andersonville:

"In your fine article in the *Telegraph* of the 20th in regard to *Collier's Weekly's* infamous attack on Capt. Henry Wirz you give me credit for something that belongs to another member of Gen. Howell Cobb's staff, Capt. John Rutherford, a nephew of General Cobb and at the time of his death a prominent, leading lawyer in Macon, a member of the firm of Bacon & Rutherford. He it was who carried the Federal prisoners from Andersonville to Jacksonville, Fla.

"Reading your article brings up memories connected with the Andersonville Prison. General Sherman said, 'War is hell,' and no man did as much to make this true as he did. The saddest and most heartrending incident it was ever my misfortune to witness was by a heartless, brutal act of his. When he, with his army, was in Atlanta, notice came to Gen. Howell Cobb that six hundred Confederate prisoners then held in Atlanta would be exchanged for a similar number of Federal prisoners from Andersonville. Six hundred were selected, being taken from those who had been the longest time in the Andersonville Prison. They were put on cars and sent to Lovejoy's Station, where the exchange was to be made. When they reached Lovejoy's Station they were met by a train from Atlanta with the Confederate prisoners.

"The officers in charge of each lot of prisoners met and exchanged rolls of the prisoners. When the Federal officer looked at the Andersonville roll he said: 'I will have to show this roll to General Sherman.' He returned to Atlanta for that purpose, and when he returned to Lovejoy's Station he told the Confederate officer: 'General Sherman declines to exchange for these prisoners.' In reply to the question 'Why?' he said: 'The terms of service of all of these men have expired, and we have no authority to require military service of them, and every one of your men we hold you would immediately place in active service against us.' It is almost impossible to realize the feeling of these six hundred, cheered and happy at the prospect of returning to their homes and families after long prison confinement, to be told that they had been rejected and disowned by their own people and would have

to return to prison, with no hope of release until the war closed.

"I was on my way from Americus to Macon, and the train bearing the poor unfortunates and the one I was on met near Andersonville and stood near each other for ten minutes or more. The looks on the faces of these poor men wrung my heart in deepest sympathy and aroused in my breast a bitter feeling of indignation for the man that caused their distress that has never ceased to pulsate.

"Feeling a deep interest in what effect and results would come to these poor unfortunates, I made inquiries in regard to them and was informed that a majority of them died and their bodies now rest in the national cemetery at Andersonville.

"Who murdered these men? There can be no doubt as to the answer to that question any more than to doubt that Gen. W. T. Sherman now fully realizes what hell is.

"Yours truly, JOHN ADDISON COBB."

THE MYTHS OF HISTORY.

BY A. GALPIN, APPLETON, WIS.

Although a Yank of 1861-64, I read the *VETERAN* with interest and pleasure.

In the *VETERAN* for June, 1919, there is mention of an alleged supernatural event taking place in the battle of Mons. According to the account, angels appeared and saved the British army from defeat and the city of Paris from capture.

Now, it may seem a pity to cast even a doubt upon such a pretty story. But here is a recent reference to it in the *Literary Guide* of London, dated September, 1919: "That favorite myth, 'The Angels at Mons,' refuses to die and is being circulated by persons who ought to know better. For instance, the Bishop of Coventry recently gave an address in which he said that when men smiled and declared that the stories of the angels at Mons and so forth were merely the expression of an excited brain, he could not agree."

A correspondent of the *Warwick Advertiser* summarizes the known facts as follows: "The story of the angels at Mons was written by Mr. Arthur Machen and was first published in the *London Evening News* of September 29, 1914. Mr. Machen was asked whether the story had any foundation in fact. He replied that it had no foundation in fact of any sort; that it was pure invention. These statements the Bishop will find in the introduction, written by Mr. Machen, to a little book entitled 'The Bowman and Other Legends of the War,' published by Simpkin Marshall. The author says the story is fiction; the Bishop prefers to believe it a fact." This is faith indeed.

Somewhere about the same time a story was current that large numbers of Russian soldiers had passed through England by rail; another story had them coming from Russia through Canada, many apparently honest and intelligent persons asserting that they had seen them beyond question; but no person in a position to know had any knowledge of such events.

A word or two of comment concerning the Mons story may not be amiss. The Bishop's saying that the statement that "the stories of the angels at Mons, etc., were merely the expression of an excited mind he could not agree to" hardly touches the question. It is said to be a pure invention, not the product of an excited brain. The Bishop's remark is clearly evasive. He brings forth no evidence, nor does he deny the author's assertion. I think a lawyer would term it a "non sequitur." The Bishop's attitude recalls the story of the Scotchman who, when

arguing with a friend, was told: "But, Sandy, don't you see the facts are all against you?" To which Sandy replied: "So much the worse for the facts."

It is much to be regretted that men in as high positions as the Bishop should further such stories. Many persons place implicit faith in the stories, thinking that a bishop's supposed support attests its truth.

PEGRAM AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

BY JAMES M. HENDRICKS, SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

In the *VETERAN* for November, 1918, there was an article from a Union veteran about Captain Pegram, of the Confederate army, riding into the Yankee lines through mistake and his clever ruse in extricating himself. I waited a little while for a reply to the *VETERAN*'s request for some one who was in the battle (Cedar Mountain) to throw some light on this very unusual incident. As no one replied, I concluded to do so. I shall have to give a short account of the battle in order to make proper connections.

I was a member of Company H, 2d Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, which was composed of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, the 33d Virginia Regiments. Our position was in a narrow strip of timber with enough undergrowth to hide us from the enemy. In our front was a cornfield and beyond that a dense growth of pines and cedars; in our rear was an open field with ditches for drainage. In this field, about half an hour before the battle began, I saw a man riding a fine black horse. He had on a long linen duster and visor, just the same as described by the Union soldier. At first I took him to be a citizen. He went over the whole field, and then I concluded that he was an artilleryman looking to see if artillery could operate in that field.

General Winder was our brigade commander. He rode to the front of our regiment a few rods in plain view of the enemy, took out his field glasses, and was looking to the front. A shell occasionally came over, and a well-timed fuse shell exploded in front of him, a piece of which struck him. His aids caught him and carried him to the rear, and he died shortly after.

Our brigade had orders not to fire until ordered and then to charge. A blue line came out of the timber, rolled over the stake-and-rider fence at the edge of the cornfield, and came on. A second line soon followed. Guns clicked up and down our line, but the men were cautioned not to fire. Soon they were in easy range, and the word came to charge. Loading and firing as they went, they completely turned the right flank of the Yankee army toward their center and continued to drive them until we were ordered to halt and attack another position, which we did. But the infantry fighting was soon over, and we lay on our arms for several hours. Then the report came that Captain Pegram rode into the Yankee lines, looking for a place to plant his battery, and was captured. We knew no better until next day. On our way back Captain Pegram passed our regiment, and some one remarked: "There goes Pegram. That report must have been false." He was riding the same black horse, but minus the linen duster.

Finally Jackson's scouts reported that the Yankees were retreating. Then we were ordered to stack arms, but to lie by the guns. In a short time General Jackson came along. He rode up to Colonel Botts and asked if he knew where he could get a little buttermilk; that he sometimes was bothered with stomach trouble, and buttermilk always relieved him. Some Reb in an undertone said: "The Buttermilk Rangers

we gobbled that up." Several men volunteered to get theilk, which they did.

In the interval Jackson gave high praise for the gallantry of his old brigade. Jackson accomplished what he was sent here to do—check General Banks, but not pursue, as we afterwards learned. Lee was then planning to send Jackson to the rear of Pope, capture his supplies, and compel his retreat, of which was accomplished a few days later.

It was not a drawn battle, as we lay on the battle field all night.

FORWARD, THE LOUISIANA BRIGADE!

The following letter was written in 1863 by Capt. (afterwards Col.) Samuel H. Chisolm, who enlisted with the Louisiana Tigers at New Orleans. He was a great-grandson of Gov. Ben Harrison, of Virginia, born in Georgia, educated at Knoxville, and died in Alabama in 1867. B. B. Chisolm, of Angus, Tex., sent this letter to the VETERAN some years ago and wrote: "Some of the expressions are strong, but the letter was written on the field of battle when feeling was intense. The letter was written to Capt. R. J. Chisolm, of Alabama. They were uncles of mine."

"BIVOUAC, NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., June 17, 1863.

"Dear Brother: You will perceive from this that I am no longer in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. Lieutenant General Ewell left the Rappahannock on the 14th inst. and marched against that notorious old blackguard and tyrant Milroy, who commanded this department and whose outrages on the citizens of the Valley are equal to Beast Butler's atrocities in North Carolina.

"After performing a march of over two hundred miles, crossing the Blue Ridge in the interval, we brought up in front of Milroy, whose troops were paraded forth to meet us about four miles from the town. A brisk little skirmish drove the cowardly hounds back to their entrenchments, where they had been digging dirt for the last six months. The hill held by them is a very high one and slopes off gradually, forming a beautiful plateau for several miles. They were strongly entrenched and had siege guns mounted, whose frowning mouths looked down on us in a threatening aspect. We could not bring our batteries to bear upon them at all. The position was considered impregnable by the Yankee government and soldiers; but General Ewell, being a fighting man, promptly surrounded the place and began operation in the true old Stonewall Jackson style—i. e., by Flints & Co. Only one high peak commanded the position, which was guarded by two brigades and thirteen United States steel-rifled twelve-pounders. It was necessary to storm this place, and, as usual, whenever anything daring or dangerous is to be done, the Louisiana Brigade was ordered up. Without letting the men know what was to be done, our gallant Harry Hays called the officers together and in a few words told us what was expected of us. I have seldom seen men look so serious; but we knew that General Hays would lead the charge, and we were willing to follow.

"I stepped back to my company and ordered the boys to throw off their blankets, etc., and in a moment all hands knew that the ironclad brigade had to make good again its name. At a given signal the well-known voice of Harry sang forth, and at them we pitched over an abatis of fallen timber. Each step we were greeted with showers of Minié balls from the breastworks and the thirteen rifled guns pouring deadly volleys of grape and canister into the ranks of our gallant little brigade. Whole platoons were swept away, but with the de-

termination of demons the survivors onward marched, not firing a shot until within twenty steps of the breastworks, when we gave them a volley and pitched into them with the bayonet. This was too much for Mr. Yankee. But few of them dared to cross bayonets with us, the balance outrunning quarter horses. All of those who stood their ground were soon rolling in their own blood, and many who ran were shot in the back.

"I was one of the first to mount the breastworks, and, having no pistol, I seized one belonging to a Yankee officer and pitched into them right and left. The heights were ours, and we immediately turned their own guns on the main hill and bombarded them until night, which was only an hour from the time we gained the crest. All this occurred on the 15th. Milroy tried to cut his way through, but, finding his troops utterly demoralized, left them to fight or surrender, as they chose, and managed to evade us somehow or other, for up to the present time we have not captured him, though we have his whole army, consisting of 12,000 men, 2,000 mules and horses, 5,000 beef cattle, 400 wagons, and enough Yankee uniforms to do our army the entire summer; also forty pieces of artillery and much other paraphernalia of an army.

"That's the way to gain a victory—annihilate the enemy at a blow. The genius shown by Ewell surpasses even the immortal Jackson. He is fast becoming the hero of the whole army, as Jackson was only nine months ago. You remember he lost a leg at Manassas. I cannot tell where we will proceed from this place, probably into Maryland and perhaps double over into Hooker's rear.

"We will not remain more than two days at one place this time of the year, so when you write direct to Early's Division, 5th Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers, 1st Louisiana Brigade, Ewell's Corps, and it will reach me wherever I go. I escaped entirely unhurt again, though I lost largely of my company. My love to relatives and inquiring friends."



SOME CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN CALIFORNIA.

This group represents some of our veterans living in California. Reading from left to right, they are:
 Alex Coyner, a native of Virginia, who served under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart in the 1st Virginia Cavalry.
 Charles E. McIntire, a native of Mississippi, who served under Colonel Eschelmann in the Washington Artillery.
 Thomas J. Henderson, of Missouri, who was one of the 9th Missouri Volunteers under Sterling Price.
 A. Plunkett, a native of Arkansas, served under Col. Tom Harrison in the 1st Arkansas Cavalry.
 The picture was sent by Miss Rena Coyner, daughter of Alex Coyner, and with it came "all good wishes from the Southerners in California."

SOUTHERN POETS—SIDNEY LANIER.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

Much has been written in reference to the personal and literary life of Sidney Lanier; the man and the poet have been revealed in ample and still broadening light. Still, there remains an unwritten chapter which is to unfold the mystery of his theory in reference to the unity or affinity that links music into a harmony or identity with verse. The question has thus far received no adequate solution and still abides in the sphere of shadowy and nebulous speculation. There is a subtler element in the conception than is suggested in Richard Barnfield's familiar lines, "If music and sweet poetry agree, as they must needs, the sister and the brother," but its nature and essence still hold at bay the divination of critic and interpreter. As a master of his cherished instrument, the flute, Lanier, even in his soldier period, had won fame, and with the coming of riper years he was pronounced by discerning masters the foremost lord in all the world of its mellow and entrancing tones. In "Two Wars," by Gen. S. G. French, page 157, we have a glimpse of Lanier in camp near Petersburg and the solace and cheer which his music afforded to his comrades when the shades gathered about them and they ranged themselves around the camp fires to be exhilarated by his inspiring strains.

Lanier's experiences as a prisoner of war and, above all, his association with John Bannister Tabb, the future poet-priest, his companion in misfortune at Point Lookout, have been narrated time and again, but never in so effective and attractive a style as by the late Miss Kate Mason Rowland. The fellowship of these two finely-touched spirits is one of the especially fascinating episodes that mark the war for the independence of the South. Father Tabb's "Ave, Sidney Lanier," in its delicate and difficult province, has rarely been excelled in our contemporary poetry. Lanier died September 7, 1881. During his closing years blindness descended upon the soldier-priest and artist in verse, but, despite the obscuring veil, he survived his co-mate until November 19, 1909. Like Lanier, the gift of music had been vouchsafed him, for many of the harmonies that he evolved from the instrument were his own creation as purely and essentially as the dreams and fantasies which his shaping spirit wrought into metrical form with an unobtrusive grace, concealing as well as revealing the skill of the craftsman.

Such were the two sons of light whom the strange fate of war brought into vital unity. During my soldier days near Petersburg and Richmond I was for a season attached to the command of Gen. S. G. French, in which Lanier was serving. It is probable that more than once I looked upon our future lord of tone arrayed in Confederate gray, but his identity was unknown to me and prophecy had not foreshadowed the glory that was to crown "his little day on earth." When released from Point Lookout he concealed his flute under the sleeve of his coat, for to him it was as the wand of a magician. The years glided into the past, and during Lanier's final period in Baltimore, 1878-81, I came into relation with him, above all, in the capacity of lecturer and student of literature. The library of the Peabody Institute was his cherished resort; on some occasions I was so fortunate as to occupy a seat near him in the reading room. While apparently "out of space, out of time," he seemed "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." Had life and health been vouchsafed him, he would have attained assured rank as one of the foremost inspirations of

his age in the sphere of lecturer. I heard his discourse upon the relation of music to poetry delivered in February, 1879; the subject possessed a peculiar fascination for Professor Sylvester, one of the sovereign lights of the mathematical world, then associated with the Johns Hopkins University. It was on this occasion that Sylvester bestowed upon Lanier his notable tribute, "this great poet," no mere conventional adulation, but a genuine utterance in which enthusiasm blended with the rarest discernment and subtlety of judgment.

With the career of Lanier as lecturer there is involved an element of sadness which rises almost to the height of the tragical. The discourses of his closing years (1879-81) were the deliverances of one upon whom death had almost set his royal signet. In the heart of his theme he seemed to stand for an interval in the very twilight of eternal day. Perhaps in all the vicissitudes of lecturers no episode more strangely fraught with dramatic appeal has been brought to light than these final grapples of the spirit and the flesh illustrated in the last phases of his life on earth. A melancholy contrast was exhibited in the efforts of certain other lecturers contemporary with Lanier or nearly preceding him and representing the same general phases of literary culture. Preëminent in this goodly company of elect spirits was James Russell Lowell, at the time a professor in Harvard College, who, during the winter of 1877, delivered a series of lectures upon romance literature under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University. An overflowing audience, combining every element of intellectual and social culture represented in the community, awaited the beginning of the series. Not even his enemies could fail to concede the rare critical as well as creative endowments of the Harvard oracle, with the exception of Hawthorne, the most brilliant light contributed by New England to the development of American letters. Yet Mr. Lowell regarded lectures delivered to an assembly in a city or latitude not remote from the Potomac as having rather the nature of a jest or a diversion and devoid of all purpose to inspire or quicken the intellect or the sensibilities of those to whom they were addressed. He bestowed upon his listeners the mere exuviae of his mind; continuity, coherence, logical aim, historic method were cast to the winds. Every discourse was marked by an air of amiably contemptuous toleration and condescension. Some two years later (1879-80), Sidney Lanier, then fast ripening for the grave, appeared in the capacity of lecturer upon literature in the same hall which had been occupied by Lowell and spoke in large measure to the same assemblages. "Death's pale flag" was steadily enveloping the Southern poet and master of symphonies. Lowell had been invested with congenial diplomatic honors that afforded him especial facilities or resources in his quest of the romance languages. To our secularized modern conception Lanier seemed the reflex of some knightly figure drawn from the dream world of chivalry, a Percival or a Galahad surviving the Arthurian circle, and bringing into our petrified day some trace or touch of the light and fragrance which recall an idyllic sphere. So spent in physical or vital energy that at times the spirit appeared almost to escape its earthly envisagement, his critical divination never failed, and every utterance was redolent in suggestiveness, in quickening power, a living flame.

It may be regarded as an overwrought estimate, but in my judgment the highest rank attained in American literature, contemplated from this point of view, should be accorded

Sidney Lanier. Much of his noblest achievements in this world exists only in imperfect and even fragmentary condition, but the radiance of genius breaks through the crude mold to form in which its vocal expression was incarnate. A Lanier Anthology, edited with skill and discrimination, would take its place among the rarest of literary treasures. And all this was the work of one heroic soul, a Confederate soldier, a martyr to relentless disease, destitute of material resources. The words of Father Tabb rise to memory: "Ave, Sidney Lanier."

WAR-TIME JOURNAL OF A "LITTLE REBEL."

The following extracts were taken from the journal of Ellen Virginia, youngest child of Col. James E. Saunders, of Courtland, Ala., beginning in 1862, when she was but fourteen years of age. She was married in 1872 to Judge L. B. McFarland, of Memphis, Tenn.]

ROCKY HILL, NEAR COURTLAND, ALA.,
September 26, 1862.

It has been many a day since last I wrote in my journal, but now I will begin anew. My eldest brother, Robert, is now with the Virginia Army and on General Cook's staff. My other Dudley is a surgeon in the army of Chattanooga. My youngest brother, Lawrence, is nearly seventeen. I had not told you, my journal, of my father's severe wounding in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., Sunday, July 13, 1862. While, as aid-de-camp to Gen N. B. Forrest, he was leading his men in a charge on the courthouse. He rode off a short distance and, dismounting, staggered into a little cottage, enough shot entirely through the right chest, and there fell upon a pallet where some poor children were at play. In falling his Maynard rifle, which he still carried, further injured his shattered rib. While lying there an officer came to him, and he, supposing himself dying, gave him some messages and so his watch to send home. The officer, stepping out of the gate, was instantly killed and his pockets rifled by the Yankees. In the meanwhile Dr. Wendel reached my father just in time, and when he was suffocating and strangling with the blood. He was permitted to remain at the residence of Colonel Sedbath, where he was kindly nursed by citizens until the Confederates again captured Murfreesboro, and he was released.

My cousin, Washington Foster, and his friend, Edward O'Neal, of Florence, were here to-day. Wash has joined a company for three years, "not to come home unless brought here wounded or dead," he says. He is a high-minded boy, and I hope he will be promoted. His brother, Jack Foster, is also enlisted. Mr. O'Neal is pleasant, handsome, and considered very bright by every one. Mary Wheatley and I are very busy. Sister Kate (Mrs. Dr. Saunders) hears our lessons and conducts our course of reading.

October 5, Sunday.—It is a family custom with us to have a kind of Sunday school while unable to go to church. The Bible and a sermon are read, a favorite old hymn is sung, and perhaps a sacred poem is recited by some of us. And now while I write the voices of the family group come up to me in song. How thankful am I that my father is spared to us! I think I love him more than anything on earth. What would life be to me without him, so refined and intellectual and so gentle! I wish I loved to read my Bible, for it is certainly my duty. Mary says she is glad it is Sunday, for we do not have any lessons. My brother Lawrie has gone with some military dispatches to a camp near Iuka, Miss. Col. Thomas Foster, a Congressman and uncle-in-law of mine, is expected

here to-morrow. He is just returning from Richmond, Va., where the Confederate Congress is held.

October 6.—Heigh-ho! I have the blues! Lawrie has not returned, nor Uncle Tom Foster arrived. To-night the news reached us of a great victory gained by Gen. Sterling Price at Corinth, Miss. Three cheers for the dear Confederates! I do pray the Southern banners may float victorious in the North. * * * They say General Bragg has taken Louisville. Stonewall Jackson and his brave men are in "Maryland, My Maryland." The Mobile Cadets were the first to cross the Potomac, and when they were all over General Jackson, at the head of his troops, prayed "that the chains of Maryland might soon be riven and the Confederate flag shield her evermore from the touch of the despot," and the soldiers knelt and kissed the soil of Maryland, brave Maryland.

October 13.—On the 11th Mary Wheatley and I thought we would have some unusual fun. So we disguised ourselves as beggars and then put on old calico sunbonnets and, with a letter stating that we were "two deserving women footing it to join our brother at Chattanooga," proceeded first to Mr. Frank Jones, our nearest neighbor, where all went well until a rainstorm forced us to reveal ourselves in order to get home. Their astonishment was as great as our enjoyment. When it held up, Mr. Jones sent us home on an old horse. I don't think our home folks liked it much.

November 10.—Our neighbor, Mr. Jones, was over to tell father that the Federal government had made a proposition for a six months' armistice, during which time they will try to restore the Union, and if this is impossible will let the South go in peace.

November 23.—Next Tuesday night Mr. Freeman Goode, our merry old neighbor and a grass widower, will give a large party. The young people rely upon him for all their fun these war times. Well, the only beaux who will be there are those who are not in the army; and were I a young lady, I would not want their attentions.

December 1.—The girls gave a "candy stew" Friday night to Col. Fred Ashford, of the 16th Alabama Regiment. A number of young ladies were present, but because of the war in our midst very few men. (The 16th Alabama Regiment was organized at Courtland August 8, 1861.)

December 10.—Here is such a lovely war poem that I think it best to copy it in my journal, since it is such a gem. [Here follows, "All Quiet along the Potomac To-Night."]

December 18.—Last Monday Miss Kate Armistead, Captain McFarland, of Florence, and Mr. Willie Irvine were at Mr. Goode's, where we and others were invited to dinner. There we unexpectedly stayed afterwards to a dance, and several of the 1st Kentucky were there also.

December 19.—My brother, Dr. Saunders, has come from Chattanooga quite weak from a spell of camp fever. Smallpox is also raging in both armies. Brother Robert also arrived from Tennessee.

January 11, 1863.—Dr. Saunders, wife, and child, and Mary Wheatley left on the 8th for Chattanooga, he to return to his post after illness. A great battle was fought at Murfreesboro. Heavy losses on both sides. Confederates, as usual, victorious.

January 14.—Last night a wounded soldier from the Murfreesboro battle asked to be permitted to spend the night. Of course we were only too glad to help one so brave and yet so unfortunate. He is afoot, so to-day father has sent him home in our carriage with a bed in it.

January 24.—My dearest friend, Loulie Redus, of Mobile, writes that she * * * is at Mrs. Saunders's Female Academy, Tuscaloosa, Ala., where I hope soon to be also. She

writes that the military cadets of Tuscaloosa are a glorious lot of boys.

February 11.—On the 3d Lieutenant Sullivan, a nephew of Gen. Earl Van Dorn, and of his staff, spent the night here *en route* to Tuscumbia, expecting to meet the General there, but upon finding he had not yet arrived he returned and has been with us several days. He is very well read, always like bright people. General Van Dorn will join General Bragg before Murfreesboro, where they will fight Rosecrans. A battle at Fort Donelson a few days since; two hundred negroes and much commissary captured.

February 13.—Lieutenant Sullivan went to Florence yesterday, and to-morrow Van Dorn's troops will pass, going on to Shelbyville, Tenn., to join Bragg and to attack Rosecrans. General Roddy's corps has left Tuscumbia and also gone to join Bragg.

February 23.—What a day of excitement! Father heard this morning that the Yankee gunboats had passed Tuscumbia, where a short skirmish occurred, and are at Florence, and the enemy may be hourly expected at Courtland. How horrible! * * * My dear father, though very weak from his wound, will leave us and again rejoin the army. God protect his patriotic heart! O, the moon shines so bright and calm to-night, as if in mockery of our woes!

March 1.—I am writing with a light heart. The Yankees came up as far as Town Creek, four miles off; but since our men had destroyed all bridges and the water is high, they could not ford the creek, and they retired. They are destroying and burning property and compelling the people to pay war tax and insulting ladies by searching them and even running their hands into their pockets. * * * Father returned last night, and General Bragg will send troops to defend the valley. Father went after them among the 16th Alabama and 37th Mississippi.

March 4.—The 16th Alabama is quartered at Huntsville.

March 11.—Yesterday I read General Van Dorn's reply to the charges made against him by Brig. Gen. John Bowers, and I think, with President Davis, it is the clearest defense I ever read. I pray this horrible war will soon be over and all the Yankees in "Davy Jones's locker." I continue a "notorious Rebel." There is some talk of the Eastern States forming a part of our Confederacy. I say "die first."

March 27.—Yesterday Lieutenant Madding, Lieutenant Davis, and Dr. Ed Ashford spent the morning here. Cousin Joe Parrish and Captain Montgomery, of Gen. Earl Van Dorn's staff, were here to dinner with us. Captain Grant, of Forrest's Brigade, is here for a few days. A year ago while riding my pony, Monti, I threw a bouquet to a soldier who was passing in the ranks, and now Captain Grant surprises me by saying he was the soldier.

March 29.—I am trying to keep up my studies and daily horseback rides as well as the course of reading I have mapped out.

April 8.—Colonel Hannon, of Montgomery, and Lieutenant Moncrief spent last night here and eight soldiers, four of whom were badly wounded.

When in January, 1861, two companies of soldiers were passing our big gate, I was there with a beautiful little Confederate flag in my hand, and officers and privates both begged for it; but with a little impromptu speech I gave it to a nice private, and he made me a beautiful response. A member of his company told me last night that he pinned that flag to his horse's head in the battle of Shiloh and hurrahed for me in the charge, and his name is Lieut. John Smith.

April 11.—This morning one year ago I saw the Federal soldiers surround the beautiful home for the first time and in-

solently ask for my father, seventy-nine of them. So many to capture just one man! We have had so much trouble since them. But avant such unpleasant reminiscences!

April 19.—General Roddy was ordered a week ago to Tuscumbia, and on the 17th the Yankees advanced from Corinth to Big Bear Creek. Their force was not known, but variously estimated from 15,000 to 20,000, while General Roddy has only 1,200 men. He has captured a cannon. It is the general opinion that the Federals will immediately enter our valley since our force is not strong enough to prevent. Captain Sloss's company was in the fight.

April 26.—And I am in Huntsville and a refugee! How strange! My sisters and Lawrie and I came here on the 22d when the Yankees were within five miles of our home. Father will take mother and Lizzie to a safe place also. We are with our aunt, Mrs. S. W. Harris.

May 2.—We see much company, but sister says mother would not approve of my having beaux, so I do not have as nice a time as I might otherwise. I hear the Federal soldiers have reached Courtland and have burnt our house. A mistake. Lawrie has gone to Decatur to meet mother and bring her and the servants to Huntsville.

May 7.—Mother and father went to Athens with servants; and as the Federal soldiers are now back in Corinth, they have returned home.

May 14.—General Forrest arrived yesterday and also my father. They are going to visit General Bragg on military affairs.

May 15.—While walking out on the pike last evening I threw some roses to General Forrest as he drove by us, and my glove went, unintentionally on my part, with them. He laughed and stopped to ask me if I had "challenged him." "No, indeed!" I cried. "I would rather appoint so brave a man my champion." Whereupon he thanked me quite gallantly. Lieut. William Forrest was with him.

May 15.—General and Mrs. Forrest will be given a reception at Mrs. Robinson's to-night, and to-morrow the citizens will give a reception and present General Forrest with an elegant war steed.

(Concluded in January number.)

DIXIE.

BY MARY MOORE DAVIS, LUDLOW, KY.

At eventide the swallows come
Swift in flight to their leafy home;
So ever turn our hearts to thee,
Land of our birth, thou home of Lee.

No more for thee the battle cry
And starry banner borne on high;
Thy swords forever lie in sheath,
And laurel twine in mem'ry's wreath.

Thy heroes gray forever rest,
But nightly in the glowing west
Thy sunsets paint upon the sky
The blood of those who for thee die.

And a murmur comes as though the breeze
Caught it up from the whisp'ring trees:
"By all thy past of chivalry
We'll keep our land 'the home of Lee.'"

EDWARD BAGBY, OF VIRGINIA.

[Address delivered by Hon. Henry R. Pollard, of Richmond, at the unveiling of a monument to the memory of Edward Bagby at Bruington Church, King and Queen County, Va., August 8, 1912.]

I greet you all as lovers, friends, and countrymen of Edward Bagby, whose memory we are here assembled to honor and perpetuate. Nearly half a century has elapsed since he offered up his young life upon the altar of his country, but for once old Time is to be vanquished and his hand stayed from effacing the sweet memories of the beautiful life and character of a noble young man.

To interpret the life and rightly estimate the character of the dead, we must know the habits and ideals of the generation to which he belonged. The two decades immediately preceding the War between the States were the most happy and prosperous years that the people of this my native county had ever seen.

Educational advantages equal to any in the commonwealth were enjoyed by our people. Following in the lead of Donald Robertson's Academy, located near Newtown, at which President James Madison received his early training, male academies of high grade were maintained and liberally patronized. At Fleetwood, at Stevensville, and at Centerville the youths of the county were prepared for professional pursuits and for the prosecution of advanced studies in colleges and universities; while several high-grade schools afforded equal advantages to young women, one of which was Croton Female College, a chartered institution, located near Mattaponi Church, and presided over by that highly cultured woman, Maria L. C. Lewis, the wife of Dr. Zachary Iverson Lewis and a sister of Judge John B. Clopton, one of the ablest jurists of his day.

Agricultural pursuits, the chief if not the only industry of the people, afforded a liberal support for the landowners. During the last of these decades the price of grain was so advanced by foreign demand, largely caused by the Crimean War, and the production of wheat so increased by the introduction and use of Peruvian guano, that farming became profitable. At convenient centers large and well-stocked mercantile establishments were maintained by trained, accomplished, and accommodating merchants, some of whom operated their own sailing vessels, by which they shipped grain purchased of the producers and on return ships brought large stocks of merchandise from Baltimore and New York.

Two semiweekly lines of steamers navigated the Mattaponi River. One, the steamer Monmouth, plied between King and Queen Courthouse and Baltimore, and the other, the Sea Bird, between Walkerton and Norfolk. Two semiweekly lines of real stagecoaches, each drawn by four spirited horses, connected the central and upper half of the county with Richmond, while the lower end of the county had access to that city by the York River Railroad, then but recently completed.

I think it may safely be said that in no county of the State were moral standards higher or religious influences more pervading. Born and reared under such benign influences, the sons of this old county adored the land of their nativity. Of her they would lovingly say:

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er every land beside;
There is a spot on earth supremely blessed,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Into one of the most favored homes of the county during that period Edward Bagby was born on the 26th of January,

1842. His father, John Bagby, a veteran of the War of 1812, was the great-grandson of Thomas Bagby, the immigrant, who settled at Jamestown in 1628, an ancestor of many distinguished men of his name, among them United States Senator from and Governor of Alabama and Confederate General Bagby, of Texas. Edward was the youngest but one of a family of twelve children.

John Bagby was twice married. Of his first marriage with Elizabeth Courtney, a daughter of Capt. Robert Courtney, a veteran of the War of 1812, there were the following children: Emeline, who married Benjamin P. Cook; Richard Hugh, an able and honored Baptist minister; Priscilla, who married Joseph Ryland; Alfred, who was graduated from Princeton and became a distinguished Baptist minister and historian of his county; John Robert, the colonel of the King and Queen militia, who attained the rank of major in the Confederate army; Hannah Elizabeth, who married John N. Gresham; Martha Hill, who married Benoni Carlton; Mary Ellen, who married Albert Gresham; and George Franklin, a graduate of Columbian College and a distinguished Baptist minister. Of his last marriage, with Mrs. Elizabeth Motley, a widow, who before her marriage was Elizabeth Lumpkin, in her early days noted for her beauty and in mature womanhood and old age dignified and queenly in her bearing, there were three children: Virginia, who married the Rev. John Pollard, D.D., Edward, and Susan Etta.

Edward early gave evidence of superior qualities of head and heart, which, added to the incident of his being the son of the old age of his parents, made him to them a veritable Joseph, while he endeared himself to others by a personality which I have never seen excelled for its individuality; exemplified in manliness without pomposity, meekness without servility, courage without recklessness, firmness without obstinacy. It goes without saying that one possessing such qualities was popular among his school fellows. While he loved his studies, he no less loved the athletic sports of the day. In the two principal games, "Chermany" and "Bandy," he was among the first to be chosen for "his side." How I, then one of the small boys, envied the ease with which he knocked the ball from the home base "over the Oaks" or when playing with the "outs" caught out an "in"!

When Edward first entered Stevensville Academy, William J. Berryman was its principal, but he soon gave place to Rev. Robert Williamson, an accomplished scholar, though not possessed with that degree of poise so essential to a teacher. Still later, when I entered the academy as a schoolmate of him whom we honor to-day, that prince among teachers, Josiah Ryland, was principal. With the coming of Josiah Ryland, Rev. Alfred Bagby, and Josiah Ryland, Jr. (Pat Ryland), all highly cultured men, the school completely fulfilled its mission.

Among Edward Bagby's schoolmates of that day who became prominent were Dr. John Bagby, son of Rev. Richard Hugh Bagby, D.D., who died in the State of Arkansas about ten years ago, greatly lamented by the community in which he was the beloved physician; James Pollard, a prominent lawyer of the Baltimore bar; Thomas N. Walker, a leading lumber merchant in his day; Dr. Philip Gresham, of Texas; Hon. Walter Gresham, a member of Congress from the Galveston (Tex.) District; and Rev. John W. Hundley, D.D., a minister of the gospel, now of Maryland. All of them except Walter Gresham and John W. Hundley have passed over the river. To show how his schoolmates regard him, I beg to quote from a recent communication from the last-named: "Ned Bagby was always my ideal of all that belonged to or

could be attained by distinguished young manhood." This brief but beautiful testimony of Edward's schoolmate recalls Mr. Gladstone's tribute to his school friend Arthur Hallam: "Arthur Hallam's life at Eton was certainly a very happy life. He enjoyed work, he enjoyed study, and games which he did not enjoy he left aside. His temper was as sweet as his manners were winning; his conduct was without a spot or even a speck. He had no high, ungenial, or exclusive airs, but heartily enjoyed and habitually conformed to the republican equality long and happily established in the life of our English public schools."

Completing his studies at Stevensville Academy in the summer of 1859, Edward entered Columbian College, D. C., in the sophomore class in the fall of that year and there maintained the same characteristics of gentlemanly bearing and scholarly attainments, as the records of that institution will show, until the spring of 1861, when the young collegian left those classic halls, where he had opportunity to hear for months, as occasion offered, the great sectional debates in Congress. He came like the South's great chieftain to his native State and to the people of his blood "with as chaste a heart as ever plighted its faith until death, for better or for worse, to do, to suffer, and to die for us who to-day are gathered in awful reverence and in sorrow unspeakable to weep our blessing upon his tomb."

He promptly volunteered as a member of the King and Queen Artillery Company and was soon mustered into the Confederate service, where he served continuously to the day of his death, July 30, 1864, without a day's absence on account of sickness, as he states in a letter addressed to his sister Sue under date of July 9, 1864.

I can never forget the excitement and anxiety which prevailed during the weeks just preceding the departure of that company to the front. From every home a father, a son, a brother, and in some cases more than one of these were preparing to go. Nor can I forget the unfaltering courage of mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts who, like the Grecian matrons, submerged the grief and anxiety of the hour in the activities necessary to change a citizen into a soldier. These with one accord and with cheerful industry plied their scissors and needles to make uniforms for their loved ones. Churches, schoolhouses, and private homes were converted into tailor shops. The day of the departure finally came, and the whole community gathered to take part in appropriate farewell exercises of a religious and social nature. With that company of nearly a hundred men there went away the flower of a rural community which was not surpassed in Virginia for its industry, intelligence, and morality. I saw them as they marched away from Stevensville in May, 1861, the admiration of every beholder.

Four years after, in the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, I saw the remnant of this same splendid company. These years of hardship in camp, in the trenches, on the march, and on the battle field had so decimated their ranks that less than twenty-five were in line, who, wearily and drearily, without the inspiring strains of martial music, but with the shadow of defeat rapidly deepening around their despairing hearts, fought their way from Petersburg to Appomattox. Their personal appearance was so changed that they were not to be easily recognized by their most intimate friends. And (may I say parenthetically?) this picture is only a pale reflection of what the scourge of war means. From it we may learn the truth of Victor Hugo's saying: "The sword is but a hideous flash in the darkness."

It would be tedious to trace the monotonous life of the

young soldier at Gloucester Point from May, 1861, to April, 1862; to tell of the forced march of his command from Gloucester to the lines around Richmond; of the fearfully bloody battle of Seven Pines, where the company received its first awful baptism of fire; of the long and monotonous camp life at Chaffin's Farm, where the company was assigned to duty as Company K, 34th Virginia Infantry; of his participation in the South Carolina campaign of 1863-64; of his return to Virginia in the spring of 1864 and the active coöperation of his regiment in the Bermuda Hundred campaign, of which General Grant in disgust, describing the ignominious defeat of General Butler, commander of the Army of the James, said: "He failed to shut the back door to Richmond and succeeded in having his army bottled up at Bermuda." Suffice it to be said that during all these years the young soldier bore himself with dignity, with courage, and with honor. Though a private and of youthful appearance, he so attracted the attention of his officers that he was detailed for special service as aid-de-camp to Gen. Henry A. Wise, the commander of his brigade.

The history of General Grant's campaign "by the left flank from the Rappahannock to the defenses around Petersburg" is too familiar to need any description. The best-equipped army ever marshaled on American soil crossed the Rappahannock on May 3, 1864, with a total roll of 141,160 men fit for duty in the field. To meet this vast force Lee could muster barely more than 50,000 men. In the "Southern Historical Papers," Volume VI., page 144, there appears the following statement: "Grant says he lost in the campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor 39,000, but Swinton puts his loss as 60,000, and a careful examination of the figures will show his real loss was nearer 100,000 men."

From Cold Harbor, where his men stubbornly refused to go like dumb animals into the jaws of death, to the battle of the Crater, General Grant in his official reports shows a loss of 29,436 men, making a total loss, as admitted, of 68,436, just about one-half of the vast army which commenced the campaign. Such tremendous losses to the enemy meant of necessity irreparable losses to our army, even though General Lee had repelled practically every assault and succeeded in carrying a large majority of the aggressive movements made by him.

In the light of such experiences, it was not surprising that General Grant sought some other and different means of assault than those ordinarily employed; so with the greatest care it was planned, as an important adjunct to another general and, he believed, final assault upon the defenses of Petersburg, that a mine under our works should be excavated and sprung at the commencement of the attack. The excavation was commenced on June 25 and completed on July 28. The main gallery of the mine was five hundred and twenty-two feet in length, and the size of the galleries was forty feet each. ("Official Records," Series I., Volume II., Part I., pages 137, 137, 556-563.)

On July 29 General Grant issued an order that this general assault should be made on the next day, leaving all of the details, including the springing of the mine, to Major General Meade, and he on the same day issued "instructions for the guidance of all concerned." Among these was the following:

"8. At 3:30 in the morning of the 30th Major General Burnside will spring his mine, and his assaulting columns will immediately move rapidly upon the breach, seize the crest in the rear, and effect a lodgment there. * * * Upon the explosion of the mine the artillery of all kinds in battery will open upon those points of the enemy's works whose fire covers

the ground over which our columns must move." (*Idem*, page 136.)

According to the report of the court of inquiry ordered by General Grant to determine the cause of the "miserable failure of Saturday," the mine was not exploded until 4:45, just one hour and fifteen minutes after the appointed hour. In the report of Colonel Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania Infantry, who planned the mine and superintended its construction and witnessed the explosion and its effect upon our lines, it is said: "I stood on top of our breastworks and witnessed the effect of the explosion on the enemy. It so completely paralyzed them that the breach was practically four hundred or five hundred yards in breadth. The Rebels in the forts, both on the right and left of the explosion, left their works, and for over an hour not a shot was fired by their artillery. There was no fire from infantry from the front for at least half an hour, none from the left for twenty minutes, and but few shots from the right."

General Grant on the day of the explosion and after he had learned of its failure, but before he was aware of how disastrous the failure was, thus reported to General Halleck, chief of staff: "Having a mine prepared running for a distance of eighty feet along the enemy's parapet and about twenty-two feet below the surface of the ground, ready loaded, and covered ways made near to his line, I was strongly in hopes, by this means of opening the way, the assault would prove successful. The mine was sprung a few minutes before five o'clock this morning, throwing up four guns of the enemy and burying most of a South Carolina regiment. Our men immediately took possession of the crater made by the explosion and a considerable distance of the parapet to the right of it, as well as a short work in front, and still hold them. The effort to carry the ridge beyond and which would give us Petersburg and the south bank of the Appomattox failed."

And on the next day he reported:

"CITY POINT, VA., August 1, 1864.

"The loss in the disaster of Saturday last foots up about 3,500, of whom 450 men were killed and 2,000 wounded. It was the saddest affair I have witnessed in the war. Such opportunity for carrying fortifications I have never seen and do not expect again to have. The enemy with a line of works five miles long had been reduced by our previous movements to the north side of James River to a force of only three divisions. This line was undermined and blown up, carrying a battery and most of a regiment with it. The enemy was taken completely by surprise and did not recover from it for more than an hour. The crater and several hundred yards of the enemy's line to the right and left of it and a short detached line in front of the crater were occupied by our troops without opposition. * * * It was three hours from the time our troops first occupied their works before the enemy took possession of this crest."

And to show the chagrin of the General at the result of the general assault which had been so carefully planned in all of its details I quote from a dispatch sent General Meade on the same day:

"CITY POINT, VA., 9:30 A.M., August 1, 1864.

(Received 11:40 A.M.)

"Major General Meade: Have you any estimate of our losses in the miserable failure of Saturday? I think there will have to be an investigation of the matter. So fair an opportunity will probably never occur again for carrying fortifications. Preparations were good, orders ample, and everything, so far as I could see, subsequent to the explosion of the mine shows

that almost without loss the crest beyond the mine could have been carried. This would have given us Petersburg, with all its artillery and a large part of the garrison, beyond doubt. An intercepted dispatch states that the enemy recaptured their line with General Bartlett and staff, seventy-five commissioned officers and nine hundred rank and file, and recaptured five hundred of their men."

Percy Greg, the distinguished historian, says concerning the situation before and after the battle of the Crater: "This severe check seems to have cured Grant of his taste for 'pounding,' 'pegging away,' or 'fighting it out on a line' where he was sure to find the enemy strongly posted across his front, sure, moreover, to gain nothing that could not be more easily gained without serious fighting. During the autumn the Army of the Potomac fought with the spade rather than with the rifle. Its operations were slow, uninteresting, inglorious, but all the more critical and decisive."

I now invite your attention to the happening of these thrilling events as seen from the Confederate side. General Lee, with his characteristic truthfulness and conservatism, makes this brief report of the happenings of the day:

"DUNN'S HILL, July 30, 1864, 3:25 P.M.

"At 5 A.M. the enemy sprung a mine under one of the salients on Gen. B. R. Johnson's front and opened his batteries upon our lines and the city of Petersburg. In the confusion caused by the explosion of the mine he got possession of the salient. We have retaken the salient and driven the enemy back to his lines with loss.

"[Signed]

R. E. LEE.

"HON. JAMES A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War*."

General Johnson's report will be found in the volume of the "Official Records" heretofore referred to on pages 787-793.

From this report I quote as follows:

"About 4:55 o'clock on the morning of the 30th of July the enemy sprung a large mine under that portion of my line about two hundred yards north of the Baxter Road known as Pegram's salient. In this salient there were four guns of Captain Pegram's battery, and the 18th and 22d South Carolina Regiments, of Elliott's Brigade, occupied the parapets in the battery and adjacent to it. The 22d South Carolina Regiment extended from a point some seventy yards to the right of the right gun to a point beyond, but near to the left gun of the battery. The 18th was posted on the left of the 22d South Carolina Regiment. The regiments of Elliott's Brigade were distributed along the parapet from left to right as follows—viz.: The 26th, 17th, 18th, 22d, and 23d South Carolina Regiments. To strengthen Pegram's salient a second line, or trench cavalier, had been thrown up in its rear, commanding our front line and the enemy's works at a distance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. Owing to the extension of our line, already explained, our troops occupied only the front line of our works. The mine, as has been since ascertained, was laid along two wings, extending to the right and left of the main gallery, nearly parallel to the interior crest of our work and beneath the foot of the slope of the banquette, or perhaps farther back, and completely destroyed a portion of the front or main line of our fortification and the right of the trench cavalier. The crater measures one hundred and thirty-five feet in length, ninety-seven feet in breadth, and thirty feet deep.

"The astonishing effect of the explosion, bursting like a volcano at the feet of the men and the upheaving of an immense

column of more than one hundred thousand cubic feet of earth to fall around in heavy masses, wounding, crushing, or burying everything within its reach, prevented our men from moving promptly to the mouth of the crater and occupying that part of the trench cavalier which was not destroyed and over which the débris was scattered. Each brigade of this division had, however, been previously instructed as to the course to be pursued and the stubborn resistance to be offered on each flank in case a breach was made in our lines, and the troops of Elliott's Brigade not blown up or injured maintained their ground with remarkable steadiness. When the torrents of dust had subsided, the enemy was found in the breach.

"One gun of Davidson's Battery, commanded by Lieutenant Otey, occupying a position on our main line on the right of the Baxter road, admirably adapted to throw canister shot into the enemy's left flank, and with Wright's Battery to sweep the ground in front of the breach with a destructive cross fire, opened with a few rounds and for some reason, not explained to me, became silent and was deserted by the officers and men. This battery was connected with my command on the night of the 28th of July by the extension of my line to the right and did not comprise a part of the artillery properly serving with this division. The battery was, however, subsequently manned and officered by Wise's Brigade, under instructions from Colonel Goode, and did excellent service.

"Colonel Goode, commanding Wise's Brigade, caused the 59th Virginia Regiment, under Captain Wood, to be formed in a ditch running perpendicular to the rear of the main works; and when the enemy attempted some five times to form in the rear of the breach for the purpose of charging to the right and after they had planted four colors on the line, by which the movement designated was to be made, this regiment under Captain Wood and the 26th Virginia Regiment, under Capt. N. B. Street, with the 22d and 23d South Carolina Regiments and two guns of ——— Battery near the junction of the Baxter and Jerusalem plank roads, opened with a fire that drove them precipitately back to the crater. In this way the conflict was maintained from 5 till nearly 10 A.M. with coolness and steadiness by determined men and officers on both flanks of the breach and with a success worthy of much praise and with great damage to the enemy.

"The 61st North Carolina Regiment, of Hoke's Division, sent to reënforce the troops engaged at the breach, arrived at the same time with Mahone's Division and proceeded to form in the ravine in the rear of Pegram's salient for the purpose of charging the enemy in the breach. General Mahone had placed one brigade in position and was waiting for the second to come up, when the enemy advanced upon his line of battle. He met their advance by a charge, in which the 25th and 49th North Carolina and the 26th and part of the 17th South Carolina Regiments, all under Colonel Smith, of Elliott's Brigade, gallantly joined, moving upon the left of General Malone's line. The enemy was driven from three-quarters of the trench cavalier and most of the works on the left of the crater, with moderate loss to our forces and heavy losses to the enemy, especially in prisoners. During this charge a large number of the enemy's troops, black and white, abandoned the breach and fled precipitately to their rear. Upon this fleeing mass, in full view from our works on the right of the Baxter road, the left regiments of Wise's Brigade poured a raking fire at

the distance of from one hundred and fifty to five hundred yards, while the left gun of Davidson's Battery, which Colonel Goode had manned with a company of the 34th Virginia Regiment under Capt. Samuel D. Preston, discharged upon them several rounds of canister."

It is proper here to state that Captain Preston was wounded, that Edward Bagby, aid-de-camp to Colonel Goode, commanding the brigade, was killed while serving this gun, and that Capt. A. F. Bagby, with Company K, 34th Virginia Regiment, then took charge of it and served it with fine effect until near the close of the action.

It is a matter of which we may be justly proud that this report makes complimentary mention of two gallant sons of King and Queen, in addition to what is said concerning him whom we honor to-day.

But coming still nearer to the young soldier's conduct on that fateful day, we have the testimony of Col. J. Thomas Goode, the distinguished and gallant colonel of the 34th Virginia, who commanded Wise's Brigade during the engagement and who, to the delight of his old soldiers, still survives and is present to-day. In a letter to me dated July 26, 1912, he says:

"I am greatly pleased to know that my most highly esteemed friend and comrade is to have a monument erected to his memory. If there ever was a man and soldier who deserved the honor, it was Edward Bagby. I am sorry I can't send you a copy of my report of the Crater fight. My full report was made to Maj. Gen. Bushrod Johnson and should have been forwarded to General Beauregard, but I think it never was. It was from my report that General Johnson learned all he knew about my aid, Edward Bagby.

"On the morning of the 30th of July, about 4:30 o'clock, we were aroused from sleep by a most awful explosion. When we arose the earth trembled like a bowl of jelly, so that we could scarcely keep our feet. The scene we beheld was awful. Men's bodies and limbs, cannon, gun carriages, etc., were high in the air. Realizing at once that the enemy's purpose was to pass his troops through the breach and rush on Petersburg. I withdrew the 59th Regiment of my command, Capt. Henry Wood commanding, and placed it in a covered way, or ditch, running perpendicular to the line of works with orders to cut down any of the enemy attempting to form in the rear of the Crater. This regiment checked repeated attempts. In a few minutes after the explosion one of my officers reported to me that a battery in our lines had been deserted by the artillerists and that there were not men to work the guns. I immediately withdrew Preston's company, C, 34th Virginia Infantry, trained artillerists, from its place in line and put it in charge of the battery. I left Edward Bagby, my aid, with the battery with orders to report to me if anything went wrong. And I went to the 26th Regiment, on the extreme left next to the Crater, where I was sure the most strenuous effort would be made to drive us out and widen the breach so as to rush in their whole force, which they estimated at about sixty thousand.

"About nine o'clock in the morning my orderly came and reported to me that Edward Bagby had been killed, Captain Preston mortally wounded, and the company terribly cut to pieces. I hurried back to the company and found it as reported. I then had it relieved by Captain Bagby's company, K, which fought with great gallantry and dire loss to the enemy."

Now let some of his comrades speak. Samuel P. Ryland, Jr., the nearest and dearest friend of my boyhood and through whom I heard of Edward's end, says:

"The explosion at the Crater took place about sunrise one

morning when all nature seemed to have been at peace and when not a gun was being fired from either side. I remember the occasion perfectly. I was pouring water from a canteen into the hands of Colonel Goode, who was washing his face (not two hundred yards distant from the Crater), and saw the men and cannon and débris of all kinds which were blown up into the air apparently from thirty to forty feet. I remember distinctly one eight-inch gun was almost thrown over to the enemy's lines, a distance of some fifty or seventy-five yards.

"After this explosion took place, the Federal troops opened a broadside into our breastworks from one end of the line to the other. This line was several miles long and extended almost from the Weldon Railroad to the river. You can imagine the frightful confusion brought on by the incessant firing, which lasted pretty much all day, and a great many of our men were wounded and killed.

"As I remember, several hours after the explosion, I was passing up the line near the position occupied by the — Battery. (It seems that the men in this battery had been driven off, and there was no one using their guns at the time.) When I passed I saw Edward Bagby working one of these guns, and he called to me to come to his help. I think there were four guns in this battery, and my recollection is that we loaded one of these guns and fired it until finally Ned Bagby was shot in the head with a Minié ball from the enemy and was instantly killed. I remember distinctly that I left the position and went back to Colonel Goode and reported that Ned Bagby had been killed while firing one of these guns into the Crater. My attention was called at the time to his coolness and bravery in firing this gun. There never was a braver man in the war than he. After this incident my recollection is that Company C of our regiment took charge of the battery, when many of their men were wounded and killed. Afterwards this company was withdrawn from the battery, and Company K (my old company) was put in charge and remained in charge the rest of that day. They did brave and gallant fighting."

And here is the testimony of another admiring comrade, Tom Kelly: "Ned had been detached from his company on special service, but on the morning of the Crater fight, after the breach had been made by the explosion and the Yankees had poured through in great numbers, our nearest battery was comparatively deserted, with but few to man the guns. Just at this time Ned appeared on the scene, took in the situation quickly, volunteered his services, and was aiming a gun when a shell from the enemy exploded near by, and a fragment tore away a part of his head, killing him instantly."

And will you excuse my entering the sacred precincts of two responsive hearts, then, as now, one in hope, one in happiness, and one in sorrow? Writing from camp on August 6, 1864, to Edward's niece, the girl then of seventeen summers, to whom he had plighted his faith unto death, he said: "I was delighted to receive your letter written the 28th ult., but by the same mail that brought your letter one came from Sam Ryland with the sad tidings that Ned Bagby, the noble and brave, was no more. It seems that our best and bravest men are taken. Mysterious indeed are the ways of Providence. I know not where to begin to speak of the good qualities of such a boy as Ned. O that I could be like him! Why should we grieve for him? He is now happy, where no war or bloodshed comes. Yes, he is happy with his God, whom he served faithfully. Precious indeed should our liberty be purchased by the blood of men like Ned Bagby. Farewell, dear Ned. Your face may be seen no more, but long will you live in our hearts. Give my love to Cousin Sue and tell her how much I sympathize with her. O cruel war! When will thy horrors cease?"

Thus in broken sentences were recorded the same experiences of a distressed and perturbed heart that Tennyson felt when he bade adieu to the friend of his youth:

"But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands."

This sketch of Edward's life and character would be incomplete were it not recorded that in all and before all he was a devoted and enthusiastic Christian. At the early age of twelve years he made a profession of faith in Christ as his Saviour and was baptized into the fellowship and became a member of Bruington Church. There his father, mother, brothers, sisters were devoted and active members, and his brother, Dr. Richard Hugh Bagby, was the pastor—a striking and beautiful example, not uncommon, he it said, in this good old country of a large and influential family united in one hope, one faith, one baptism.

Victory perched on the banner of the Confederacy in the battle of the Crater, but it poorly recompensed the losses sustained. It is true of that victory as the Duke of Wellington said was true of England's triumph in the battle of Waterloo: "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won."

As soon as the death of Edward was known his brother, Dr. Richard Hugh Bagby, who was in Richmond, returning from Petersburg, where he had been to visit and help with much-needed provisions his son John and his two brothers, John Robert (Major Bagby, who was in a hospital at the time) and Edward, hastened back to Petersburg to get the body of his youngest and much-beloved brother and carry it to the ancestral home. This sad mission he performed with all the faithfulness and tenderness that a loving brother could bestow.

The death of Edward saddened the whole community, but upon his stricken parents it fell most heavily, though they bore it bravely. I remember it was written me that the aged mother when she heard the sad news in all of its details said to sympathizing friends: "Well, my boy, my only boy, is gone, but I had rather that it be so than that he had failed to do his duty." But another way of expressing the noble sentiment of Lee in his famous phrase: "There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of principle." A noble sentiment! In its last analysis it means unselfishness—that it is better to give than to receive. It is the Christly spirit, that he who would be greatest would be servant of all.

Monuments are of little use unless they teach lessons and point morals. To the foot of this monument I would have the sons and daughters of this dear old county come and reverently learn the lesson that Edward Bagby is honored because he placed duty above self, honor above ease, patriotism above life. If it should seem to any of them a riddle, as it did to me when I stood at Appomattox in the shadow of the appalling defeat of the cause of the South, that God should have permitted that cause to fail to which Edward devoted his life, let them learn that the issue of that conflict was decreed by the unerring wisdom of Him who directs the affairs of nations as well as of men.

A few months after the cause of the Confederacy was doomed, in this historic temple, dedicated to God, a great public meeting was held, known as the young men's meeting, under the leadership of the three Bagbys, brothers of Edward, and of Broadus, Baynum, Garlick, Diggs, Land, and others,

ministers of the gospel from this and adjoining counties. Rev. Jeremiah B. Jeter, D.D., of Richmond, the great orator and leader of public sentiment, was brought to be the chief speaker. As the basis of his great address he took for his text the passage, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." It was the meeting of a great occasion, a great theme, and a great man. The result was magical. Animosities were allayed, new hope was inspired, weakened faith was strengthened, noble resolves were made. I do not remember what hymn was sung at the close of the sermon, but nothing would have been so appropriate as:

"The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears."

And, in conclusion, may I hope that the influences of this occasion may yield only half of that? Since that eventful day in which I caught new hope it has seemed to me

"I hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place
And whispers to the world of space
In the deep night that 'all is well.'"

The inscription upon the monument is as follows:

"Edward Bagby,
Adj't. 34th Va., A. N. V.,
Killed at Petersburg July 30, 1864.

Strong of purpose, pure of soul, an earnest Christian, he volunteered for a perilous service and fell at his post."

On the reverse side the parents' names are thus memorialized:

"John Bagby,
Christian merchant, patriotic citizen, friend of education.
His Noble Wives,
Elizabeth Courtney,
Elizabeth Lumpkin."

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Gordon's Brigade, afterwards commanded by Gen. Clement A. Evans, spent the winter of 1863-64 at Clark's Mountain, not far from where the fighting began in May, and we did not have far to march to reach the battle field when the campaign opened in the spring. Our brigade consisted of the 13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th, and 61st Georgia Regiments. Later on the 12th Battalion was sent to us from Charleston, S. C., all volunteer units, but now sadly reduced in numbers by long service. I suppose there were less than twenty-five hundred effectives in the entire command. During the winter we suffered very much from lack of proper food and want of clothing, and we knew from reports that came to us that we would be called on in the spring to make greater sacrifices than ever before. We were told that General Grant had assumed command of the mighty army under Meade, whom we did not fear, and had brought from the West, where he had been operating, corps of victorious troops who boasted that they had never turned their backs on the Rebels, and when the campaign opened they would show us and their comrades of the Army of the Potomac how to fight. We knew that without these we were already overmatched in numbers, equipment, and everything to make an army efficient; but we consoled ourselves with the reflection that we could die if necessary for our country and that Divine Providence was on our

side, while we had a leader in General Lee who, we felt, would be equal to the occasion.

The Federal army, though north of the Rapidan, was as near Richmond as the Confederate army, which was scattered along the south side as far as Culpeper C. H., thus giving Grant opportunity to cross that stream and place his forces between us and our base at Richmond. It seemed strange to me at the time that General Lee would so dispose his forces in the face of the great odds against us, but he knew Grant and what his plans were, and he wanted him to do the very thing he had in his mind, intending to fall on him in this wilderness, where he least expected it and where his superior numbers and numerous artillery could do him little good. General Grant had made every preparation for the coming contest, but waited until the ground had sufficiently hardened from the winter rains so he could maneuver his heavy artillery trains without difficulty. Accordingly on the 4th of May he crossed the river and set out for Richmond. So far everything was lovely for him; but A. P. Hill, with a part of his corps, and Gen. R. E. Rodes, with his division of our corps, fell on his long lines passing through this thickly wooded country with such vigor that the advance was checked. Fighting of the severest character now began, and Hill and Rodes had a little more than they could do to hold their own.

In all the previous battles in which we had taken part we were warned by a heavy cannonade and skirmish fire, but in this instance we broke camp and marched leisurely from our winter quarters, without hearing the sound of a gun, to a place four or five miles from where we were thrown into battle. We marched leisurely from where we bivouacked that night, and about eleven o'clock, while marching along a public road leading into the thick woods, I saw the regiments ahead deploying to the left and right. Rodes was at this time having a hot time of it some distance in front and to our right, and many of his wounded were coming out. General Lee and General Gordon, who knew the critical situation, had had an interview in which Lee told Gordon that everything depended upon the success of the fight our brigade was to make; that if we failed he would have to retreat, a thing he could not afford to do. And as the line stood there a moment, formed and only waiting for word to move forward, Gordon rode along the entire front of the brigade, seeming as one inspired with burning words of eloquence. With hat in hand he passed along, his face fairly radiant as he spoke to his men in these words: "Soldiers, we have always driven the enemy before us, but this day we are going to scatter them like the leaves of the forest." With these words and many others which I did not hear he raised the fighting spirit in his men to the highest pitch, and as he rode around our right and behind the line he cautioned us not to crowd to the right or left, but to maintain our line as we advanced and not to fire or raise the Rebel yell, a thing for which we were noted and at this time were on the point of doing, but to reserve our fire until we struck the enemy and then to rush on them and not let them rest a moment until we had driven them off and won for General Lee the ground he was so anxious to hold. And did we? Let us see.

The word was now given and repeated by every officer and private. We swept forward through the thick undergrowth, slowly at first, until we struck the enemy, only a hundred yards or so away, when pandemonium broke loose. Their line crumbled immediately under our first volley as our men rushed over them, and I could see them to the right, left, and in front throwing up their hands and surrendering by scores. We were now somewhat disorganized, but moved on as if nothing had happened and were soon on another line, re-

enforced by fugitives from the first; but this offered little resistance, as we rushed over them and scattered them also. Without allowing them to stop and take breath, we pressed them back on other lines, every one of which seemed demoralized by our rapid advance and the multitude of fugitives coming to them.

The fighting began about noon, and in the great excitement incident to the occasion time passed so rapidly that it seemed but an hour when we struck their last reserves just as night was coming on. Just how many of these lines we encountered and broke that evening I cannot say. By this time our regiment was advancing in detached squads, with a man here and there, having veered to the right of the brigade some distance and out of touch with them. As we approached these reserves they opened on us with a startling volley that did us no harm, but made every one of us seek cover. This was the hottest fire we had experienced the whole afternoon. Looking to the left, I could see no one. On the right there was a squad, but I could not see any of our men.

I was now in a dilemma as I stopped behind a tree. Here I was alone in the face of a strong line of Yankees, under a heavy and continuous shower of balls, and not a comrade in sight. The little tree offered very little protection, and I did not want to be killed here by myself, where no one could ever know what became of me. Glancing to the right, I saw a gray-clad figure rise up as if out of the earth and dart toward the enemy and disappear just in front of them. Then two more did the same thing, and others followed them until perhaps thirty or forty had gone. It occurred to me that they had found some place of safety there, and I resolved to go too. Holding my head low, it took me less time than it takes to tell it to pass over the intervening space. There I found my comrades lying in a gully only a few feet from the enemy, secure from all harm. The ground between us was level, and our fire, from what we saw afterwards, was very effective. Lieutenant Colonel Pride was the last man to jump into the gully, and as he did so he ordered us to rise and charge them; but we knew better than to undertake to do this, as the enemy outnumbered us twenty to one. Only one man responded, and he was shot down immediately. Standing by the side of the colonel, loading my gun, I heard the sound of a ball striking him in the stomach. This ball passed through his body and came out at his back between the buttons of his military coat. His ruddy face became pale immediately, and he reeled and fell. Some of our men grabbed him and ran out with him. Strange to say, he recovered, but was nevermore fit for military duty.

Soon after this the firing of the enemy suddenly ceased. We all jumped up and ran out to the front. There a sight long to be remembered met our eyes. It seemed that every shot we fired took effect. A line of their dead lay there, and the pine straw was sprinkled with the blood of others who had gone away wounded. They left in their retreat the drums and instruments of a fine silver cornet band, the heads of the drums having been shot out.

In advancing through the thick forest our regiment (31st) became separated far to the right, and night was now spreading a mantle over the scene. Colonel Evans hunted us up and found us there, while firing was going on far to our rear on the right and left. After winding about there for some time, he took a straight course which led us to where the other regiments had collected. As we came up to them they were on their tiptoes shouting to us, saying: "Boys, this beats Gettysburg [which we had always considered our greatest victory]. We've captured twenty-five hundred Yankees, including a full Pennsylvania regiment, with their colonel." I

can't vouch for the numbers, as we came to the rallying place last and did not see the prisoners; but General Lee had been there and, taking off his glove, shook hands with General Gordon, congratulating him and making him a major general to date from that day. He had ordered rations to be brought up and issued to our men, but in this our regiment did not participate, for in a few minutes after our arrival we were ordered away to help our "Louisiana Tigers" hold their part of the line. Sometime during the night we were relieved and rejoined the brigade.

Thus ended the events of the ever-memorable first day's battle of the Wilderness. In another article I will tell about our experience in the second day's fighting, which was not less exciting and was equally successful and which should have resulted in cutting General Grant's army off from the ford of the Rapidan, by which he brought up his supplies and reserves. Had our superior officers allowed General Gordon to make the fight earlier in the day, as Gordon begged to do, seeing that he had all the advantage, there is no telling what the consequences might have been.

FEDERAL LOSSES IN LEE'S CAMPAIGNS.

COMPILED BY B. W. GREEN, COMMANDER ARKANSAS DIVISION,
U. C. V.

In two years, nine months, and nine days (1,000 days), from June 1, 1862, to April 9, 1865, Gen. R. E. Lee fought seven great campaigns against six picked generals. At its greatest his army numbered less than 85,000 men, poorly equipped, badly supplied with food and clothing, yet in one thousand days it put *hors de combat* more than 262,000 Federals.

The "Official Records" in Washington show that, with a deduction of 2,000 from the casualties of the campaign before June 1, the killed, wounded, and missing were as follows:

1. Against McClellan before Richmond, June 1, 1862, to August 8, 1862, the loss was 22,448.
2. Against Pope before Washington, June 26, 1862, to September 2, 1862, the loss was 16,955.
3. Against McClellan in Maryland, September 3, 1862, to November 14, 1862, the loss was 28,577.
4. Against Burnside before Fredericksburg, November 15, 1862, to January 25, 1863, the loss was 13,214.
5. Against Hooker on Rappahannock, January 26, 1862, to June 27, 1862, the loss was 25,027.
6. Against Meade on Pennsylvania, June 28, 1862, to May 4, 1864, the loss was 31,530.
7. Against Grant before Richmond, May 4, 1864, to April 9, 1865, the loss was 124,390.

Longstreet's Corps was detached from Lee from September 1, 1863, to April 30, 1864. If included in above, many thousands of casualties would be added. In one thousand days Lee put out of action more than three to one of our army at maximum. In the great campaign above mentioned the Federal casualties were double the losses inflicted by the Duke of Wellington in all of his battles in India, Spain, and at Waterloo. The killed and wounded among the Japanese at Port Arthur were less than those of Grant in his last campaign.

Scarcely in the history of Napoleon's twenty years can the record of such fighting as was done by Lee's army be paralleled.

The total number of Confederates paroled April 9, 1865, was: Officers, 2,862; men, 25,494; total, 28,356. Of troops surrendered, only about 8,000 had arms.

OUR PATRIOTS AND OUR FLAGS.

[Address by Henry W. Battle, D.D., of Charlottesville, Va., Chaplain in Chief S. C. V., delivered at the Memorial Hour service during the Atlanta Reunion in honor of descendants of Confederate soldiers slain in the world war.]

In the funeral oration of Pericles on the Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian war that great statesman and orator said: "I will begin with our ancestors first, for it is just and becoming at the same time that on such an occasion the honor of being thus mentioned should be paid them."

We have assembled to do honor to the memory of true sons of their fathers, to pause in the midst of the busy duties, generous amenities, and gay festivities of this greatest of Reunions to erect, as it were, a quiet sanctuary and within its consecrated walls talk of our dead.

If there be those here to-day who would weep, we would weep with them; if there be those who would rejoice because unto man in the image of his Creator has been committed things more precious than life, we too would rejoice that out of the blood and ashes of earth there blossom the flowers of immortality. If there be those who marvel at Southern prowess and heroism on fiercely contested fields far from the land that gave our heroes birth, we point to honored and revered sires, venerable and beloved survivors of the greatest army that ever trod the planet.

With no disparagement of others, for I would not dim the luster of one leaf in the chaplet of imperishable fame all the world accords to American valor, I may be permitted in a spirit, I trust, both "just and becoming" to remind you that the fathers of the heroes whose memory we proudly commit to the ages followed Lee and Jackson and Stuart and the Johnstons and Beauregard and Wade Hampton and Forrest and Wheeler and John B. Gordon. Is it strange that the memorial flag of the Sons of Confederate Veterans when it is unfurled will reveal a blazonry of stars more resplendent than a tropical night?

The wheel of time turned in the hand of destiny; the days of '61-'65 came not back, but the animating spirit of those days returned—the tocsin of war sounded, beardless youth grew erect and resolute in the presence of age that had immortalized Malvern Hill and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and Shiloh and Chickamauga; fathers held them not back, mothers bravely smiled while dark forebodings filled their hearts, and sweethearts denied not the kiss they knew might be their last. The suffering soul of the world had called to America for a mighty sacrifice that liberty might not utterly perish from the earth. America heard that call, and out of her own indignant, burning, refulgent soul made answer: "Here are my boys, my most precious possession. Take them. Better that they should die than that wrecked cities, shattered and desecrated temples, destroyed homes, ravished women, and murdered little children should longer glut the fendish appetite of the beast of Berlin."

Can a nation have a soul? Yes.. The essential thing about a nation, as about a person, is the soul. It is this that gives it character, distinction, and meaning. That lost, all is lost. Can a nation lose its soul? Alas, yes! May I tell you what seemed to me to be the war's greatest tragedy, its darkest horror? It was the spectacle of a once great and mighty nation being inexorably robbed by the despotism of a false political system and the heartless cruelties of a pseudo-philosophy of its soul. Had Germany won in this war at the cost of her soul, as unquestionably she would have done but for the United States, it would have been for her a victory

too dearly bought. There was but one hope for Germany after she adopted her "campaign of frightfulness." That hope was in subjugation so absolute as to utterly and forever crush out those false ideals of national power and greatness which flamed in her brain and, like poison in the blood, diffused their fatal virus throughout the whole accursed system. Whether this consummation so devoutly to be wished for Germany's own sake was actually attained may be seriously questioned.

For myself, speaking without bitterness and in the interest of concerns greater than may be bounded by geographical lines, I might wish that there had been no armistice and that the victorious army of the Allies, with flying banners and bands playing "God Save the King" and "La Marseillaise" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Dixie," had marched down the streets of Berlin and camped on the wreckage of fallen thrones.

The war cost us much. I speak not of billions of money nor of social upheaval and industrial demoralization following in the wake of war. I speak of men, the very flower of Southern chivalry, to whom home was as dear and life as sweet as to you and me, infinitely more precious than all material possessions.

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be a vacant chair.
We shall linger to caress him
Ere we breathe our evening prayer."

Let us not be unmindful of the sorrow of aching hearts in this vast audience and all over the land. God give them comfort! From city and hamlet and where the plow stopped in the furrow, from palatial mansions and humble cottages, swelling from out the nation's heart, I hear a dirge, mournful and yet majestic, like the strain of David weeping for those who fell on the heights of Gilboa: "The beauty of Israel is slain. How are the mighty fallen! How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"

And yet as God sees it and as future generations will see it, great as was the price, it was not too great if the folly and madness of party ambition is not permitted to wrest the blood-bought prize from the trembling hands of a suffering and war-weary world. Forbid it, Almighty God! Forbid it, O mighty invisible army, ye who silently tread ethereal fields where justice rules and mercy weaves a robe of light for martyr spirits!

My countrymen, we owe a debt to our martyred dead, who, like the young Man of Galilee, dropped the white flower of their precious young lives that a world might be free. I say we owe them a debt that we can pay only by pure and lofty patriotism, dauntless courage, and unsullied integrity. In their name to-day I would consecrate the rising generation of this wonderful time to broad thinking, generous feeling, and heroic venture.

I have no fear for the future of our beloved country, dark and threatening as are some of the clouds gathering on the national horizon. Should dangerous crises arise, we will meet them with the manhood that has never failed in this Southern land. The golden stars on our glorious service flag in tones more eloquent than mortal speech proclaim it. As they were, others of the same blood will be to the end of the chapter. This is our hope, our unshakable confidence.

We have read in France's illustrious annals of that company whom their dauntless commander had so often led to victory and who would never part with their slain hero's name. Day by day at the head of the regimental roll it was

proudly called aloud, "Cornet Latour D'Auvergna!" and ever and always a brave soldier stepped from the ranks and made answer: "Dead on the field of honor."

Dead on the field of honor! What is death when weighed in the balances with honor? At best that strange, sweet thing we call life is but for a little while, while honor and duty are as lasting as eternity.

Let us not forget that those who perished of disease in the great war are worthy of equal honor. They too made the supreme sacrifice with a patriotism as pure and a devotion as sublime as distinguished the offering of their more fortunate comrades.

Before I close, bear with me while I speak a word for those who are doomed to bear through life marks of wounds and suffering. The world has heard the story of their fortitude and courage, but let us tell it over and over again until, under the transforming spell of patriotic ardor, men shall almost covet disfigurement, crowds in busy city marts reverently part for disfigured countenances and hobbling cripples, and children stay their sports to gaze enviously and lovingly on those whose hands may toil no more and whose feet, once like hinds' feet on the mountains, may only tread the road that leads to immortality and to God. To-night in the name of a grateful country I salute the wounded soldier. I pledge you three flags, wonderful flags, telling the story of a people's strength and suffering for that they counted more precious than life:

Flag of the Stars and Bars, dear flag, spectral flag, symbol of days forever gone, bathed in woman's consecrating tears and fragrant with the odor of deeds that filled the world with wonder and every generous bosom with applause; my father's flag. May my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if ever in any company or beneath any skies I fail in love and homage to thee, holy flag!

Flag of the Stars and Stripes, Old Glory, whether proudly borne where millions fight and die by the willing hands and stout hearts of the sons of those who wore the gray and of those who wore the blue, or waving from the masthead of ships that dare to plow the deep with unfettered prows, or far above the whirling earth, mingling thy stars with God's "fretwork of golden fire"—flag of my country, be thou in heaven above, on the earth below, or the waters under the earth the hope of the oppressed, the oriflamme of liberty.

Flag of the Golden Stars, each star proclaiming to the world that life is not so precious that it may be purchased at the cost of honor. Memorial flag! We clasp thee to our hearts. May we take thee into our heart of hearts, there to abide with things noblest and best until those hearts too are still in death!

I pledge you three flags, wonderful flags, telling the story of a people's struggle and sacrifice for that they deemed more precious than life and from the struggle emerged stronger, greater, and better than before.

BATTLE OF SABINE PASS.

BY WASHINGTON J. SMITH, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The following extract is from Harper's "Encyclopedia of United States History," Volume IX., page 59: "In 1863 General Banks, commanding the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at New Orleans, sent General Franklin, with four thousand men on transports, accompanied by four gunboats under the command of Lieutenant Croker, of the navy, to seize the Confederate fort at the mouth of Sabine Pass,

leading into the lake of the same name. Being on the line between Texas and Louisiana, preparatory to the attempt to recover the State of Texas from Confederate control, the expedition sailed from New Orleans September 5. The attack was made on the 8th. The expedition was a disastrous failure. Two of the gunboats were captured, lost two hundred men made prisoners, fifty killed and wounded, also the gunboats and fifteen rifled cannon. The garrison consisted of about two hundred men, but only forty were present."

This is the Northern version. The Confederate report shows that it was one of the most wonderful achievements of the War between the States. The pages of history cannot produce its equal, and the wonder remains that so little is known of it in the South. The Harpers are the only publishers in the North that ever mentioned this affair. The United States government desired it to be suppressed. But bear in mind that it occurred in a remote section of the South at the time, while the eyes of all were centered on the armies of Lee and Johnston, then fighting day and night to protect their homes.

The expedition was to operate in the rear of the Confederates, while General Banks, with a large army protected by the fleet, had his troops carried on transports up Red River, hoping to crush Generals Smith and Taylor, who occupied the country between the Red River and the Texas line. He made his attack and was badly defeated, his army being driven in great disorder back to his boats for protection. In the meanwhile the river had fallen very rapidly, and he found that a bar had formed below, and his boats could not get out, the Red River being a very treacherous stream. He was on the eve of destroying his fleet and making the attempt to march his army by land to New Orleans, but this he could never have done, as the victorious Confederates were between him and the Mississippi River. At this juncture a civil engineer, who had had experience in building wing dams on the Ohio River, told General Banks that if he would furnish him the men and material that he could get from a large sugar house and other buildings near the bar he could build a wing dam and force the water into a smaller and deeper channel which would let the fleet pass. This was done, and but for this New Orleans would have been retaken, and it would have been the turning point in favor of the South, as the battle of King's Mountain was during the Revolutionary War. Who can tell?

Returning to the fleet that passed out into the Gulf of Mexico to capture the little Confederate mud fort on Sabine Pass, leading into Sabine Lake on the border of Louisiana and Texas. It had a garrison of two hundred men and was armed with one rifled gun and several small pieces. The officer in command considered it an act of folly to try to hold the fort against such odds, claiming it would be only a slaughter pen, so he removed his command. Capt. Richard Dowling had an independent troop of forty scouts and determined to hold the fort, come what might, if only to delay the fleet. The gunboats shelled the little fort for some time and, seeing no one and no resistance being offered, feeling secure, steamed up to the fort. Dowling's gun sank two of the boats, and he also captured a transport that was near the gunboats. Seeing the fate of these boats, the others ran up the white flag and surrendered. Dowling had only a dug-out, but in it he went out and paroled all of them, as he did not have sufficient men to guard them, and let them return to New Orleans with the fleet. He did not lose a single man.

Nothing remains to mark the location of the fort or to prove that it ever existed save a sign nailed to a post on which is written, "Fort Dowling," and the hulks of the two gunboats resting near the shore. To-day only a few are left

who followed the Stars and Bars, and it is a duty we owe our comrades to let this generation know the true facts and acts of special merit, endurance, and courage that have been overlooked.

"In the circle of the center
No finer troops you will see
Than the vanished host of Johnston
And the scattered ranks of Lee."

WARFARE IN THE WATER AND AIR.

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Every one is supposed to know that the United States furnished to the opposing forces in the world war the two most murderous and dangerous of modern weapons in the torpedo boat, or undersea boat, as it is more commonly called, and the airplane, both of which were invented and perfected by citizens of this country. The first successful use of the torpedo was by the Confederates in the War between the States. The tremendous superiority of the Federal government in naval equipment made it necessary that the Confederates should devise means of equalization, and the inventive minds of the young government were at once made alive to their duty. Fortunately for the South, many of the officers of the Federal navy were of Southern birth, and most of these promptly resigned and tendered their services to the Confederacy, many of them adding luster to the service. Chief of these was Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, the inventor of the torpedoes used by the Confederates and whose genius devised the means of blocking James River to the Federal fleet.

The equipment of the improvised torpedo boats was necessarily of the crudest form, owing to the lack of supplies, but their initial success was so great that immediately there came a protest from the Federal government against the use of torpedoes as being contrary to the usages of civilized warfare, a protest to which no attention was paid by the Confederate government. Indeed, the protest must soon have been forgotten by the Federals, as they were immediately afterwards found to have adopted the same practices against which they had previously vainly protested.

The styles of torpedoes invented were as varied as the minds of the inventors could devise, the favorite appearing to have been what was termed the spar torpedo. This was a simple arrangement of a charged torpedo affixed to the end of a spar extending from the bow of a rowboat. This dangerous engine of destruction—dangerous alike to friend and foe—could be used only at night, preferably on a very dark night, for safety. Approaching the vessel selected as a victim, the bow at the rowboat was so manipulated as to bear upon the most vulnerable part of the vessel. The boat was forced through the water at top speed, the impact of the torpedo against the vessel causing an explosion, which was usually sufficient to sink it. At times the attacking boat would also be injured, its occupants being either drowned or captured.

In addition to the spar torpedo, others were fixed in position and deep enough in the water to escape the observation of the enemy's vessels. It is mines similar to these which are now loose in European waters and a constant menace to navigation. They are fired by impact against vessels and are of the most deadly construction. In the Confederacy they were termed "drift mines" and were of many shapes and sizes; but whatever the shape or size, each of them was full of sure and sudden death. Some of these contrivances were made in the crudest manner, empty beer kegs appearing to have been the favorites, and, owing to their familiar form, they were

when first used never suspected of being full of a substance far more deadly and unpalatable than that for which they were originally intended.

Very dangerous stationary mines were planted in shallow waters at frequent intervals. They were affixed to a block at the bottom of a stream at a depth undiscoverable from the surface and swinging with the current. They were fired by impact of a vessel against their sides, which were covered with percussion caps, a touch against which brought an instantaneous explosion. They could not be safely grappled for, and it was only by good luck that the Federals got them out of the channel. James River was full of these instruments of sure death. The writer has to this day a lively remembrance of a voyage up said river to Richmond, Va., while returning from a Northern prison. For a time he was nervous through fear that the boat would strike one of these mines, but reflection brought memory of the dangers through which he had passed and that he was still alive, and he fell back upon the philosophic reflection that the boat had never yet hit a mine and that he was as safe there as in a Northern military prison and a great deal more comfortable.

A tabulation of injuries inflicted upon vessels of the Federal navy by the crude instruments herein attempted to be described shows that forty vessels were totally destroyed and many others seriously or slightly injured. Reference was made at the beginning of this article to protests against the use by the Confederates of torpedoes and the fact that the United States soon afterwards adopted the same methods. On October 28, 1864, Lieut. W. B. Cushing, of the Federal navy, attacked with a spar torpedo the *Albemarle*, a Confederate vessel, and sank her at Plymouth, N. C. At once the whole North was ablaze, and praise was heaped upon Cushing as though he had attacked and sunk the entire Confederate navy. One unacquainted with the facts would suppose that such an unparalleled event had never before occurred. Cushing was placed at once upon a pedestal and remains there to this day in the mendacious histories of the North.

Many attempts were made by the Confederates to construct a submersible boat, but without success. Those that were built had an unfortunate habit of refusing to rise to the surface again after having submerged. This, however, did not prevent venturesome persons from manning them time after time, though such a procedure was a gamble with death. One such boat sank and was raised five times in Charleston Harbor; but notwithstanding this bad habit, it was each time speedily manned with a new crew. Before it was finally abandoned, it had inflicted much damage upon the enemy. The writer recalls seeing many years after the war one of these boats lying on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, near New Orleans, but no details as to the services it had rendered, if any, could be obtained. From its appearance, it would be a stout-hearted man who would volunteer to go down to the depths confined in its innermost recesses.

Notwithstanding the lack of complete success of these boats, they served after a fashion as the superstructure upon which Lake and Holland builded their demons of destruction, which played so hideous a part in the hands of the Germans in the late war of the world. A bad day it was when Germany built her first and, it is hoped, her last submarine.

Every one knows that the airplane was perfected by the Wright brothers, of Dayton, Ohio, and that upon the basis of their success all subsequent machines have been constructed. The airplane's deadly work in the armies of each of the contestants in the late war in Europe is of too recent date to need elaboration here. To all future armies it will be as much a necessity as the powder and ball of the infantry-

man's equipment. Since the war has ended the great feat of crossing the Atlantic in an airplane has been accomplished, first by an American and then by an English aviator. The uses of this remarkable machine are but in their infancy, and he would be a daring man who attempts to foretell the uses to which it may hereafter be put. The principal objection of the writer, an old cavalry soldier, to the airplane is that it has become a sort of cavalry of the air; and should he desire to go to war again, he must choose a new arm of the service.

When you sit on the edge of a cloud all day,
Holding a map in your hand,
And you search for a spot that is far away
Out there in No Man's Land,
When you see the shrapnel bursting fine,
The four hundred on the way,
And you find you have busted the German line—
It's the end of a perfect day. —*Stars and Stripes.*

COL. ASHBEL SMITH, OF TEXAS.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

In the years 1877-79 I was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Houston, Tex., and was thrown into a social life of wonderful freshness and vigor, free from many of the conventionalities with which I had been familiar. There I formed friendships with men who had been identified with the epic period of the State's history—men who wrought and fought with Austin and Houston for Texas independence. It was a noble company, and among them one of the most interesting and original characters was Col. Ashbel Smith, who lived in bachelor style on his plantation, a few miles below Houston, on Buffalo Bayou. When I knew him he was about seventy-five years of age. He was a graduate of Yale College. He studied medicine, finishing his course in Paris, where he served under the direction of Lafayette in ministering to the victims of the great cholera epidemic of 1831-32. He was afterwards minister of the Republic of Texas to the courts of England and France and then Secretary of State for the State of Texas. On retiring from public position he practiced his profession very successfully for several years. When the War between the States came in 1861, he, being a native of North Carolina, was a warm advocate of State's rights. He joined the Confederate army and rose to the rank of colonel, sometimes commanding a brigade.

Colonel Smith was a finished scholar, especially in the humanities. He spoke Latin and French, was familiar with the Greek classics, and wrote and spoke the English language with remarkable accuracy and elegance. He had accumulated a very large library of the classic authors and also of the standard authors of English literature.

The gathering place in Houston for social discussions was the bookstore of E. H. Cushing, himself a notable man. A graduate of Dartmouth College, a native of Vermont, he felt that the South had been misrepresented by Northern writers and speakers. He went to Texas some years before our war of 1861-65 to identify himself with the South. He was on the staff of General Magruder when he was in command in Texas. He edited the *Houston Telegraph*, a power in Texas politics in its day.

At the time I went to Houston he was conducting one of the finest bookstores as to real literary character I have ever known, frequently importing from the great London publishers. It was there that I first met Colonel Smith and under

circumstances that indicated his characteristics. He and I were both browsing among the books when one of my Sunday school teachers came to me and asked me some question about the Bible which I could not answer, and I said to him: "I don't know. I ought to know, but I don't. I'll find it out for you at once." The old gentleman came to me, extending his hand, and said in his quaint, formal way: "Let me shake the hand of a man who has the courage to say 'I don't know.' Most men would give some sort of answer rather than confess ignorance." I found that he himself was noted for the absolute accuracy of his statements. He could not tolerate guessing as to facts.

Afterwards we became quite intimate, and he told me many stories of the men of the early days of Texas, some of which still linger in my memory. Of General Houston he told me two incidents for whose truth he did not vouch. I think I have seen the incidents in print. It was said that Houston as President had incurred the enmity of several "dangerous" men who determined to challenge him to a duel, according to the custom of that day. He knew he could "make it up" with most of them. But one was not easily appeased, and when he came to demand an apology or satisfaction Houston was in bed feigning sickness. In answer to the demand he said: "I have had a hard and thankless task as President; and though I did the best I could, yet I have offended several men who have challenged me to fight them. I shall meet them in course, and if I survive then I am willing to meet you." The aggrieved party was so moved with pity for his enemy that he freely forgave him.

The other story was that Houston in a public speech had severely criticized a man who had been his warm friend. When this man came to "have it out" with him, saying, "You abused me shamefully," the reply was: "You have always been my friend, close and true; and if a man can't abuse his friends and be safe, what is he to do for somebody to abuse?"

Another incident he told me as occurring in the Texas Legislature. Colonel Smith was warmly advocating some legislation as to land titles. He was bitterly opposed by Colonel Ochiltree, father of the noted sportsman and imaginative reporter of events, Tom Ochiltree, friend of Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. The father, known for his heavy mane of hair as "Buffalo," was a man of volcanic temper and warm and tender heart. He and Colonel Smith had been devoted friends. But now Buffalo threatened that if this bill was passed he would do all he could to deprive Colonel Smith of his plantation, Hog Island, granted by the State. Colonel Smith said very positively: "Buffalo, you will do no such thing." The reply came: "I surely will." Then followed a fusillade of "I wills" and "You will nots" until Colonel Smith said: "I will stake my life that you will not." When the furious Buffalo, hesitating, asked, "Why are you so positive?" the reply came: "Because you never did a mean thing in your life, and you are not going to begin with your old friend Ashbel Smith." Buffalo broke down utterly and, rushing over the seats, clasped his old friend in his arms, crying: "No! No! Of course I wouldn't do such a thing."

We were once discussing dueling. After Colonel Smith had told me of some duel of the old days, I insisted that the duel was not only sinful but foolish. He said that for ordinary occasions my contention was right. But that sometimes, just as with the nation, so with the individual, a proper sense of honor can be vindicated only in battle. Said he: "There are certain State occasions when a controversy involving a man's honor can be settled only with a pair of pistols at ten paces." And I was told by one of his regiment of an incident that

illustrated his theory. He had given an order against which one of his subordinate officers protested as foolish and refused to obey it. The Colonel kindly warned him that his refusal subjected him to severe punishment. But the officer, who was a large man and a bully, became very offensive and insulting, intimating that the colonel was simply showing his authority to humiliate the men and that only his rank protected him from assault. The colonel's answer was to thrust his card into the hand of the officer, saying: "We settle this man to man. My friend will call on you in a few minutes." The bully knew that the colonel was counted a dead shot, and he tendered an ample apology and afterwards always obeyed orders.

While he was in charge of the legations of the Republic of Texas in London and Paris he was treated with marked consideration by King Louis Philippe and by the British ministry, for both countries wished Texas to remain a separate republic. It was during this time that a remarkable prophecy was uttered by an English peer, a member of the government, which made a deep impression on Colonel Smith and was carefully recorded by him. It was about 1841. He was in London, and there were many officers of the American diplomatic service in the city, some going to, some coming from their appointed places. The English diplomats gave a banquet to the Americans, at which none but English and Americans were present. The time passed pleasantly, with many bantering speeches from both sides, until at last, at a late hour, Lord Palmerston, at that time, I think, Secretary of War, rose to speak. He was no orator, but a delightful talker. For a while he indulged in persiflage, but soon fell into a serious strain, and then he uttered this solemn warning: "It is all very well for each of us to boast of his own country, but those of us who study the trend of affairs in Europe foresee about the end of this century or the beginning of the next the coming of the greatest war in history. And it will not be a war for territory merely, but it will be a war of ideals, a conflict between absolutism (autocracy) and liberalism (democracy). In that war the forces of absolutism will be led by Russia, and England must lead all the forces of liberalism, by that time developed. In that conflict England will be strained to the utmost of her resources, her very existence imperiled. And if in that great crisis she cannot stretch her arm across the sea and get help from her mighty daughter, woe to all hope for civil and religious liberty in the world."

The meeting broke up in solemn silence. Colonel Smith went to his room and carefully wrote down the speech almost word for word. It seems as if the great world war of 1914-18 were a fulfillment of that prophecy, only with Germany in place of Russia as leader of autocracy. The occasion of his giving me this incident was that in the Russo-Turkish War of 1878 several of my ministerial brethren who thought it was a contest between Christianity and Islam were taking me to task for my indifference as to which should win, for I said it was only a fight over material issues. Colonel Smith took my side and then told me of this prophecy, which he had never publicly repeated because he felt that it was spoken in confidence and might bring ridicule on the prophet. I gave the story to Dr. McDonald, of the *Toronto Globe*, and he embodied it in his Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University in 1916.

Colonel Smith was a thorough gentleman of the old school, rather formally polite, gracious, kind, reverential to ladies, dignified yet approachable. There was in him a true sense of humor that expressed itself in gentle sarcasm. I had just bought Jowett's translation of Plato's works, and I asked the

old gentleman if he had seen it. He said he had not, but that he owned a translation. His difficulty was, he said, that he had so often to refer to the original to find what Plato really meant.

On one occasion, near the equinox, some one expressed fear that we should have a severe storm, damaging the coast lands. The Colonel spoke very positively: "We will have no storm. I will wager the oysters and the lemonade on it." Some one said: "But Major Cave says there will be a great storm." Major Cave was one of our associates, noted for his knowledge of weather conditions. He was not with us that day. The old gentleman asked anxiously: "Did Major Cave say that?" They replied: "He certainly said it." "Then I withdraw the oysters," and, after a pause, "likewise the lemonade."

In 1878 he was appointed the commissioner from Texas to the Paris World Exposition. Several persons from Houston attended the Exposition. They had sometimes doubted his reports of his former intimacy with certain distinguished French families. But they said that no American received more marked social attention from the representatives of the old régime than he did.

In 1879 he was urged to run for representative in the State Legislature. He hesitated, saying that he was an old forgotten remnant of a former day, and he was sure he would be defeated. Greatly to his gratification, he was triumphantly elected.

He told me that he had several boxes containing his diplomatic papers while he was Minister to England and France, and I urged him to prepare a history of his mission to those nations. He pleaded that he was too old and the labor too heavy for him to write it out. I insisted that it would not require much personal writing; and though he wrote a beautiful hand and very smooth, yet he could employ a secretary and dictate to him. He finally promised to do it; but, like so many other Southern men of affairs, he neglected it to the last.

One incident to show his courageous devotion to his profession. At one time as he was alone on the prairie he was bitten by a rattlesnake, which was a frequent experience with men of that day. He had thought out a remedy to be applied when opportunity offered. He at once sat down, prepared the remedy, and applied it. Then, taking out a tablet, he recorded the effect and his progressive sensations until he became unconscious. But the remedy proved efficacious, and his life was saved.

At the time I was in Houston yellow fever was the menace of all the coast lands. He said to me: "If you should have the fever, trust your friends to nurse you, for in such time every man and woman in Houston becomes a nurse without distinction of classes, and I will come up and look after you till you get through."

He was a man of very tender affections and warm friendships. Mr. Cushing was one of his best-beloved friends, and after the death of Mr. Cushing, in 1879, he transferred his confidence to me. Although he was a member of the Episcopal Church, yet when he was in the city he attended my church. When I had to leave Houston and return to Nashville for my wife's health, he spent my last day there with me, and as he bade me good-by he laid his head on my shoulder and, with tears in his eyes, said: "At my age a man seldom makes new friends. Most of my old comrades are gone, and I had become attached to you, and now you are leaving, and I will never see you again." But in a year or two afterwards, when the University of Texas was to be organized, he was appointed regent of its board and gathered his pro-

fessors to Nashville to organize the faculty and arrange the courses. The Vanderbilt faculty were very courteous and put their halls at his disposal. I entertained him in my home, and we discussed his personal plans. I asked him if he had disposed of his library and his diplomatic documents. He said he had made his will, but would dispose of his library in a codicil to be written, and intimated that he expected to leave it to me. I urged him to give it to the Texas University, which he promised to do. Whether he did it or not I do not know. We parted then to meet no more on earth, and he soon afterwards died. Verily a true man!

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

SERIES III., VOLUME II., 1863.

Mosby's Men.—General Lee, on March 25, on sending Mosby a commission as captain, wrote him: "You will proceed to organize a band of permanent followers for the war, but by all means ignore the term 'Partisan Rangers.' It is in bad repute. Call your command 'Mosby's Regulars,' and it will give a tone of meaning and solid worth which all the world will soon recognize, and you will inscribe that name of a fearless band of heroes on the pages of our country's history and enshrine it in the hearts of a grateful people." Which advice Mosby ignored and lost standing thereby.

Mosby's Men.—On August 18 General Lee wrote Stuart: "Major Mosby's report has been forwarded to the War Department. I greatly commend his boldness and good management, which is the cause of his success. I have heard that he has now with him a large force of men, yet his expeditions are undertaken with very few, and his attention seems more directed to the capture of sutlers' wagons, etc., than to the injury of the enemy's communications and outposts. I have heard of his men, among them officers, being in the rear of this army selling captured goods, sutlers' stores, etc. It has also been reported that many deserters from this army have joined him." Mosby's regulars?

An Extraordinary State of Affairs.—General Halleck, U. S. A., wrote General Foster on October 10: "I am satisfied that a large detachment from Lee's army has been sent west and that Meade is greatly superior to him in numbers, nevertheless Meade seems unwilling to attack him without positive orders. To order a general to give battle against his wish and judgment is to assume the responsibility of a probable defeat. If a general is unwilling to fight, he is not likely to gain a victory. That army fights well when attacked, but all its generals have been unwilling to attack even very inferior numbers. It certainly is a very strange phenomenon." By the way, one of those generals did attack Lee at Fredericksburg.

Farewell, Sumter!—On September 11 General Foster, U. S. A., wrote Halleck: "General Gillmore has said that in one or two days he would plant our flag on Fort Sumter; that he would probably have a fight to do it, as the enemy had one or two hundred men there yet." Well, the last part came true, but it wasn't much of a fight after all.

Too Much Even for Butler.—General "Spoons" Butler on December 31 wrote Secretary Stanton: "General Wild took the most stringent measures, burning the property of the guerrilla parties and seizing the wives and families of others as hostages for some of his negroes that were captured, and appears to have done his work with great thoroughness, but perhaps with too much stringency." Now, that Wild man

must have been a proper ruffian to have brought forth such a remark from "Benjamin."

Wanted Something to Cook In.—Col. R. V. Richardson, C. S. A., on October 20 wrote General Chalmers from Water Valley, Miss.: "For God's and the country's sake make your fair-promising-but-never-complying quartermaster send me skillets, ovens, pots, or anything that will bake bread or fry meat. I want clothing, shoes, and blankets for my naked, freezing men. Will you do it? Gens. Stephen D. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston promised all these things, but nothing has been done. I say again, Send me two hundred and twenty-five skillets. I cannot fight any more until I get something to cook in." He must have gotten them, for he and his command fought like the devil shortly after this appeal.

Orders to Suit the Occasion.—Col. E. F. Winslow, 4th Iowa Cavalry, says of the skirmish at Robinson's Mills, Miss., in October: "I regret to say that the center of my column was somewhat disorganized by the conduct of curious personages who fled when the situation became uncomfortable because of the enemy's shells. They gave self-originated orders while going to the rear." These "curious personages" probably had had their curiosity satisfied and were headed home to get off a telegram announcing a glorious victory.

A True Prophecy.—President Davis wrote General Lee on August 11: "Were you capable of stooping to it, you could easily surround yourself with those who would fill the press with your laudations and seek to exalt you for what you had not done rather than detract from the achievements which will make you and your army the subject of history and object of the world's admiration for generations to come." And the President deserved honor for such a truth.

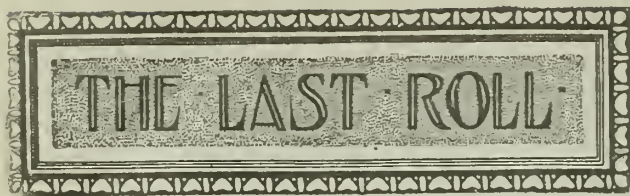
Barefoot and Barelegged Men.—On October 10 Gen. Sam Jones wrote the Quartermaster-General C. S. A.: "I know from personal inspection that clothing, chiefly pants and shoes, is necessary. I have seen large numbers of men marching to meet the enemy without shoes, and many have been excused from certain duties because they could not with decency appear in public." *Sans-culotte*, but *sans reproche*.

Drawing the Color Line.—General Halleck, U. S. A., wrote Meade on August 27: "Colored troops in no case will be assigned to white regiments, and none will be sent to the Army of the Potomac." They were sent to that army, however, when Grant took charge.

Confederate Gunboats.—General Whiting, C. S. A., on August 26 wrote from Wilmington, N. C.: "As to the gunboat, I care very little. I never expect it to be finished or, if finished, do anything. So far the gunboats have caused more trouble, interfered more with government business and transportation, been bound up more, and accomplished less than any other part of the service." History confirms this, but from no fault of the officers.

Lee on Concentration.—On September 14 General Lee wrote the President: "Should Longstreet reach Bragg in time to aid him in winning a victory and return to this army, it will be well; but should he be detained there without being able to do any good, it will result in evil." And Longstreet's Knoxville trip proved it.

Tired of the War.—General Tyler, U. S. A., on June 19 reported: "Three men from the 11th Tennessee deserted last night at Sharpsburg. One of the men was very intelligent, tired of war, and wants to go home." As the 11th was then in Tennessee, they gave the wrong regiment; but the very intelligent man proved himself that at any rate.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless we move so lowly;
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest,
O holy, holy, holy!"

COL. GEORGE C. PORTER.

Col. George C. Porter, ranking Confederate veteran of Tennessee, died in Nashville, Tenn., on September 20, at the age of eighty-five years. He was laid to rest at Brownsville, Tenn., his old home.

George Camp Porter was born in Fayette County, Tenn., the son of Charles Bingley Porter, a native of Orange County, Va., whose ancestral home had been the headquarters of General Lafayette during the Revolutionary War; and his grandfather, Charles Bingley Porter, Sr., commanded a Virginia regiment under Washington at Yorktown and also defeated James Madison for the Virginia Legislature. The mother of George C. Porter was Miss Mary Scott, of Haywood County, Tenn., who came from Halifax County, Va. His father removed to Tennessee in 1826.

In 1854 young Porter was sent to the Kentucky Military Institute, from which he graduated in 1857, taking first honors of his class. He then entered a law office in Memphis, Tenn., and began the practice of law in 1860. Soon after the beginning of the War between the States he organized in Brownsville a company known as the "Haywood Blues," which became a part of the 6th Tennessee Regiment, being sworn into State service in May, 1861. Captain Porter was then elected major, and soon after the battle of Shiloh, when the army was reorganized, he was made colonel. Among the famous battles in which his regiment took part were: Perryville, Stones River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, all of the fighting under Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, and the battles of Franklin and Nashville. On the retreat from Tennessee Colonel Porter's 6th Tennessee was transferred to the Western Army in North Carolina and surrendered under its old commander, Gen. J. E. Johnston, in April, 1865.

At the close of the war Colonel Porter returned to Brownsville and again took up the practice of law. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of January, 1870, also of the State Senate in 1871, and was in the General Assembly of 1877, later served as President of the Board of Railroad Commissioners, and held other positions of trust and prominence in succeeding years. He had been President of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac of Confederate Veterans at Nashville and was historian of that body and also for the State Association U. C. V. He was a writer of ability, and his history of Tennessee infantry regiments is one of the most valuable contributions to the military history of the War between the States.

Colonel Porter was a Mason of high degree, a member of

Cumberland Lodge, F. and A. M., and of the Knights of Pythias. He was married to Miss Mollie P. Bond, of Brownsville, in 1871, and is survived by a daughter.

COMRADES AT HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

Report comes from C. C. Anderson, of Holly Springs, Miss., of the deaths of two comrades there, J. H. Gilliam and John J. Marshall, of whom he writes:

"J. H. Gilliam was born in Henderson County, Tenn., near Lexington. In October, 1861, at the age of twenty-five years, he enlisted in Company F, 51st Tennessee Regiment, of Marcus J. Wright's brigade, Cheatham's Division, and was in every battle of his command from Perryville, Ky., to the last battle in North Carolina under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Comrade Gilliam proved to be an ideal soldier, none braver, none more faithful in the performance of duty. After the war he returned to his home, in Henderson County, where he lived with his family until his death, in September, 1919, at the age of ninety years.

"John J. Marshall was born near Pinson, Chester County, Tenn., and at the age of twenty-three years he enlisted in Company F, 51st Tennessee Regiment, Wright's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps. He was in all the marches and battles of the Army of Tennessee. No better or braver soldier ever went to war than John J. Marshall. He surrendered under General Johnston in North Carolina in April, 1865, and returned to his home, in Chester County, where he reared a family. He ranked with the best citizens of the county—a man of generous impulses, loving his country and his friends. His death occurred in August, 1919."

CAPT. THOMAS CAPEHART.

At his home, Southall, near Kittrell, N. C., Capt. Thomas Capehart, C. S. A., passed into Paradise on August 30, 1919, at the age of seventy-nine years.

Captain Capehart was the son of the late Tristram Capehart and Emily Hunter Southall, of Murfreesboro, N. C., and was one of the many young men who at the outbreak of the War between the States left Chapel Hill for the Confederate army, volunteering in Bethel Regiment and becoming second lieutenant of Company M. After six months that famous "Dixie Rebel" regiment disbanded, and Lieutenant Capehart then recruited and equipped at his own expense an artillery company which became Company C, Moore's Battalion, and of which he was made captain. When his company was not in action, he served as aid to D. H. Hill in the various battles which took place around Richmond.



CAPT. THOMAS CAPEHART.

In 1862 he married Amelia Eppes Tucker, daughter of Thomas Goode Tucker, of Brunswick County, Va.

Captain Capehart was known as a "man of truth" and was honored and respected by all who knew him. For many years before his death he was an invalid, during which period he was "aye ripening" in the childlike faith of which he was the possessor.

CAPT. MARK STERLING COCKRILL.

On the 4th of October, 1919, Capt. Mark Sterling Cockrill ended a long life of faithful service to God and for his fellow men. He was born in his ancestral home, near the city of Nashville, Tenn., May 29, 1838. His family were distinguished pioneers in the settlement of Middle Tennessee. His father, Mark Robertson Cockrill, was a nephew of Gen. James Robertson, the founder of Nashville, and was one of the most successful planters and stock breeders of his day, and this son of his inherited his love for and ability in farming.

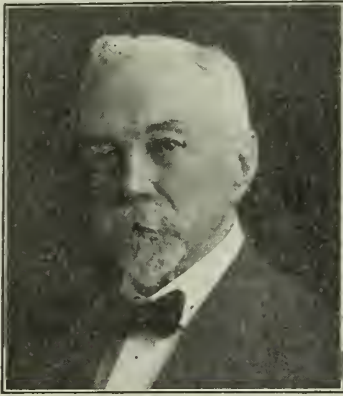
Educated at the military school at Nashville, Mark Cockrill was well fitted for military service; and when the War between the States began, he joined Rutledge's Battery of Artillery in April, 1861, and was elected first lieutenant. Thence forward for four years his was a record of courage and ceaseless activity in the service of the Confederacy, part of the time in command of his battery and then as captain on the staff of Gen. John C. Brown as ordnance officer. It is needless to go into the details of his service through the campaigns of Generals Bragg and Joseph E. Johnston until the final surrender of the remnants of that band of heroes, who on many a field of blood, through toil and suffering, wounds and death, testified their love for their country and their devotion to her rights. It is enough to say that Captain Cockrill was always faithful, brave, and true. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., on May 16, 1865, and returned to his home to take up the duties of citizenship under the new order of things. He was soon afterwards married to Miss Mary Hill Goodloe, who only a few years ago went before him into the heavenly home, after forty-five years of happy married life.

The same high devotion to duty which marked his life as a soldier was shown by Captain Cockrill in all his activities as a citizen. With rare and generous public spirit he sought to promote the highest interests of the community. There were three things to which he gave his best thought and effort. He was zealous in caring for his old comrades, the Confederate soldiers, disabled by wounds or poverty or the infirmities of age or disease. He was for years President of the Executive Board of Trustees of the Confederate Home, and he never spared himself in caring for its inmates.

He was deeply concerned for the education of the coming generation, and he gave time and thought and money to the establishment and efficiency of the public schools, one of which bears his name, a tribute to his work in behalf of the children.

The third matter of deep concern to him was the religious welfare of the people. When he united with the Church, many years ago, he entered at once and with characteristic energy into religious work, and it was largely through his efforts and liberality that the beautiful West Nashville Presbyterian Church was built. He was superintendent of its Sunday school and its senior ruling elder.

Captain Cockrill was a man of the highest type of the old-time Southern gentleman. Absolutely open and sincere in all



M. S. COCKRILL.

the relations of life, kind and generous by nature, with quick and ready sympathies, strong in his convictions and brave, magnanimous, without guile in supporting them, strong in his faith in God and in trust in his Saviour, he was a man who won the love and the respect of all who knew him, and his departure will be mourned not only by his family, but by his old comrades of the war, by his business associates, by his neighbors and their children, and by the Church. A brave soldier, an upright citizen, a true Christian, having served his generation, he has gone to a blessed reward to rejoin his loved ones gone before.

Captain Cockrill is survived by two sons, Mark S. Cockrill, of Montana, and Goodloe Cockrill, of Nashville, and by two daughters, Mrs. Duncan Kenner and Miss Janie Cockrill, both of Nashville.

[J. H. McNeilly.]

THOMAS A. WHITE.

Thomas A. White was born in Putnam County, Ga., May 18, 1848, and at the age of sixteen enlisted in the 12th Georgia Battalion of Infantry, which was sent to Virginia soon thereafter and became a part of what was known as Gordon's Brigade, though at that time commanded by Gen. Clement A. Evans. He served with his company from that time until the charge upon Fort Stedman, in front of Petersburg, where he was captured and taken to Point Lookout, Md., and kept in prison until the close of the war. He died in Thomasville, Ga., on the morning of October 1, 1919.

He was an enthusiastic believer in the cause for which he fought and could on occasion give "a reason for the faith that was in him," and he made many talks on the cause and the reasons for secession before Camp No. 423, U. C. V., of which he was a faithful member. He was for many years Chaplain of the Camp.

Mr. White joined the Baptist Church in early life and soon after he reached his majority became a minister of the gospel. He was a most faithful servant of the Master and devoted himself to the ministry for the benefit of the weaker country Churches in Thomas and Brooks Counties, refusing all offers to take charge of larger and stronger Churches. He was much beloved by all who came in contact with him and exemplified in his life the gospel which he preached. He was as brave and faithful a soldier in the cause of Christ as he had been in the cause of the Confederacy.

CAPT. GEORGE H. WHITESIDES.

Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant Camp Tom Moore, No. 556, U. C. V., Apalachicola, Fla., sends the following resolutions:

"Whereas Capt. George H. Whitesides, a devoted and esteemed comrade of our Camp of Confederate Veterans, departed this life at his home, in this city, on Friday, October 10, in his seventy-fifth year; therefore be it

"Resolved, That, while we shall miss him from our meetings, we realize that our loss is his gain, for we trust that he has entered into rest 'where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death are felt and feared no more.'

"Resolved, That we are aware his loss was deeply felt both in Church and community. Our love and esteem for Captain George will be one of the treasured memories in our Camp. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and one son, all loyal to their father and in sympathy with what he loved and cherished.

"Committee: W. F. Solomon, A. R. Sharit, and W. F. Donahue."

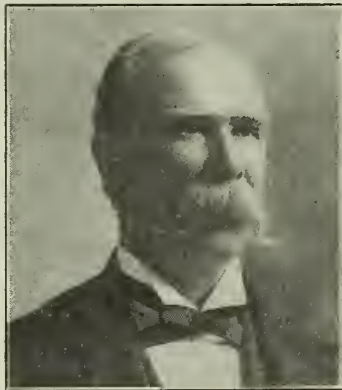
CAPT. GEORGE L. COWAN.

GIDEON D. HARRIS.

Capt. George L. Cowan, who died at his home, in Franklin, Tenn., on September 1, 1919, was born in County Derry, Ireland, on October 15, 1842, and came to this country in 1850 with his parents, who settled in Bedford County, Tenn.

He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 in Captain Boone's company of Shelbyville, which company was selected by Gen. N. B. Forrest as his personal escort. Comrade Cowan was with General Forrest in all the battles and skirmishes of his command and for quite a while, as first lieutenant, was in command of the company, surrendering with it at Gainesville, Ala., on May 9, 1865.

Any one acquainted with General Forrest's record will know that to hold the position held by Comrade Cowan he must have been a man of skill and address, of quick and sound judgment, and of undoubted courage. He was a soldier true and tried, giving to his country four years of the prime of life.



G. L. COWAN.

After the surrender Comrade Cowan returned home, but soon entered the wholesale mercantile business at Nashville, in which he continued several years. In 1884 he was married to Miss Hattie McGavock, daughter of Col. John McGavock, of Franklin, one of nature's noblemen and of the most prominent families of the whole Southland. Surviving him are his wife and five children.

"Whereas God in his providence has seen proper to call from among us Comrade Cowan, one of our best members, one who carried the Confederate soldier near to his heart, one who was instrumental in getting the headstones placed in McGavock Cemetery. In fact, at his own expense he visited the legislatures of Alabama and Mississippi while in session and procured a contribution from each of these States to help in this work and was at the time of his death President of the Board of Trustees of McGavock Cemetery Association. Comrade Cowan had been a Trustee of the Soldiers' Home since its foundation and did all he could to aid, relieve, and encourage the inmates. He served as President of our Bivouac a number of terms and was Secretary for years, until a short time back, when his eyesight failed—therefore be it

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Cowan our Bivouac has lost one of its most faithful and beloved members; that Masonry has lost one of the truest exponents of its doctrine, 'the brotherhood of man'; that his Church has lost a brother whose place will be hard to fill; that his community has lost an honorable, law-abiding, and respected citizen—yes, one of whom it can be truthfully said: 'In him there was no guile.'"

[Committee: W. W. Courtney, P. L. Martin, L. M. Priest.]

JOHN BRAINARD HOYLMAN.

The notice appearing in the VETERAN for August, page 307, on the death of John Brainard Hogleman showed an error in the name, which should have been Hoylman. This correction is asked by the family, as he was so widely known.

Gideon Douse Harris was born on the 9th of June, 1846. On the 3d of September, 1919, while working in his garden, he was stricken with apoplexy, dying almost instantly.

At the early age of sixteen years Gid D. Harris entered the Confederate service as a messenger boy, but in 1863 he became an enlisted member of Company II (Capt. John H. Richards), 6th Mississippi Cavalry (Col. Isham Harrison), Mabry's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry Corps, and as such he was honorably discharged from the service on the close of the war. He was wounded in one of the battles of his command and carried to his grave the fearsome marks of a Minié ball which crashed through his left elbow joint.

For more than twenty-six years Gid D. Harris was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school in Columbus, Miss., and was ever faithful, intelligent, cheerful, and a living example to the young of an active Christian, claiming God's promises and obeying his mandates as dictated by the still small voice of an active conscience. Prominent in business and civic affairs as well as in Church affiliations, he will be missed as a splendid example of indefatigable energy, wise business judgment, safe counselor and friend, having for seventy-three years gone in and out before this community with no stain upon his upright character.

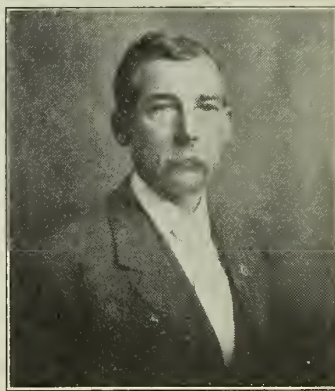
He was laid to rest in the Odd Fellows Cemetery on September 4, 1919, where he waits with no fear the coming of his Lord.

[J. W. Lipscomb.]

THOMAS R. MCCORMICK.

At the age of seventy-eight years Thomas R. McCormick died at his home, in Meridian, Miss., on the 22d of August, 1919. He was one of the most prominent citizens of Meridian and East Mississippi, and for years was one of the leading insurance men of the State. As a Confederate veteran, a member of Walthall Camp, No. 25, U. C. V., he was a leader in movements looking to the interest of his comrades in the War between the States. For years he had been the active

representative of the VETERAN in that community, looking after its interests zealously.



THOMAS R. MCCORMICK.

Thomas McCormick enlisted as a Confederate soldier in August, 1861, and served with Company H, 27th Mississippi Regiment, of Walthall's Brigade. He shared the fortunes of this command on the march, in battle, and in camp until he was captured in the battle of Lookout Mountain, in November, 1863. He was taken thence to Rock Island Prison, from which

he escaped on the night of October 1, 1864. Making his way South with much difficulty, he at last reached Corinth, Miss., in November and there rejoined the army and was then in Captain Gallagher's company of Colonel Weir's regiment, the 5th Mississippi, to the end. In a detailed account of his escape from prison Comrade McCormick tells of his experiences as an escaped prisoner and how he extricated himself from several tight places. When he reached Memphis, Tenn.,

he found that city full of Yankee soldiers, and the next day he "took in the city with a Yankee detective." When he reached home in December, 1864, on a little visit, he found that his own father did not know him, he had changed so much in personal appearance.

Comrade McCormick is survived by his wife, four daughters, and two sons.

EDWARD CHARLES DOZIER.

Edward C. Dozier was born in South Carolina August 17, 1843, and died in California October 9, 1919, at the age of seventy-six years.

He was one of nine brothers, sons of Anthony W. Dozier, six of whom served in the Confederate army, and all returned home at the close of the war. Edward and his older brother, Anthony, were cadets at the Military Academy in 1862, where they organized a cadet company of cavalry, with Anthony as first lieutenant and Edward as first sergeant, offered their services to the Confederate government, and were assigned to duty on Long Island, in Charleston Harbor. After one engagement with the Union forces, in which the cadet company was distinguished for courage and intrepidity, the company was transferred to Virginia and attached to Gen. Wade Hampton's brigade. By the close of the war Sergeant Dozier was in command of the remnant of this body of young patriots, all the superior officers having been killed, captured, or disabled, and the rank and file sadly reduced.

Returning home, young Dozier took charge of his father's plantation of several thousand acres and hundreds of ex-slaves, all of which he managed most successfully. In 1869 the family removed to California, and Edward became the manager of a large ranch near Rio Vista, which he later purchased and operated to the time of his death. In 1871 he was married to Miss Jeannette D. Pressley, a sister of Col. John G. Pressley, of the 25th South Carolina Regiment, and Col. James F. Pressley, of the 10th South Carolina Regiment. She survives him with five sons and four daughters.

Reared amid the refinements of a typical Southern home, Edward Dozier carried through life a high sense of the dignity of true manhood and of the graces of a gentleman and left a reputation for honor, generosity, and kindness which will ever cling to his name.

EDWIN LEWIS TOWLES.

Edwin L. Towles was born in Fredericksburg, Va., December 25, 1843, and died at his home, in White Stone, Lancaster County, Va., on September 14, 1919.

On November 2, 1862, he volunteered his services to the Confederacy and was mustered into Company C, 30th Regiment of Virginia Infantry, under Captain Alexander and Colonel Carey. The regiment was assigned to Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., and he participated in the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Second Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Five Forks, Spotsylvania C. H., and many other minor engagements. He was detailed for special training as sharpshooter and soon made a name and record for himself. He was wounded in his mouth by a rifle ball on March 31, 1864, and early in April he was captured near Dinwiddie C. H., where he had been placed to do special work as a sharpshooter. When he found himself completely surrounded, with no hope of escape, he determined that his rifle, which had given such valuable service to the South, should never fall into the hands of the enemy to be used against his country, so he smashed the gun's barrel against an oak tree. With four of his companions he was sent on to Point Lookout,

where they suffered for both food and water until a relative interceded with the government and got a discharge for him and his cousin on June 11, 1865. Because of this intercession Major Brady, in charge of the prison, refused to give them their transportation passports, but which they secured by passing in with the wounded men. After many difficulties they reached Richmond and went on to Fredericksburg, surprising their many friends, for they had been reported dead.

In 1870 he married a distant cousin, a daughter of F. P. Towles, who survives him with one son. He was a member of the Lawson-Ball Camp, U. C. V., and took the keenest interest in anything pertaining to the South and Southern history. Lancaster has lost one of her bravest and best men, and his place can never be filled.

[Mrs. L. G. Connelle, Bertrand, Va.]

W. A. POE.

The following memorial resolution was adopted by Camp R. A. Smith, U. C. V., at their regular meeting August 10, 1919:

"Whereas on the 19th of June, 1919, it pleased our Heavenly Father to send his angel of death and remove from our midst our loved brother and comrade, W. A. Poe. He was born in Macon, Ga., December 2, 1850. His death removes the last survivor of the honored Washington Poe family, one of Macon's most eminent lawyers and honored citizens.

"Comrade Poe, being too young for regular military service at the beginning of the War between the States, became a member of Captain Butt's home guards, giving aid to that glorious band of old men and beardless boys in maintaining domestic safety and protecting the city against invasion of Federals. He was an active participant in the bloody battle near Griswoldville, eleven miles from Macon.

"Comrade Poe was a consistent and loved member of Camp R. A. Smith, having served fifteen years as Adjutant of the Camp, and was ever ready to do his full duty.

"Resolved, That we sincerely mourn his death and that we extend to his family our deepest sympathy in their great bereavement."

[Committee: Vice Commander Joe Porter, Judge John S. Avant, Mrs. Anna Bryant Lane.]

JOHN GEUPEL.

John Geupel, who died at Santo, Tex., in September, 1919, was born in Germany in 1829. He came to this country in 1846, landing in New York, where he remained for a while, then came South to New Orleans. He was there and in Alabama until about 1852, when he went to Texas overland, stopping first at Waco, then known as Waco Village. He was a tinner by trade. After a time he moved to Brazos County.

In April, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army in Falls County, Tex., becoming a member of Company F, Capt. E. Bennett commanding, 20th Texas Infantry, under Colonel Elmore. He served to the close of the war, being discharged in May, 1865, near Harrisburg, between Houston and Galveston.

Comrade Geupel was married to Mrs. McCant, of Falls County, on Christmas Eve, 1865. He moved to Palo Pinto County in 1881 and settled on a farm, where he lived continuously to his death. At the time of his death he was making his home with his son-in-law, Prof. John Miller, of Santo.

Mr. Geupel lived and worked for the country of his adoption and was highly respected by all who knew him.

JOHN CHENOWETH HART.

John Chenoweth Hart, born August 20, 1843, in Randolph County, near Beverly, Va., was a direct descendant of John Hart, who as a delegate from New Jersey signed the Declaration of Independence. His father was Ezra P. Hart, a Baptist preacher, and his mother was Jerusha Kelly, a woman of noble character and very fine family.

John C. Hart grew up on a farm, and in his twentieth year he responded to the call to defend the South. Early in the spring of 1863 he was enlisted with McClanahan's Battery, Imboden's Brigade, and participated in all the battles engaged in by that famous artillery organization. His first battle was at Gettysburg, where the battery gained considerable distinction. Then followed Williamsport, Winchester, White Post, Berry's Ferry, New Market, Piedmont, Lynchburg, and many others, in which he showed his value as man and soldier.

Like all the Southern heroes who were spared the supreme sacrifice, he was determined that the cause of the Confederacy should not perish, despite the reverses suffered as a result of the war. Returning home, he engaged in rebuilding houses and barns destroyed during the war, working hard to rebuild the hopes and property of his section. A few years later he married Margaret Caplinger and then settled down to live as a respected and prominent citizen of his community for the remainder of his life. He joined the Southern Methodist Church, and to the end continued to be the same upright, honorable, respected Southern gentleman; and he died as only the pure in heart can die, sorrowful that pleasant earthly associations should end, but eager to know that he was to receive his reward for deeds well done.

His death occurred at his home on October 13, 1919, at the age of seventy-six years, and he was buried on what was once his grandfather's farm. His death is lamented by his many friends, who feel that there is none to take his place.

[C. C. Hart.]

COL. E. L. DOHONEY.

From resolutions by A. S. Johnston Camp, No. 70, U. C. V., Paris, Tex., the following is taken:

"After a long life of usefulness, Col. E. L. Dohoney recently passed away, leaving the memory of his life as an inspiration and a benediction to those coming after him.

"In 1859 he located in Paris, Tex., as a young lawyer and was a member of the Texas bar with S. B. Maxey, W. B. Wright, Col. William Johnson, and others, and was the last one of the *ante-bellum* members to pass away. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1875, also State Senator, being a useful and leading member of both bodies.

"At the call of his country he enlisted in the Confederate army and was elected lieutenant colonel of the gallant 8th Texas Regiment.

"Comrade Dohoney's life was a successful and useful one. Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death, and his friends and comrades believe that all is well with him. His public and private life was impeccable.

"In his death our Camp has lost a loyal comrade, his Church a devoted worshiper, his community a useful citizen, his family a devoted husband and father; and with the poet we can say:

"Sleep, soldier, still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

"Committee: J. M. Long, John Smith, P. M. Speairs, C. P. Matthews."

WILL A. GAINES.

Comrade Will A. Gaines, who died at his home, in Georgetown, Ky., on October 16, was born in Fayette County, Ky., near old Union Church, on August 9, 1840, the son of O. Wallace Gaines. He joined the company raised by W. C. P. Breckinridge at Georgetown in April, 1861, which afterwards became Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, under Gen. John H. Morgan, and was with his command four years, serving as adjutant of the regiment for three years. His company was in a fight the day after it formed at Cynthiana. Comrade Gaines was wounded once during his service and was captured at Glasgow, Ky., during Morgan's raid into Kentucky in December, 1862, but he was exchanged at Old Point Comfort a few months later. He surrendered at Mount Sterling, Ky., in the spring of 1865, with Gov. James B. McCreary, Rev. J. C. Hunter, and others.

After the war Comrade Gaines was a farmer and stock raiser and was Vice President of the Kentucky Saddle Horse Association. He was twice married, first to Miss Bettie Hill, of Bourbon County. The second wife was Miss Allie Murphy, of Scott County, who survives him. For more than fifty-five years he was a member of the Christian Church, which he joined in 1862. The burial services were conducted by his Confederate comrades and by the Elks at Jacksonville, in Bourbon County, where he was laid to rest. Comrade Gaines was a man of genial disposition and had a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

In another part of this number there is a short article on "The Friendship That Endures," which is a tribute to this loyal comrade.

W. E. McCLENDON.

Comrade W. E. McClendon was born June 10, 1843, near Roanoke, Ala. He enlisted in the Confederate army and was mustered into service on July 11, 1861, as a member of Company C, 13th Alabama Regiment, and made as good a soldier as ever wore the gray, ever ready for duty without complaint, and was liked by all his comrades. He was with his company throughout the war, with the exception of two months while sick in the hospital and twelve months of prison. Surrendering with his command, he returned home and took up the burden of rebuilding his country, in which he did a man's part. In 1868 he was married to Miss M. E. Jackson; and though they had but little to start with, he was a hard worker and became a successful farmer and reared a large family. Of his kind is our best citizenship. Comrade McClendon was a faithful member of the Primitive Baptist Church. After a long illness he died at his home, near Opelika, Ala., survived by his good wife, four sons and five daughters, twenty-one grandchildren, and a host of relatives and friends who mourn his passing.

[W. A. Lamb.]

JOHN W. LOCKE.

On September 9, 1919, one of Mosby's boy soldiers, John W. Locke, passed away in Charlestown, W. Va., loved and honored by all the community. For a long time he had been in bad health. He was born in Charles Town (now West Virginia) seventy-four years ago. He was a lovable comrade, a sincere friend, kind and generous, a man who came nearer than any man I ever knew to carrying out the command of the Master, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," a man of sterling character and integrity, with hosts of friends. Peace to the ashes of this nobleman who lived for others!

[A friend and comrade, J. Ogden Murray.]

MRS. ALICE M'ARTHUR RAND—IN MEMORIAM.

Entered into eternal sleep on the morning of April 27, 1919, Alice McArthur Rand, widow of Lieut. H. W. Rand, of the 22d Virginia Infantry, one of the most faithful and devoted of that noble band of women who risked all to assist their beloved South from 1861 to 1864. Her father's home was the rendezvous for escaped prisoners, and there was no danger great enough to frighten or prevent her from assisting them to a place of safety. Twice she piloted Capt. Thomas Hines, of Gen. John H. Morgan's command, through the lines after a reward of fifty thousand dollars had been offered for him dead or alive by the United States government. She drove with him from her home, in Dayton, Ky., through Newport and Covington to Florence ("Stringtown on the Pike") when there seemed no possibility of escaping detection.



MRS. ALICE M'ARTHUR RAND.

Even to the time of her death Mrs. Rand was rarely beautiful. No carved cameo was ever more exquisite than her face, and in character she was as exalted as she was perfect in features. She was a devoted Daughter of the Confederacy, instilling their principles, which she knew to be right, in the minds and hearts of her two daughters and a manly little grandson. She was always eager to give of her time and means for the cause she loved.

We, her fellow workers, miss her sadly, but in our sorrow we have taught ourselves to say:

"Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

[Mrs. J. M. Arnold, U. D. C.]

MRS. H. A. CHAMBERS—AN APPRECIATION.

Her presence lingers still about the room,
Her footsteps echo yet upon the floor,
Her cheery smile still brightens all the gloom,
Though she has hurried out and shut the door;
And, biding here below, we can but pray,
Whatever fate it pleases God to send:
"O, let us grasp her hand again some day!
She was our friend."

In the passing of Mrs. Henry A. Chambers, Past President of the Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, U. D. C., Chattanooga, Tenn., the city has lost one who truly and constantly typified what is understood by the term "gentlewoman."

As a friend she was incomparable, and her warm Irish heart ever gave instant and joyous response to a friend's need or semblance of need. Her allegiance once given to a person, principle or cause was maintained with absolute, unswerving loyalty, and her devotion to the interests of the Southern Confederacy, around which clustered the dearest and most poignant memories of her girlhood, was a veritable passion.

The traditions and standards which Mrs. Chambers held enshrined in her heart and to which she gave tender reverence were the best the Old South had to offer, and it is not saying too much to add that in her gracious personality they came to perfect flower.—*Frances B. Magill.*

GO MARK THEIR GRAVES.

BY MABELLE BROWN WEBB, POET LAUREATE MISSOURI
DIVISION, U. D. C.

Low lying after "life's long, fitful fever,"
Your hero dead are sleeping passing well;
But the tangled grass above their mounds cries ever:
"Go mark the graves of those who fought and fell."

Go mark their graves! How many of them, nameless,
Though names unknown to us are carved on glory's shrine?
These lowly heroes' lives have not been aimless;
Their story's writ in heaven with hand divine.

Go sing a hymn and plant the banner o'er them,
The flag they loved, the old "red, white, and red,"
With sacred ceremony and deplore them
With hearts, like Rachel's, still uncomforted.

Hearts sorrowing too because of all the others
Who fell beyond our knowing and our care,
The thousands of the South's brave sons and brothers
Who fed the cruel ravens of the air.

How many lie beneath the turbid water,
In matted morass, marsh, or boggy fen,
Who filled the darkly crimson sea of slaughter,
And fought and died like heroes and like men!

Go mark their graves! Bring garlands of your weaving
And place the marking stones at foot and head,
The error of neglect at last retrieving,
While name we them "our own Confederate dead."

Behold the damp, dank, unkept sod above them!
Replace with flowers the rankling thistle there.
The Southern cause doth still revere and love them
And claims for them your thought and tender care.

Would it be sacrilege to thus entwine them,
To place upon each mossy earth-grown bed,
Not mourning immortelles, but to enshrine them
With emblematic roses "white and red"?

So long they've lain, with only willows sighing
O'er their low mounds, so strangely sad and lone;
No voice to weep save that of night bird crying
In sharp and shrill discordant monotone.

O'er them the creeping ivy's poison fingers,
Wild weeds where flit the bees and butterflies,
And where the glittering night dew damply lingers,
The faint, sweet, pungent woodland odors rise.

Six feet of earth the recompense we make them;
'Tis all that they, the brave, had hoped to gain,
Save their great cause, and ne'er can bugle wake them
From their long sleep on field and battle plain.

As soldiers they knew not life's resting places,
Nor rose nor laurel found, but only rue.
Their lives were ordered not on green oases;
Make green their graves, 'tis all that we can do.

O, hearts with patriotic fire still burning,
Go lay your chaplets there with tender hand.
Perhaps in that far land of their sojourning
Their shades may know and feel and understand.
Go mark their graves!"

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, *President General*
Paducah, Ky.

MRS. ALICE BAXTER, Atlanta, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, Little Rock, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. E. R. BYRNES, Charleston, W. Va. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. *Treasurer General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. *Historian General*
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Registrar General*
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

[All communications for this department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

THE NEW PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The Convention at Tampa, Fla., gave its unanimous vote to Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Kentucky, for President General, and that this selection of the leading officer will be most happy in result is a confident prediction. She enters the office with a great record of U. D. C. work, having served as President of Paducah Chapter, President of the Kentucky Division, Recording Secretary General, Treasurer of the Shiloh Monument Committee, and as Chairman of the General History Committee, of the General Finance Committee, of the General Committee on the Jefferson Davis Memorial, of the General Convention Credential Committee, and as chairman of various special committees of the general conventions. In giving her its indorsement the Kentucky Division resolved that "no member of the organization possesses greater charm of manner, more superb personal attraction, greater natural ability, or more efficient training than Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, and that for untiring energy, unusual executive ability, loyal devotion to the ideals of the Confederacy, Mrs. McKinney has few equals and no superiors."

The following brief sketch of Mrs. McKinney will be of interest to the membership now looking to her for guidance and encouragement during the next two years:

May Faris McKinney is the daughter of Alexander Allen Faris, a prominent surgeon of Hickman, Ky. In May, 1861, Dr. Faris enlisted in Company L, 5th Tennessee Infantry, and in the battle of Perryville, Ky., he lost his right arm and was taken prisoner. In February, 1863, he was exchanged and was then given an honorable discharge as incapacitated for active service. However, the discharge found a safe retreat in an inside pocket, and the young patriot hastened to Valdosta, Ga., rejoined his command there, and took part in its every engagement to the close of the war. Mrs. McKinney's mother was Florence Goalder Faris, and there were two maternal uncles in the Confederate service. One of them gave up his life on the battle field. Dr. Faris died in 1905.

Mrs. McKinney's ancestry is of colonial Virginia, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania. One ancestor was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and served as brigadier general in the Revolutionary War; another was a captain in this war and served in the North Carolina House of Commons and Senate; while another was a general in the War of 1812.

In November, 1901, May Faris was married to Roy Weak McKinney, of Paducah, Ky., and in that city she has been at the head of every organization of which she is a member.

Mrs. McKinney has always been deeply interested in the Confederate Veterans' organization and is now Chairman of the Advisory Board of the Kentucky Confederate Home. She attended the recent Reunion in Atlanta as matron of honor of the Army of Northern Virginia Division, S. C. V.

THE HERO FUND.

RECEIPTS FOR OCTOBER, 1919.

Alabama Division: Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, in memoriam Lieut. Wiley Harolson Burford, of Ocala, Fla., the first American artillery officer to make the supreme sacrifice in France, February 14, 1917, \$50; Mrs. Chappell Cory, in honor of Lieut. Armstrong Cory, \$5; Mrs. Chappell Cory, in honor of Lieut. Chappell Cory, Jr., \$5; Union Springs Chapter, \$5; William Henry Forney Chapter, \$5; Gen. John H. Forney Chapter, \$2; Clayton Chapter, \$2; James D. Webb Chapter, \$1; Sumter Chapter, \$1; M. E. Pratt Chapter, \$2.....	\$ 78 00
Arkansas Division: Robert A. Dowdell Chapter...	2 00
Colorado Division: Robert E. Lee Chapter.....	2 00
Florida Division: Dixie Chapter (bond).....	50 00
Georgia Division: For Alexander H. Stephens and John B. Gordon Memorial Scholarships, \$343.60; bonds, \$1,550; Atlanta Chapter, \$100; O. C. Horne Chapter, \$101; Habersham Chapter, \$2; Thirza David Chapter, \$1; Sidney Lanier Chapter, \$2; Liberty County Chapter, \$5; Mary Ann Williams Chapter, \$4	2,108 60
North Carolina Division.....	14 00
Oklahoma Division	5 00
Ohio Division: Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, \$25; Dayton Dixies, C. of C., \$5; Joe Wheeler Chapter (in bonds), \$100.....	130 00
South Carolina Division: Mrs. Hartwell M. Ayer, in memoriam Hartwell M. Ayer, \$25; Florence Thornwell Chapter, \$5; Edward Croft Chapter, \$2.10; Mrs. C. E. Jarrot, \$5; John C. Calhoun Chapter, \$2; William Easley Chapter, \$5; Isabella D. Martin Chapter, \$5; St. Matthews Chapter, \$11; Sam Davis Chapter, C. of C., \$5; S. D. Barron Chapter, \$2; Pickens Chapter, \$3; Bald Eagle Chapter, C. of C., \$5; Hampton-Lee Chapter, \$3; Arthur Manigault Chapter (in bonds), \$50.....	128 10
Texas Division: J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, \$10; Capt. E. S. Rugley Chapter, \$10; Division, \$188.33....	208 33
Virginia Division: Bethel Chapter, \$15; Division, \$79.06	94 06
West Virginia Division	315 80

Total \$ 3,135 89
Previously reported 15,288 19

Total November 1, 1919.....\$18,424 08
ARMIDA MOSES, *Treasurer*.

DIVISION NOTES.

Alabama.—The new President of the Alabama Division, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, of Montgomery, is inspiring her Daughters to renew their energy and efforts in personal work for the Confederate veterans. Her first official letter was a request that each Chapter send one or two veterans from its county to the Reunion in Atlanta. The Chapters responded, some sending as many as thirty. In one county no veteran would be sent, all being either financially able to go or their children able to send them. The four Chapters of Montgomery combined and sent all veterans from the Confederate Home who were physically able to attend, twenty-five in number. These were met in Montgomery by the Kiwanis Club and entertained by an automobile ride out to the aviation repair depot, where Colonel Patterson and his men gave a flying circus for their benefit. Following this a luncheon was served them at the Exchange Hotel by the same club.

The Montgomery Chapters were hostess to the infirm veterans at the Confederate Home on Thursday, October 9, during the Reunion, going from Montgomery to Mountain Creek and personally serving an elaborate luncheon, consisting of chicken pies, cakes, fruits, and many other good things.

Georgia.—The Division convention was held in Valdosta, October 21-24, with Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin presiding over her last convention by the law of limitation. The membership increased this year from 12,428 to 13,011, with four new Chapters. The reports of committees and Chapters showed wonderful work accomplished.

Marking historic places around Atlanta was the work of the Atlanta Chapter. During the Reunion the battle ground of Peachtree Creek was marked with two bronze and granite markers. A pyramid of cannon balls, given by the government, will mark where General Johnston transferred the command of the Confederate forces to General Hood. On an old lamp post in Atlanta which was struck by a shell during the battle was placed a bronze tablet as a memorial to Gen. Andrew West, who was in the battle.

The most ambitious work of the Division originating at this convention is the \$5,000 endowment scholarship to be known as the "World War Scholarship."

The war relief report was unusually gratifying. Sixty-five thousand dollars was raised by Georgia Chapters for relief work.

A telegram was sent to President Wilson expressing sorrow at his illness and hope for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Americus, was elected Division President to succeed Mrs. Franklin.

Mrs. W. D. Lamar offered a resolution denunciatory of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the convention decided that every effort should be made to suppress it. Its odiousness is that it was written in celebration of an anticipated Federal victory over Confederate troops.

The Douglas Chapter suppressed the photo-play "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and last year the Waynesboro Chapter prevented the showing of the same picture in their town.

Upon suggestion of the President, during the year the Chapters raised a fund sufficient to keep a bit of pin money in the pockets of the heroes at the Soldiers' Home. This year the U. D. C. appealed to the legislature to appropriate a fund for that purpose. The Atlanta Chapter presented the Home with a thoroughly up-to-date photo-play machine, and the film companies furnish the slides free for several plays a week. Sixty boxes of delicacies were sent to the old soldiers by the Chapters.

Missouri.—The Division's calendar for October has been blessed with many red-letter days.

The Springfield Chapter, No. 625, entertained the twenty-second convention in Springfield, a city full of historic interest, as it was the scene of some of the most decisive battles on Missouri soil during the War between the States. The National Cemetery and the Confederate Cemetery there are divided by a very substantial stone wall, and only until recently has there been a gate between them.

Prizes were awarded for historical essays to Mrs. T. C. Creel, of St. Louis, and Mrs. B. Liebstadter, of Kansas City.

Since the National Convention at Louisville, Missouri has contributed \$856 to the Hero Fund.

Mrs. Thomas Wood Parry was succeeded by Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis, as State President, and the other officers elected are as follows:

First Vice President, Mrs. W. W. Pollock, Mexico.

Second Vice President, Mrs. G. K. Warner, St. Louis.

Recording Secretary, Miss Virginia Wilkinson, Independence.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. W. Henderson, St. Louis.

Treasurer, Mrs. Sanford C. Hunt, Columbia.

Historian, Miss Frances Kaylor, Springfield.

Registrar, Miss Neille Burris, Warrensburg.

Director Children's Chapter, Mrs. M. Dolan, Hannibal.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. W. E. Owen, Clinton.

Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press, Mrs. B. Liebstadter, Kansas City.

Chaplain, Mrs. Elizabeth McKinney, Moberly.

Chapter Organizer, Mrs. Jesse T. McMahan, Blackwater.

Poet Laureate, Mrs. W. L. Webb, Independence.

The Twenty-Second Annual Reunion of the Ex-Confederate Association of Missouri was held in Kansas City October 22 and 23. About one hundred and twenty-five veterans enrolled. W. C. Bronaugh was reelected State Commander. The six Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy were hostesses. Two beautifully appointed luncheons, an automobile ride over Kansas City, and a brilliant ball and reception were among the many pleasant features of the affair.

Washington.—The annual convention met in Tacoma October 8. The opening exercises were held in the State Historical Building, with many members of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Seattle and a number of the veterans of George E. Pickett Camp present, their Commander delivering the address of welcome.

The chief event of the convention was the presentation to the Historical Association of the "Honor Roll" of world war soldiers, composed of names of one hundred and twelve enlisted men, lineal descendants of Confederate soldiers. This will be hung in the beautiful Historical Building in the historical collection of the Washington Division, U. D. C.

The Historian reported that a complete file of the minutes and annual reports of the Washington Division had been sent to the Library of Congress at the request of the Congressional Librarian. Increased interest in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was reported with thirty subscribers in Tacoma, twelve in Seattle, many in Spokane, and that it is on file in the public libraries and high schools.

When the United States fleet was in the Sound, the State and Chapter Presidents were invited guests on the receiving ship, the Oregon, to meet Secretary and Mrs. Josephus Daniels and Admiral Hugh Rodman. Many of the U. D. C. ladies attended the luncheon to Mrs. Daniels at the Country Club, where the Dixie Chapter presented her with some beautiful roses.

Mrs. Joseph L. Greenwell, of Robert E. Lee Chapter, Seattle, was elected Division President.

THE DIXIE COWORKERS.

BY ELIZABETH DENTY ABERNETHY, PULASKI, TENN.

For the benefit of the uninitiated let me say that the Dixie Coworkers are an unorganized band of Southern community builders who, loyal to *truth* and *homeland*, one in spirit and in purpose, work together while they work apart, each serving his own community. This is our creed:

"We believe in the reconstruction of the South by the South, because we know that development by self-activity is the law of life and growth.

"We believe that love is a constructive force of infinite possibilities, the power that makes and moves worlds, the power that can reconstruct a world that has been wrecked.

"We believe that the future of the South and the safety of the nation depend upon America's ability to create and maintain a contented, intelligent, self-respecting, God-worshipping, law-abiding, home-loving citizenship in our rural districts.

"We believe that each civil district should be a miniature republic, with machinery for local self-government.

"We believe that the South is the nation's greatest asset, and that the greatest asset of our Dixie Land is what is called the spirit of the Old South.

"We believe that the spirit of the Old South is a spirit of moral and civic righteousness, a spirit of love and loyalty to one's own, a spirit of freedom, the spirit of democracy.

"We believe that true democracy is Christianity, and that no institution that is not founded upon the rock of eternal truth and righteousness can stand the test of time.

"We believe that it is the duty and the privilege of loyal sons and daughters of the Old South to take the initiative in reconstruction work, to interpret Southern ideals and point out the sources of Southern weakness and Southern strength while we work with and for the youth of our land, the Southerners of the future.

"We believe that the Southern cause is and has always been the cause of Christian democracy and that Americanism in its essentials is a national expression of Southern ideals.

"We believe in our ability to build a greater nation through a greater South, and a greater South through royalty to our standard and by the intelligent, sympathetic coöperation of district, county, State, and national forces.

"We believe that a new day has dawned for the South, for America, and for all the nations of the earth—the day of love and service—and we choose for our emblem of coöperative endeavor, in the spirit of faith, hope, and love, a single star in a field of blue, our Saviour's own sign.

"We believe that the need of the South of to-day is a getting together of home, school, and Church forces in every State, in every county, and in every district to work out community problems, and, in order that we may be unified in plans as well as in spirit and purpose, we believe we should establish and support a connectional organ.

"We believe that the South needs community songs expressing present-day purposes, songs that will fan into flame every spark of our smoldering patriotism, and until some member of our band puts into song our aims and ideals we will use what we have, believing that it is no desecration of a Confederate war song to adapt it to present needs. Are you with us?"

THE SOUTH'S TREASURE HOUSE.

[Editorial in the *News Leader*, of Richmond, Va.]

Reference in one of the morning papers to the gift of more unpublished manuscripts to the Confederate Museum has a pleasantly familiar sound. Month by month the great collection in the archives of the Museum is growing, proof enough that to real value is now added general recognition. As the survivors of the Confederacy pass, their descendants are coming to see that nowhere will their literary treasures be so well secured, so carefully preserved, and so readily made accessible to investigators as in the old White House of the Confederacy.

With the special features of the collection many readers of this paper are already familiar. First among them, perhaps, is the so-called "Harrison Loan" of the originals of virtually all the telegrams filed from General Lee's field headquarters during the critical days of Grant's crossing the James. Next rank the accumulated manuscripts of the Southern Historical Society, some of them still unpublished and most of them possessing at the least a very great autographic value. The letters to Mr. Davis after the war, the journal of the surgeon of C. S. S. Shenandoah, the papers of General Beall, the large collection of the manuscripts of Col. Thompson Brown (a brilliant artilleryman killed in action), special letters of Braxton Bragg—these and other papers equally important are in the Museum, not to mention the thousands of personal records in the rolls of honor. But for the serious student of Confederate history the most illuminating manuscripts are those that show the organization, the inner life, and the psychology of the army. From these as from no other papers with which students are familiar can the real spirit of the South in those great days be recreated. As for the Confederate imprints in the museum, it may be questioned whether any collection in the United States, not even excepting that in the library of Congress, is more valuable. As its basis is the magnificent series of books given the Museum, at the instance of the late Miss Kitty Stiles, by that princess of Southern bibliophiles, Mrs. Mary DeRenne, of Savannah, Ga.

In the care bestowed upon the archives, not less than in the quality of the contents, the treasures of the Museum stand out. For this chief credit belongs to the house regent of the Museum, Miss Susie B. Harrison. She has personally handled every manuscript in the Museum, has repaired those that were damaged, has ironed out all that were rumpled, and has filed them according to an elastic system in fireproof cases. Her system stands the supreme test of ready access, for all the manuscripts of any individual can be had from the cases as readily as a name may be located in a telephone directory. Professional archivists who have been over Miss Harrison's work have been unstinted in praise of it. One of the most famous of Southern collectors, after examining it, announced his purpose to adopt the system *in toto* for his own extensive manuscripts.

If lovers of the South will continue to intrust their papers to the Museum, the erection of a suitable library at an early date to house the great store will make it absolutely certain that the definitive history of the Southern Confederacy whenever it comes will be written in Richmond.

In reporting a new subscription L. J. Bailey writes from Washington, Ark.: "I shall continue to look for new subscribers. The VETERAN must live on to vindicate the principles for which the Confederate soldiers fought—the principles of right—and these can be learned only through the VETERAN. God bless the VETERAN!"

BATTLE OF NATURAL BRIDGE.

BY GUS H. WEST, WACO, TEX.

Several years ago I visited the battle field of Olustee, in the State of Florida, in which battle I participated as a Confederate soldier, and I was surprised to find that a forest had grown up around the monuments that located the scene of the former conflict. This battle is mentioned in history, but there was another battle in which I participated that I have not seen mentioned and which I think ought to be recorded in the files of the *VETERAN* as a matter of history.

This battle took place at Newport, twenty-four miles from Tallahassee, on the St. Mark's River, and at Natural Bridge, about eight miles therefrom. A man named Tom Bly, who had been on board one of the Confederate warships, consisting of a small river steamboat manned with one gun, deserted and went to the Yankees, but after staying with them awhile he got homesick and came back. He soon found himself as a deserter in the hands of the firing squad, and he then reported that the Yankee fleet down in the Gulf close to St. Mark's was landing and intended to make a dash for Tallahassee. The officer in charge informed him that if his tale proved true the bullets of the firing squad would be turned in another direction.

Pretty soon thereafter troops were sent down from Tallahassee to meet the contemplated attack. The Confederates had about five hundred men and the Yankees something like three thousand. The battle began on Sunday afternoon at Newport, and we were compelled to burn the bridge across the river to keep the Federals from crossing. They then went up to Natural Bridge, the Confederates following on the opposite side of the river, and between midnight and daylight we prepared rude breastworks with bayonets, frying pans, etc. The firing began about daylight and lasted all day, resulting in a loss on the part of the Confederates of about two hun-

dred men, but the losses on the part of the Federals were something like three times that number.

Some of the horrors of war upon a small scale were enacted here. The Federals made breastworks of their dead, which proved to be of no avail, for the Rebel yell had no regard for such defenses. General Miller was in command of the Confederates, and Houston's Light Artillery added greatly to the success of our arms. While the battle was in progress the 2d Florida Cavalry Regiment arrived, was dismounted, and joined in charging the Federals, who started on the run and never-stopped until they got aboard their ship at St. Mark's, on the Gulf.

Ruins of the old breastworks used by the Confederates near the place where the bridge was burned can be seen at the present time. But for the success of the Confederates on this occasion the Yankees would certainly have captured Tallahassee.

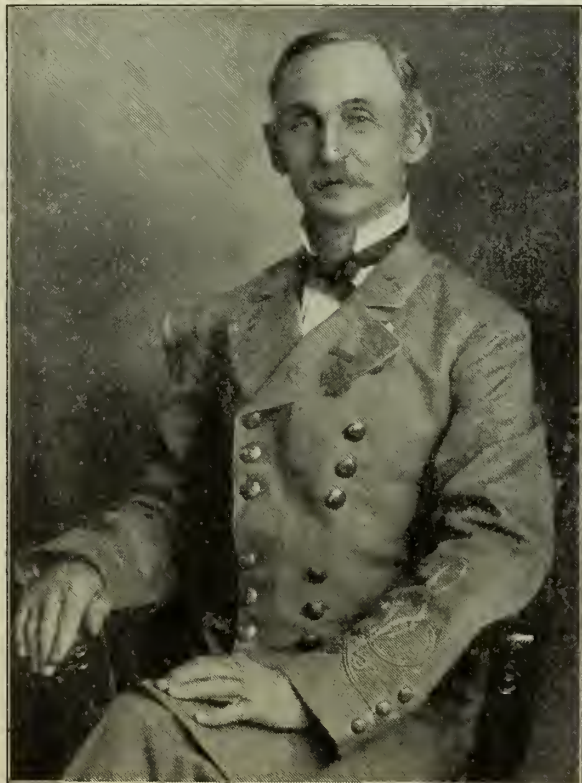
At the time this battle took place my father, Capt. G. C. West, an old sea captain, and his family were living at Newport. He, my brother, J. M. West, who lives in New York, and I were engaged in this battle. The Federals shelled the town of Newport, and the inhabitants, including women and children, had to fly to the forest to save their lives. My mother with her baby girl in her arms and her little boy, Allen West, then five years of age, were among those who found safety in flight. A number of bullets hit the house before they left it. In a neighbor's house a cannon ball went through the dresser in a room where the lady of the house was engaged in making preparations for flight.

WHERE GEORGIA DOES NOT LEAD.

The list compiled by Miss Mildred Rutherford of things in which Georgia has taken the lead was submitted by her subject to correction where necessary, but only one statement has been questioned so far. Mrs. Horace Lee Simpson, State President Florida C. S. M. A., writes from Pensacola as follows: "In the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* for October, 1919, I found under the heading of 'What Georgia Claims' that Georgia pays more to her Confederate veterans than any other State. That is a mistake. Florida has that distinction. For many years Florida has paid to her Confederate veterans, widows of Confederate veterans, and Confederate veterans living in the Soldiers' Home \$15 a month. From December 1, 1919, she will pay to them \$20 per month. The Georgia Legislature has just voted \$52 a year to her Confederate veterans living in the Soldiers' Home. The other veterans of the State get \$60 a year for privates and up to \$150 per year (I presume for officers), and next year privates will receive \$70 a year."

THE LATE BISHOP PINKNEY, OF MARYLAND.

The Chaplain of the Maryland Division, U. D. C., asks publication of the following: "In Miss Kinnie Smith's article, 'A Sassy Little Rebel,' in the *VETERAN* for September, she speaks of being a pupil at Pleasant Valley Seminary, at Hyattsville, Md., in 1860, which was under the patronage of the late Bishop C. C. Pinkney. At that time he was not bishop, and his name was William Pinkney, D.D., LL.D. In the fall of 1857 he accepted a call to the Ascension Church, of Washington City, but continued his home at Blenheim, near Bladensburg, Md. This rectorship continued to 1870. In that year he was elected as assistant bishop of Maryland, and upon the death of Bishop Whittingham, in 1879, Bishop William Pinkney became the fifth bishop of Maryland."



GUS H. WEST.

BARBARITY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

The scene of the execution of Maj. Henry Wirz on November 10, 1865, was illustrated by *Leslie's Weekly* soon after that barbarous event. In its issue of November 30, 1918, that illustration was reproduced, and beneath it is this up-to-date statement: "The execution of Capt. Henry Wirz on November 10, 1865, for crimes committed against prisoners of war under his care at Andersonville Prison. One man paid the penalty of cruel and heartless brutality after the War between the States. This drawing was made by *Leslie's* staff artist at the execution. Among the allied nations there is a demand that German officers be tried for crimes which have violated every article of war between civilized nations. May our artist be a guest if they hang 'Count' Hohenzollern!"

During the recent war it has been the custom of many Northern writers and editors to make odious comparisons of the South with Germany, so as to connect in some way the course of the South during the sixties with the inhuman acts of the Germans in the world war. The above quotation is but another insult to the South; but as it is, like many others made up there, false, the South can stand it.

Major Wirz was no more guilty of "cruel and heartless brutality" than the editor of *Leslie's Weekly*. If that editor and others of his ilk would read "The True Story of Andersonville: A Defense of Major Wirz," by James Madison Page, late lieutenant Company A, Sixth Michigan Cavalry, less might be said of "cruel and heartless brutality" than is being said and written to the present day by our Northern haters.

During the late war the Germans committed many crimes that were a repetition of those committed by the Yankees in the South during the War between the States. The Germans deported without burning, while Sherman in "cruel and heartless barbarity" deported the inhabitants of Atlanta and then burned the city. Did Lee deport the people of Maryland and Pennsylvania cities and then apply the torch?

It is history indisputable that, while the South held more prisoners than did the North till 1865, more men died in Northern prisons than did Northern soldiers in Southern prisons. Of course the Leslies cannot believe it, yet Major Wirz was no more guilty of murder than were the Northern authorities. It is history indisputable that when the Northern authorities refused to exchange prisoners, then at the suggestion of Major Wirz a commission of prisoners was sent from Andersonville to Washington to lay before the Washington authorities the actual conditions prevailing at Andersonville; but the "cruel and heartless" authorities there refused to see, much less hear, them. It is history indisputable that the Confederate authorities then proposed to the Washington government that it might send food and medicine, under charge and control of Federal physicians, to be given by them to the prisoners at Andersonville without interference on the part of the Confederate authorities at Andersonville or anywhere else; but this humane proposition was ignored, while the "humane" North, knowing that the South had no medicine and but little food for prisoners, had declared medicine contraband of war. Was this offer on the part of the Confederates "cruel and heartless barbarity"? It is history indisputable that as a last resort the Confederate government, late in the summer of 1864, offered to release all sick prisoners at Andersonville without exchange if the North would furnish ships for their transportation. This humane offer was ignored till late in November of that year, when some vessels were sent and loaded with sick prisoners. In the meantime hundreds had died.

Major Wirz was charged with thirteen murders, and all the specifications charging murder contained this startling allegation: "Whose name is unknown." Thirteen murders committed by Captain Wirz at Andersonville Prison, and yet not one of the thirty thousand prisoners held there could give the name of a single victim! Three of the specifications charged that Major Wirz murdered three of the prisoners in August, 1864, when the records show that he was absent on sick leave during that entire month. Yet there were ready witnesses who swore to the murders alleged to have been committed in August, 1864, to the full satisfaction of the court.

FRIENDSHIP THAT ENDURES.

It seems but yesterday, though in fact it is nearly, if not quite, four decades ago, that under a tent pitched in the front yard of the home in which Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge lived there were gathered together for dinner the members of the mess with whom he ate when he joined the Confederate army and who through the four years of war and all the years of peace maintained relations closer than blood kin.

At that dinner, the memory of which seems so vivid, there were gathered men who had passed through four years of hell and had come out with the buoyancy of youth tempered by the knowledge of suffering and familiarity with death. Henry Halley, Ab Sinclair, John A. Lewis, W. C. P. Breckinridge—it seems impossible that they and so many of their companions have gone. Their tongues are silent, even though their lives still speak and affection for them still is living and vibrant.

The memory of that dinner long ago is illuminated by the presence of one who was even to the last a boy in spirit and youth, in all that makes of interest in life. And yesterday he, Will A. Gaines, died at his home, in Georgetown, and to-day will be laid beside his loved ones in the cemetery in Bourbon County.

There was never a more loyal friend, never a truer gentleman, than he who gave four years of his young life to the Southern cause and who through the more than half a century since the Stars and Bars were furled forever has been loyal to the flag of his reunited country and to every precept that controls the soldier, the patriot, the gentleman. It seems as if that dire day were fast approaching when a Confederate will be buried and there will be no Confederate to grieve for him. Kentucky, the South, the nation suffer grievous loss at the fast approach of that day.—*Lexington (Ky.) Herald, October 17, 1919.*

A GOOD SAMARITAN.—L. L. Cole, now an inmate of the Confederate Home at Sweet Home, Ark., gives an incident of his soldier experience which remains as a pleasant memory. He was captured at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and taken to Camp Morton, near Indianapolis, Ind., and about August he was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. While on his way home he had to stop over at Jackson, Miss., for two days. "I was a ragged little soldier boy," he says, "barefooted and with my pants rolled up to my knees. I met at Jackson a young man well dressed and going upon two crutches. He told me he had been wounded in the back. I went with him to the State Capitol, and he gave me a complete outfit from head to foot and also offered me money, but I told him I could get along without that. If that man is still living, I should be happy to hear from him. The ragged little soldier was known as 'Fate' Cole. I should also like to hear from any survivors of Company F, 26th Tennessee Infantry, and Company I, 43d Tennessee."

WHERE GENERAL POLK WAS KILLED.

BY ANNIE LAURIE SHARKEY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

It was my good fortune to be appointed one of the maids of honor on General Bronaugh's staff to attend the Confederate Reunion at Atlanta, Ga. My uncle, H. Clay Sharkey, of Jackson, Miss., met me at the Central Station half after midnight, and after greetings were exchanged he informed me that that day was his seventy-fifth birthday, which was hard to believe, as he was one of the liveliest men at the Reunion. But what was more wonderful to me than anything else was the following circumstance:

The next morning my uncle said to me: "I am going to Pine Knob, in the Kenesaw Mountains, to the spot where I was standing when I saw the cannon ball hit General Polk on June 11, 1864, over fifty-five years and three months ago. Can you stand the trip?" I assured him I would not let him go without me, as I was very anxious to see a battle field. That afternoon we boarded an electric car for Marietta, at which place we took an automobile and proceeded seven miles north to Pine Knob. A gentleman living on a cotton plantation in the Kenesaw Mountains accompanied us, but stated that we could not get nearer with a conveyance than within two miles of the top of the knob. But my uncle, undaunted, left the automobile and told us to follow him up the side of this steep mountain, where no signs of the shot and shells of 1864 were visible.

It would seem that no one had visited this place in years, as there was no road or path to follow, and nothing to be seen but the low trees, tangling vines and briars of virgin growth, and dank weeds; but my uncle had every assurance that he could find the spot. We came to the old breastworks, still visible, but, like the rest of the mountain, covered with trees and underbrush. Still farther we went, and when a clump of sage grass was found my uncle exclaimed, "Here is the old road that our cannons and wagons made," and then he turned abruptly to the west. Following the sparse tufts of sage for about two hundred yards, he stopped and said: "I was right here when I saw General Polk and his staff ride up. General Polk pulled out a spyglass and was looking across the valley at a rifle cannon that had been placed by the enemy."

At this very spot where my uncle said General Polk and his staff were located we found the monument, so overgrown with vines and briars that it was almost obscured from view. I was greatly interested and went closer and read the inscription on both sides of the monument, which I afterwards copied. On the south side is the word "South," underneath which is the Confederate battle flag with "1861-1865," and the following inscription: "In memory of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, C. S. A., who fell on this spot June 14, 1864. Folding his arms across his breast, he stood gazing on the scene below, turning himself around as if to take a farewell view. There standing, a cannon shot from the enemy's side crashed through his breast and opened a wide door through which his spirit took its flight to join his comrades on the other shore. Surely the earth never opened her arms to allow the head of a braver man to rest upon her bosom; surely the light never pushed the darkness back to make brighter the road that leads to the Lamb; and surely the gates of heaven never opened wider to allow a more manly spirit to enter therein. Erected by J. Gid and Mary Morris April 10, 1902."

So, as my uncle had stated, a cannon ball hit General Polk as he gazed with a spyglass held in his right hand, while the left crossed his breast, holding the horse's reins, the ball cutting his body almost in two.

On the north side of the monument is engraved "North" and "Veni, Vidi, Vici, with five to one."

My uncle told me that his regiment and company were in the works below this place, and he had been detailed to get water over the knob and was returning with twenty canteens strung over his shoulder when he saw the General ride up and begin looking across the valley. The place was so indelibly impressed upon his mind that, after a lapse of fifty-five years, he, at the age of seventy-five years, walked without any guide to the very spot where he stood on that hot June day. He also took me to the spot in the Kenesaw Mountains where he was injured in the Kenesaw battle, although not seriously, and he never knew what hit him, but he knew he was struck on the elbow, commonly called the "funny bone," of which he said: "It may have been funny to the Yankees, but it was serious to me."

This ended my trip over the path of Sherman's march to the sea while I was in Atlanta.

In the *VETERAN* for May, 1902, there is an account of the dedication of this monument to General Polk, which was created by Mr. J. Gid Morris, of Marietta, Ga., and his patriotic wife as a tribute from the Southern people to this brave Christian gentleman and soldier. It is a marble shaft twenty feet high and marks the exact spot where General Polk fell. An acre of land on the apex of the mountain was donated by Benjamin H. Hill for this purpose, and from that point there is a grand panoramic view for miles in all directions.

In the pockets of General Polk when killed there were found his book of common prayer for the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church and four copies of the Rev. R. C. T. Quintard's little work entitled "Balm for the Weary and Wounded." On the fly-leaves of three of these volumes were inscribed the names of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Lieutenant General Hardee, and Lieutenant General Hood, "with the compliments of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk, June 12, 1864," while the fourth had his own name. All of them were saturated with blood from his wound.

THE U. D. C. CONVENTION IN TAMPA.

It is regretted that a report of the U. D. C. Convention does not appear in this number. Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin, of Tennille, Ga., was appointed by the President General to prepare a report; but as she did not return home immediately after the Convention, she did not get it ready in time for the December number. However, it will appear in January, and there will also be a letter from the new President General, who will continue this means of communicating the important features of her work each month. And the new Historian General may be depended upon to furnish some interesting programs of study. There was a change in all the executive officers, as shown by the list given at head of department.

From Fresno, Cal., comes this letter from R. G. Harrell, renewing subscription for himself and another: "I do not know how to get along without the *VETERAN*. This far out West it enables us to keep in touch with the boys who were our comrades in the sixties and also refreshes our minds with what we passed through in our youthful days. May the *VETERAN* continue to meet with all prosperity! It ought to be on the reading table of every lover of the South, and especially of all who assisted in making history in our beloved South."

GREETINGS TO CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

[These letters are taken from the *Atlanta Journal*, in which they appeared during Reunion week, and are reprinted now in appreciation of the fine sentiment expressed.]

To the Veterans of the Confederacy: It is altogether fitting that the Reunion in this glorious year of world liberty should be held in Atlanta. The welcome which the metropolis of Georgia will give to the men in gray will have about it the spirit of Bob Toombs, Alexander Stephens, and John B. Gordon and their illustrious associates who led the gallant men of Georgia who made large contributions to the intrepid hosts who made up the armies of the Confederacy.

Braver or more chivalric men than those who followed Lee have not lived in all the world's history. The snow that never melts has fallen upon their heads. With every passing years the thin gray line grows thinner, but their fame grows brighter with the passing years.

The valor, the dashing courage, the abandon of life in their fierce charges glow upon the pages of history. Before America entered the world war their valor was an inspiration and a hallowed memory, but in the years 1917-18 they became something more. Their sons and grandsons in the struggle for humanity and world peace showed that the spirit that made the Confederate soldiers fight bravely and die gloriously had been transmitted to their descendants. These youths lacked nothing of the spirit of sacrifice which dominated the men of the sixties. Indeed, they had before them the noble spirit of the men who made up Lee's army and the inspiration of the high deeds of the men who wore the gray.

The interest in this Reunion is heightened by the fact that on every field of battle and on every ship fighting the submarine menace in the recent world war the sons of the South fought side by side with the men from the Gulf to the Lakes and the Atlantic to the Pacific to save liberty for the world. Together these brothers made new glory for our republic. This, therefore, is a reunion of the men who wore gray in the sixties and the men who wore blue and khaki in 1917-18. They are of one mold, of one blood, of one glory, of one destiny.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

Dear Comrades of My Father: I am sorry that I cannot be in Atlanta when you hold your next meeting. The son of one of your comrades wants to say that "a lost cause is not a bad cause if it were nobly fought to a worthy end by brave men."

Whatever else may happen, the individuals who composed the allied forces of Great Britain and Canada and South Africa and Australia and New Zealand and the United States will not forget that a fragment of them was composed of sons of Confederate veterans who followed Lee and Jackson and the Johnstons, and veterans of the Confederacy will always appear not only to their descendants and the friends of their descendants, but to the descendants of their enemies, as heroes in war and uncomplaining good citizens in peace.

"No man can assume success to himself; every man can by his efforts deserve it." Success may be the test of merit on earth in a way. Merit, however, is the test of success in the chancel of God.

I am, with every expression of regard,

Very truly yours,

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

"Whether we climb, whether we plod,

Space for one task the scant years lend—

To choose some path that leads to God

And keep it to the end."

"LINCOLN AS THE SOUTH SHOULD KNOW HIM."

A little pamphlet under this title, written by the late O. W. Blacknall, brings out certain facts in the career of the *Great Emancipator* that should check the tendency to set him upon a pedestal for general worship. "Can the man who suffered his lieutenant, Sherman, to ruthlessly devastate twice as much Southern territory as all Belgium combined be the Southern ideal?" questions the author; and he proceeds to "drive the deadly parallel of Lincoln and George III. and Lincoln and Prussianism and seizes the golden opportunity which the great war of 1914 affords to show in new and timely colors to the thoughtless our *living* Confederate principles." It should be read by all who wish to be informed.

The pamphlet has been reprinted by Manly's Battery Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Raleigh, N. C., and is sold at twenty cents per copy. Order from Miss Martha Haywood, President, 210 S. Boylan Avenue, Raleigh, N. C.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

One of the VETERAN's long-time patrons is A. Hamilton Bayly, of Cambridge, Md., who recently renewed his subscription for five years and wrote: "My preference over all is the dear old CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which carries me back to my first enlistment in the C. S. A. as sergeant of artillery. Very few of us are left to reminisce and fight our battles over, so the CONFEDERATE VETERAN supplies all deficiencies. I attend all the memorial and decoration days with the G. A. R., being the lone Confederate who takes interest in these celebrations and the only one who keeps up with the other boys marching, not in autos, but in shoes and good spirits. I have been an active member of the Cambridge Fire Department since its organization, in 1883, and I attend nearly all the fires, night or day. I am bragging a little, but love to let others see what is left in me, a man of seventy-eight, small but active, with determination to do, and I *do*."

Hon. Pat Henry, of Brandon, Miss., writes: "It is needless to say that I enjoy every line of the VETERAN and note with pride its many valuable historical contributions from those who in the sixties made the history of which they write. Every veteran should feel an interest in the success of this able periodical devoted to the truth and vindication of the great struggle for constitutional rights and principles which to-day carry hope to the small nations of the earth and are recognized even by our former enemies. So the cause was not 'lost'; its principles are virile and eternal."

G. W. Bynum, of Corinth, Miss., renews for two years and says: "I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for many long years; and as I am approaching the end of my journey, I still want to keep in touch with it. I had six brothers in the Southern army. Five of them were with me in Virginia under Lee and one in Texas. They all passed with silent tread over the pontoon bridge that spans the mystic river, and am an octogenarian. The Lord has blessed me, and the young wife who has presided over me and my household for fifty-four years still holds the fort."

WHAT FLAG WAS IT?

To Members of Waul's Texas Legion and of the 20th and 30th Alabama Regiments: What regimental flag was it that was captured by the Confederates and made into hat bands at Vicksburg May 22, 1863? Also what became of the flag referred to by Captain Boyce in the VETERAN for June? Send replies to the VETERAN.

NUXATED IRON HELPS MAKE RED BLOOD

The Kind That Puts Roses into the Cheeks of Women and Helps Give Force, Strength, and Courage to Men. 3,000,000 people use it as a tonic, strength and blood-builder. Dispensed by all good druggists.

FIRST AID IN THE HOME.

Nearly every well-equipped modern factory has prepared for sudden accident or illness by training a first-aid squad. But statistics prove that half the accidents happen in the home or on the street. Why have first-aid knowledge and equipment only in the factory? In Chicago in one year one hundred and five children were fatally burned or scalded at home, while in New York in the same year one hundred and seventy-nine persons died as the result of carelessness in handling matches and candles. Of 29,684 accidents in Chicago, 15,341 happened in the home.

Did you ever stop to think what far-reaching good a Red Cross course in first aid might do? If there had been some one familiar with first-aid principles in those 15,341 Chicago homes, how many deaths might have been prevented? The Red Cross asks your support in its efforts to reduce the death rate from accidents. Just a heart and a dollar on your part November 2-11, and Red Cross first-aid classes in home and school will go on with ever-increasing membership. As a result there will be fewer accidents, and mother and daughter at home will know what to do in an emergency.

Money given to the Red Cross is not an investment, nor is it a charity; it is a sacrament.—Charles A. Eaton, Pastor Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

Don't Wear a Truss



BROOKS' APPLIANCE, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Blinds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

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If there are any surviving comrades of Capt. D. C. Kennedy, Company K, 51st Tennessee Infantry, his wife asks that they will kindly write to her at Celeste, Tex., as she wishes to apply for a pen-sion.

F. R. Martin, 701 Glenaddie Avenue, Anniston, Ala., would like to get in communication with several members of Pelham's Battery and of Stuart's Horse Artillery, under Maj. John Pel-ham.

W. K. Haynie, of Beaumont, Tex., was a member of Company D, Brown's Texas Regiment. I have known him long and can vouch for his worth as a soldier of the Confederacy. He is now far advanced in life, no longer able to earn a livelihood for himself and his faithful wife. He would like to locate some of his old command who could certify as to his career as a Confederate soldier so that he may secure a State pension. Write to him at Beaumont or to me at Bryan. E. W. TARRANT, Commander Second Texas Brigade.

Miss Leila Hogland, of the State Health Department, Oklahoma City, Okla., asks that any surviving comrades of her father will kindly communicate with her. Thomas Hogland enlisted in Etter's Battery at Washington, Ark., in the summer of 1862, and after the battle of Arkansas Post he joined Capt. J. Mc-Kane's troop, with which he remained some five or six months before being taken prisoner; and he was in prison when the war closed. He is now seek-ing to secure a pension, and the testi-mony of his comrades will be helpful in that interest.

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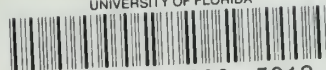
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